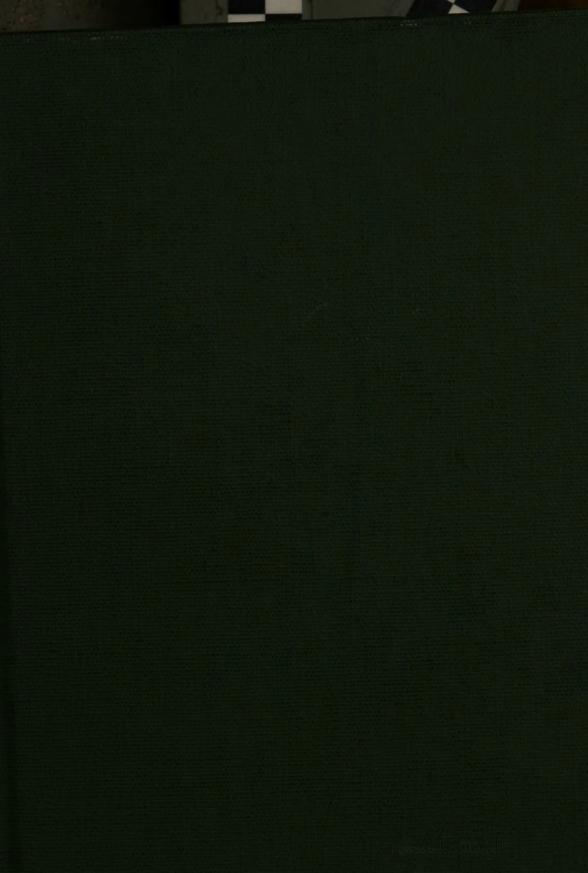
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# THE LADY'S BOOK.

### JATTABT. 1982.

#### PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1832.

EVENUE ORES.—Of Bird of Paradise coloured Chaly, with a deep frill of blond round the bosom. Coronet, turban of Crimson Velvet with White Feathers. Black Canton Crape Shawl, embroidered with Flowers in bright colours.

WALKING DRESS—Pelisse of Royal Purple Merino, trimmed with Black Velvet. Hat of Purple Velvet lined with black, and edged with a deep fall of blond. Bows and strings of Purple Gauze and Black Gauze Ribbon alternately.

Original

## REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

NO. 1.

During the early part of my professional career I found amusement for some of that unoccupied time of which young lawyers have so much, in noting down such features of the few cases then entrusted to me, as appeared to me curious or approaching to the romantic. business increased I found the entries in my docket rapidly supplanting my note book in claims on my partiality, and by degrees the memoranda in the latter, affected rather the conciseness of mercantile correspondence, than the luxuriant verbiage of juridical composition, so that the extended narrative of my earlier years, soon degenerated into an elliptical index or table of reference to the incidents I wished to preserve. And now in the leisure of a retired barrister, I find pleasure in reviewing the light labours of my youth, and occasionally weaving for the amusement of a few old friends, a tale of truth, from the recorded hints of my younger days.

### THE LOST WILL.

I was one evening in the midst of winter sitting before a glowing mass of coals, slowly but brightly sinking into ashes, indulging those wild yet delightful reveries which a warm fire, especially in the absence of all other light, is so apt to suggest. The wind was howling drearily without, and the light rattling of an occasional hailstone, rather aided than interrupted the wayward flights of fancy in which I half unconsciously was indulging. My meditations however were put to the rout by a low, ill assured tap at the door; "Come in," responded I, in a tone scarcely as bland as the gentle application seemed to demand, for in truth that light knock was the crash of a glorious palace in the air. The door opened and a muffled female figure entered the circle of light of which my coal stove formed the centre. Somewhat vexed at having been caught in the dark and apparently asleep, (for it could scarcely be thought that I had been reading or doing any of

the acts of a waking man, in so dim a light) I lighted my lamp and invited my visitor to a seat. Upon throwing back the collar of her camblet cloak and the thick veil that shielded her features, at once from observation and from the piercing cold of the blast, a countenance of surpassing beauty was developed. So much was I taken "at fault" by this unexpected revelation. that I remember that I could scarcely collect my ideas to understand the purpose of this unhoped for visitor; at that time it must be kept in mind that I was young and modest, however subsequent intercourse with the world may have wrought the ruin of those amiable traits of character. I found, however, that my client was the orphan niece of the late Mr. Ferrars, a man of princely fortune, who had taken charge of her from her childhood. During his life every luxury that wealth could obtain was at her command: her equipage was the admiration of the fashionable, and the entertainments at her uncle's splendid mansion, formed a topic of conversation for the winter. Mr. Ferrars while thus lavishing the advantages of his affluence on his lovely niece, found in the object of his favour, a friend, a companion, in whose society he could forget the unkindness of fate, which had made his own son and only child, the "amari aliquid," the drop of gall that poisoned his otherwise enviable lot. From his early childhood, Augustus Ferrars had given proofs of that singular depravity of disposition, that the observer of human nature would pronounce to have been produced only by a long intercourse with one of the lower class of society, with the vile and the degraded. With a form and features of high and commanding cast, with talents that might have made him the ornament of society, his favourite associates were servants, gamblers and jockeys, to whose debasing company he resorted with an eagerness and relish that in one of his aristocratic family seemed a species of insanity. For many years his indulgent parent, though heart broken on account of his

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worthlessness, with that much-enduring love that heaven has wisely planted in the parental bosom, rescued him from the consequences of his extravagance and debauchery, and by every means that anxious affection could suggest, endeavoured to shield him from public disgrace. Upon one occasion, the patience even of a father was overtasked, and the paternal door was finally closed on an incorrigible vagabond. A friend of Mr. Ferrars found on comparison of his check book with his account in bank, that a check to a large amount had been forged, and a few inquiries secretly and noiselessly conducted, traced the crime clearly to the unprincipled Augustus Ferrars. happy father, with the warmest expressions of gratitude to his considerate friend, replaced the amount of the forged check, and from that moment struggled to forget that he had a son. These particulars I did not learn from my visitor at that interview, but in the course of my subsequent acquaintance with her. Mr. Ferrars, a few months before the visit I am detailing, had died very suddenly from some species of apoplectic attack, which left him speechless except so far as a few unconnected words immediately preceding his dissolution, might make the term inaccurate. Something was murmured inarticulately, of "will," "bulk of estate," "son," "unfortunate," and his arm was frequently extended, with the fore finger as if pointing. Soon after the funeral, Mr. R. the confidential legal adviser of the deceased, called to offer his services as executor of the will of Mr. Ferrars, which he had drawn and saw duly attested, but to his unbounded surprise found that it could not, by the most assiduous search, he discovered. Tables, desks, escrutoires, and every other probable receptacle of such a document, were carefully opened and strictly examined, but in vain. That the deceased should have destroyed the will seemed unlikely, as he had spoken of it, and some codicil that he wished to add, within a few days of his death. Mr. R. was astounded and vexed, to find that the splendid fortune of his friend was to pass into the hands of a worn out debanchee, and incorrigible sot, such as Augustus had rendered himself, and that the delicate and elegant Lucy was to be left to the resources of her own talents and accomplishments, or the precarious patronage of her former associates. A few days sadly demonstrated the accuracy of his forebodings; within a week, a tawdry vehicle drawn by four panting steeds covered with sweat and dust, rattled up to the door of the elegant mansion of the late Mr. Ferrars, and a sickly, bloated, and prematurely old man, attended by a vulgar, over-dressed, and highly rouged female, got out, opened without ceremony the hall door and pushed on into the parlour, where the melancholy Lucy sat in deep mourning, not of the outward garments only, but in the waveless calm of a forlorn and desolate heart. "Hoity toity! who have we here!" sneered the female whose arrival we have mentioned, "keep your tears till they are wanted, young woman." Shocked and terrified at this brutal address, the sensitive girl

scarce breathed from excess of agitation, "Well, Miss Lucy," said the degraded Augustur, " the old man's gone, hey? Times are changed now, and the saddle is on the right horse at last, eh July," addressing his companion. " No will, eh, cousin Lucy !- had your will during the old fellow's life time, have none now, ha! ha! ha!" and the unfeeling wretch laughed aloud. His mirth was however checked by the accidental entrance of Mr. Percival, that friend of the deceased whose name he had thought proper to imitate. A glance from his eye, severe in the consciousness of unblemished rectitude, withered the laugh on the lips of the mocker.-" Leave the house on the instant," said he, "the friends of virtue are not yet discouraged; when the search for the mislaid will is hopeless you shall be informed, till then do not presume to enter these walls." The rebuked villain attempted a reply in the bullying style usual among his profligate companions, but at the first sentence, a " remember" from the compressed lips of Mr. Percival, cut short the intended impertinence, and the well matched pair left the house more precipitately than they had entered. The search for the will was however in vain, and the degraded youth and his female companion at last took possession. The orphan girl, though earnestly entreated by Mr. Percival to make his house her home, could not tame her proud spirit to accept a favour from those with whom she had associated on terms of equality. With an affectionate and devoted servant, who had nursed her in infancy, she left the home of her youth, and occupied the upper rooms of a hired dwelling. Here the exquisite taste with which she embroidered, and the various fancy articles which she constructed, formed the source of a little revenue, sufficient for the subsistence of herself and her nurse, till the sickness of the latter, and the thousand expenses attendant on it, exhausted her scanty means. Then came the landlord's importunity and the final threat of a distress; under the fears of this last evil she had accidentally applied to me for legal advice, as to the power of the landlord to enforce his claim. It will not be supposed that the above narrative emanated from her own lips during this first visit; little but the circumstances of her present embarrassment formed the subject of her sad tale. I need not say that I, young and chivalrous in my feelings to the sex as I then was, needed no spur to excite me to exertion in the cause of so fair a client. I promised to see her creditor; re-assured her by my exposition of the law of landlord and tenant, and finally sent her home somewhat less overwhelmed than when she sought my advice. Through the intervention of my sisters and their fashionable and affluent friends, the talents of Lucy were thenceforth steadily put in requisition and liberally rewarded. the landlord was induced by my representations to desist from any compulsory measures, and reaped the reward of his humanity in the subsequent full satisfaction of his whole demand.

Some days afterward a rough Patlander opened my office door, and with one of those ducking bows, peculiar I think to his countrymen, accosted me with "The top of the morning to ve'r bonour." I raised my head at the odd sound, and returned the salute, but after a more civilized fashion. "Would ve'r honour be forgetting the countenance of me? isn't it Phelim Burke that I am?" "Ah Phelim," said I, at last recalling the queer phiz of my odd visiter, "what shall I do for you, man?" "Faith, is it what'll ye do, counsellor? Isn't there Dermot the spalpeen that's tourn up the tistamint"-" The testament!" said I, thinking that the complainant was ushering in, in this roundabout way, some tale of assault and battery, to which the tearing of a testament was a prelude. "Aye, the tistamint jist that ye'r honour writ him, with 'Be it remimbered,' at one end, and Dermot O'Toole's own beautiful crass at the other, for want of the hand o' write." At this comical explanation, I began to see the drift of Phelim, so far, at least, as that the "tistamint" was a will that O'Toole had employed me to draw, (heaven knows why, for the landlord had several times offered him the arrears of his rent, if he would deliver possession of the hovel that he occupied,) however, to humour him, I drew, in the leisure of a winter's evening, a most important looking instrument, fortified with a huge red seal, and couched in an array of technical expressions that might have conveyed an empire, with remainders, uses, and trusts, worthy of the testamentary dispositions of This document, it seems, was a Rothschild. "tourn," as Phelim phrased it, but why, except for that "ultima ratio" of an Irishman, " the potheen," I could not imagine.-" Torn!" said I, "why did he tear it?" "Is it me, ye'r honour? mebbe he didn't, it a'n't to the fore thin, any way." "Perhaps he has hid it, Phelim," said I, "ask him where he put it."—" Is it ask him?och! murther, and the man did and birrid this three days!" In spite of the melancholy annunciation, I could not but smile at the mode in which I at last arrived at the facts, or as the profession would call it, "the merits of the case." After diligent cross-examination I found that on searching the clothes and other probable repositories of the deceased, no trace of the will could be discovered, and that the opinion of Mr. Phelim (who by the way was an executor,) had been immediately expressed, very much in accordance with the legal presumption in such circumstances. directed my client to look into the potato barrel, the sacking bottom of the bedstead, behind the cupboard or chest, that held the few articles in least frequent requisition, and other, to us, unusual places of deposit. The next day the will or "tistamint," as Phelim called it, was brought me, but in so tattered and unsavoury a condition, that I examined it at as great a distance as possible. The place of its concealment was an old ledger or blank book, which, for a long time had been used by Dermot to raise his usual seat, in the manner of a cushion; between the leather that covered this ill used volume and the pasteboard cover itself, was found the fruits of my legal ingenuity, the important will in question, but so rubbed and stained that I doubted its validity as a testamentary instrument. This however was of little consequence, as the whole of the assets of the deceased, would not satisfy the Register's Fee for Letters Testamentary. It immediately occurred to me that the will of Mr. Ferrars might have escaped discovery from a similarly unusual place of concealment, and thinking the chance of such an oversight fairly within the possibilities of the case, I called on Mr. Percival and enquired if he had examined the library of his friend, or turned over the leaves of any of his books of accounts. As I had supposed, he had not, though he assured me that every drawer, pigeon-hole, and secretary had been earefully searched. The difficulty however suggested itself, that even if this were the case, as all intercourse with the present owner of the mansion house was out of the question, at least of an amicable character, any steps that might intimate a lingering hope of success in finding the lost instrument, would excite the suspicions of the unnatural son, who would be restrained by no considerations of honour or honesty, from destroying a paper so inimical to his views. To guide us in our investigation we visited Lucy, and obtained from her the name of a female servant who was with the deceased at the time of his death, as I attached some importance to the incoherent expressions of the dying merchant, some of which I had heard mentioned by the old nurse. The very position of the deceased and the corner of the room to which his finger pointed, might also be useful as a clue in our future proceedings. With considerable difficulty we found Betsey Howe, the domestic alluded to, and were chagrined to find that she could shed but little light to guide us; after a long examination we left her, conjuring her to reflect on the circumstances, and to endeavour to recollect what was in the quarter of the chamber indicated by the gesture of the deceased, and whether any other word or part of a word, escaped his lips. The next day, we again saw the woman, prevailed on her to place herself on a table, as nearly as possible in the position which Mr. Ferrars' bed occupied in his chamber, but could gain nothing but that the finger must have pointed to the fire-place. When asked if there were any books in the room, she said she thought not, the library was in another part of the house, no other expression than as above stated, was recollected; she admitted however that there might have been, but that she was frightened and agitated and could not remember. At another interview, she thought she had observed a bible on a small candle stand; but did not remember where it stood. With this unsatisfactory information 1 resolved to attempt a further scrutiny, in a mode that I now think savoured somewhat of the stratagems of the novels and dramas, that I then indulged in. There was an intelligent and acute young man, for whom I had transacted business, who had been a footman to a family of distinction, but was at the time I have allusion to, out of place. My scheme was, that Philip should r

gage as a servant with the intruder, and thus unsuspected, carry into effect such instructions as I should give him. The plan was successful, and my trusty agent was gladly engaged on the strength of the very respectable references which he was allowed to give. My first directions were, that he should as early as might be done without exciting attention, gain access to the chamber where Mr. F. breathed his last, and secure the bible, a description of which I furnished him from the lips of Miss Lucy. Thus tutored, my spy went into the camp of the enemy, and until I again saw him every day seemed a year, so strong an interest does a man involuntarily take in a scheme of his own suggestion. My pains were, however, nobly repaid, when my intelligent agent brought me the bible which I had enjoined him to obtain, with the important and long lost will, laid in that portion of it appropriated to the Record of Births and Deaths. The document was open, and the deceased had probably been consulting this Register of his joys and sorrows with reference to some addition to his testamentary dispositions, very shortly before the fatal blow that left his interesting niece without a protector. To those who love " to taste the luxury of doing good," I leave it, to imagine the pleasure with which I again accompanied Mr. Percival to the humble dwelling of my lovely client, and the delight with which I received the warm expressions of her gratitude, for my successful exertions. The provisions of the will were distinguished by the same liberal spirit as the character of the testator; a sum sufficient to meet every reasonable want of his profligate son, was to be paid him annually, from a fund in the hands of Mr. Percival, as trustee, and after the death of Augustus, the principal was to fall into the bulk of the estate which was to be paid to Lucy on her arrival at the age of maturity. The remaining incidents in my tale are easily anticipated; the will was duly proved, and although some quibbling attempts were made to invalidate it, a few weeks saw my fair client re-instated in all the affluence of her former enviable situation. Her wretched cousin, like the generality of those addicted to his disgraceful vices, soon fell a victim to intemperance, and his wife, as I supposed the person to be with whom he associated, I think became an inhabitant of a prison, for a larceny or burglary. It may seem an imputation on my gallantry, as well as a departure from the acknowledged proprieties of any tale in which a lovely girl figures conspicuously, but the truth must be told; the reward of my services was not the fair hand of Lucy Beltravers, for a good reason, to wit, that I never solicited it, but merely the unsentimental but very professional quid pro quo, a check from Mr. Percival, to a very respectable amount. Let no admirer of "The Sorrows of Werter," sneer at this avowal; let it be remembered that I, not choosing to address her, lovely and spotless as she was, had no right to force an obligation upon one, who very properly refused to accept as a gratuity, services which she was so abundantly able to compensate. With this defence against the anticipated criticisms of the ill natured or the sentimental, I terminate my first "Reminiscence."

### THE FREED BIRD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

RETURN, return, my bird!

I have dressed thy cage with flowers,
'Tis lovely as a violet bank
In the heart of forest bowers.

"I am free, I am free,—I return no more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er!
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,
The sky is around me—the blue bright sky!

"The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear, With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer, I see the waves flash on the sunny shore— I am free, I am free,—I return no more!"

Alas, alas, my bird!
Why seek'st thou to be free?
Wert thou not blest in thy little bower,
When thy song breathed nought but glee?

"Did my song of summer breathe nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
Oh! had'st thou known its deep meaning well,
It had tales of a burning heart to tell.

"From a dream of the forest that music sprang, Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang; And its dying fall, when it soothed thee best, Sighed for wild flowers and a leafy neat." Was it with thee thus, my bird?
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright!
I have seen the glance of the sudden joy
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!
With the spirit that panied through heaven to soar—
Woo me not back—I return no more!

"My home is high, amidst rocking trees, My kindred things are the star and breeze, And the fount unchecked in its lonely play, And the odours that wander afar—away!"

Farewell, farewell, thou bird!

I have called on spirits gone,
And it may be they joy like thee to part,
Like thee that wert all my own.

"If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though love might calm them, they joyed to be free;
They sprung from the earth with a burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour!

"Call them not back when the chain is riven, When the way of the pinion is all through heaven. Farewell!—With my song through the clouds I soar, I pierce the blue skies—kam earth and too to ?

# MY DAUGHTER'S SCRAP-BOX.

It is now exactly sixteen years since the birth of my daughter. I had a large mahogany trunk made, with an orifice at top, large enough to receive a paper of moderate size; and resolved to solicit my friends for contributions in prose or verse, which were not to be read till her sixteenth birth-day. That time has now come. For several months past, I have endeavoured to recollect each individual who contributed to the store, for the purpose of inviting them to be present when it But sixteen years have made a great havoc in my list of friends; those whom that lapse of time has not removed altogether, it has, in many instances changed. But still I am grateful for those who are yet left. In some, I see the approach of old age, and wonder if they make the same remark upon me; in others, I can trace scarcely any diminution of health and spirits;-I fear few of them make a similar observation on the appearance of their host. I am not yet old; but a man with a daughter of sixteen, need make no great pretences to the character of being young.

When my guests were all assembled, there was, of course, no want of conversation about the days of lang syne; and the approach of the birth-day was not looked forward to with any impatience, as it might be considered, in some sort, the signal of our separation. However, with whatever feeling its approach was regarded, it was hailed, when it actually arrived, with every symptom of satisfaction. The heroine of the day had exerted her taste, in fixing on a romantic spot for the scene of our fete champetre. She had selected a secluded dell, a short distance up the river, which meanders round my lawn, where a thick clump of trees secured us a delightful shade, while the open lands, on each side, supplied us, through the leaves, with a refreshing breeze. Here then, we all assembled. The mystic box, to which, in other days, our respects had so frequently been paid, was carried to our tent, and occupied a conspicuous place during our entertainment. I thought I traced on some countenances a slight shade of anxiety, for, unless to professed authors, it is rather a trying event to have one's compositions submitted to so numerous an assembly. There were, luckily, however, no critics amongst us, to mar our enjoyment, either by their downright objections, or their faint praise. Every thing which was read was listened to with the deepest attention, and an appearance of the most glowing admiration reigned on all our features,-particularly, I remarked, on those of the authors of the performance. The eatables having, at length, disappeared, and the wine, cooled by an hour's immersion in the river, being set upon the table, we proceeded to he business of the day. The box was opened with the greatest solemnity, and a paper lifted up from the mass, without any selection, and laid before me for public perusal. I opened it, and read the title-" Life, in four sonnets,"-and

immediately, before looking to the signature, I perceived, by a certain fidgettiness in my facetious friend, Tom Sanders, that he had some recollection who was the author of the performance. Tom is the clergyman of the next village to where I live, and a better fellow, "within the limits of becoming mirth," it is impossible to meet with. It is strange, that during the whole of our long acquaintance, I never suspected him of ever attempting the art of rhyme; the utmost effort in the poetical department, for which I could have given him credit, would have been a rebus or a charade; my surprise, therefore, and that of all the auditors, may easily be imagined. when I read the following sentimental and melancholy effusion --

I see (where glides the river on its way
Through the lone vale with leafy trees embower'd,
While all around an colorous stream is shower'd
From the young flow'rs which deck the lap of May,
A little girl who carols at her play,
And weaves bright chaplets for her auburn hair,
In many a cluster fluttering on the air.
But soon she casts the chaplet far away,
To float adown the river: Ne'er thinks she
An emblem of herself those flow'rs are made,
Which bloom like pleasure, and like pleasure, fade;
Bright'ning, yet withering, upon Hfe's dull sea.
Happy, alas: she looks through tearless eye,
And thinks nor flow'r will fade, nor pleasure die.

I look again. Yon child is woman now,
And still her eye retains the light it wore
In childhood; yet within its depths a store
Of nobler thoughts than childhood's years allow
Is shining beautiful, yet half conceal'd;—
And Love has placed his finger on her cheek;
Whose pale pure hue speaks more than words can speak,
Of hopes e'en to herself but half reveal'd;—
But see, she smiles, as if in waking dream,
And moves her ripe red lip: and as a name
She muttereth low, a flush (but not of shame)
Tinges her pale cheek with a rosy gleam!—
And she is happy! yet in sad like guise;
For Love may still be happy, though he sighs!

Again I see the child,—a child no more,
And youth himself hath waved his buoyant wing,
As if for ever from her brow to spring,
Where years have dimm'd the light which shone before.
Still gleams her eye; but, oh! how chang'd its gleam
Since first I saw it in that sunny hour,
When, fresh with childhood's hopes, she weav'd the
flow'r;

Then cast it careless to the wand ring stream!
And on that form Time's finger hat been laid,
But not in anger; still she smiles to hear
The tale which minds her of the vanish'd year,
When love and gladhers round her bright hearth play'd,
And long-lost dreams come back as once they came,
And death—chill'd Joy revives at Memory's flame!—

Again! again, I look; and what is thie!—
Art thou the child,—the woman once I view'd,
Who ling rest thus in sad, cold solitude?
Oh! what a fail! Where now is all thy bliss?
Thy children, where be they? All gone,—and thou
Lett sad and lone to mourn, yet scarce to weep,
The wild wind which did strip thee in its sweep,
And left thee leafless as a winter's bough?
Thine eyes, how did! Thy form no more bedeck'd
With grace, with beauty,—years have sweep o'er these
As doth the wild sirocco o'er the sea.
And left thee, mid its vastness, torn and wreck'd;—
Yet smiles will visit thee,—as roses wave
Their flexile sweetness e'en above the grave!

The reading of these verses was received with an applause to which I will not venture to deny that our friendship towards the author added great part of the sincerity. Another dip was made into the store-house of the Muses, and a thin slip of paper, with no name or designation

outside, was placed in my hands. I had had a great curiosity about this identical performance, for some years,-I recollected its appearance the moment 1 saw it, and turned, with no little satisfaction, to gratify my curiosity. In the winter of 1823, I was sitting in my quiet parlour, engaged with one of the Waverly Novels, and the sleet and rain, which were battering against my window, added, no doubt, to the selfish and Lucretian comforts of my situation. A long, loud rap at the outer door, startled me from my delightful repose, and conjecture went speedily to work as to who could be my visitor at that untimely hour. My wife looked almost alarmed, and a certain bustle which soon after took place in the lobby did not tend to quiet her apprehensions. In a short time the parlour door was opened, and a stranger walked very composedly in. He was a tall man, with his hair slightly grizzled, fine bold grey eyes, and a brow of uncommon height. I am (I may say, in a parenthesis) so far a disciple of Lavater, as to place great confidence in a man's genius, from the size and shape of his forehead. The stranger's rank was dubious,-he might be a gentleman, though, at first-sight, he looked more like a substantial farmer, than one of the more aristocratic classes of society. His manners, however, were the easiest I had ever seen. In a few words, he told me he had thrown himself on my hospitality, as he had been overtaken by the storm, and added, that he always preferred the society in the parsonage to that which he might be thrown into at an inn. I welcomed him to my "humble shed," and, with a sigh, laid aside my book, just when Jeanie Deans was presented to the Duke of Argyle. He was not wet; he had put his horses into my stable, and gave sundry hints that the sooner supper was produced the better. I perceived, in a moment, from the sound of his voice, that he was an honest Caledonian, and the Doric simplicity of his dialect added a great zest to the enjoyment of his conversation. His information was exact and various. On all subjects he seemed equally well prepared, and I was very soon led not to regret the interruption which his presence had put to my perusal, even of the Heart of Midlothian. I asked him, in the course of conversation, if he had read the work, and, to my surprise, he replied in the negative. Of all the other books, by the same author, he professed an equal degree of ignorance. "Never," he said, "have I read ony o' these printed books; they wad be a great waste o' time, for I'm thinken I ken as muckle about the Heart o' Mid louden as ony body could tell me." I remarked a very odd expression in my wife's countenance after these remarks, and, when I went out to make some extra preparation for our unexpected guest, she took an opportunity of following me, and stating her perfect conviction that the stranger was no other than the Great Unknown. I was somewhat staggered by her suspicion,-I had seen prints of the distinguished person, who was at that time only suspected to be the author, and his resemblance to our nameless guest was strikingthe same fine deep eye, the same magnificent brow. I went down and brought out a bottle of Champagne from the cellar, on the chance of its really being the Shakspeare of the North. His appetite, when supper was laid before him, was the most wonderful exhibition I had ever witnessed, but it in no respect interfered with his conversation. Plateful after plateful disappeared with the most marvellous celerity; story after story gave us food for laughter or admiration, and, in short, I must confess I was, at last, firmly of my wife's opinion. I asked him for a contribution, whether in prose or verse, for the box, which was in the room at the time; and immediately after the cloth was removed, while preparations were making for an attack on the brandy and water, he took up a half sheet of paper, wrote something on it, and slipped it through the chink, without saying a word. He now proceeded to his potations, which, I was fairly forced to acknowledge, left his previous exertions, in the eating department, completely in the shade. Whether it was that my pride, on having such a guest, deprived me of my usual prudence, or the agitation of my spirits produced a speedier effect, I don't know, but I must candidly confess, that for the last half-dozen tumblers which he took, I had lost all relish or understanding of his conversation; but at length, in a delirium of delight, I moved off to my bed, prepared to boast, to my dying day, that my table had been honoured by the presence of the author of "Ivanhoe" and "Waverley." Next morning, my disappointment was as great as had been my delight. The stranger had gone off, almost before the dawn, and left no token by which he could be recognised. I continued in a state of great uncertainty for a length of time,-I became very cross, and uncertain in my temper, and turned off my butler on suspicion of stealing half-a-dozen silver spoons; I made many inquiries as to the movements of Sir Walter, but could hear no exact tidings of when he had been in England. At last, I began to give up all hopes, unless in the scrap of paper he had put into the box, and looked forward to the day of its being opened with no little anxiety. I accordingly unrolled the paper, with trembling hands, and read the following words:-

"SIR,—I am much obligated to ye for the gude enterteenment, and also as I am in want o' some siller, the noo havin' just come out o' the Heart o' Mid louden that you and yer wife is aye clacking about, I hae helpit mysel to yer saxe bits o' spoons, and will ever remain yer dettor for the same.

JAMES MURDOCHSON."

There was, you may well suppose, no lack of laughter on this unfortunate discovery; for though I had never openly stated that I had had so celebrated a man as my guest, I confess I had given the neighbourhood to understand, by implication, that he had honoured me with a visit. The laughter was still further increased by the information which one of the company bestowed, that the Heart o' Mid Lothian, from which my mysterious friend had just come out, was nothing more or less than the common prison of Edinburgh.

### THOSE JOYOUS VILLAGE BELLS.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

Oh! I cannot bear the sound Of those joyous village bells, Mournful music should be found in the halls where sorrow dwells. Once for me those bells were rung, And the bridal song was sung; Wretched is the bride that hears Sounds like those with tears.

Now I see the laughing train,
Youths and maiden's dancing forth;
I'll not look on them again,
Byes like mine would mar their mirth.
Once for me those bells were rang,
And the bridal song was'sung;
Wretched is the bride who hears
Sounds like those with tears.

#### THE CUP OF O'HARA.

BY FURLONG.

"Oh! were I at rest
Amidst Arran's green isles,
Or in climes where the summer
Unchangingly smiles;
Though treasures and dainties
Might come at a call,
Still, O'Hara's full cup
I would prize more than all.

But why would I say
That my choice it must be,
When the prince of our fathers
Hath lov'd it like me:
Then come, joily Turlough,
Where friends may be found;
And our Kain we'll pledge,
As that cup goes around."

## MARY THE PRUDE.

MARY was a very pretty, a very interesting girl, nay, a very amiable girl—but Mary was, nevertheless, a prude; and prudish too at an age when the young spirit generally bounds to the syren minstrelsy of pleasure, and expands beneath the radiant sun of unchequered life. Mary was cold, precise and formal; a pattern and model of decorum herself, she neither excused, nor would allow of any thing beyond the strict and formal etiquette of society, and boasted frequently of platonic affection and reciprocal esteem. Mary had a younger sister, who, unfortunately, had a very different disposition; warm-hearted, generous, affable, and kind-but as good-hearted a little creature as ever rambled across a lawn, or plucked wild roses from the hedges, or gathered buttercups in the fields and meadows. These were the characteristics of the girls in childhood; they grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength; and when Mary had arrived at the womanly age of twenty-one, and Lucy at the more juvenile period of eighteen, the one was a downright prude, the other a merry good-tempered soul, with a lover, a boudoir, and a spaniel Mary eschewed these things-the boudoir was too careless and toyish, the spaniel was too noisy, and as for the lover—Dear me, the poor girl was alarmed at the very mention of the word. Though Madame Rumour did tell a very strange story of Mary Woodbine having been seen one evening reclining upon the arm of a military gentleman, walking down the hawthorn lane leading to G-, looking prettier than ever, and so happy! But Madame Rumour tells fibs very often-and who could ever suspect Mary?

Lucy had a lover, a good, kind, affectionate lover; their passion was mutual. The giddy girl, though she delighted to teaze her faithful Edmund, and make him look very foolish, or very wise, as lovers generally do when their ladies have the inclination to tantalize, which they often have, (whether to their credit or not, I will not say: we must not be the first to blame our

sex.) still Lucy loved him, tenderly and truly, and who could have the heart to sever two such faithful ones?

Mary had.—I will not say what occasioned her conduct, but it is certain that her guardian had taxed her severely about the rumours respecting the military gentleman in the hawthorn lane, and to shift the burthen off her own shoulders, she placed it upon her pretty sister's directly, revealing the whole course of love, and all the meetings and appointments, which were in consequence immediately broken, for Lucy was confined to her boudoir. Mary was again thought a model of propriety; she lectured Lucy upon the indecorum of her attachment, and delivered a sage discourse upon the ridiculous nature of love, and the sublime tendency of platonic affection; she ordered all the pretty books in the house to be locked up in her own apartment, and delivered to her sister "The Whole Duty of Man," "Seneca' Morals," and a few other virtuous books of the same description. Lucy, with a heavy heart, received the books, and threw them down in a pet after her sister had quitted the boudoir, when, lo and behold, what should peep out from between the leaves of one of the large moral books, but the edge of a little note, nicely folded! Lucy immediately opened the volume in extacy, and a neat bath-wove gilt-edged billet revealed itself, which the pretty prisoner had the curiosity to read, for it began with "My dearest Mary," and finished with "thine ever truly and affectionately, Alexander!!!" Here was a discovery!and to Mary too!-whoever would have thought

The bell was instantly rung, and, at the request of Lucy, Mary shortly entered the boudoir, with a look and aspect of gravity. "My dear, dear, dear sister Mary," joyously exclaimed the enraptured romp, as she sprung upon the neck of the prude—"how is A-lex-an-der?" "Alexander!" rejoined the astonished girl, "I do not understand you, Lucy."

"Oh no, you have no notion of the tender passion; love is a very ridiculous thing, very ridiculous-and platonic attachment the most divine affection upon the earth; but still we all—now and then-like a little Alexander. Now and then, sister-eh?" And a merry laugh completed the meaning of the gay girl.

"Sister Lucy, sister Lucy—" exclaimed Mary,

with a look of austere gravity.

"Sister Mary, sister Mary," rejoined Lucy, imitating the serious tones of the prude, what a naughty thing it is for young ladies to allow young gentlemen, and officers too, to write pretty hot-pressed gilt-edged billets, teeming with vows and protestations, and esprit de rose, so very tender, and so sweetly scented-ha! ha! ha! my pretty prude, look here!" and with a laugh she revealed the note.

" Lucy!" exclaimed the detected prude.

"Oh Mary, Mary, you lent me good books!very pretty books indeed for a young lady's contemplation !- But here's my hand, sister; effect my release, and make peace between me and my guardian, and I'll say no more about it."

" My good kind Lucy, I am ashamed will instantly endeavour to procure your pardon," and the pretty blushing Mary hastened out of

the boudoir as speedily as possible.

Hour after hour elapsed, and Lucy became impatient for the return of her sister with the promised pardon, until at length she rung the bell; the servant who attended the summons, replied to Lucy's enquiry, that Mary had not been seen since she quitted the boudoir; that she instantly proceeded from thence into her dressingroom, and taking her bonnet and shawl, had left the house the next moment. Lucy became alarmed, and her fears were increased when her guardian, entering the boudoir, enquired whether Lucy could throw any light upon her sister's elopement; but Lucy was relieved from betraying the cause of Mary, by the arrival of one of the servants, who had seen Mary Woodbine, the prude, lifted into a travelling chariot that was waiting at the top of the hawthorn lane, by a gentleman in regimentals! This idea was truly alarming; the fugitives were instantly pursued, and people sent in all directions: but Mary Woodbine had been seen by the family for the last time, for, on the ensuing morning, she returned as Mrs. ---, having become the wife of the "gentleman in regimentals," on the day that she completed her twenty-first year, and her fortune became her own.

"I never will believe that there is such a thing as a real prude in the world!" exclaimed Lucy, as the happy party assembled at the breakfast table, forgiving and forgiven-"since I have been deceived in my sister, my own sister Mary!"

An idol may be undeified by many accidental Marriage in particular is a kind of counter-apotheosis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman. - Addison.

### FATA MORGANA.

A very remarkable aerial phenomenon, which is sometimes observed from the harbour of Messina and adjacent places, at a certain height in the atmosphere. The name, which signifies the fairy MORGANA, is derived from an opinion of the superstitious Sicilians, that the whole spectacle is produced by fairies, or such-like visionary invisible beings. The populace are delighted whenever it appears, and run about the streets shouting for joy, calling every body out to partake of the glorious sight. This singular meteor has been described by various authors; but the first who mentioned it with any degree of precision was Father Angelucci, whose account is thus quoted by Mr. Swinburne in his tour through Sicily; "On the 15th of August, 1643, as 1 stood at my window, I was surprised with a most wondertul delectable vision; the sea that washes the Sicilian shore swelled up, and became for ten miles in length like a chain of dark mountains; while the waters near our Calabrian coast grew quite smooth, and in an instant appeared as one clear polished mirror reclining against the ridge. On this glass was depicted, in chiaro-obscuro, a string of several thousand pilastres, all equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost half their height, and bent into arcades, like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed on the top, and above it rose castles innumerable, all perfectly alike. These soon split into towers, which were shortly after lost in colonnades, then windows, and at last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees, even and similar. This is the Fata Morgana, which for twenty-six years I had thought a more fable."

### THE SABBATH.

THE following is an extract from Blackstone's Commentaries :-

" Profanation of the Lord's day," says Blackstone, " is an offence against God and religion, punishable by the municipal law. For besides the notorious indecency and scandal of permitting any secular business to be transacted on that day, in a country professing Christianity, and the corruption of morals that usually follows its profanation, the keeping one day in seven holy, as a time of relaxation and refreshment as well as for public worship, is of admirable service in a state considered merely as a civil institution. It humanizes, by the help of conversation and society, the manners of the lower classes; which would otherwise degenerate into a sordid ferocity, and savage selfishness of spirit; -it enables the industrious working man to pursue his occupation in the ensuing week with health and cheerfulness; it imprints on the minds of the people, that sense of their duty to God, so necessary to make good citizens; but which would be worn out and defaced by an unremitted continuance of labour without any stated times for recalling them to the worship of their Maker."

#### PRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

BY THOMAS MATNES BAYLY.

To whom shall Friendship's Offerine Be sent, if not to Tkee? Whose smiles of friendship have so long Been treasured up for Me? For thou hast shared my joy and grief: The one thou mad'st more gay; And from the other thou didst steal All bitterness away. Love's tribute long ago I gave, And thine it still shall be: And Friendskip's offering I'll send To none, if not to Thee. And what is Friendship's Offering? What tribute will she send? Are costly gems, and gold, the gifts That friend bestows on friend? The ruby ring? the sparkling chain? If such alone can please, Oh they must come from other friends, For I have none of these!

But no, it is a simpler gift That Friendship will prefer, A gift whose greatest worth consists In being sent by Her: It is a volume in whose leaves No sentiment is traced That Virtue, in her gravest mood. Would wish to see effaced: The muses fill all leaves but one, And ere the book I send, On that leaf I will trace the name Of my own dearest Priend. Love's tribute long ago I gave, And thine it still shall be, And Priesdehip's Offering I'll send To none-if not to Thee.

#### THE GLADIATOR'S DREAM.

Hz slept, as sleep the wronged and proud— Pale, cold, and firm, and sighing low, That even in alumber, scorn the loud And vulgar plaint of common wo:— But o'er that brow, so caim, so fair, Had passed the finger of despair.

He dreamed—not of his conquered soil,
Nor pure chill breeze of northern clime;
Nor forest hat, nor hunter's toil,
Nor aught he loved in happier time;
With him, such vision would not dwall
In bondage, in a marble cell.

He dreamed—and years had rolled away— The victor, and the vanquished came, In shadowy battle's dim array, With fainting moan, and stern acclaim. Banner, and corse, steed, helm, and shield, In dark heaps strewn on War's broad field.

He saw, wild myriads sweeping by,
The dread avenger's lightning path—
And stained and trampled Eagles lie
Beneath the fair-haired stranger's wrath—
Then leaped his heart—the work was done—
Brave justice, by the Goth, and Hun.

He waked—his hour of bitter pain, Still to be borne—but free, and bold, His step, as if a servile chain, Ne'er touched those limbs of graceful mould, Then smiled, as rose the sullen hum Of crowds—and said, "a time will come."

One glance, one cold, keen glance, around, His high prophetic spirit cast, One sigh, that vast arena's bound Be-echoed—'twas the first, and last—He knew that fate had sealed each dome, With "vengence on Imperial Rome."

# THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

ALVAREZ DE RAMEIRO was the son of a Portuguese Marquis by an English lady of great beauty and considerable fortune. The match was particularly obnoxious to the family of the nobleman; and Alvarez, at the death of his mother, found himself heir to her English estates and to the cordial dislike of his Portuguese relations: but he was of a light heart and free spirit, and found an antidote to their coldness and neglect in his contempt for their opinion. It naturally followed, however, that he was often, as much "upon compulsion" as from choice, left to the society of his own reflections, which, as he possessed a tolerably well-stored mind and a clear conscience, were very endurable company.

In one of the solitary rambles, in which it was his wont to indulge, he found himself in the vicinity of the pleasure-grounds attached to a villa within a league of Lisbon, the country residence of a British merchant. As he approached the garden, which was separated from the road by a deep moat, he perceived walking on a slight elevation or terrace a young lady, whose form and

countenance were so entirely to his taste, that his eyes followed her with an earnestness, which, had she observed it, might not have impressed her with a very favourable notion of his good manners. Whether he was desirous of quenching the incipient flame in his bosom, by rushing into the opposite element, or of arriving at his object by the shortest possible cut (overlooking in his haste the parenthesis of the ditch) it is neither possible nor essential for me to state; but certain it is, that the lady was roused from her meditations by the noise of a sudden plunge in the water, and, on turning round, she saw a portion of a mantle floating on the moat, and immediately afterwards the hapless owner floundering about, either ignorant of the art of swimming, or incapacitated for efficient exertion by his cloak and appended finery.

The lady did not shriek out, for she knew that the gardener was deaf, and that her cries would not reach the mansion: she did not tear her hair —for, unless she could have made a rope of it, there had been little wisdom in that—but she did

better: she seized a rake, and, approaching as near to the moat as she could, literally hooked him into shallow water, whence he was enabled to gain the terrace, where he stood before her dripping like a river-god, and sputtering thanks and duck-weed in great profusion. Never did human being present a more equivocal appearance than did Alvarez on this occasion, covered as he was with mud and weeds. The damsel, at the sight of him scrambling up the bank, was almost induced to exclaim, with Trinculo, "What have we here?—a man or a fish?" And indeed, until "the creature found a tongue," it would have been no easy task for Linneus himself to determine the class of animals to which he belonged. No meeting between fair lady and gallant knight could, by possibility, be more unromantic; nay, 'twas the most common-place thing conceivable: whatever may have been the cavalier's sensations, she did not fall in love with him; for her first impulse, on seeing him safely landed, was to laugh most incontinently; and love, as my friend the corporal hath it, is "the most serious thing in life."

"I pray you, senora," said Alvarez, as soon as he recovered himself, " to accept my humblest apologies for intruding upon you so extraordinary an apparition."

" Apparition!—nay, senor, you are encumbered somewhat too pertinaciously, methinks, with the impurities of earth to be mistaken for any thing of the kind; unless you lay claim to the spiritual character on the score of your intangibility, which I have not the slightest inclination to dispute: and as for your apologies, you had better render them to those unoffending fishes whose peaceful retreat you have so unceremoniously invaded; for you have raised a tempest where, to my certain knowledge, there has not been a ripple for these twelve months.".

"Indeed, fair lady, I owe them no apologies, since, but for you, I had been their feed. You moat, although not wide enough to swim in, posscases marvellous facilities for drowning."

At this instant the merchant himself entered the grounds, and approached the scene of the interview. His daughter immediately introduced her unbidden guest. " Allow me, my dear papa, to present to you a gentleman who brings with him the latest intelligence from the bottom of the moat. Behold him dripping with his credentials, and the bearer of a specimen of the soil and a few acquatic plants peculiar to the region he has explored, and of which, having landed on your territories, he politely requests you to relieve him."

"You are a saucy jade," said the merchant; "and, but that I know your freaks ever stop short of actual mischief, I could almost suspect you of having pushed him in."

"Nay, papa, that could not be; we were on opposite sides of the most."

"You forget, lady," rejoined the cavalier, who began to recover his spirits, that attraction is often as powerful an agent as repulsion, and that therefore your father's conjecture as to the cause

of my misfortune may not be altogether groundless."

"I beseech you, senor," said the daughter, " to reserve your compliments for your next visit to the Naiads of the moat, to whom they are more justly due, and cannot fail to be acceptable from a gentleman of your amphibious propensities. I hope our domestics will be careful in divesting you of that plaster of mud:-I should like the. cast amazingly."

During this colloquy the party were approaching the mansion, where Alvarez was accommodated with a temporary change of attire; and it is certain that if the damsel was not captivated by his first appearance, her heart was still less in danger when she beheld him encased in her father's habiliments-" a world too wide" for him -the merchant being somewhat of the stoutest, while the fair proportions of his guest were not encumbered with any exuberance of flesh.

Thus originated the acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth and his fair daughter with the most gallant of all Portuguese cavaliers, Alvarez de Rameiro: an acquaintance which, as their amiable qualities mutually developed themselves, ripened into friendship. Alvarez exhibited a frankness of manner which never bordered upon rudeness and was equally remote from assu--rance; while the liberality of his opinions indicated an elevation of mind that the bigotry amid which he had been educated had not been able to overthrow. These qualities well accorded with the straight-forward disposition of the Englishman, who probably found them scarce in Lisbon, and rendered the society of the young foreigner more than ordinarily agreeable to him.

It happened, one afternoon in the summer, that the merchant and Alvarez were enjoying their glass of wine and cigar, while Mary Wentworth was attending to some plants in a grass-plot before the window. Mr. Wentworth had told his last story, which was rather of the longest; but as his notions of hospitality, in furnishing his table, included conversation as well as refection, he made a point of keeping it up, and, with this general object rather than any particular onefor he had great simplicity of heart—he filled his glass, and passing the decanter to his guest, resumed the conversation: "It has occurred to me, Alvarez, that your attentions to my Mary have been somewhat pointed of late-fill your glass, man, and don't keep your hand on the bottle; it heats the wine."

"Then, sir, my conduct has not belied my feelings; for I certainly do experience much gratification in Miss Wentworth's society, and her father is the last person from whom I should desire to conceal it."

"Then have the kindness to push the cigardish a little nearer, for mine is out."

" I hope, sir, that my attentions to your daughter have not been offensive to her?" "I am sure I don't know, for I never asked

"Nor to yourself, I trust ! DOGIC

"No, or you would not have had so many opportunities of paying them."

"They have occasioned you no anxiety or unsainess, then, sir?"

"Nay, your own honour is my warrant against that, and I have the collateral security of her prudence."

"May I, then, without offence, inquire whither your observations tend, and why you have intro-

duced the subject?"

"In the first instance, simply for want of something else to talk about; but, now we are upon the subject, it may be as well to know your views in paying the attentions to which I have referred."

"When I tell you honestly that I love your daughter, you will not, with the confidence you are pleased to place in my honour, have any difficulty in guessing them."

"Guessing is not my forte, and therefore I ever hated riddles; they puzzle the understanding without improving it. Speak out."

"Why, sir, with your sanction, to make her my wife."

"Then you will do a very foolish thing; that is, always supposing that my daughter has no objection to your scheme; and we, both of us, appear to have left her pretty much out of the argument. Pray, is she aware at all of the preference with which you are pleased to honour her?"

"I have never told her, because I know not how she would receive the declaration; and I prize your daughter's good opinion too dearly to desire to look like a simpleton before her."

"Well, there's some sense in that. By the way, Alvarez, without any particular reference to the subject we are discussing, let me exhort you, whenever you make a declaration of your love to a woman, never do it upon your knees."

" Why not, sir?"

"Because it is the most inconvenient position possible for marching off the field; and, in the event of a repulse, the sooner a man quits it the better."

"But, sir, I maintain, and I speak it under favour, and with all deference to the sex, that the man who exposes himself to the humiliation of a refusal richly merits it."

" As how?"

"Because he must be blind, if he cannot, within a reasonable period, find out whether his suit be acceptable or not, and a fool if he declares himself before."

"You think so, do you? Then be so good as to push over that plate of olives; and, as I said before, in reference to your matrimonial project, I think it a very foolish one."

"In what respect, sir, may I ask?"

"In the first place, it is the custom in England for a man and his wife to go to church together; and you were born a Catholic."

"Only half a one, sir; my mother was a Protestant."

" And a heretic."

"No, sir; my sainted mother was a Christian."

"You do not mean to call yourself a Protestant?"

"I do, indeed, sir."

"Then, let me tell you that your religion is the most unfashionable in all Lisbon, and somewhat dangerous withal."

"Have you found it so?"

"Nay; I am of a country which is given to resent as a nation an injury done to an individual of it; and as a British fleet in the bay of Lisbon would not be the most agreeable sight to the good folk of this Catholic city, I presume I may profess what religion I please, without incurring any personal risk; but you have no such safeguard; and, although my daughter might have no great objection to your goodly person as it is, she might not relish it served up as a grill, according to the approved method, in this most orthodox country, of freeing the spirit from its earthly impurities."

"You talk very coolly, my dear sir, upon a rather warm subject; but I assure you I am

under no apprehensions on that score."

"Well, admitting that you are justified in considering yourself safe, do you think that an alliance with the daughter of a merchant, and a foreigner, would be otherwise than obnoxious to your family?"

"Why, as to that, my affectionate brothers-inlaw, not reckoning upon the pleasure of my society in the next world, have not been at much pains to cultivate it in this; and therefore I apprehend I am not bound to consult their wishes in the matter."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Wentworth, and the subject was of course changed.

The explanation which had taken place between the merchant and Alvarez was followed by an equally good understanding between the latter and the young lady; and it was finally arranged among them that Mr. Wentworth, who had been eminently successful in his commercial pursuits in Lisbon, should only remain to close his accounts, and convert his large property into bills and specie, for the purpose of remitting it to London, when the whole party, Alvarez himself having no ties to bind him to his own country, should embark for England, where the union of the young people was to take place.

But, alas! " the course of true love never did run smooth;" and scarcely had the preliminary arrangements been completed when the merchant was seized with an inflammatory fever which terminated in his death, leaving his daughter. who loved him to a degree of enthusiasm which such a parent might well inspire, overwhelmed by sorrow, a stranger in a foreign land, and without a friend in the world but Alvarez, whose ability to protect her fell infinitely short of his zeal and devotion to her service. Still, however, he could comfort and advise with her; and she looked up to him with all that confiding affection which the noble qualities of his heart, and the honourable tenor of his conduct, could not fail to create. But even he, her only stay, was shortly taken from her. The Holy Office, having gained

information of their intention of quitting Lisbon with the property of the deceased merchant, availed itself of the pretext afforded by the religious profession of Alvarez to apprehend and confine him, as the most effectual means of delaying the embarkation, relying on ulterior measures for obtaining possession of the wealth of their victims.

Mary Wentworth's was not a mind to sink supinely under misfortune, for she had much energy of character; but this last blow was enough to paralyze it all. She had no difficulty to guess at the object of the Holy Office, and she knew that if any measure could avail her in this emergency, it must be speedily adopted. But the power of the Inquisition was a fearful one to contend with. There was but one man in Lisbon who could aid her, and to him she was a stranger; yet to him she determined to appeal.

The name of Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, marquis of Pombal, will be familiar to those who are conversant with the history of Portugal as that of the prime minister of king Joseph; to which elevation he appears to have risen from circumstances of extreme indigence and the humble rank of a corporal. He is represented to have been a man of enlarged mind, uncommon personal courage, and great decision of character. On the other hand, he is said to have exhibited a haughty overbearing spirit, to have executed justice with extreme severity, and evinced a cruel and ferocious disposition. It is. nevertheless, universally admitted, that in the majority of his political acts he had the good of his country at heart, which is evidenced by the wisdom with which he met, and the success with which he alleviated, the public calamities consequent upon the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755by the salutary restraints which he imposed upon an arrogant aristocracy, as well as upon the tyranny of the Inquisition-and by the decided measures by which he contributed to overthrow the power of the Jesuits. In person he was of gigantic stature; and his countenance was so singularly marked and imposing, that a nobleman, who had opened his carriage-door with the intention of assassinating him, was deterred from his purpose by its awful and terrible expression.

To this man, whom the boldest could not approach without awe, Mary Wentworth resolved to appeal. It was night when she presented herself at his palace, where she was refused admittance. While, however, she was parleying with the sentinel, Carvalho's steward, who had accompanied his master on his embassy to the court of London, approached the gate, and, being interested by her English accent, caused her to be admitted. He inquired the nature of her business with the minister, which she briefly explained to him.

"Alas, my daughter!" said the old man, "I fear your errand to Carvalho will prove a fruit-less one. I may not safely procure you an interview; but your countrymen, while I sojourned

among them, were kind to me, and I would peril something to do you this service.—Follow me."

He preceded her up a flight of stairs, and, pointing to a door partly open, at the end of a long passage, he said: "There, in that room, is he whom you seek; may God prosper your errand!" With these words he disappeared by a side-door, and Mary approached the apartment which he had pointed out as that of Carvalho. The door was sufficiently open to admit her: and, entering, she found herself in a spacious and lofty room, from the ceiling of which depended a lamp immediately over the head of the man at whose frown all Lisbon trembled; and when she beheld his gigantic form and ferocious countenance, she felt that nothing short of the stake which depended on the interview could induce her to persevere in seeking it.

His head rested on his hand; his brow was strongly knit; and his eyes were intently fixed upon some papers. The rustling of her dress, as she drew near the table, attracted his attention. He did not start, but, raising his eyes, looked coldly and sternly upon her; and, without uttering a word, appeared to wait for an explanation of so extraordinary an intrusion.

Mary possessed shrewdness and discrimination enough to perceive that, with a man of Carvalho's strength and decision of character, nothing was more likely to prejudice her cause than circumlocution. She therefore entered at once upon her story, and told it in the fewest possible words, concluding with an appeal rather to his justice than to his feelings: and in this she did wisely. He listened without interrupting her, or betraying in his countenance the slightest indication of the effect of her appeal. When she had ended, he waited a few moments, as if to ascertain if she had any thing more to say. His reply was-" Senora, were I to try my strength with the Holy Office upon every occasion of its oppression and injustice, I should have constant occupation, and gain little by the contest. I am not omnipotent: I have checked the power of the Inquisition, but I cannot crush it, or, credit me, not one stone of that hated edifice should stand upon another. Your case is hard, and I compassionate it; but I fear I can do nothing to aid you in obtaining redress. You say your father was a British merchant; what was his name?"

" Wentworth, senor."

"Wentworth!—I have good cause to recollect him. Of all my political opponents, that man, if not the most powerful, was the most persevering and unbending. I adopted certain measures, which he considered to militate against the commerce of his country, and he combatted them with all his might; but he did it like a man, boldly and open-handed. In the very heat of this controversy, when the feelings of both parties were at the height of their excitement, I was walking, unattended, in the streets of Lisbon, when a mob collected upon my path, and dark looks and threatening gestures were gathering

around me. I am not a man to fly from a rabble: I frowned defiance upon my assailants, who continued to press upon me; and some of them unsheathed their daggers. On a sudden, and from behind me, I was seized by a powerful hand, dragged into a house, the door of which was instantly closed, and I found myself in the presence of your father. 'Carvalho,' said he, 'you are my enemy and my country's; but you shall not die a dog's death while I can protect you.' He kept his word in defiance of the threats and imprecations of the rabble, declaring that they should pull his house upon his head ere they violated its sanctuary. A party of military at last arrived and dispersed the rioters. Your father, at parting, said, with a smile, 'Now, Carvalho, we are foes again.' And is he dead?—Then have I lost an enemy, whom to bring back to earth I would freely surrender all who now call themselves my friends. Marvel not, lady, that I am somewhat rough and stern; ingratitude bath made me so. This city was once a ruin; gaunt famine was even in her palaces, and the cry of desolation in her streets. I gave bread to her famishing people, raised her from the dust, and made her what you see: but I sowed blessings, and curses were the harvest that I reaped. have laboured day and night for the good of this priest-ridden people; and, because I have consulted their welfare rather than their prejudices, there is not man in Lisbon who would not plunge his dagger into my heart, if he had courage for the deed. A sense of gratitude to any human being is new to me, and, trust me, I will indulge The debt I owe your father, and which his proud spirit would not permit me to acknowledge as I purposed, I will endeavour to repay to his child. Yet how to aid you in this matter I know not. I have to combat the most powerful engine of the church, which on this occasion will have the prejudices of the people on its side."

The minister paced the room for a few minutes, thoughtfully and perplexed; at length he resumed:—"The holy brotherhood are not wont to do their work by halves, and you will be their next victim. I know of but one way to save you and him for whom you intercede: it is replete with peril, but it shall be dared. Go home to your dwelling; tell no one that you have seen me; and, happen what may, I will be with you in the hour of danger, if it be to perish by your side."

Alvarez had been a prisoner three days, during which his treatment was in no respect rigorous, when he was summoned before the inquisitor. The hall of audience, as it was termed, was a spacious chamber, in the centre of which, upon an elevation or platform, about three inches from the floor, was a long table, covered with crimson cloth: around it were placed chairs decorated with crosses; at one end of it sat the inquisitor, and at the other the notary of the Holy Office. At the extremity of the chamber was a figure of the Saviour on the cross, which nearly reached the ceiling; and immediately opposite was a

bench appropriated to the prisoners during their examination. The inquisitor wore a kind of cap with a square crown; the notary and the prisoner were of course uncovered. Alvarez was first commanded to lay his hand on a missal which was on the table, and swear that he would truly answer the interrogatories which might be put to him. He was then desired to sit down upon the bench which was at the left hand of the inquisitor, who, after a pause, said: "Senor Alvarez you are doubtless aware of the accusation upon which you have been summoned before this tribunal."

"Conscious of no offence which should have subjected me to the loss of my liberty, I hesitate not to pronounce the accusation false, be it what it may."

"You speak rashly, senor; the Holy Office is not wont to proceed upon slight grounds. I pray you, therefore, to examine your conscience, and see if—not recently, perhaps, but in the course of your life—you have never committed any offence of which it is the peculiar province of the Inquisition to take cognizance."

"I can only repeat what I have already said: and if any man have aught against me, let him stand forth."

"The Holy Office, for wise reasons, does not confront the accuser and accused, as is the custom in ordinary courts; neither is it our wont to declare the nature of the charge, which we rather refer to the conscience of the delinquent: but, willing that you should meet, with as little delay as may be, the accusation which has been brought against you, I will read it. It recites that, having been born of an English mother, you have embraced the tenets of the falsely-called reformed religion, to the danger of your own soul and the scandal of the true faith; that you have of late been in habits of close intercourse with a pestilent heretic of the same country, since dead, and that you are on the point of marriage with his daughter, also a heretic, contrary to the canons of our holy church. This, senor Alvarez, is the charge: what have you to urge against its truth?"

"God forbid that, in hesitating to confess what I believe to be the true faith, I should deny its divine author! You have reproached me with my English parentage; and if the religion of Cranmer, of Ridley, and of Latimer be heresy, then am I a heretic; and, if the cup which was presented to their lips may not pass from mine, may God give me grace to drink it as they did, holding fast by the faith to which I have linked my hopes of Heaven's mercy!"

"Nay, senor Alvarez, the Holy Office is not willing that any should perish, but rather rejoiceth in the exercise of that mercy which is in its discretion: and, although the offence of which you have confessed yourself guilty hath incurred the penalty of a death of ignominy and torture, we have power, by deferring the execution of the sentence, to give you time to repent; so that, upon a renunciation of your errors, you may

finally be pardoned, and received into the bosom of the church.—By a law, whereby the goods of heretics are confiscated, those of the deceased merchant, Wentworth, become the property of the church; and as, from your connection with him and his daughter, you cannot but be informed of the nature and disposition of his wealth, I call upon you, as you would propitiate the Holy Office by assisting in securing its rights, to put it in possession of all you know upon the subject."

"Behold," said Alvarez, with a burst of indignation which startled the inquisitor, " the cloven foot of the Evil One! Now listen to me. The robber of the mountains hath kept faith, and the lion of the desert hath spared his prey; but with the minions of the Inquisition there is neither faith nor mercy. I know that he upon whom your dungeons have once closed, stands upon the brink of the grave, and that his life is beyond human ransom. Were I to answer the question you have so insidiously proposed, I should not only betray the trust reposed in me by a dying father and make his child a beggar, but I should strengthen the hands of an institution which, if its power were equal to its will, would make this beauteous world a howling wilderness. I will neither betray my trust nor deny my faith: by God's grace, the last act of my life shall not involve the double guilt of treachery and apostacy."

During this speech, the countenance of the inquisitor was gradually losing that hypocritical expression of mildness, under which those holy functionaries were accustomed to mask the most cruel and vindictive feelings; his face became flushed with rage, and he exclaimed, when Alvarez had finished:—"You vaunt it bravely, senor! we will now try that persuasive power, which is wont to make our guests marvellously communicative."

"You may wring the blood-drops from my heart, but you will not rob it of its secret."

"Away with him to the torture!" roared the inquisitor, and immediately quitted the apartment, while Alvarez was conducted by another · door, and through a long passage, into a spacious chamber, from which the light of day was entirely excluded. The lamp, which was suspended from the centre of the ceiling, was just sufficient to render distinct the tribunal of the inquisitor, the instruments of torture, and the familiars who were appointed to apply them, and whose grim pale features and frightful habiliments imparted additional horror to the scene. The remoter parts of the room were involved in darkness. Alvarez looked towards the tribunal, and immediately recognized the inquisitor by whom he had been previously examined, and who now addressed him with a taunting smile, and said, "Well, senor Alvarez! we have met again: have you brought your boasted courage with you?"

"He who bath laid this trial upon me, and for whose truth I suffer, will give me strength to bear it."

"You will need it all, senor, when your turn shall come; but we do all things in order: we

have one here before you, by whose example you may profit. Bring forward the other prisoner!"

Alvarez turned his eyes in the direction in which the inquisitor looked as he spoke, and, with feelings of agony and horror which no language can adequately describe, he beheld in the intended victim his own Mary! A shriek proclaimed that her feelings at the mutual recognition were not less acute than his, and she fell back, apparently lifeless, into the arms of her terrific attendants.

Alvarez turned to the inquisitor, and addressed him, for the first time, in the tone of supplication. "If," said he, "there be one instrument of torture more dreadful than another, let me be its victim: tear me piecemeal, limb from limb; but, for the sake of Him whose all-seeing eye is upon you, spare, oh spare, this beauteous work of his hands! Oh, if you have a human heart, you cannot look upon such loveliness and mar it!—Oh, if yon image of the blessed Jesus be not set up in bitter mockery of his meekness and his mercy, I beseech you harm her not!"

"Nay, senor," replied the inquisitor, with a laugh of irony, "you drew so captivating a portrait of our mercy in the hall of audience, that it were gross injustice in us to prove it false. Let the torture be applied to the female prisoner!"

The preparations to obey the mandate aroused Mary Wentworth from her swoon! and a faint, and, of course, ineffectual struggle, was all she could oppose to the application of the first instrument of torture intended to be used, namely, the thumb-screw. It was, therefore, soon fixed, and the attendants waited the word from the inquisitor to draw the cords. This he was in the act of giving, when, from the gloom in which the extremity of the room was involved, a voice of thunder exclaimed "Forbear!" and immediately the speaker advanced to the front of the tribunal, his arm, however, enveloped in the folds of his mantle, concealing his face to the eyes.

The inquisitor angrily inquired who it was that presumed to interrupt the proceedings of the court, and directed the attendants to seize him. The stranger spoke not a word, but, slowly dropping his arm, discovered the stern and haughty countenance of Carvalho.

The inquisitor started, as if a spectre had risen up before him, but immediately recovered him-

- "Senor Carvalho," said he, "this visit is an honour for which we were not prepared: may I beg to be informed of its object?"
  - "Simply the liberation of these prisoners."
  - "Upon what authority do you demand it?"
  - " My own will."
- "Much as we respect that, senor, it were scarcely sufficient warrant to us for their surrender. The circumstances under which they were arrested are such as utterly to preclude us from according to you the courtesy you ask."
- "As for your respect, I know well the standard by which to measure it. The circumstances attending their arrest have been reported to me,

and leave me at mo loss to account for your relactance to give them up; and as for your courtesy, I pray you keep it until it be asked. 1 did: not come to sue for their liberty, but to demand it."

"It may not be, senor; the prisoners must pass to their trials, where they will have justice."

"Oh, doubtless!" said Carvalho, with a bitter smile, "such justice as the wolf metes out to the lamb, and the vulture to the dove."

"I pray you, senor, to reflect upon the unseasonableness of a jest upon an occasion like this."

"In good sooth, jocularity is not my wont, or a jest within the torture-room of the Holy Office, from any other than an inquisitor, would possess too much of the charm of novelty to be forborne. But, credit me, I was never more in earnest than lam now. Be this the proof. Before I ventured to obtrude myself into your reverend presence, I left instructions with the commandant of artillery, in obedience to which, if I be not with him in half an hour, he will open a fire upon your walls. Now I depart not alone; and you, who best know how the light of day will accord with the secrets of your dungeons, will make your election between surrendering the prisoners or seeing this edifice a smoking ruin."

"Senor Carvalho," said the inquisitor, who had witnessed too many awful instances of the minister's veracity, as well as of his power, to doubt, for a moment, that his threat, if disregarded, would be fulfilled with a terrible punctuality in yielding to this extraordinary exercise of power, I feel it my duty, in the name of the Holy Office, solemnly to protest against this interference with its privileges; and you will not be surprised, if, in our own justification, we find it

expedient to appeal to the pope."

"So did the Jesuits; and in order that their memorial might not miscarry, I sent the appellants after it by ship-loads, until his holiness heartily wished the appeal and the locusts that followed it in the Red Sea. You will do wisely to profit by the warning which their example should convey to you."

Having said this, he turned towards Alvarez and Mary Wentworth, and, passing an arm of each through his own, led them unmolested through the several gates of the prison. Mary glanced at his countenance, and perceived that the sardonic smile which had marked it while in the presence of the inquisitor had passed away, leaving in its place his wonted sternness, softened, she thought, by somewhat more of solemnity than she had bitherto observed him to assume. He walked on between them in silence until they arrived within a few paces of the principal street in Lisbon, when he stopped, and said: "Here we part: I have risked my power, and, it may be, my life, to save you. But be that my care; all I ask of you is, get you out of this city, for it is no abiding place for either of you. There is an English vessel in the bay; this officer" (beckoning to him a person in uniform, whom, for the first time, they observed standing within a few yards of them) "will assist you in getting your effects on board: follow them with all despatch; for twenty-four hours you are safe; beyond that time I will not answer for your lives. Let me hear of your arrival in England. May God bless and keep you!-Farewell!" He pressed the haud of each, and they saw him no more.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the advice was followed: before half of the allotted time had expired they were on their voyage, which proved safe and prosperous.

#### THE MAGIC OF NIGHT.

MAIDER, arise from the darkness of sleep, The night is enchanted, the silence is deep; Open thine cyclide—awake to the gleam Brighter than ever yet burst on a dream.

Sweet though thy vision be, fair as a star, Here is a vision more exquisite far, Oh! look at yon hill, while the blue mist above Is wreathing around it—an image of love.

Now giance below o'er the sparkling bay, And the ship that severs its star-led way; And the moon that stops, like a beautiful bride, To look at her face in the tranquil tide.

And mark how far the beaven is strewn, With courtier clouds that worship the moon; While others lie snowy and still through the night, Like a myriad wings all rendy for flight.

Earth seems an Eden unstained by crime, So pare is the scene, and so holy the time: Tempest is now with the winds upcuried, And Nature and Night are alone in the world.

The numbered sands of the time seem run, And Earth and her Heaven are mingling in one; The light, like love, is silent and deep— Maiden, is this an hour for sleep?

### THE ARRIVAL OF WINTER.

THE summer's gone, and the winter hour Comes fiercely on with its chilling blast, And the stricken grove and leafless bower Proclaim the pride of the year is past.

O, whither is gone the violet wreath, That threw its loveliness o'er the spring? It has sunk beneath the hand of death, And decayed, like every beauteous thing.

And where is now the oright summer's pride,
The bushing rose with its sweet perfume?
That, too, has shed its flowers and died,
And where they fell they have found a tomb.

Thus all mortal things must stoop to fate: They may boast awhile of beauty's glow; But death will approach, or soon or late, And his reckless hand will lay them low.

Spring will return, and the violet bank, With its scented flowers, again be gay; And the rose bud afresh, when it has drank Again the enlivening dews of May.

So Man, though he yield his fleeting breath, And lie awhile in the grave's deep gloom, Shall waken again and vanquish death, And in heavenly howers forever, bloom, WHATEVER is connected with Napoleon possesses deep interest. The engraving prefixed which represents the tomb of this distinguished man in the Island of St. Helena, will be found upon close examination to exhibit a strange phenomenon, being his full-length portrait in his favourite musing attitude. As we have selected this subject in order to exercise the ingenuity of our readers, we will not lessen their curiosity by any further explanation, remarking only that when they have traced the mystery they will admire its excellence not less than its singularity.



### A VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

We have selected from Mrs. Elwood's account of her overland journey to India, the following pleasant narrative:—

THE 2d of May was the day appointed for our pic-nic to the Pyramids. We started long before day-break, and traversed the streets of Cairo by the lurid light of flambeaux. Soon after we passed the gates of the city, the stars "'gan to pale their ineffectual light," and "young-eyed day" appeared in the east, whilst a flood of liquid amber proclaimed the approach of the sun, and every minaret, cupola, and airy grove of datetrees was tinged with a roseate hue, or burnished with living gold. The air was fresh even to coolness, as we were fersed over the Nile, and right glad were we to hail the glorious luminary as he appeared above the horizon. The travellers passed the island of Rhoda, the village of Ghiza, and then crossed a very fertile plain, covered with corn, where we could have imagined the Pyramids were close to us; but their immensity deceived us, for they were still several miles distant. We then came to a barren tract, where were goats browsing, buffaloes ruminating, camels grazing, and several Bedouin encampments. The men were "sitting in the tent-door in the heat of the day;" the women were within, working at the mill, and making bread. The Sheiks came forward and saluted us most respectfully, and when they saw me, they called out " Haram." As we wound along the plain, you cannot conceive how picturesque our party appeared. The heavily-armed Janissaries; Osman in his Mameluke dress; some of our English friends in their splendid Turkish costumes, rich in scarlet and crimson, green, blue, and gold; our Turkish, Arab, and Indian attendants, whose dark complexions, wild countenances and fantastic dresses, harmonized well with the scene, and I could have fancied we were a caravan bound to Mecca, or a party flying to the Desert for safety. I, in my English attire, was the only humdrum among the whole, and perhaps the only one who could have walked the streets in London without being mobbed. By the time

"The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,"
we came into the neighbourhood of the Sphynx;
—the Sphynx, of which every one has heard so
much; and here the soil presented such immense
fissures, and such heavy beds of sand, that whilst
wrapped no doubt in some very sublime speculation, down fell my donkey, and over its head
went I. \* \* \* The Sphynx presented an
African countenance, and her hair was dressed
much in the same style with my Nubian friends
in the slave-market. The sand, which at times
has been cleared away, has again collected, and
it was at this time nearly embedded in it. We

at length reached the Pyramids, which were founded by Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycerinus, between 815 and 1032 years before Christ, and which stand in the Desert, as if intended for the time pieces of creation, by which the flight of centuries may be counted, as by the gnomons of our dial we reckon that of hours. There is nothing in their immediate vicinity with which to compare them, and their very immensity deceives the spectator. They rather look like excavated mountains than edifices reared by man, and it is only by our own insignificance that we can comprehend their enormous magnitude. We all immediately commerced the labour of ascending. \* \* \* My heavy cloth habit was but too ill suited for the attempt, and I soon found neither my courage nor my strength were adequate to the undertaking.—I, however, did not relinquish it till I had been repeatedly entreated to desist, and I was at length glad to veil my cowardice under the pretence of conjugal obedience, as C-was really seriously alarmed for my safety. I therefore accepted Osman's proffered services, and remained with him, tete-a-tete, for about half an hour, suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, upon the north-east angle of the Pyramid of Cheops. It was a curious situation, looking over the valley of the Nile on the one side, and the immense deserts of Africa on the other, surrounded by pyramids and tombs, in company with a Scotch Turk! Shortly afterwards, down came Sheif Chaund, supported by two Arabs, saying "his head turned round before he could reach the top:" and I then congratulated myself on my prudence in not having attempted to proceed farther, the more so, as the gentlemen, on their return, all told me I had lost nothing but the honour of carving my initials on the top myself, which, however, was done for me by deputy. The descent was truly frightful: I was compelled to jump from stone to stone, and one false step would have precipitated me to the bottom, and dashed me to pieces; but, however, after all our exertions, perils and dangers were over, I do not think we ever had a more amusing repast, than that we partook of, spread on the ground, something in the Arab style, in a sort of recess, over the door of the great Pyramid of Cheops, and under the shelter of some huge projecting stones. At its conclusion, a saddle being brought for my pillow, I partook of the general siesta, sleeping undisturbed by the ghost of Cheops, till it was time to visit the interior of the Pyramid; and this, having the fair Peknah's fate fresh in my mind, I was determined nothing should prevent my exploring. Osman pioneered, holding my hand, and conducting me up and down, through passages, dark, steep, marrow, and more gloomy than imagination can fancy, till we reached the King's chamber, a large and lofty room, with a flat roof, formed of immense blocks of granite, and with a sarcophagus hewn out of one tremendous piece, placed considerably out of the centre, which resisted our every endeavour to break off a piece by way of trophy. The flickering light of the flambeaux

glared strangely and terribly upon the dark walls, throwing each individual into bold relief; and, as our voices resounded in the sepulchral chamber. methought they had a hollow and an unearthly sound. The approach to this room was very unpleasant; the gentlemen strode from side to side over a dark abyss, small holes being cut for their feet; but I ascended by a steep, very narrow, slippery, and highly-polished ledge, or abutment of granite. The return was even worse than descending the Pyramid, and I could but think of the terrific bridge of a hair's breadth, over which faithful Mussulmen pass to Paradise. I once nearly lost my footing, when I was fortunately caught by the nervous grasp of one of the Arab attendants; but my sensations were more dreadful at the instant than I can describe, and on emerging from the dark passages, after visiting the Queen's chamber, which is smaller than the King's, and has a vaulted roof and a recess, glad indeed was I again to meet the cheerful light of day, and to breathe once more a purer atmosphere. Some of the party descended into the well, and found dust and dirt, bats and darkness for their trouble; and they also paid a visit to the pyramid of Cepranes.

#### THE HUMAN STRUCTURE.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made, O Lord," exclaimed David on surveying the admirable mechanism of his own frame. Indeed so complicated and curious is the structure of this fabric, which has justly been termed the "master piece of God's works," that no person who contemplates it, can possibly avoid joining with the pious Psalmist.

That illustrious physician of antiquity, Galen. is reported in his youth to have been a Sceptic, but on witnessing a dissection, and examining the mechanism of the human body, the divine wisdom and design running through all its parts, he was struck with such a sense of the great Architect, that he immediately became a convert, and during his life devoted himself to the worship of the Deity with all the fervour becoming an enlightened and grateful mind. Having himself, happily caught the first spark of Divine light from a survey of this wonderful machine, he earnestly recommends to others the study of it as the noblest employment of the faculties, and one of the surest guides to rational devotion. His thoughts on this subject, though emanating from a heathen, are well worth the attention of all Christians. "Those treatise," said he, "which display the excellencies of the great CREATOR, compose one of the noblest and most acceptable hymns. To acquaint ourselves with his sublime perfections, and point out to others his infinite power, his unerring wisdom, and his boundless BENIGNITY—this is a more substantial act of devotion, than to slay hecatombs of victime at his altar, or kindle mountains of spices into incense."

### THE SUICIDE.

My father was a Shropshire country gentleman, who, to an ancient descent and narrow income, added the blessing of a family of thirteen children. My mother having died in giving birth to the thirteenth of us, he married a second wife, whose single misfortune it was, as she used feelingly to lament, to have no offspring. My father, though a tender husband, bore this dispensation without repining; reconciled, no doubt, in some degree to it, by the daily cheering sight of thirteen rosy boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, seated at six o'clock in full health, appetite, and activity, at the long mahogany dining-This consoling spectacle was strongly backed by the butcher's weekly bills, which reminded our parent punctually every Saturday morning, that Heaven had already done much for him, in respect of progeny, and sent him to church on Sunday perfectly resigned to the prospect of not having his troubles increased by his second lady. These considerations operating on a naturally contented mind, indeed so weighed with my father, that instead of sharing in my step-mother's distress at having no children, he appeared solicitous about nothing so much as how to dispose of that ample stock which he had been blessed with already. It happened, unfortunately, to our house, as to many other good houses, that while our honours had increased with time, our fortunes had waned with it; years. which had steadily added to the antiquity of our name, had as regularly abstracted from the rents and profits of the domain; the genealogical tree shot its routs deep, and spread its branches far and wide, but the oaks were felled, and there was as much parchment on the land as would have sufficed for all the pedigrees of the Welch principality. When my father came into the possession of the estate, a prudent wife and genteel economy just enabled him to support the dignity of --- Place; he kept fewer servants. fewer horses, saw less company, than his father before him, but still the establishment was on a creditable and comfortable footing. As my mother, however, successively blest him year after year with some one of us, matters began to wear another aspect; it became necessary to pare things closer and closer, and by the time that I, the seventh child and fourth son, had arrived at my full appetite, it was necessary to practice the most rigid economy, in order to keep half an ox on ourtable for our daily meal, and two or three clowns in livery behind our chairs, to change our plates and fill our glasses. Had our wants stopped here all would have been comparatively well, but being gentlemen of name in the county, it was essentially necessary to us that we should do as others of our own rank did; we were all accordingly for hunting, racing, attending balls, music meetings, &c., and miserably was my poor father importuned to provide the means of our various indispensable amusements. In this state

of things, it was not surprising that his most earnest wish was to see us "strike root into the pockets of the people" in some way. But he was a Whig, unfortunately, and could therefore do no more than put us in the right path against a favourable turn in public affairs; which, in the vulgar phraseology is the turn out of the opposite party, and the turn in of one's own. My eldest brother, John, took orders that he might be ready for a living; the second, Charles, got, through the friendly interest of our Tory neighbour, Sir Marmaduke Boroughly, an ensigncy in the 60th foot; James went into the navy with a view to a ship when our friends should come in, and, poor fellow, he is at this day a midshipman of twelve years' standing. Unluckily, I found, when my time arrived, that all the best things were disposed of. The Whig bishopric in expectancy, the staff appointment, the ship, were all gone, anticipated by my brothers; and now began my troubles, and the vexatious affair which led to the remarkable incident that is the main subject of this paper. One of my father's earliest and fastest friends was Mr. W-, an eminent London solicitor. Business brought this worthy man to our part of the country just at the time that the peace had thrown my brother Charles back on my father's hands a half-nav ensign, and also my brother James a no-pay midshipman, and that my brother John had returned from college to take up his abode in the paternal mansion till a stall should be opened to him by a Whig administration. At this happy moment of reunion, Mr. W ---- became our guest, and professionally acquainted as he was with my father's affairs, the sight of his board, so graced with well-grown sons from barrack, sea, and college—not to mention nine daughters, whose pink sashes alone must have required half a mile of riband-filled him with a friendly concern. My three brothers had their professions; I alone was unprovided for, and there was a sobriety in my air which found favour in the eyes of our guest. The truth is, that I was naturally a romantic melancholy lad, and at this particular period a little affair of sentiment had deepened this complexion to a very respectable seriousness of deportment. So favourable was the impression I produced on Mr. W-, that a few days after he had left us for London, a letter arrived from him containing an offer to my father, couched in the handsomest terms, to take me into his house as an articled clerk without the usual premium; and concluding with an intimation that in good time he would take me also into his firm. My father considered my fortune as made, but there was a sound in the word clerk that did not please me; it seemed to confound me with excisemen's clerks, lawyer's clerks, and all the other clerks that I could think of in the town of D---. At all events, thought I, Louisa Daventry must be consulted before I accede to this derogatory proposal: I don't like it I am free to confess, but I will hear what she says. And that very evening Louisa Daventry was consulted, and never shall I forget her look of absolute horror as she exclaimed, "An attornev's clerk! What! and wear short black gait-The affair was finished! I resolved firmly, and swore to Louisa, never to be classed with a body of men chargeable with short black gaiters! But knowing my father's prejudices in favour of the road to wealth, and that he did not view short black gaiters in the same light with Louisa and myself, I returned bome full only of the honour of our family, and represented to him that it would be highly unbecoming that one of the ancient house of Squanderly should become an attorney's clerk. My father very coolly answered, that our ancient house could no longer keep our ancient family; that, in short, he could not support me in idleness, and that I must accept Mr. W.'s offer or remain a burden to him; a thing, which in justice to my sisters, he could not permit. He told me, further, to be under no sort of uneasiness about the honour of the family, reminding me that I was only a younger son, and that my eldest brother was charged with the maintenance of our house's dignity, while I was free to get rich as I could, like other younger brothers. With all respect I intimated to him that he was entirely in error in his view of the matter, and that my regard to the name of the Squanderlys must compel me to disobey his commands. I observed on the baseness of making sacrifices to wealth, and quoted such passages from the classics as my education had stored me with in disparagement of riches. My father's good opinion of wealth remained unshaken however, and he was wholly unmoved by my citations. I dared not quote my best authority, Louisa, nor could I urge the black gaiters; this was, I felt, an argument for refined souls, and somehow or other, with every respect for my father, I knew that it would be worse than thrown away on him.

I need not describe the details of the contest; my father was what I called obstinate, and I what I called firm. The substance of the argument between us might be summed up in these common forms of disputation, "you shall," and "I won't."

Through the kindness of a friend, Mr. W. was duly informed of the gracious reception I had given to his kind offer, and of the consequent dispute raging between father and son. learning these circumstances he wrote at once to my father, entreating him to put no force on the young gentleman's inclinations, regretting that his proposal, meant for the best, should have occasioned domestic uneasiness, and hoping that no more would be thought about the matter. My father, however, who knew the advantage of getting rid of his children, replied to such effect as to bind Mr. W. to his offer, but with this proviso-that I should go up to town and attend the office of Mr. W. regularly for six months, after which time I should be free to make my final election. My father further entered into a treaty

with me to allow me, during this period, at the rate of £200 a-year, while I punctually attended the office, but in default of attendance the allowance was to be stopped. These arrangements having been made, I was packed off to London, having only just had time to snatch a parting interview with Louisa Daventry, in which I vowed never to be an attorney's clerk, and we mutually swore to preserve unshaken constancy.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader that 1 of course imputed the vexatious resolution of my father to the machinations of my step-mother; and also failed not to lay to her account a kind of hint that Louisa's father, Sir Toby, had given me, that my visits to his house were favours which he should value more highly if they were rarer. My step-mother, however, had in truth nothing to do either with the one affair or the other, for she was a harmless, inoffensive being, possessed of one all-absorbing wish, which was to increase the family of the Squanderlys.

While on my journey to London 1 consoled myself under all my cares with the idea of the many pleasures that awaited me in the capital: but after the novelty of the first two or three days had worn off, I cannot describe how much. and in how many small points of comfort I deplored the change in my habits of life. I thought of our dear skies and pleasant fields, and sighed at the view of dull, dirty-houses, and a dun-coloured canopy of smoke over head, which excluded the sight of even a cloud fresh from the country. From sheer ennui I took to the office for a few days, but when there I was expected to share in its duties, and I hated the look of the parchments more than the view of the smoked buildings of Gloucester-street, and found copying an indenture more intolerable than the solitude of my dingy apartment. This did not last long. I began to haunt the theatres at night, (the first step in Raff's progress,) and to read novels and romances in the day, abandoned Mr. W.'s altogether, killed time, spent my money, ran in debt, and got letters of reproach from my father, nay, even from my brothers. To make short of the discreditable details, at last, I received a resolute warning from my father, that if I did not resume my attendance at Mr. W.'s. and make up my mind to avail myself of the means offered of procuring my bread, justice to the other members of his family required that he should withdraw my allowance, and leave me to pursue my own course. This communication somewhat shocked me; but I thought of Louisa, and resolved to suffer the last extremity rather than degrade myself in her bright eyes. I therefore persevered in the cause which had drawn down my father's displeasure, and after the lapse of a fortnight received from him the following letter:-

"HENRY—As I hear that my last admonition has not induced you to present yourself at Mr. W.'s, I must take it for granted that some means of making your fortune have occurred to you of which I am not at present aware. You decline one sure way to a competence; I must therefore

suppose that you have another in view, but as I am not consulted, I presume that my assistance is not required, and therefore from this hour I shall withhold it. I have children enough with claims on the allowance which has been for some months thrown away on you. From this moment cease to expect it. We all wish you well, and success in the scheme of life you have resolved on pursuing, whatever it may be.

" I. S." I thought I had long made up my mind to the worst consequences of my disobedience, but it seemed that this letter opened my eyes for the first time to my utter helplessness, when abandoned to my own resources. My debts (small, very small, as they really were) first occurred to me-how were they to be discharged? how could I meet the applications of my creditors? how could I, a Squanderly, endure the insolence of these importunate people, an insolence of which I had already had a sample or two?—then, how was I to support myself, how to supply my daily wants? I knew not how a stiver was to be earned. "How am I to live?" was the question; "I can die," was my answer. The suggestion elevated me in my own opinion. Zur aus por ausγρως τως καλως πορυκοση, exclaimed I with dignity. The squalid details of misery which I had been passing in anticipation before me, disappeared, and I strode across my little apartment with the air of one who had taken a resolution which placed him above the malice of fortune. about to act the first part in a tragedy, which would make some noise in the world. My family would be made to suffer vain regrets, and to repent their rigour towards me. The world would admire my high sense of honour which led me to prefer death to degradation. And Louisa Daventry!--Louisa Daventry would pass a life of celibacy in weeping over my early fate, keeping her vestal flame alive in the tomb of her Henry! I remembered how she had been affected one sweet night as we sat in the honeysuckle alcove, by my reciting to her the lines from Campbell's Pleasures of Hope:-

"And say, when summoned from the world and thee, I lay my head beneath the willow tree, Will thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear, And soothe my parted spirit lingering near? Oh! wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed; With aching temples on thy hand reclined, Muse on the last farewell I left behind; Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low, And think on all my love and all my woe?"

I was at that time as strong as a horse, and never coughed except when my water went the wrong way; but nevertheless it pleased my sentimental soul to imagine myself fated to early death by consumption; and I recited these lines with all the eloquence of a lover, and the peculiar tenderness of one anticipating his own demise. Louisa was moved, and sunk sobbing on my shoulder. It afforded me at this period an indescribable satisfaction to think, that the desperate expedient I contemplated, would cause them again to flow in sorrow for my tragic fate.

Yes, I thought, my death will put its sad seal on her young affections-She will never love another-No! She will pass the remainder of her blameless life in retirement, and "think on all my love and all my woe." The thought was luxury to me. The thought of the late regrets of my family also pleased me. I felt that they had every thing to answer for; it was their selfishness that made me a suicide. In my own judgment I stood clear of all blame. I never cast the slightest reproach to my own account. I looked upon myself as an injured, persecuted being, driven to death by the base, worldly, sordid covetings of my kinsmen. It is astonishing how affliction endears us to ourselves.

Having now determined on self-destruction as the only means of avoiding want, misery, and degradation, the time for carrying my resolution into effect was the only remaining point to be I was in no immediate hurry to be settled. cruel to my flesh. While I had the means of living, I thought there was no reason for dying; but I determined not to put the deed off to the last moment, or rather to the last pound. In my treasury I found only three pounds and some silver. My sand, thought I, runs low; but it were cowardly to economise, when death comes, with the last pound. Acting on this feeling, I lived more expensively than usual. I drank some wine too; and the first night, after dinner, I had a very good mind to carry my purpose into effect at once, without more delay. I strolled out to exercise myself with a short ramble over town, and on my return, having been detained longer than I anticipated, I found I was too sleepy to think of suicide. The next day I read the Sorrows of Werter, wrote a letter to Louisa, and cut off a large lock of my hair, which I enclosed in it. On the third day my money was getting low, and I thought of the choice of deaths. Shooting was out of the question, for I had no pistols; and if I had had any, I conceived that there would be an ugly crunch, like the drawing of a tooth, and perhaps a lingering painful death, which I felt extremely anxious to spare myself. Throatcutting I disapproved of also, for I was habitually a neat man in all things. Being alone privy to my own intended demise, I was, as it were, my own chief mourner, and I conscientiously believe that the office was never more sincerely or affectionately filled. In the afternoon I went forth with the purpose never to return, having left a packet for Louisa, and a short letter for my family, bequeathing them my forgiveness, and my debts. I set out at about three, on a mild but blowy December day, and walked from my lodgings to Millbank, thence on to Chelsea; for though it was high-water, and the river ran deep at Millbank, I passed on, preferring, I don't exactly know why, the more distant Batterseabridge for my fatal plunge. When I arrived at the bridge the evening was fast closing in, the tide had turned to the ebb, and was sweeping rapidly through the wooden arches, curled, blackoned, and hurried, by a brisk south-westerly wind. I thought myself ready for my leap; I

first turned to the western side of the bridge, but that aspect did not suit my deed. There was still a good deal of light in the west, and as the breeze raised the clouds from the horizon, and chased them on, a momentary change of scene from quickly varying light and shadow was produced, which did not harmonise with my purpose. Those clouds seemed to carry my thoughts from gloom and death to the pleasant home of my youth. Many an evening, on returning from a day's hunting or shooting, I had delighted to imagine them thus sweeping over, on their long, long journey, to hang over the sailor's storm tossed ship, and lend their gloom to the horrors of the tempest. I turned from the West to the East side: here all was blackness and haze: I resolved not to hesitate another moment: I placed my foot on the rail, and fixed my eve on the whirling black eddies below, which seemed to my then excited imagination as the smiles on the face of a fiend laughing at my destruction. A thought perfectly ridiculous then occurred to me. I have said that I could not swim. thought, then, I shall sink at once; and while yet full of life, I shall struggle, perhaps stand, and walk, on the slimy bed of the river, with the waters pouring and rushing by over my head. I don't know why, but this idea was full of horror to me; I was prepared to die by drowning, but not with my feet on earth. Had the water been a hundred fathoms deep. I thought I could have made the plunge without hesitation; having looked at the water for two or three minutes, I turned away, walked off the bridge through the tollgate, instead of the way I had projected, and took the nearest way home. As I approached my lodgings I became bitterly ashamed of myself-I felt that a tragic resolution had been defeated by a most absurd and fantastic idea. I had determined to drown myself, and changed my purpose because the thought of struggling in the mud occurred to me! I resolved to drown myself the next day. When I got home I took tea, and I eat several rounds of toast, just as if I had not been a man whose mind was set on suicide, and who was about to play his part in a grand and sad tragedy, for so I considered it.

The next day I rose late, made additions to my letter to Louisa, read Werter till nearly four, and then again went forth to do the deed, but having had enough of Battersea, I chose not to go farther than Millbank this time. While looking out for a proper spot, I saw two genteel lads engaged in a row with some drunken fellows who were hustling and bullying them; I believe that I never wanted courage in the common acceptation of the word, and I interfered now more boldly in the affray than perhaps I should have done at another season and in another frame of mind. After a few blows and more words, the ruffians sheered off, the youths were all gratitude, and we walked together some distance; when we parted suicide was as much out of my head as if it had never been in it. I again found my way to my home, and did not feel ashamed of my Postponement of the execution of my purpose

this time as I did before. My gallantry in the affray assuring me of my courage. But after this I thought no more of drowning, persuading myself that there was a fatality against it.

The conclusion of this day brought me to my last shilling, but instead of running out my last sand with it as I had projected, I bethought myself of two or three articles of jewellery of small value which I possessed, and I resolved to sell them and to live a day or two longer on the money. This I did; how I lived I care not to tell; suffice it to say, I sought distraction in every possible way. On Christmas day I came to my last dollar, and a melancholy day it was. The excitement which I had produced for some days past by artificial means, had given place to the usual consequent depression: my purse was just exhausted: the people at my lodgings looked suspiciously on me: my duns threatened me for the morrow: I was alone in this great city, without a hope for the future, or a friend to cheer the present moment. I remained for many hours in an agony of misery. At one instant I thought of throwing myself on my family, and, if necessary, conceding to their wishes; but when 1 reflected on the high tone I had assumed, and the firm resolution I had professed, a resolution on which I extravagantly piqued myself, I fancied that it would be the height of meanness in me to succumb. I had in truth vapoured a good deal; I had played the hero of romance to the life. I had filled the glass, I must drink it, thought I. Louisa Daventry shall lament, but never despise me.

To a friendless, unconnected man, in a large city, a great festival which draws together each domestic circle, and leaves the stranger alone, solitary-is a melancholy occasion. To me, destitute, full of sad thoughts, and desperate resolution, it was a day of bitterness indeed. I saw gladness all around me, and felt misery within. Every sign of cheerfulness quickened the sense of my own forlorn condition. I envied every creature that met my sight, for I fancied that every creature but myself made one welcome guest in some dear circle. I was no where linked in this vast social chain. The thought was bitterness to me, and it afflicted me more than my poverty and its attendant miseries. I have hinted that I was the creature of sentiment, and thrown as I had been, suddenly out of the fostering bosom of a family on the cold wide world, it may not be difficult to understand my feelings.

About the middle of the day my landlady came up stairs, and in that peculiar voice and manner which are produced in landladies by an unpaid bill, asked me whether I did not dine out, taking care to remind me at the same time that it was Christmas-day. I told her I did, and at about four o'clock I left the house, intending to walk about till night, when I purposed to end all my earthly troubles and mortifications. The evening was close and heavy, a drizzling rain fell now and then, and every thing out of doors looked blank and gloomy. There was no appearance of any thing social or cheerful about to shock me by contrast.

After having walked many miles in darkness, I heard, to my amazement, the cry of past eight o'clock, I thought it should be near midnight, and it seemed to me that there would be no end of this dismal night. Feet sore, drenched with rain, and exhausted, I resolved to make now for my lodgings, and on my way I went into a chemist's, and asked for an ounce of oxalic acid to clean boot-tops. The man looked at me, I fancied, as much as to say, you are above cleaning boot-tops, and below wearing such smart geer. He, however, weighed out the quantity, wrote-"Oxalic Acid-Poison," on the paper, and extended it towards me without any observation. I took the packet with a steady hand, and having before laid the dollar down on the counter, was about to leave the shop without receiving the change. He called me back, reminding me of my omission, to my some small confusion.

I had no farther use for these poor coins, and on my way to my home I looked out for some object on whom to bestow them. I met with none, however; I seemed to myself the only miserable creature walking the streets on that night, so joyous to the rest of the world, and joyless to me. My knock at the door of my lodgings was answered by the servant of the house: as she opened the door to me for the last time, and lit and handed me my candle, I invested her with that sort of adventitious dignity which belongs even to the humblest performers in a great tragedy-my dark destiny seemed to shed a romantic colour on the commonest objects around me. The woman, who was dirty, careless, and stupid, had never been in favour with me; on the contrary, indeed; but now I was softened even towards her, and as she performed these homely little offices for me for the last time, I felt moved, absurd as it may sound, and thanking her with a voice of kindness, told her that I was ill, and therefore going early to bed. She wished me good night, just as if I had been a man destined to see the morning. When in the room it struck me that I should want some warm water to dissolve my oxalic acid, and I rang the bell, which was answered by my landlady's daughter. She came up, I knew, in order to display the finery which she wore in honour of the day. I thought: "You little know what is passing in the mind of the man whose eye you would surprise with these miserable gauds." She was no more fitted for the part of witness to a romantic catastrophe than the maid, for she was plain and squinted; but these are after thoughts-at the time I had no such trash in my contemplation.

While the girl was fetching the water, I strode up and down the room in some perturbation of spirits. This was the most painful interval in the whole of that terrible day to me. The impossibility of facing the morrow, had completely braced me for my deed before, but this pause at the very point of execution, seemed to relax my purpose; why, I knew not. In a minute, however, the girl returned with the warm water, and asked me, when about to retire, at what hour I would be called in the morning? I felt a chok-

ing sensation as I replied: "At the usual hour." She then left the room, giving that slam to the door which reminds a lodger that he has not paid his bill. A moment's communing with myself, shame for my perturbation, and an appeal to my pride, restored me to my resolution, and I was again strung for my purpose. I walked deliberately to the table, mixed the dose, shaking the last grains of the powder from the paper into the glass, and then set it on the looking-glass stand to cool. I then walked up and down the room, composed, and to the best of my recollection perfectly thoughtless-my mind was either vacant, or so loaded that it had lost its action. When I concluded that the draught was sufficiently cool, I walked up to the toilet, took it, and raised it to my lips with a steady hand; at this instant my eye rested on the reflection of my own face in the mirror, and I felt proud of its composure, and pleased to look on it while I drained the deadly draught. This done, I set down the glass with a firm hand, and again walked up and down the room, with some confusion of thought going on in my mind, but no pain or apprehension—those feelings had had their day; they were now gone. Being weary, after a time I laid down on the bed, waiting the action of the poison, and comforting myself with the reflection that the pain would be short, that it would soon be over, and I at peace. Louisa Daventry, I remember, and my family, did not fill much of my thoughts, which were all centered in myself: my anxiety was all about myself, and how I should bear my sufferings, and whether my courage would hold out as the shadow of death darkened my intellect. Strange as it may seem, while thus meditating, my ideas wandered, and a doze came over me, and I slumbered, I should imagine for nearly an hour; on waking suddenly, I felt the common shock of recollection under calamitous circumstances, and wondered that my body was still at ease, as the long wick of the candle showed me that my doze had not been short. It will last me out, I thought; and I continued for about half an hour gazing at the dull light and fancying the likenesses of fantastic forms in the gloom beyond it, while the wind howled, and the rain pattered against my win-Then, for the first time, I felt some twinges of pain, which admonished me that the enemy was at work, and which increased gradually in violence, till I suffered what I knew to be the usual operation of poison. I thought now of nothing but my pains, and perceived that the work of death was by no means of a dignity corresponding with its horror. The process grieved my flesh, and shocked my sentiment. As the pains grew sharper I began to repent of what I had done, wishing it undone or over, and frequently examined my pulse to ascertain the exhaustion of my strength—other pains and fancies then possessed me. But I must draw a veil over the scene here, for even at this distance of time, there are circumstances in it which I cannot bear to remember, much less to commit to paper.

My groans, groans more of mental than of physical suffering, at last alarmed some part of the family; and my landlady's daughter tapped at the door and asked me whether I was ill? No answer being returned, she opened the door and repeated her enquiry; I replied: "Leave me alone-leave me alone-I have taken poisonleave me to die in peace." On this, she uttered a loud scream, then rushed to the head of the stairs, and stood screaming there till the whole family, which had sat up carousing, were brought to the spot. In answer to their questions about the cause of the uproar, she only screamed, and at length, to explain the matter more clearly, went into hysterics. After the lapse of some valuable minutes, when they had found that nothing was to be learnt from her, the master of the house, a coarse fellow, applied to me to inform him what had happened, and I told it to him pretty nearly in the same words in which I had told it to his daughter. He received the intelligence differently. " A pretty business this here," said he, " I would not have had such a thing to happen in the house-no, not for a thousand pounds!" And then off he went, as he said, for the doctor. I faintly told him it would be of no use—that human aid would not avail; but I must confess that I felt no disposition to offer any vehement resistance to the experiment. My bed was now surrounded by the members of the family, who ceased not to ask me how I came to do such a thing, and to admonish me of the sinfulness of the action; at the same time that they seemed full of the most tender anxiety to alleviate my bodily pains. Indeed, such was their zeal for me, that but for the good sense of a visitor, they would have made me swallow all the sallad oil which there happened to be in the cruet-stand, on the strength of its antidotical reputation, without waiting the arrival of the doctor. After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour, which seemed to me an age, the apothecary arrived, and having very sensibly commenced business by clearing the room, he asked me what the poison was, the quantity, and how long I had taken it. I told him what it was, the quantity, and that I took it at about nine; he pulled out his watch, looked at the time-half past twelve, and looked grave. "What did you take it in?"—I replied, pointing to the glass on the toilet. He walked up to it, as I thought, with strange deliberation, and unfeeling composure, and seeing the paper on the table, took it up, read the inscription, and dropped it with a manner which went to my heart, and made my teeth chatter in my head. I then felt, for the first time, the horror of death-I then seemed for the first time, to feel that I was indeed dying—feted in a few quick minutes to cease to be—and passing bitter was that moment of agony! Still I watched the apothecary, as if my last shadow of hope rested on his uncouth person. Having laid down the paper as I have described, he immediately took up the glass-and this period, short as it was, was the period which contained for me an age of anguish—he dipped his little inger into the moisture at the bottom of the glass,

carried it to his lips, tasted it, and looked surprised—tasted it again, and—burst into a loud laugh! My blood boiled against the monster, but before I could find words, he said: "Come, come, young gentleman, there is no harm done after all. Here has been a lucky mistake. You have taken a dose of Epsom salts instead of oxalic acid, and it will cool your blood and do you a great deal of good, and you will be all the better for it to-morrow, and thankful that you are alive and kicking. Say your prayers, thank God for all his mercies, and go to sleep. Good night." And with these words, and a ha! ha! ha! he closed the door. In a minute the whole house rang with the same sound-every creature was giggling and chuckling, and I heard their smothered titters as they passed the door.

From an agony of dread I now passed instan taneously to an agony of shame. My tragedy had, in a second, been converted to burlesque. I thought I should never survive it; but of suicide. I thought no more. But nature was exhausted. and in spite of my trouble, I fell asleep, and woke only at nearly twelve o'clock the next morning, when the maid knocked at my door, telling me the hour, and that she had two general-post letters for me, for the postage of which she would thank me, as her mistress had no change. I now thought of the few shillings which I had been so anxious to get rid of as useless to me the night before, and right glad was I of their assistance at this moment. The postage was thrust under the door, and the letters were then made over to me through the same channel. I had no mind indeed to show my face if I could avoid it. The letters were from my father, and my brother the ensign. On opening the first, my eyes were gratefully surprised by the sight of a twenty pound note, which, as I hastily unclosed the envelope, escaped from its confinement, unfolding its beauties to my delighted view as it fluttered. opening as it fell, to the ground. These are the friends it always glads us to see—these are the friends it always grieves us to part with. I took it up, folded its dear form with a tender and respectful hand, gazed fondly at its figure, and reverently committed it to my long widowed pocket-book, then read my father's letter, which ran in these terms:-

" DEAR HENRY—I trust that the short trial to which I have subjected you, will have had the effect of teaching you a lesson of worldly prudence, and convincing you of the necessity of looking after the main chance. There is nothing to be done in this world, my dear boy, without money; and you must by this time have discovered, if I am not greatly mistaken, the difficulty of procuring it. There is a road to a certain independence now open to you; and as you know my wishes, and perhaps now better understand your own interests, I am not without hopes that you will conquer your romantic notions and follow it. But decide for yourself. Weigh my situation; consider how many of your brothers and sisters I have to provide for, and how confined are my means; then make your final choice.

If you determine not to do as I wish, come down to us, and we must make the best of a bad business. Out of my poor resources I will do what I can for you, but I shall not live for ever, Henry; and while I do live, my means of serving those I love are miserably circumscribed. In the event of a change of ministry, indeed I might do something for my children, but the Tories seem to be set in for ever, and a long rainy day we Whigs must look for. Adieu, my dear boy, be either here or with Mr. W—— without delay.—Yours, &c. J. S."

The other letter from my brother, the ensign, was as follows:—

"MY DEAR HENRY—We know what my father has written to you, and hope you will be an attorney, and grow devilish rich, and keep a famous house in town, where one can come and see you once in a way. I assure you that a house in town is no such bad thing.

Poor old Ponto's dead and gone at last. We buried him with the honours of war under the chesnut-tree at the old gate. By the bye, your old flirt, Louisa Daventry, was married last Monday to Colonel Drystick, the yellow nabob, that you and she used to laugh at so unmercifully for insisting on putting the whist-table candles on stilts, and sitting in one particular chair or no where at all. Do you recollect the rage he used to get into with me when I made a row at backgammon. Well, he's married to Louisa Daventry, the little mischief; and you can't imagine what fun it was to see him while the business was doing in church; he was afraid of the cold and damp you know, and looked so bilious and so miserable with his coat buttoned up to his chin, I'm sure he would have put Louisa's shawl on if she had offered it to him. The match was made, they say, in ten days from first to last. Double quick time, a'n't it? But I must stop; for Thomas is going off to the post this instant, and I have given you a famous long letter. I did not think it was in me. Be an attorney, my boy.

"Yours, affectionately,

So then, thought I, for this little jilt and her nonsensical prejudice against black gaiters, I have quarrelled with my kind father, resisted a scheme which undoubtedly has its advantages, and finally attempted my life. A pretty farce it would have been if I had drowned or poisoned myself out of deference to the taste of Mrs. Drystick-Mrs. Devilstick!-but she'll be miserable with that parched piece of anatomy, and I don't pity her. But never again will I believe that there's faith in woman. Here followed the usual train of thought which every man perfectly understands, and the whole was wound up by a resolution to forswear love, to comply with my father's wishes, and put myself in regular training at Mr. W.'s. How I prevailed upon myself to face the people of my lodging-house, who had witnessed the last night's mock-heroic farce, I can scarcely even now comprehend. I rung the bell, ordered the bill in a peremptory tone, change for a twenty pound note, and breakfast. The change for the note changed the notes of the whole family; they were in a moment all obsequiousness, and no allusion was made to the last night's tragedy; but I fancied, nevertheless, that I saw a suppressed titter on every face. My resolution to attend regularly at Mr. W.'s was more exactly adhered to than my resolution to commit suicide. I was received with every mark of kindness, soon got accustomed to harness, and promised to become a very pains-taking practitioner. I changed my lodging as soon as possible, as they reminded me too strongly of the follies of my days of romance, and I soon became, in every sense of the word, another man. I am now in Mr. W.'s firm, and married to a very amiable woman, who has not, I firmly believe, any ideas of any sort or description on the subject of short black gaiters. This spring Louisa Drystick was in town; we visited her, and found her apparently a very happy wife, and well satisfied with her bargain. I pointed to my boots, and desired her to observe, that short black gaiters were not essential to the person of an attorney. She laughed, and said we were great fools in those days, and I believe she was right.

#### SCIPIO'S SHIELD.

In 1656, a fisherman on the banks of the Rhone. in the neighbourhood of Avignon, was considerably obstructed in his work by some heavy body which he feared would injure the net; but by proceeding slowly and cautiously, he drew it ashore untorn, and found that it contained a round substance, in the shape of a large plate or dish, thickly encrusted with a coat of hardened mud; the dark colour of the metal beneath induced him to consider it as iron. A silversmith. accidentally present, encouraged the mistake, and after a few affected difficulties and demurs, bought it for a trifling sum; he at once carried it home, and after carefully cleaning and polishing his purchase, it proved to be of pure silver, perfectly round, more than two feet in diameter, and weighing upwards of twenty pounds. He immediately without waiting to examine its beauties, divided it into four equal parts, each of which he disposed of, at different and distant

One of the pieces had been sold at Lyons, to Mr. Mey, who directly saw its value, and after great pains and expense, procured the other three fragments, and had them nicely rejoined, and the treasure was finally placed in the cabinet of the king of France.

This relic of antiquity, no less remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship, than for having been buried at the bottom of the Rhone more than two thousand years, was a votive shield presented to Scipio as a monument of gratitude and affection, by the inhabitants of Carthage Nova, now the city of Carthagena, for his generosity and self-denial, in delivering one of his captives, a beautiful virgin to her original lover. This act is represented on the shield.

# EXPECTATION.

BY ANNA MARIA WOOD.

When at the midnight hour I speak
Thy welcome home, with playful smile,
If bloom be brightening o'er my cleek,
And gladness light mine eyes the while,—
Thou'rt pleased, nor dost thou seek to know,
If festive hours with others spent,
Have kindled on my cheek the glow,
And lustre to mine eyes have lent.

But when my vigil ione I keep,
And, through the hours that linger drear,
While reigns around me tranquil sleep,
Intensely watch thy steps to hear,
Till wayward doubt and wildering fear
A veil of gloom have o'er me wove,
Then dost thou chide the falling tear,
And say that sadness is not love.

Yet others may have lit the bloom,
And waked the smile, thou'rt pleased to see:
But there alone can'st spread the gloom,
And falls each anxious tear for Thee.
Unkind: thy steps no more delay,
But quiet to my breast restore:
Think, if I love thee much when gay,
When I am sad, I love thee more.

From Gilfillan's "Original Songs."

MARY'S BOWER.

The mavis sings on Mary's bower,
The lav'rock in the sky;
An' a' is fair round Mary's bower,
An' a' aboon is joy!
But sad's the gloom in Mary's bower,
Though a' without be gay;
Nae music comes to greet the morn,
Nae smile to glad the day.

Her lover left young Mary's bower,
His ship has cross'd the main;
There's waefu' news in Mary's bower—
He ne'er returns again.
A breaking heart in Mary's bower,
A wasting form is there;
The glance has left that e'e sae blue,
The rose that cheek sae fair.

The mavis flees frae Mary's bower,
The lav'rock quits the sky,
An' simmer sighs o'er Mary's bower,
For coming winter's nigh.
'The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,
The tempests loudly rave—
The flowers that bloom'd round Mary's bower
Now wither on her grave!



### HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF

# JUGUNNATHU, CALLED JUGGERNAUT.

SINCE the time that Dr. Buchanan published his "Christian Researches in Asia," the name of this Idol has been well known, associated with those bloody rites, which are inseparably connected with his abominable worship. The figure of Juggernaut has also been delineated in various descriptions, but his real image has been presented only in a partial manner to the public eye. The history of this monster has also been comparatively but little known. To supply in some measure this deficiency, we have been induced to exhibit a sensible representation of this Asiatic Moloch, accompanying the figure with an outline of his history, and an account of some of those effects which result from the influence of his long-established dominion.

Jugunnathu, or Juggernaut, is a deified hero,

complimented with the title of "Lord of the World," as his name signifies; he is a form of Vishnoo. The image of this god has no legs, and only stumps of arms; the head and eyes are very large. Krishnu, it seems, had accidentally been killed by a hunter, who left his body to rot under a tree; his bones, however, were collected, and kept in a box, till a pious king was directed by Vishnoo to form the image of Jugunnathu, and put into its body these bones. Vishwukurmu, the architect of the gods, undertook to make the image; but declared, that if disturbed while he was about it, he would leave it unfinished. The king who employed him, being impatient to see the image, went to the spot, when the artist desisted from the work, and left the god without hands or feet. The king was much discourabut on praying to Brumha, he promised to make the image famous in its present shape. Brumha himself gave eyes and a soul to it. He has many temples; one of the most famous is in Orissa.

The annual Car Festival is the most popular; the car is in the form of a tapering tower, between fifty and sixty feet in height: it has sixteen wheels, two horses, and a coachman, all of wood. The crowd draw the carriage by means of a hawser; he is supposed to pay an annual visit to his brother; and while the car remains

empty near his brother's temple, immense crowds flock to gaze at the pictures which are painted on it. At the end of eight days, he is drawn back again to his own temple.

Unnumbered multitudes of pilgrims, from all parts of India, attend this festival, among whom a great mortality frequently prevails; and hundreds, perhaps thousands of persons, diseased or distressed, have cast themselves under the wheels of this ponderous car, and have been crushed to death.

Original.

# THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

"When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married."

THE clock of St. Paul's, that only accurate chronicler of time's flight in the commercial emporium, had just struck three, when I finished my last quadrille-bade adieu to the splendid dresses, the fascinations of beauty, the whisperings of love's wildest promptings, and throwing myself into a carriage, was set down at my lodgings in Broadway, disposed to think better of the fair than ever, and fairly three-quarters in love. I defy any bachelor to mix with the young and beautiful—to listen to voices tremulous with the tenderest emotions—to inhale an atmosphere as full of love as the rose gardens of Cashmere are of perfume—to touch hands, and in the mazes of the waltz find circled in our arms perfections which would not disgrace the beings that serve up the nectar of the gods, without feeling some compunctious visitings of conscience for his "let us alone" doctrines, and wishing that fate had so ordained it, that some of these rich prizes in the grand lottery of life had fallen to his share. I am a devout believer in Shelley's philosophy of love, and hold that he who does not yield to the magic of its sweet influences, is acting against the ordinances of high heaven, and is no better than a madman or a fool: and with my head full of love and wine I tumbled into bed, half singing, half dreaming the following lines:—

The fountains mingle with the river,
The river with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet commotion:
Nothing on the carth is single,
All things by a law divine,
in one another's being mingle;—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven, And the waves clasp one another: No leaf or flower would be forgiven, If it disdained to kiss its brother. And the sunlight clasps the earth, And the moonbeams kiss the sea; But what are all these kissings worth, If thou kiss not me?

I know not how it is, but it is certain that in sleep we view things in a far different light from

what we do when awake:—impossibilities vanish fear and physic are flung to the dogs-dull care is banished with our bashfulness, and we revel in the fairy worlds created by our own imaginations.—Caroline Thompson is one of the most lovely girls that ever paced Broadway, and though I loved her distractedly, as every one else does that knows her, I should no more have thought when awake, of inviting her to share my humble circumstances, than I should of inviting Venus to leave her radiant sphere, and take the place of my lamp while I am scribbling this paper.—But the truth is my diffidence had all. evaporated, the "question" was put, and with one of the sweetest smiles that ever lighted up her beautiful features, was answered in the affirmative; and quicker than a magician's wand, or the lamp of Aladdin could have brought matters about, I became the happiest of men by finding myself the husband of my adored Caroline. Philosophers prate about our anticipated joys being diminished in their participation. I know it's all fudge!—No man in his sober senses could have imagined the happiness I enjoyed-none but an opium eater, or one who had voyaged to Mahomet's heaven, could have approximated towards an idea of it.

How rapidly we pass over time when we are -asleep. A Kentuckian on his stream of lightning can alone equal us in velocity. Years glided away, and I was soon the father of some half a dozen children, but of these, two, only, a son and a daughter, remained to reward our care -the rest, " sparkled, exhaled, and went to beaven." Theodore, the son, was fifteen when he went to college, a noble though a wilful boy, and the just theme of praise from every one. My two children, and my wife I was proud of, I fancied justly; and every nerve was exerted to furnish my son with the means of lavish expenditure, and to provide for the gratification of that love of distinction and show, of which women and girls are so distractedly fond.—Helen, my girl, was one of the fairest creatures the world ever saw—guileless and pure hearted, she won golden

opinions from all; and as the budding germs of childhood's beauty began to blend with the witchery which belongs to girlhood, few objects could be deemed more fascinating; and at fourteen she had all that beauty, airiness and grace, which the matchless skill of the old Italian artists threw around the fair girls they loved to introduce into their pictures. But alas!-in the midst of this happiness came the first dash of bitterness in my cup of life. Ere she was sixteen Helen fell in love. Yes, girls will love -there is no hindering it-they cannot help it themselves-they were created for it-are full of it—it is seen in every step—is felt in the air they breathe-tinges their cheeks with blushes-swells their young bosoms, and casts around them like a veil, every nameless grace. But this was not the only excuse Helen might have made, for the man for whom she gathered up all her young and rich affections, was one eminently calculated to win a woman's heart, "and break it too." Still he had no heart, no soul himself-he could neither feel, nor love, yet he could trifle with the love of others, wear it perhaps as a trophy awhile -then cast it away as valueless. I never cursed him-I felt that he was sufficiently cursed already -that his bosom was becoming a place of unutterable torment. It was bitterness to see the fair Helen sinking to the grave, so young and beautiful; -she murmured not, she complained not-her head drooped, as the rose-bud pierced to its centre droops; her beauty faded as its rich leaves wither, and her comely head, ere she was seventeen, was laid in the dust, the victim of unrequited affection. " Men have died before now, and the worms have eaten them, but not for love, with woman the case is different; the sensibilities of her heart are so acute, the deep toned harmonies of her nature are so finely tuned, that the dissonance and jars of life are more than she can endure. The memory of Helen long lingered, as the odour of flowers remain where their petals have been crushed and scattered.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come alone, and I see no reason for doubting it. While we were bowed down with the blow we had received, intelligence arrived from Theodore, scarcely less afflictive. After all our fond anticipations he had turned out a spendthrift; -that we knewnow we learned that he had become the seducer of woman's virtue, a duellist, and to cap the climax of his crimes and follies, had turned poet. Merciful heaven, who could have believed it! Poetry throughout the world is associated with poverty, garrets, and rags;-I had intended him for the church, but had he chosen the law, I should not have considered him so irretrievably lost to the world and himself. I have no ear for poetry, or else the long poetical epistle in which be announced his determination of devoting himself to elegant literature was the vilest doggerel, and no better than iron wire cut into knitting pins. I never could bear mediocrity in any thing; and a merely clever poet, I always ranked with the greatest of the evils that infest a civilized community. What put it into Theodore's head to commence spinning rhyme, I never enquired; but I wrote to him that he must either renounce poetry, or his father, and the graceless dog nad the impudence to prefer the latter part of the alternative. The next mail carried him a sum of money, my farewell, and a malediction on all hexameters.

I believe all these things soured Caroline's disposition; if they did not, something else did; and she who was formerly as mild as a dove, grew as pettish and wayward as a spoiled child. In the midst of all this I began to discover she was not as handsome as she used to be, and I wondered how I could have been so stupid as to promise to love her forever. I believe some such feelings also took possession of her, and I even began to fancy she looked with complacency on a gentleman with whom I had always been on terms of the greatest intimacy, but who, unlike myself, had lived unfettered by matrimony. Oh jealousy! thou most damned fiend that rovest through the precincts of Pandemonium; -I still think I behold thee with thy green and glassy eyes, stirring into my cup of destiny the bitterest dregs that can be gathered on the shores of Styx or Acheron. Under the mad delusion that I had been cheated beyond reparation, I treated my friend rascally, and forbade him the house-he laughed at me-I sent him a challenge-we met, and at the first fire I shot him through the heart, and came home a murderer. In the midst of my misery on this account-for I really loved the man—and while I was momently expecting the officers of justice to seize me for my violation of the law, who should appear but Theodore and his wife—I had heard that he was married, and in the veriest depths of poverty and want. This was too much-I could bear no more-but hastening to the stable, seized the halter, put the noose around my neck, mounted a girder, made the rope fast to a beam, and swung off most heroically. "A dreadful sound was in my ears," a shock and struggle ensued, but instead of finding myself in Tartarus or Elysium, I found myself safe in bed, my cravat tied tight around my neck, huge drops of sweat on my brow, and the waiter thundering at my door and calling me to breakfast. My dreams had terminated in a horrible nightmare, and 1 still live, not unthankfully. to love Caroline, and remain a bachelor.

CLIO.

STERNE talks of the cant of the hypocrite, as the worst of all species of cant. Now, canting implies hypocrisy, and accordingly, the passage of Sterne is partly one of supererogation. The cant of the tyrant is said in a recent paragraph to be equally bad; but is not the cant of the tyrant the cant of the hypocrite? He too, even his hour of greatest dominion, finds it necessary to palter with human prejudices, and assume the complexion of a virtue, which nevertheless his inner soul despises, and his deeds put at defiance.

From the Monthly Magazine.

# A CHAPTER ON OLD COATS.

I LOVE an old coat. By an old coat, I mean not one of last summer's growth, on which the gloss yet lingers, shadowy, and intermittent, like a faint ray of sunlight on the counting-house desk of a clothier's warehouse in Eastcheap, but a real unquestionable antique, which for some five or six years has withstood the combined assaults of sun, dust, and rain, has lost all pretensions to starch, unsocial formality, and gives the shoulders assurance of ease, and the waist of a holiday.

Old coats are the indices by which a man's peculiar turn of mind may be pointed out. So tenaciously do I hold this opinion, that, in passing down a crowded thoroughfare, the Strand, for instance, I would wager odds, that, in seven out of ten cases, I would tell a stranger's character and calling by the mere cut of his every day coat. Who can mistake the staid, formal gravity of the orthodox divine, in the corresponding weight, fulness, and healthy condition of his familiar, easy-natured flaps? Who sees not the necessities-the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shapeless old apologies for skirts, original in their genius as Christabel, uncouth in their build as the New Palace at Pimlico? Who can misapprehend the motions of the spirit, as it slily flutters beneath the Quaker's drab? Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer's working coat corresponds most convincingly with the colour of his conscience: while his thrift, dandyism, and close attention to appearances, tell their own tale in the half-pay officer's smart, but somewhat faded exterior.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily This is an axiom not to be on a new coat. overturned, unlike the safety stage-coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment, is-till time hath " mouldered it into beauty"-its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harassed by an apprehension of damaging it. Hence he loses his sense of independence, and becomes-a Serf? How degrading! To succumb to one's superiors is bad enough; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the mow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep; to be scared by the dustman; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look up with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail thrust half way out of a garret window; to coast a gutter with a horrible anticipa. tion of the consequences; to faint at the visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney;—to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and all of these vile contingencies; can any thing in human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful? A truly great mind spurns the bare idea of such slavery; hence, according to the "Subaltern," Wellington liberated Spain in a red coat, extravagantly over-estimated at sixpence, and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one out at the elbows.

An old coat is the aptest possible symbol of sociality. An old shoe is not to be despised; an old hat, provided it have a crown, is not amiss; none but a cynic would speak irreverently of an old slipper; but were I called upon to put forward the most unique impersonation of comfort, I should give a plumper in favour of an old coat. The very mention of this luxury conjures up a thousand images of enjoyment. It speaks of warm fire-sides—long flowing curtains—a downy arm-chair-a nicely trimmed lamp-a black cat fast asleep on the hearth-rug—a bottle of old Port (vintage 1812)—a snuff-box—a cigar—a Scotch novel-and, above all, a social, independent, unembarrassed attitude. With a new coat this last blessing is unattainable. Imprisoned in this detestable tunic—oh, how unlike the flowing toga of the ancients!—we are perpetually haunted with a consciousness of the necessities of our condition. A sudden pinch in the waist dispels a philosophic reverie; another in the elbow withdraws us from the contemplation of the poet to the recollection of the tailor; Snip's goose vanquishes Anacreon's dove; while, as regards our position, to lean forward, is inconvenient; to lean backward, extravagant; to lean sideways, impossible. The great secret of happiness is the ability to merge self in the contemplation of nobler objects. This a new coat, as I have just now hinted, forbids. It keeps incessantly intruding itself on our attention. While it flatters our sense of the becoming, it compromises our freedom of thought. While it insinuates that we are the idol of a ball-room, it neutralizes the compliment by a high pressure power on the short ribs. It bids us be easy, at the expense of respiration; comfortable, with elbows on the rack.

There is yet another light in which old coats may be viewed: I mean as chroniclers of the past, as vouchers to particular events. Agesilaus, king of Sparta, always dated from his last new dress. Following in the wake of so illustrious a precedent, I date from my last (save one) new coat, which was first ushered into being during the memorable period of the Queen's trial. Do I remember that epoch from the agitation it called forth? From the loyalty, the radicalism, the wisdom and the felly it quickened into life? -Assuredly not. I gained nothing by the wisdom. I lost as much by the folly. I was neither the better nor the worse for the agitation. Why then do I still remember that period? Simply and selfishly from the circumstance of its having occasioned

the dismemberment—most calamitous to a poor annuitant!—of the very coat in which I have the honour of addressing this essay to the public. In an olfactory crowd, whom her Majesty's "wrongs" had congregated at Hammersmith, my now invalid habiliment was transformed after the fashion of an Ovidian metamorphosis, where the change is usually from the better to the worse, from a coat into a spencer. In a word, some adroit conveyancer eloped with the hinder flaps, and by so doing, secured a snuff-box which played two waltz tunes.

The same coat, on which subsequently, by a sort of Taliacotian process, a pair of artificial skirts were grafted, accompanied me through Wales, among the mountains where the eagle dwells alone in his supremacy. It was the sole adjunct who was with me, when I rambled along the banks of the Swathy, when the lark was

abroad and singing in the sky, or the shy nightingale flung her song to the winds from among the hushed dells of Keven-gornuth. It was at my back when I climbed the loftiest peak of Cader-Idris, and when with feelings not to be described, I looked down upon sapphire clouds floating in quaint huge masses at an immense distance below me, and saw through their filmy chinks the glittering of thirty lakes, the faint undulating line of a thousand billowy ridges, or the blue expanse of the drowsy ocean, dotted here and there with a passing sail, and bordered far away on the horizon by the dim boundaries of the Irish coast. Moreover, it was at my back when I plunged chin-deep into the isle of Ely bogs, in which picturesque condition I was shot at (and of course missed,) by a cockney sportsman, who lad mistaken me for a rare and handsome species of the wild duck.

## THE WITCH.

### A TALE, RELATED BY AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

Or the fruitfulness of this enquiry no one can doubt—for my witch 1 must travel back, it is true, at least forty mortal years of my life—a toilsome road, which, nevertheless, now at seventy years old, I wish lay before me still in prospect, rather than behind me in memory—but I think her worth the journey, for she was a very witch indeed.

My ancient school-fellow and friend, Mr. H. when a very young man, came into possession of a rather large estate in the North of England, as beir-at-law to an old solitary gentleman, of whose existence he had indeed been aware, but of the degree of whose relationship to himself he had been wholly ignorant. Mr. H. was already rich. Born to the expectation of a large fortune, and having very early inherited the same, he had never felt any incitement to exertion, and he was oneof that large class who consider the prerogative of idleness among one of the most valuable gifts to be enjoyed by man. His habits and tastes confined him to London and its neighbourbood. At the time of which I am speaking, idle young gentlemen could not travel with the same luxurious dispatch as now-roads were bad, improvement still in its infancy, M'Adam in a go-cart, carriages awkward, highwaymen plenty, and good inns scarce. A journey, therefore, which any fool can now achieve with comfort in a few hours, was then rather a dangerous and toilsome undertaking of some days to the most considerate. Mr. H. would have given away the whole estate in question sooner than contemplate for a moment such a pilgrimage at an inclement season of the Nor was it in my power at any season to convince him of the folly he was guilty of in never taking upon himself to look into his own affairs, and the alleged improvements for which be was paying so largely. For his agent in the North was gradually encreasing his demands for

repairs and other outgoings on the estate up to the amount of the whole of the rents. Of this agent he knew nothing personally-he had found him in that character on his first accession to the property; hereditary agent. And the former proprietor, an infirm old man, had for years left the place to the mercy of this stewardship. In short, I, who, without priding myself on my knowledge of business, fancied I understood it a little better than my friend, had suspicions that he was wofully plundered, and did all in my power to inspire him with like doubts. His constant answer was, " then, if so, why does the fellow plague me, in all his letters, to go and visit this out of the way place?" I own the agent's letters often conveyed a wish, faintly enough expressed, that Mr. H. would visit his property. But this advice was always prefaced by the most uninviting descriptions; and generally given at times when snow was on the ground, or recent rains had swelled the rivers and rendered the roads nearly impassable, and when it required some strong motive to stir any man, especially a lazy man, from his fire-side. I observed that, in summer time, the agent was invariably silent on this topic.

At last an accident effected what my eloquence had always failed of. Disputes had arisen respecting my friend's right to this property on the part of sundry counter-claimants, styling themselves heirs-at-law to the deceased. The usual consequence followed—what had lately been so valueless in the eyes of Mr. H. while his title to it was unquestioned, suddenly became matter of infinite interest to him. He shook off his natural indolence, and set to work in good earnest to meet the claims of his opponents, with a determination to assert his right and defend it to the last. I now felt it proper to give him advice of an opposite sort to that which I had so often given

before; but with as little effect. I reminded him of the annoyance which the very mention of this estate had so long cost him; that it had been a source of expense to him, and never of profit; and I entreated him to give way, upon even his just claim, if it should appear likely to cost him much of either trouble or money in the proving. No. He was resolved, even to his last shilling, to try the issue. But my apprehensions as to the difficulty of substantiating his title had been groundless. The attacks appeared to have been wantonly begun in a presumption upon Mr. H's. well known indolence of character; and they were easily defeated. Again he was left in undisputed possession of the manor of D.

In the course of this contest, many things occurred to arouse in Mr. H's. mind the same suspicions which I had so long felt respecting the integrity of his unknown steward; and the success with which the contest had been crowned had given him not only a taste for the enquiry but a spirit of industry to pursue it; and at length he proposed to me to accompany him on a visit to D. Too happy was I at his tardy inclination towards so reasonable a measure to thwart him by a refusal; and, accordingly, we were soon on our road to the North. He wished not to announce his intention, but to see men and things on his property unprepared for his arrival: to see all with his own eyes, and to judge all with his own judgment. We travelled, therefore, under feigned names. In a few days we reached the little town of B. which was the nearest resting place to D. manor. For, although there stood a capacious mansion on the estate, it had been described as uninhabitable, and as having been for many years shut up as an unfit and unsafe abode for any human creature.

It was about the middle of October when we started upon this expedition. We reached B. about the noon of the fourth day; fortunately for our enterprize, the agent was absent from the neighbourhood; and, having engaged rooms at the only public-house which the place afforded, instead of sitting down to stare at each other across the small rickety table on which, in due time, we were to dine, Mr. H. proposed that we should walk to the manor. We enquired our way of some persons in the street. "You will be clever to miss it," was the reply, as our informant pointed towards a flinty road which ran straight across an open flat country, leading, as far as the eye could reach, without tributary branch or impeding circumstance of any sort, to one object. And this object was the mansion at D., distant about four miles from the town. We walked towards it a good pace, and, as we neared it, it did not indeed present an inviting aspect.

A story is told of Mr. —, of gambling notoriety, that, on his first visit to a most unpicturesque part of the county of Waterford, he was asked by a friend at whose house he was staying what he thought of the country. The country, though verdant was flat and treeless, and no object was in sight but his friend's white cubrick house with two rows of windows, and, at a short

distance from it, a neighbour's house of the same shape and dimensions. "I like it of all things," said the old gambler, "it puts one in mind of throwing sixes on the green baize."—— But D. manor was a flat without green, and the house was like sixes cast one on the top of the other. It was a high oblong, with nothing to break the bluff mass of masonry. The chimnies had fallen. The roof, like the face, was without break or excrescence; and of windows, all of one size and shape, four regular rows were to be counted.

Within half a mile of the mansion, the road turned abruptly into another direction, and we then had to walk over marshy ground, till we fell into a narrow, but regularly trodden sheep walk, which led close under the walls of the house. Nothing could be more dreary. Tree or even shrub there was none: not even a wild crab with its sour golden fruit tempting the wandering schoolboy to visit the spot, and sometimes to break its stillness with the gladsome notes of his voice or whistle. A few black leafless thorns, on which the torn spoils of the sheep's fleece here and there fluttered in the wind, stood at intervals among the thistles, to mark the lines of what had once been hedge-rows.

But I was describing the mansion. The windows on the ground-floor and the door were bricked up, and, by the marks of time upon this work, it appeared that they had been so closed for many years. Broad lines of broken stones and mortar ran parallel with three sides of the house, showing that a wall which, from its remains, must have been high and thick, had once nearly surrounded the building. This was confirmed by the evidence of two ponderous gates of worked iron. They still maintained their station opposite to what had probably been the principal entrance, while the wall, which of old had embraced them on either side, now lay so low in its ruins by them that a child of a year old might have crawled over any part of it. The huge bolt had long rusted in the lock, and docks and nettles had bound them with all their tangled might to the threshold, over which they had time out of mind been closed.

On the only side of the building which had formerly lain open was the deep bed of a large square pond. It was now entirely dry. Here, it appeared, the shepherds folded their flocks. At a short distance from this, and further from the mansion, was a broad dusty ditch, which once had served as an outside moat to this well-guarded place. Our crossing this ditch had already excited the wonder, perhaps displeasure, of the few inhabitants of some miserable hovels which clustered on the outside bank of it; these belonged to the peasants who looked after the flocks; but seemed as little fit to shelter human beings as the poor creatures who issued from them, seemed fit to represent humanity. Our arrival had occasioned a stir amongst them which was expressed by looks and gestures, the more particular meaning of which it was hard to comprehend. I never before saw a convention of such squalid sickly looking beings. The scene on which we

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had before been gazing was so despiriting that we should have gladly turned to one of life and motion. But here life and motion, if they did form a contrast with stillness and solitude, formed but a melancholy one indeed. Poverty, want the most abject, was stamped in traces too severely true upon their wasted careful visages. They were mostly women and children. Women? Alas for women-kind that it ever can by penury and degradation be brought to look so! And the children—even they presented a melancholy picture. One looked in vain for the playful smile and ruddy cheek of infancy, the rounded yet vigorous form, beautiful even in the bareness of its rags. All was blighted by the desolating genius of the ruined place.

We joined this wretched crew. We could collect but little of the subject of their half ideas. expressed in their confused provincial jargon; but were given to understand that their men were at a distance, with the sheep, which at sunset they would bring home to fold in the place I have described. An old grey-headed shepherd, who sat on a stone at the door of one of the huts, and who, by gestures of the more seeming cordiality, motioned us towards him, appeared to be the most reasonable and social of the group. He was bent double by age and infirmities. He bowed his head as we approached, and would have even risen to receive us. But we spared him so tedious and painful an exertion. He concluded us to have lost our way; for who but strayed strangers could be expected to visit such an abode? And he offered to send a child to guide us into the high road. But, when he understood that we desired a few particulars respecting the place, he was equally ready to satisfy our curiosity-and, asking Mr. H. to seat himself on another large stone placed on the opposite side of the door of the hovel to that where he himself was established, he began his history, in the simple but strong language of truth and feeling. Supported by the evidence of the surrounding scene it formed one of the most striking pieces of natural eloquence I ever listened to.

I must give a mere abstract; for it was long. Far from suspecting who it was to whom his tale was addressed, the old man first spoke of the proprietor of the manor himself. Mr. H. made signs to me to be silent, and then, his face buried in his hands, sat to hear himself described as the cause of all the unhappiness and all the desolation be witnessed; as a hard landlord and a bad man; as one who, insensible to all the woe he had created, and at a distance from it, was fattening on wealth extorted from the ill paid labour of those whose poverty fixed them to a spot where all those comforts were denied them which man has a right to claim from that fellow-man whom Providence has entrusted with the sacred duty of providing for his wants; as one, lastly, who had instructed his agent to harass and oppress beings who had in his estate an interest far older, more natural, and closer, than his own, and as one who caused the remonstrances and petitions of those who had none to help them to be punished as the

outbreakings of insolence and mutiny. And the old man raised his withered hands, and almost sightless eyes, to Heaven, as he called upon that Power, which is present to listen to the poorest, and dreadful to judge the proudest, to lay its chastening hand on the selfish and cruel oppressor.

The prayer was already granted. My poor friend writhed in anguish. He felt, he magnified the guilt of having so long delayed acting for himself where he had the privilege and the duty of conferring happiness, and where he had recklessly inflicted so much suffering; and he recollected, with shame and remorse he recollected, that his presence, even then, had been the effect but of accident and caprice.

To relieve him, and to give another turn to the old shepherd's eloquence, I asked concerning the mansion. He said it had long been uninhabited and shut up. That he had never known it otherwise than as it now appeared; and that he was the oldest inhabitant of those hovels, now livingsave one. That he had heard strange things of the mansion. That it must have known far different and better times; "when those gates," said he, pointing to them, "were gilded with gold, and never opened, as I've heard, to less than coaches and six. That was long, long, before my day. When I was a lad, and when many, now gone, were lads too, there we used to stand. as the boys do now o' days, on the brink of that ditch, hurling stones at the old gates. But never cared we to go any nigher. It is said, gentlemen, that the place is an awkward one to meddle with, and, perhaps, the less that's said about it the better."

"What," said I, for I always had a dear fancy for a ghost, " is it haunted?"

"God forgive us our idle talk," replied the old shepherd. "I had rather not say that, Sir. But this I will be bold to say—all is not as it should be about that window." "What window?" cried I and my friend at the same moment; and, with suitable action, we turned from the old man to look. But there were many windows. All, as I have before said, alike in size and shape. And we turned again to the narrator. Pleased, as a man who, in whatever circumstances, believes that he has found, not one only, but two attentive listeners to his oldest, his longest, and his favourite story, he replied, with an expression that brightened even his sunken countenance, "what? -have you never heard of the window?"-"Never," we both answered. "Nor of the Witch?" said he, with increasing energy.-" Never."

The old shepherd chuckled with pleasure. He then set himself to recollect the story he had thus engaged for. But, as his mind journeyed back through years of hardship and of gloom, the dim lustre died upon his features like the cold light of a wintry sunset, which has glistened for awhile upon a ruin, but soon leaves it again to the encreasing shadows of night, which it before so fainfly and momentarily repelled.

This is the outline of what followed. That

strangely lived.

when he was a boy, his father and mother would speak of the great house having been inhabited in their youth by a man and woman at that time far advanced in years and very infirm. No one then knew how long they had lived there, who had placed them there, or what they did there. They lived in the centre attic. This was known; for their tottering forms were occasionally seen through that window, and a light would often glide and glimmer there, and sometimes at very unseasonable hours of the night. It seems that, amongst these ignorant and unobservant people, (squalid, and miserable, and unfriended, and uneducated, then, as now,) some curiosity had been awakened concerning the old couple in the mansion. For, as time went on, the occasional appearance of the figures and the lights had ceased, yet no one had marked precisely the period at which they had ceased to appear, and nothing had occurred to date the death or departure of either of these strange inmates. Yet, it was clear that they, who were old in the days of the parents of the oldest now alive, must long ago have mingled their dust with that of the mouldering tenement in which they had so, long and so

Had all traces of inhabitancy ceased in the mansion, the dwellers in the hovels would long ago have acquiesced in the conclusion that the old couple had quitted it unseen, or that their bones were bleaching in their attic; and the whole mysterious story would have been forgotten. But all traces of inhabitancy there had not ceased. Still one window of the old house, and only one, was regularly opened as soon as the first rays of the sun appeared above the horizon to make every object distinct and clear; and with the same regularity was it closed at sunset. And this every morning and evening of the year, and year after year; whatever was the season, and whatever the weather. And this was the same window, the attic window, through which. of old, (it was traditionally said,) the last human forms had been seen to glide, and the light to glimmer. And still was the heavy casement set open to the dawn of each succeeding day-and still was it closed each night at sunset. Yet never could the hand be seen which performed this regular, but apparently unnecessary, ceremony. I say unnecessary, because the old casement was entirely destitute of glass, and must have admitted the weather as freely when closed as when set open to the utmost stretch of its rigid hinges. One thing only was certain—the old couple must long have been dead. Who then or what can open and shut that window?

Such was the tardy but irresistible reasoning of these poor creatures. The natural inference drawn by ignorant and superstitious minds, (and I say not this in scorn, for daily experience shows that one needs not be born in a hovel to draw such inferences,) was that what was to them unintelligible must be, therefore, supernatural, and that providence was going out of the ordinary lofty path of its wisdom and its goodness, to show its power by what?—" perplexing monarchs?"—

No, but by frightening and annoying paupers, and their wives and children.

Soon the little community became agitated by those undefined and painful excitements which the wonderful and unexplained is sure to awaken. Various were the solutions which arose in men's minds, and some found their way, full four miles off, to the town of B. But, as is usual on these important occasions, the solutions became much too extravagant to deserve attention, and the really unexplained truth was lost or forgotten in a crowd of false wonders. Use reconciles us to most things, not to all. But all other feelings arising out of these things had subsided into a general one of awful reluctance to approach the old house. And this explains the surprise shown by the women and children upon our crossing of the dry ditch. For that ditch had long been the boundary beyond which it had been judged prudent never to proceed. The bed of the old pond being the only shelter for the sheep in winter time, the practice of folding them there was, perforce, continued. But care was had that the sun should be well seen to rise, and the mysterious window to open, before the flocks should be released of a morning, and as regularly they were secured for the night before the sinking sun should disappear, and the closing window give token that the reign of powers beyond mortal reack had begun. These tasks were performed not by individuals, but by parties. One man alone would not have ventured; and often has a poor lamb been left to bleat, unfolded and disregarded, if it happened to stray beyond the hour when it was safe for the more timorous animals on two legs to guide it to its home. The children were nursed in the fears of their parents. If a peeled stick, or round pebble, or any other such treasure from the magazine of their simple sports, chanced to fall into that ditch, there did it remain unredeemed among the other wastes and strays of many generations; and the most daring urchins, under the strongest impulse of mischief, was never seen to cross that bourn.

To this effect was the old shepherd's history of the house and the window. His history of the Witch was in this wise. One very ancient woman, the oldest inhabitant of those parts, had long dwelt alone, in a hovel which was distinguished from the others only by its being at a little distance from them, and upon the inner edge of the fearful ditch. All considered her able, if she were but willing, to tell many and strange things. Her own existence, indeed, was a mystery. None knew how she procured the means of supporting life. She had never been known to offer help or kindness to any one; there was not a human creature for whom she seemed to care. She never was known to ask help or kindness; for she seemed to think there was not a human creature who cared for her. She was the only one whom the reports about the window seemed never to concern or astonish; so she was believed to know all about it. She appeared but rarely on the outside of her wretched dwelling; when she did, her bearing remained unaltered, amid the alarm, the commotion, and the abuse, of her neighbours, and, strangest of all, she seemed ever as eager to avoid their company and observation as they were to keep at a secure distance from her. She was very old and very decrepit; she did not complain though she was very poor; but what settled the question of her being a witch was that she lived alone on the side of the ditch which nobody else dared approach, and she had no fear. This was all the shepherd had to say against her. But was it not enough?

By this time the sun was getting low, and we began to think of returning to our im. Mr. H. took leave of the historian, promising to pay him another visit, and we walked slowly towards the town. When at a little distance from the mansion, we stopped to take another view of it. Our eyes rested mechanically on the mysterious window. The sun was now sinking fast; and—as the last narrow segment of its blood-red disk departed below the line of the horizon—the casement closed slowly but firmly, without any appearance of human agency to move or fix it!

Our looks met, and again instantly were withdrawn. I believe neither of us wished the other to observe the whimsical degree of solemnity with which the looks of both were impressed.

We walked quickly towards the road over the coarse long grass, now wet with the heavy dew. The mansion at D. faced the east, and was backed by the short lived glories of an autumnal twilight, lingering awhile in the quarter where the sun had set. The sky was full of leader coloured clouds, which showed like a distant range of mountains, capes, and bays, darkening with each passing minute, and becoming less distinct till land and sky seemed joined in one. One long narrow line of yellow light still marked the west, and against its bright light was still seen the outline of the huge oblong building. But soon even this light vanished; a fog rose around us; and we were heartily glad to reach our little inn.

Mr. H. continued silent and grave; a prey to the gloomy thoughts which all he had seen and heard that day served to inspire in a feeling and reflecting heart. He retired early to bed; and I was glad to follow his example.

The next morning we met, over the breakfast table, in a very different mood. The sun shone so gaily it was impossible to be melancholy; and a fresh and frosty air invited to exercise. Mr. H. had settled all difference with his conscience before he slept; no hard matter with one who has sinned only from carelessness and in ignorance. He had promised himself large amends for his sufferings of the day before, in executing the good and kind resolutions he had formed; and now, contented with himself, and cager to give happiness to beings till then strangers to it, he was jealous of every moment he lost till we should return to D. Our walk was delightful. We knew that there were no beauties of scenery; we did not, therefore, regret the absence of what we did not look for. But the sky shope brightly on us, and the birds sung gladly, and my friend's

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terrier dog was our companion. He was just set at liberty, having been four days imprisoned in a post chaise, and then tied for a whole afternoon and night to the leg of a table at the inn. And he seemed to wish to communicate his joy, and he succeeded, as he ran and barked and snapped, in pursuit of the dry yellow leaves from the hedges as the eddies of light wind bore them round and round in circles along the road. Even the illomened aspect of the old house failed to frown us into bad spirits; though there it stood in all its awful dullness, and the casement, which we had seen closed the preceding night, now again stood open as the day that beamed in glory upon it.

On reaching the abodes of the shepherds, we found that enough curiosity had been excited by our visit of the day before, and our promise to repeat it, to cause several of the men to remain at home to receive us. They suspected us, as we were afterwards informed, to be persons deputed by the agent to discover, if possible, new means of adding to the profits of the estate at their expense; and it was easy enough to perceive in the sullen countenances of starving men, whose resentments, if not their wits, had been thus aroused, something that bespoke a spirit of ferocious resistance already swelling up against its barriers and ready to break forth upon any further provocation. By minds which had been thoroughly debased to ignorance and wrong every thing will be submitted to while aught can be gained, or saved, by submission. So it was with these poor creatures, who had, till then, bowed tamely beneath the rod, and had borne, without resistance, the extreme of insult, want and oppression. But, now, when patience and life must have sunk together under harder trials, they had become desperate. Nor was this feeling abated, when Mr. H., calling them about him declared himself owner of the land on which they stood. His name had been too often used among them by his agent, as ordering and approving his own acts of injustice, for his first appearance to inspire any other but feelings of fear and hatred. Not a hat was raised, and not an eye was turned upward upon him that did not speak savage anger. With great presence of mind he spoke aloud. "My friends I come among you to judge for myself and for you. I only wish I had come sooner, for I see that you are in want of many comforts, and it shall be my study to make you happy. We will no longer be, as we have been, strangers to each other. I will henceforward live often among you, and you shall all have reason to rejoice that I have at last become acquainted with you and with your wants. That house is mine. It shall soon come down to the ground to make place for one that shall better suit a man who will live on his estate. I will now give a guinea to any one who will follow me and help me to examine it." All were silent. The men hung back irresolute. Not one offered to earn the tempting bribe. Suddenly there rose a murmur of surprise and dismay. The women caught up their screaming children, the men retired behind the women, and "the Witch! the Witch!"

was heard echoed from mouth to mouth, as a very old woman, wrapped in a man's tattered great coat, approached, supporting with a crutch stick her slow and feeble steps. Mr. H., seeing the crowd retiring from around him, repeated his words; but without effect! They, who, but a few minutes before, were meditating and muttering projects of outrage against one armed with the authority of a master, and supposed to be an oppressor, now quailed before, they knew not what, under the form of a helpless, palsied, old woman.

We were soon left alone with this remarkable person. She raised an old black hood, which shaded her face, surmounting the rest of her strange epicene attire, and she gazed intently upon Mr. H. At length, in a voice cracked with age, and hoarse with strong and stern energy, she thus bespoke him. "Sir—I heard your offer—I accept it. Such as I am, will you go with me?"

Something, as much in the old woman's eyes as in her tone of voice and manner of accepting the challenge, for a moment confounded my friend, and he appeared irresolute what to do. Taking it for granted, however, that the poor creature's show of zeal and spirit was but the effect of the proffered bribe, he told her kindly that he would take her good will for the deed, and excusing her a fatigue to which she was so unequal, would give her the guinea.

She drew up her withered frame, till, in spite of its infirmities, for a moment she stood almost erect. She pushed aside, with indignation, the hand which held the money, and, raising her voice to a pitch at which she seemed to have cast off all the weakness of age, and to have gathered at once eloquence and power from the dignity and passion of her feelings, "I will," she said, "be true to my word. My word has been given to others as well as to you, and I never yet broke faith with created man. Keep you your promise as I will be true to mine. Give me the gold when I shall have earned it—Sir:" (and with an action of strange and forcible meaning, she struck her crutch repeatedly on the ground as she uttered these last words) "I am old, poor, wretched, hated, feared, perhaps to be feared if provoked, but I only can, or dare, go with you where you wish to go-and I will go with you!"

There was that in her words and mien that filled us with astonishment. We knew not whether to think her deranged in her wits; but it was plain she would not be refused, and there was enough in what we remembered of the old shepherd's story to make us think her at least worth attending to, as a companion, if not as a guide, in our progress. She moved towards the mansion. Mr. H. followed her, and I, of course followed him.

When we were close under the walls, a question arose how we were to enter. The brickwork, which blocked all entrance below, being as substantial as the walls themselves, the nearest practicable opening was through a window of the first floor; but the whole neighbourhood could not furnish a ladder. We stood irresolute, while

the old woman watched us shrewdly. I began to advise desisting from the enterprise that day, and returning on the morrow with better means, and with workmen, from the town; but my friend and the old woman were now not in a temper of mind to be daunted with difficulties. She pointed to the mixed masses of bricks and stones which lay near us, and asked if we could not make a heap high enough to enable us from its top to break an entrance, and even pointed to one window that appeared to be in a more shattered state than the rest. Mr. H., ashamed of finding himself surpassed in energy and invention by his feeble companion, set to work, without loss of time, to move to the spot the materials for his crazy mount. I assisted, while the old woman was eagerly and impatiently observing our progress.

We had soon raised a pile of rubbish sufficiently high, and, after standing on it together to try its power of supporting us in our effort, I helped Mr. H. to place himself on the broad window sill. The iron work was deeply worn with rust, and the leaden bars which joined the small squares of broken dingy glass, had many of them already yielded to the visitings of the wind, and remained bound together by little more than thickly matted cobwebs and hardened dust. He soon made good his entrance into the room, having cautiously tried the strength of the floor and then invited me to follow. But the old woman had already ascended the pile on which I stood, and impatiently called upon me to aid her to reach the window. This, with Mr. H's. help from above us, was not difficult to effect, and she was soon safely by his side; but my exertions to place her there, without injury to her frail and decrepit frame, had caused great disturbance in our works below; they had given way, and I was now lower by some feet than I had been at first-neither had I any one to lend a hand to my ascent. After witnessing some ineffectual and hopeless struggles of mine at an impracticable escalade, Mr. H. laughed heartily at my discomfiture. I fancied that the old woman enjoyed it too, and that a very peculiar look of malicious satisfaction darted from her wild eyes as Mr. H. and she turned to leave the window, without waiting for the elaborate process that I had again undertaken, but singly now, of rebuilding the pile, from which stones had rolled down too large for one man's strength to replace.

Still I continued my work. But the foundations were now loosened, and the masses that I was able to bring had neither breadth nor weight to support themselves or each other against the wall. In this disheartening labour I persevered a long time, occasionally going to some distance from the face of the house for materials. On my return from one of these trips I became aware of a very strong and overpowering smell of smoke. I judged that some weeds were burning in the nearest fields, and the symptoms encreasing, and the utter hopelessness of my project of following my companions through that window being now evident, I proceeded to reconnoitre another, side

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of the house. Here I was met by a stronger and more stifling smell, and a still thicker smoke, and I returned to my old quarters. By this time I perceived small wreaths of smoke issuing from several crevices in the lower parts of the mansion. I was now very much alarmed, and, running towards the window by which my friend and the old woman had entered, I called loudly to apprize them of the strange and unaccountable, but very plainly imminent danger. house had certainly caught fire; and it seemed to spread with astonishing rapidity and on all sides. Soon a thin white vapour began to appear from the upper windows, as it had at first done from the ground-floor, while through the chinks below, a red flame was here and there indistinctly visible, like flashes through a thunder cloud, adding its horrors to the black billowy volumes that now rolled within; and a faint crackling sound at intervals told the quick advances of the conflagration. I ran round the house, almost frantic with my fears for my friend. I returned to the window; no one appeared, and I knew not how to act. In vain I again betook myself to my desperate and impotent efforts to reach the opening, I only displaced still more the heap, and was thereby adding to the difficulties he would find in his descent, if by heaven's mercy he should again reach the spot where I had last seen him. Not a soul from the hovels would come to my assistance. I shouted, I gesticulated; I believe I knelt; but all in vain. A little crowd had assembled on the further end of the dry ditch to gaze at the sight in stupid wonder. But no signs, no entreaties, no threats, (for I threatened them all with the gibbet for petty treason, as accessaries in the murder of their lord—fear, like necessity hath no law,) nothing could induce one of them to approach, and I dreaded to quit my post lest my aid might be wanted there before I could return. I knew and recollected with sad foreboding the generous kindness of my friend's nature, and it was with dismay I thought of the infirmities of his companion, for I knew he would not desert her. And how was she to second any effort he could make for her safety? An active man, with only his own life to provide for, might, by a desperate spring, at the expense of the fracture of a limb or two, save it at once. But, clogged as he was with the fortunes of that unlucky old creature, every thing was to be feared for him. In alarm, as in wrath, it is consolatory to find some victim to accuse; and I was unjust enough to vent a hundred imprecations against that helpless being. l could scarcely breathe, from agitation and the suffocation occasioned by the smoke and the black dust which fell thick around me. length, with feelings of extacy proportioned to the horrors I had endured, I perceived the forms of both Mr. H. and the old woman, at the window which I had been so long and eagerly watching. Not an instant was to be lost in doing all that was practicable to extricate them from a pation, of encreasing peril. Mr. H. was un-

willing to attempt his own descent till he should have secured that of the old woman. But this it was impossible to accomplish without causing a severe fall. She too, as is not unusual in such a dilemma, seemed to dread this slight danger more than the dreadful one that raged so near her; and she refused to stir. She bade Mr. H., however, strip off his coat, and, applying her whole force, she held on by one sleeve, doubled over the window sill, while by the opposite end of the hanging garment he lowered himself from the window sufficiently to be able to drop the remainder of the distance, without material injury, and I standing with my back to the wall to break his fall, we only rolled together, unhurt, among the stones and rubbish. Our next work was instantly to set about raising the heap by piling upon it large blocks and masses, such as only the joint strength of two men could raise. At last, after great and rapid toil, we were enabled, one standing on the summit, and the other on his shoulders, very nearly to reach the sill. We then earnestly called on her to trust herself to the upheld hands which were stretched to receive her. Had she been young and beautiful we could not have longed with more ardour to feel the descending weight of that precious burthen. But now madness, sheer madness, it seemed-she sat on the edge of the window, still hesitating, objecting, to the means offered to her of rescue from a certain, instant, and dreadful death. And while Mr. H., whom I had raised on my shoulders, was actually endeavouring to climb up once more to where she was, to force her from the approaching fate of which she seemed unconscious or heedless, a sheet of fire burst out behind and around her. She threw her arms up wildly,

Like a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Did she shrink up.

SHAKEPEARE—K. JOHN.

Then, with a cry of pain, mingled with a yet louder laugh of something like exultation, she fell, or rather flung herself, backward into the flames!

At the same dreadful moment a loud crash was heard within. We both dropped from the heap and ran unconsciously from the building, gasping for breath.

All time for exertion, or for hope-all was over! The crash had been occasioned by the falling in of floors and ceilings, and for some moments, the building itself could scarcely be distinguished through the thick masses of smoke mingled with dust, and the showers of sparks, and then jets of pure flame, which followed. At intervals the blaze seemed to receive a check from the weight of beams, parting walls, &c. falling in from aloft with tremendous noise. But it was only to burst out again with a fury on which the eye could scarcely bear to gaze. After a time, it raged almost without check or hindrance, and the old mansion showed like a huge furnace, all within glowing and roaring with a white heat, sometimes a waving upward tongue of flame, and the whole canopied by a rolling shroud of smoke which settled into a dark cloud high in the midst of the still bright atmosphere. A scene appalling even in recollection, but of strange magnificence and beauty.

Besides the impression of deep melancholy produced by the frightful spectacle we had just witnessed, we felt that we had become in some sort publicly answerable for the life of a fellow-creature. We thought it prudent at once to hasten to B., and tell our own story, before it should be told for us, with all the imperfections and all the additions inseparable from any story to be narrated by such historians as those who had been the distant spectators of our enterprise and its result. People too were now flocking from all the neighbouring parts, attracted by the confiagration, which must have been seen for many miles round that flat country.

As soon as we reached our inn, we despatched the landlord in quest of a few of the most respectable inhabitants of the town, among whom was a magistrate, entreating their attendance on a matter of public importance. Four or five gentlemen soon joined us. Mr. H., in their presence, declared his name and purpose in coming to B., and then detailed all that had passed, concluding with the disastrous fate of the poor woman. His declaration was taken in writing and signed. I must here mention the few particulars to which I was not witness, which occurred during the brief period when Mr. H. and his companion were within the mansion at D., as related by himself. They began by passing across several small square chambers, and along some narrow crooked passages. The dim windows admitting so scanty a light, and the floors being so much broken, that they were obliged to proceed very cautiously. Slowly as he went, however, his companion seemed hardly able to follow him. She complained much of fatigue. She seemed quite as much perplexed as he to find a way in the house through which she had offered herself to be his guide, and much more intent on finding a place to sit down and rest, than on the performance of what she had undertaken. More than once, he had lost sight of her for several minutes at a time, and was fain to return to look after her. At length they reached together a chamber in the centre of the edifice, much larger and higher than the others-but, like them, encumbered with the dust and rubbish of a century or more. The floor of this room was so decayed and dangerous that Mr. H. would scarcely have ventured upon it; but that he was tempted forward by seeing, nearly in the middle of it, a large square opening. This gained, showed a flight of broken stone steps, which he descended in the belief that they would lead to the rooms on the ground-floor, which had been so carefully closed from without with brick work. It was in descending this stair that he was suddenly met by so dense a smoke that he was obliged to retreat. And soon the smell began to be so oppressive, and the smoke to issue through so many parts of the rotten flooring, that he was convinced that some of the lower

apartments were on fire, and burning rapidly. Had he been alone, the strange coincidence of such a circumstance, occurring within the first half hour of his first entrance into his own house, might have tempted him to investigate further. But fear for the safety of the feeble partner of his adventure overcame his curiosity, and he urged her to retire with her best speed. But fear seemed in her to have conquered for awhile all natural infirmities, and she showed not only an activity of body, but a sagacity and power of resource, that astonished him. She had made herself mistress of every turn of the rather intricate progress they had made through the house, and now guided him back rapidly, with confidence and unerringly. It was only when her own immediate safety remained to be provided for, and at the last moment, that the poor wretch seemed to lose her senses. I have already detailed that dreadful crisis, and I do not wish to dwell upon it again.

The result of our consultation with the gentlemen was an agreement that they should accompany us, next morning, to D. manor. Mr. H. was, more than ever, anxious to begin the works of justice and kindness which these events had so unexpectedly broken in upon. Accordingly, in the morning, we set forth, attended by several more persons than we had looked for. Curiosity was excited, and several recruits voluntarily joined our party. Many parts of the exterior of the huge building had fallen during the night. It was now a misshapen and, blackened ruin; still smoking, and here and there the fire creeping through its glowing hollows.

Little groups of the natives were gazing and gaping around, but a closer and larger crowd had assembled on the extreme edge of the broad ditch which separated them from the hovel of the poor old woman. Our arrival caused some sensation, and a few of the men, and more of the women, approached Mr. H. with a petition to tear down what had so lately been the residence of her whom they had so long hated and feared. Mr. H. was not unwilling to do a popular act at so cheap a rate. "But first," said he, "I will enter it. For if the poor woman had any property it would be a pity it should be damaged. And I understand she had means of living none of you could guess at." Without waiting for an answer, but taking, as in some cases it is very wise to do, consent for granted, he advanced towards the ill-omened tenement. It had never before, within the memory of living mortal, been so closely reconnoitered. Window or chimney it had none. But an opening in the roof, whose form left it doubtful whether it was the effect of design or of decay, served the double purpose of an entrance for light from without and a vent for smoke from within. The door was fastened, and at first resisted the united strength of Mr. H. and myself, till, our efforts being redoubled, the old wood-work gave way, and burst from the strong iron bolts that had caused the opposition. It fell in fragments and yielded us an abrupt entrance into the miserable dwelling. Good heavens!

How were we confounded! In a large stone chair, which occupied the centre of the place, there sat the old woman herself! Alive, but wretchedly scorched and wounded. Her withered hands clenched in anger and pain; and her wild eyes casting a glance of impatient remonstrance which accorded well with the querulous tone in which she muttered a few words, in themselves too unimportant to record, but which under all the circumstances in which they were spoken, I never can forget. The last moments of hermysterious existence were numbered. Our surprize had been marked by the people without. The cause of it was soon known.

And now began a painful strife indeed. The most ungenerous and savage passions of our nature are those, alas! which are communicated the quickest, and quickly above all do they travel among minds which, like those of the poor population of D., have never, by education or by benefits received, been soothed down to emotions of forgiveness or pity. Among them, rage mastered even their servile sense of inferiority. They forgot even the presence of Mr. H. their landlord. They pressed rudely forward, declaring that they would come at the object of their fury, now that all her supposed powers of mischief and desence were in dissolution. determined that her having escaped the fire was evidence, strong as holy writ, of all they had before believed of her, and they resolved now to haul her, dying as she was, to the nearest pond, to try if she were likewise proof against drowning. We had no door to oppose to these wretches. But, with the assistance of the gentlemen who were with us, we formed a circle round the unhappy victim, standing shoulder to shoulder to face the assailants. Thus repulsed, the mob set about the work of demolition, and we soon saw the mud walls fall in fragments round us. The full glare of open day broke in, for the first time for many years, upon that abode of twilight and mystery. The unusual sight seemed for a moment to affect the almost insensible being by whom we stood. She stared fearfully around, and at once took in a full and piteous sense of ber danger. She drew her wasted form into a corner of her great stone chair. She caught our hands and grappled them with an expression of imploring helplessness. She seemed to know our purpose was to protect her from those fellowcreatures who had been born and bred in the neighbourhood with her; by a few faint gestures and disconnected words she gave us to understand that our wish that the last struggle of her poor life were past could not be greater than ber's to quit a world of misery, in which all that now remained to her was the dreadful and immediate prospect of a violent end. We could not much longer have maintained our post. The yells of the mob became every instant louder and more portentous; and now an attack was commenced upon us by the hurling of fragments of the broken mud walls, the assailants approachmg nearer and nearer after each volley. Mr. Hand I again turned to the dying woman; she

appeared to suffer no more. She was regardless now equally of our attentions and of the assaults of the mob, or answered them by low moanings rather of weakness than of apprehension or of pain. Her eyes were resting fixedly on the dark ruins of the mansion which stood in the distance high over the levelled walls of her cottage, and gradually something of a serene and satisfied smile took possession of her features. Suddenly with a violent rush the mob overbore us; they clustered round and over the stone chair, and Mr. H. and I found ourselves pinioned each by a couple of ruffians. We exclaimed, we struggled, in vain; we looked for the last time on the object of our solicitude. Heaven was kind to her in her utmost need. One convulsive soband all was over.—She had escaped the hands of men.-Her lifeless form alone remained to gratify their fiendish but impotent rage.

Soon after these events, my fate called me to a great distance from my country and from the friends of my youth. While abroad, I settled, as the world has it when a man marries. But, my marriage bringing after it the cares of a numerous progeny, I became the most unsettled man alive. I wandered wherever I could find lucra- \* tive employment. I spent some time in India. and, from my first leaving my native land, I did not return for near thirty years. When I did return, my first care was to seek out the closest friend of my early life. An uninterrupted correspondence with Mr. H. had continued him in my mind as he was when we parted in our youth. But he had become a comfortable, corpulent, bald, country gentleman, a farmer on a large scale in every sense of the term, and a justice of the peace; eagerly pursuing improvements and experiments, and retaliating my foreign wonders with descriptions of his own agricultural discoveries at home.

He asked me one day as we sat together in a coffee-house in London, whether I remembered the journey we had once made in our youth to that formidable estate of his in the North? Could I ever forget it? He seemed pleased with the vivid recollection I retained of the place and of all the circumstances belonging to it. I enquired what he had done towards improving it, and I soon found myself engaged to accompany him, for the second time, to the Manor. It was arranged that I should pass one day at the house of a relation of his, which lay in our way to his own property, and at no great distance from it. How many years had been added to our ages; we were altered men in every respect but in our friendship for each other; that was the same, and our pleasure in each other's society undiminished. It was a delightful journey. England, my old England, in her neat garment of green fields and clipped hedges, with the little varieties of solitary gentlemen's solitary seats, peaceful towns, hills without bandits, and jungles without wild boars or tigers. My country was fresh to me, but her features were familiar as those of the consoling genius of many a home-sick dream,

Much as I was pleased with every inch of the

way, I was most gratified when we reached what Mr. H. announced to me as his relation's residence. And not a little glad was I to think we should spend at least twenty-four hours at that sweet spot before proceeding to renew the melancholy recollections of D. manor. Here, at our resting place, all was gay and smiling .-Thriving plantations, waving cornfields, meadows of rich green, all was to my taste and liking. Mr. H. saw the pleasure I derived from the scene, and proposed our walking by a shorter road to the house through the plantations. We did so, our servants going round with the carriage to announce our arrival. At last, after a charming walk, we came in sight of the house. I was eager to see if its appearance corresponded with the gaiety and tastefulness of all the rest. It soon answered for itself, and confirmed my satisfaction. "You like this place?" said my friend. I turned to answer him-and the secret was divulged by his glistening eye and by the kind pressure of his hand, as he welcomed me to his own happy home-the manor of D. Such it was; and after the first few moments of keen surprize and incredulity, (for an Englishman when convicted of being dull of apprehension generally thinks it right to console himself for a short time by being also hard of belief,) I began, under Mr. H.'s guidance, to trace the principal and most repelling features of D. manor in those which were to be the most admired of this new creation.

"Look," said he, as he pointed towards the house, "look well at it, and you will see it is built upon the very site of the old mansion. The conservatory in front of it extends exactly to where the old iron gates stood when you were here last. And the flower garden, which now looks so gay and gaudy, and is edged by that little light paling, fills the space which was once enclosed by the wall whose ruins you remember but too well. Behind the house, I will soon show you a fair little lake; and you must endeavour to spy through its clear still waters the formal edges of the deep dry pond. Now survey that little brook into which I have drained the marsh, and over which you see that rustic bridge with the ivy and china roses, and tell me if it takes not the exact line, still serpentining here and there, of the awful moat which lay betwixt the original mansion and the hovels of the shepherds. never will own that a village need be hid by artful plottings and plantings, if the cottages be such as it behoves a rich man to provide for the lodgement of those who look to him for the recompense of honest service. That cheerful little village, to the right of the bridge, stands in the place of the wretched hovels, but gives a better shelter to some of the very persons whom I found They were all taken care of. on that ground. Many, most, are since gone, I hope, to a still better home. But their children are their successors; and in those healthy urchins, who are playing on the lawn, and whose voices sound so joyously, you see many of their grand children. There is one spot more that will interest you, and which I see your eye is seeking. Yes—you are right:—that little evergreen clump marks the spot where the poor old woman's hovel stood. Let us go there. You will still find her stone chair. It is big enough for both of us. And I will there tell you more about the window and the Witch."

"More than ten years after those events," continued my friend, when we had taken our seat in the centre of what once was the Witch's cottage, "I received a letter from the governor of the jail at W-, informing me that a man, who was under sentence of death for coining, earnestly desired to see me. I hastened to Wand saw the convict. He was somewhat advanced in years, and I certainly did not remember to have ever seen him before. By his desire, we were left alone together. With an expression of respectful earnestness, he took my hand between both of his, squeezed it, and, after gazing for some moments on my face in silence burst into tears. Naturally referring these emotions to the deplorable condition in which the poor fellow stood, I asked him how I could serve him, and why he sent for me. "You cannot serve me, sir-"he answered firmly, "I am guilty and must suffer. But I wished to see you that you might receive a poor, disgraced, dying man's Sir, I thank you with all my heart." And his eyes filled with tears. "You were kind to my mother in her last agony, and you saved her from the cruelty of those who, but for you. would have murdered her."-" The Witch's son!" exclaimed I, most inadvertently:-had I thought twice such words would not have passed The softened, penitential, expression of the man's features in a moment changed to one of mild and stubborn pride. It was one which alone would have gone far to establish the kindred.

"I am," replied he, "son to an unfortunate woman who never did harm to mortal; who made a promise before the Almighty to three guilty sons:-and she kept it;-she sacrificed her life to save theirs. She had suffered much and long, Sir, for that promise. The poor ignorant wretches of your once neglected village did brand and abuse and nickname her for what they did not and could not understand." I interrupted him-I do not know that in the course of my life I have been much in the habit of making apologies; but this I am sure of, that never was there a more hearty apology given in so few words for a hasty phrase than that in which I made reparation to the poor convict before whose high and kindling feelings I stood abashed. His countenance, his tone, his heart, were again subdued, and he entered into a detail of which these are the particulars.

He could tell nothing of this old mansion further back than when it was known to be inhabited by the old couple of whom the shepherd had told us. Their son lived there with them, but in careful concealment, for, within its protecting walls, he carried on, in connexion with a widely spread gang, the dangerous trade of coining false money. He had an only daughter, who, almost from her infancy, had been partner in his practices, but whose mother had always contimed to inhabit the hovel on whose site we are now sitting. This daughter became the wife of one of her father's associates by whom she had three sons. Her father and husband dwelt, often for weeks together, in the mansion, carrying on their business on the ground floor, which, you renember, was carefully bricked up. would sometimes separate, and go to a great distance, and then meet again at the old house, which they entered at night by means of a pasage under ground from this spot. By the same passage food was carried into the house, and the proceeds of their trade found their way out. The poor woman, in her turn, waxed old, and her three sons naturally succeeded to their grandfather, and father's mode of life. Her occasional departures from the hovel, no one knew whither or by what way, and her solitary and mysterious existence, usay sufficiently account for the con-

clusions come to concerning her. The mystery of the window was very simple. The casement of the room occupied by the original couple had been for so many years, during their lifetime, opened and shut every day, that, when they died, it became the care of the survivors to continue that practice, in order that no apparent change should attract curiosity to the place. The same process therefore was daily observed, only effected by the simple machinery of cords passed through the rotten boarding of the floors, to obviate the necessity of the appearance of new figures at the window. Soon all enquiry and all wonder subsided into the tranquillity of a superstitious belief. But for the purpose of the opening and shutting of the window, each day regularly, at sunrise and at sunset did the old woman visit the mansion by the

But these precautions were not all—Life was at stake, and the sons had taken care to place the means for instantly setting fire to the house, if at any time it should appear to their mother necessary to do so in order to prevent a search. Trains of gunpowder were laid from several parts, communicating with heaps of dry shavings and other combustibles, so that she might, entering the building on any side, in a very short time set the whole in a blaze. This last resource was also to serve for giving notice to her sons, one of whom, during their absences from the mansion, was always in the neighbourhood. The house on fire, or in ruins, was to be the signal for them to fly, and hever to return.

passage already described.

During the performance of this act the strong and excited feelings of the old woman gave no place to fear. She was doing what she deemed a great duty;—one that she had passed her word solemnly to do truly in case of need;—and on the saccess of which depended the safety of the beings who formed the only link between her and the affairs and affections of life. That work done, perhaps her mind may have failed her; puthans it may have misgiven her that the work

was imperfectly done. Whatever caused her to hesitate, when we proposed to her to escape with us, it is probable that, at last, hurt to death, she made her retreat to the hovel through the passage which she knew so well.

The condemned coiner ended his narrative in these words. "When we lost the old house, we had no longer a place in which to pursue our business safely. We loved it and we had loved our mother too, as we had reason to do, dearly—dearly, Sir. Nothing, after, went well with us. My brothers were detected at the old trade. One suffered death by the law, and the other, as I heard, died on his passage to Botany Bay. I was left alone, little caring what became of me. I had a longing to see my native place again. I saw you there Sir. I heard speak of the protection you had yourself given to my mother in her dying moments."

"Now I am settling my last account with this world—Sir," said he, and his voice assumed a strange tone, and his eye gleamed with a strange expression—and his hand shook as he drew something from his bosom. "Will you keep this, Sir—I have no one on earth I care for, or that can care for it but you, but it may remind you at least of an act of benevolence and charity to one who, whatever may have been her faults, did not fear to die in preserving the life of those whom she had brought into the world. Sir," added he, in a whisper, "I should not like this to

fall into the hands of a hangman."

It was a piece of black silk sewed carefully up all round. It contained one thin lock of white hair.

#### WOMAN.

lt is not in misfortunes only that woman exercises an irresistible power over men. The strongest passion in human nature is love. Female beauty alone, has often produced among men fits of momentary distraction. Nor is this frenzy confined to the gay and giddy—it attacks every age with equal success. The old man totters after his beloved, and forgets even his debility under the reviving influence of her approbation. Pericles, the most celebrated orator and statesman of Greece, who, for thirty years, ruled with despotic sway the fickle populace of Athens, forgot his fame, his character, and the public welfare, and, at the request of a fascinating woman, engaged the commonwealth in an unnecessary and ruinous war. Socrates, himself, was content to receive entertainment or learn wisdom from the eloquent tongue of Aspasia; and the wise and the great, the learned and the rich, the successful general and the intriguing politician, all bow down before the supremacy of female charms. Solomon, in all his wisdom, was not arrayed like one of these, nor was he proof against their allurement; he was overcome by their incantations, and felt all his glory, and his might, and his riches, and his wisdom, without their smiles, to be vanity and vexation of spirit.

#### MEDITATIONS

ON THE SEA SHORE.—BY A BEREAVED LOVER.

'Tis the sweet hour of Eve, when all Is bright above, and calm below; When, save the wretched, none recall That earth is but the home of wo. Some look upon the waving grove, Some gaze upon the dark blue sea, Some on the glistening eye of love,—I look for thee.

The twilight, and the plaintive bird Wild warbles through the darkening wood; And there her sweetest notes are heard By those who love caim solitude: While others list the jovial cry That, echoing o'er the tranquil sea, Bespeaks the home-bound vessel nigh; I list for thee.

Or if upon the passing crowd
I gaze, what bitter thoughts have birth!
Yet not from laughter long and loud—
I know the heartlessness of mirth;
But there is one whose open brow
Reveals a spirit calm and free;
Ah! why should mine be troubled now?
I think of thee.

I too can gaze on earth and sea;
Hear the bird's note, the maiden's voice;
But none can whisper peace to me,
None bid my wither'd heart rejoice.
O when shall calmer thoughts have birth?
It hath not been—it cannot be—
Till thou once more return to earth;
Or. I to thee.

#### TO THE EVENING STAR.

Mild cresset of Eve, in the lustre appearing,
Like Hope's beacon-lamp, midst you fast-fading ray,
While the dun-vested twilight in stillness is rearing
Her flowers to the last golden glances of day;
How sweet, when in peace sinks each feverish emotion,
Reclined by the brink of the hoarse-sounding shore,
To watch thy pale beam on the bosom of Ocean,

And trace the dim records of joys that are o'er!

Say, Star of the lonely—Night's fairest of daughters.
By whom are thy far-distant regions possest?
Do the depths of thy valleys—the banks of thy waters,
Resound to the praises and strings of the blest;
Where the morn of content breaks, unclouded by sorrow,
And joy blooms, unchilled, by the clear-flowing springs,
And fear shrinks no more from the dark-frowning morrow,
And Time dooms no parting, and Love has no wings?

Oh! fain would we deem that the shades of the periahed, Released from life's ills and the fetters of earth, Smile thence on the hearts where their memories are cherished:

And still fondly watch o'er the place of their birth;
And fain would we trust, that each now-mouraing spirit,
When one darkness is spread o'er our dust and our carea,
May hope, by those fountains of light, to inherit
A biles unpolitated and lasting as theirs.

Whate'er be the scenes which thy radiance discloses,
Or thy realm's joyous tenants, bright gem of the west!
Still, as now, when Eve scatters you heaven with her roses
Be thine influence descending, as balm to the breast:
And still, where the minstrel is silently musing,
May the smile of thy glory be shed from a-far,
Its own gentle ray on his pathway diffusing,
Its peace on his visions—thou soft-beaming Star!

# THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

PAINTED-GLASS JEWEL BOXES.

We shall proceed to describe a glass box, in the embellishment of which, the artist may exhibit specimens of her talent as a painter on glass. The best shape for a box of this description is an octagon. The bottom may be made of wood, entirely covered with silk; and the pedestals should be firmly screwed or glued to it, by the person from whom the wood is pro-

cured. Each of the sides should have one or more figures painted on it, in striking and beautiful colours. A fine shell may be depicted on one side; a bird with brilliant plumage on another; a flower of lively hue on a third; a gorgeous butterfly on a fourth, &c. (Fig. 1.) But all these, as well as any other pictorial embellishments, should be drawn and coloured from nature, or good copies, and not endowed with forms or

hues by the caprice of the artist; who may depend, that however fine her imagination may be, she can never equal the variety, excellence, and harmony of nature. The sides should be bound with riband, of a colour that will accord with, but not subdue the paintings: they are to be tacked firmly to the silk that covers the bottom, which ought to be well strained over the wood. For better security, a wire, covered with silk or riband, and accurately bent into an octagon shape of the proper admeasurement, and fastened at the ends, may be carried round the inside upper edge of the box, and sewed to the bindings. Compartments may be made of pasteboard, covered with puffed-silk, over wadding, or wool, placed in the interior, and tacked to each other and to the binding. A better plan, however, is to make sides to the compartments of



pasteboard (Fig. 2.) covered with plain silk of a light gray colour, to resemble the ground glass on the outer side; and on the inner, with puffed silk, like

the rest of the lining. The compartments and sides should be pasted securely together, so as to be independent of the glass box, into which they may be placed without difficulty. The cover may be made of one entire piece of strong ground glass, well bound with riband, and embellished with a group of shells, or birds, or a bouquet of flowers, with butterflies or brilliant insects among their leaves. Should a raised top be preferred, it is

to be made of an octagon shape. A wire may be added to the bottom of the cover, similar to that at the upper edge of the box; and all the sides should be painted to correspond with those below. Any other shape may be adopted for this kind of box; but the octagon, or hexagon is to be preferred.

#### POPULAR TRADITIONS.

In Macedonia, near Ecisso Verbeni, is a lake, of which the people have a tradition that it was caused by taking great stones out of the side of a mountain; whereupon there issued out such a flood of water that the country around was inundated, and a lake formed. It is reported of Thessaly, that the whole country was under water until a passage was formed for the river Peneus by an earthquake.

Near the mountains of Risgeburg, or Giant's Mountain, about the head of the river Elbe, a spirit, by name Rihensal, is said to infest the country. Such reports are common in places where mines exist. A spirit is reported to haunt the silver mines of Brunswick; and another to be in the tin mine of Slackenwalde, in Bohemia, and to walk in the shape of a monk, who strikes the miners, sings and plays on the bagpipes, and doth many such tricks.

It is asserted in Wales, that the knockers, a class of ærial beings, bore, blast, and labour briskly in the mines; and were heard at work in some at Llanvihangel Ysgeiviog, in Anglesea, in 1799. In Cornwall it is believed by the workmen, that the Jews formerly possessed the mines; and the tools which are found in those which have been neglected, they call "Allan Sarisin."

Of a mountain of Norway, called the Gate Field, which is always covered with snow, there is a tradition that the inhabitants having spent the Sabbath in rioting and intemperance, a snow storm came and buried the church, to which a party had gone to a wedding. On this mountain, it is reported, are the ruins of a building similar to a church, within the limits of perpetual snow. The Norwegians believe in the existence of a supernatural being called Nipen-to whom they make Christmas offerings of cakes and beer, and to whose interference they attribute their good or evil fortune. They universally entertain a fear of the subterraneous people, who are supposed to be able to change their form whenever they please, and in confirmation of this superstition, they relate that three hundred cattle, belonging to the Bishop of Drontheim, whilst grazing amongst the Rooras Mountains, were enticed away by the subterranean people, and totally disappeared in a crack of the earth. This has given rise to a proverb—" Remember the Bishop of Drontheim's cattle;" implying the necessity of attention to your affairs.

On the banks of, the Moisen, in Norway, not far distant from Vang, the city of Stor Hammer stands it is said to have been more

than seven English miles in circumference, and to have contained, besides a palace and cathedral, many churches, monasteries, and other public edifices. It is now four hundred years since its site has been pointed out, except by tradition. No vestige of the city at present remains.

Dr. Clarke, while travelling in Sweden, was informed by the peasantry that some vast stones which he saw there, had been left in that situation by the giants.

The tradition of ruined cities is common to all countries. In Cornwall it is believed that the land formerly extended many miles farther than it does at present, and that some of the neighbouring islands formed part of the continent. On the coast of Brittany there is a tradition that city, now destroyed by the sea, once exceeded in magnificence the present capital of France. The same story is related in Cornwall and Somerset.

On the coast of North Wales, the present inhabitants say, that by an irruption of the sea, about the year A.D. 500, a great number of cities, and the whole of a tract called the Lowland Hundred, were destroyed, and now form a great part of the Bay of Cardigan. On the coast of Suffolk, "Dunwich, or the Splendid City," is said formerly to have contained fifty-two churches or monasteries, which have been swallowed up by the sea. At present it has no place of public worship.

# LITERARY IMPOSTOR.

Towards the end of the last century, Sicily exhibited an instance of literary imposture that has scarcely been equalled. A man named Vella, who came from Malta, pretended to an intimate acquaintance with Arabic, though he knew not a word of that language, nor so much as the alphabet. It happened that the Government was just then solicitous to inform itself on the subject of the history of the kingdom in the time of the Saracens; this was a point of some importance in the disputes with the Sicilian barons, in regard to their feudal rights and claims. Vella contrived to play his card so skilfully, that he was employed to translate an Arabic manuscript found in the old archives; and he performed his part for a length of time with such consummate address, as to obtain honours, dignities, and even the professorship of the Arabic language and literature in the University of Palermo!—His translation of the Arabic manuscript, was nothing but a tissue of his own inventions. He even went so far as to bring forward a Norman manuscript, which he gave out that he had found in an ancient collection. The Sicilian literati, however, began at length to smell a rat, and strove to tear the mask from the impostor. This proved to be no easy task, for the juggler had found means to gain powerful protection. At last he was brought before the regular tribunal on a charge of fraud, convicted, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.—Desultory Foreign Reading

#### From Frazer's Magazina.

#### THE SEPULCHRE.

There manhood lies! Lift up the pall!
How like the tree struck down to earth
In its green pride, the mighty fall,
Whom life hath flatter'd with its worth!
Life is a voyage to our graves;
Its promises, like smiling waves,
Invite us onward o'er a sea
Where all 1s hidden treachery.

What statued beauty slumbers there!
But mark those flowers pale as the brow
Which they have wreathed; if death could spare
A victim, he had pitted now,
To-day she hoped to be a bride—
To-day, 'twas told, her lover died!
Here Death has revell'd, in his power,
The riot of life's fairest hour.

Look on that little cherub's face
Whose budding smiles is fixed by death;
How short indeed has been its race!
A cloud sail'd by, the sun, a breath
Did gently creep across a bed
Of flowers—Its spirit then had fied,
A morning star a moment bright
Then melting into Heaven's own light:

Behold that picture of decay,
Where nature wearled sank to rest!
Full four-score years have pass'd away,
Yet did he, like a lingering guest,
Go from life's banquet with a sigh,
That he, alast so soon should die.
Our youth has not desires so vain,
As creep into an age of pain.

But there how mournfully serene
That childless widow'd mother's look!
'To her the world a waste has been,
One whom it pitted, yet forsook,
Calm as the moon's light, which no storms
Baging beneath it can deform
Did her afflicted spirit sline
Above her earthly woes divine!

Thus Death deals with mortality,
Like flowers, some gathered in their prime,
Others when scarcely said to be
Just numbered with the things of time:
With life worn out some grieve to die,
To end their griefs here others fly.
Life is but that which woke it, breath,—
Look here and toil me, What is death?

#### From the Gem.

#### PORTRAIT OF A BOY.

The outling that speak'st without a tongue,
That seest with those unseeing eyes;
That still, thro' ages, shalt be young;
Unliving, yet that never dica!
Thou lovely offspring of the mind,
Bright infant of the dark—to be,
Tell me, what fates of human kind
Shall Heaven's high verdict stamp on thee?

Tell me, if that mysterious gaze
Shall kindle with the poet's fire;
That lip the song immortal raise;
That hand strike rapture from the lyre;
Till on thy brow the wreath is bound,
Of all earth's bards, the mightiest bard;
And still tho' honours throng thee round,
Thyself thine own sublime reward?

Beware! nor trend the Muses' hill,
Tho' lovely visions lead the way;
There's poison in its laurell'd rill,
There's madness in its golden ray.
Tho' Music spoke in every string,
Thou, too, shalt feel fame's ebbing tide;
Fortune afar shall wave her wing;
Boy! thou shalt perish in thy pride.

Or wouldst thou draw the soldier's sword,
To smite the nations, or to save;
To see thy haughty flag adored,
The terror of the land and wave;
To see the thousand trumps of fame
Upraised for thee, and thee alone;
The fear of empires in thy name,
The strength of empires in thy throne?

Boy! look within the conqueror's heart,
And see the brood that nestle there:
The blood, the agony, the art,
The wild suspense, the fierce despair;
The thoughts, that like a lava-stream,
Consume the mighty to the grave:
Boy! rouse thee from the deadly dream,
Nor die Ambition's worn out-slave.

Or wouldst thou give thy soul to gold,
And, making earth and sea thy mine,
See wealth on all their breezes roll'd;
The Indian and his treasures thino?
Boy! there are miseries of heart
That turn the wealth of worlds to gall:
Be wiser, choose the better part,
And love but one, the Kirse of all.

# THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

A SYRIAN TALE.

Nor far from the banks of the Orontes, and aloof from any other habitation, stood a Syrian cottage, where dwelt a peasant, his wife, and only son. It was the daily employment of the latter to lead the few sheep of his father to the hills, where the wild and sweet notes of his Syrian pipe often cheered the traveller on his way: the caravans travelling from Damascus to Bagdad sometimes passed by, and purchased of his father's flock; and nothing could exceed the joy of Semid when he heard the camel bell, and the mournful chaunt of the Arab driver, and saw the long train of the caravan winding up the moun-

tain path. He would then listen with delight to the tales of these travellers of the desert, and longed to accompany them on their way; but when he returned to the cottage at night, when the fire was kindled on the rude floor, the unleavened cake baked in the embers, and the milk, fruit, and honey from the hills, formed their repast; when he heard his parents say, in words of affection, that he was their only support and joy, he reproached himself for having ever cherished the thought of leaving them. But one night there arose a violent storm; the Orontes overflowed its banks, the blast came wild and furious

from the desert beyond, and moaned through the lonely group of fig-trees around the cottage with a sound as of destruction. Amidst the darkness and the beating of the rain was heard a voice of distress that seemed to implore admission and shelter. Semid arose, and on opening the door, a venerable man entered, whose green turban and toil-worn features proclaimed him to be a Hadgi, or pilgrim from Mecca; his beard descended nearly to his girdle, and overcome by fatigue and the violence of the storm, he threw himself on the coarse carpet which was spread for him, and hung over the blazing fire; and when he had drunk of the coffee presented him, his faded looks brightened with joy, and at last be broke silence, and gave the blessing of a Hadgi, and adored the goodness of Allah. The storm was hushed, the moon-light came through the lattice window of the cottage: the pilgrim knelt, and folding his hands on his breast-he prayed, fixing his eyes on earth, with intense devotion; he thrice pressed his forehead on the ground, and then stood, with his face to Mecca, and invoked the prophet.

Semid gazed on the stranger-he could be no wandering dervise; his aspect and manner were far superior to the poverty of his dress, and on the hem of his garment was embroidered that passage from the Koran, fit only for the good.-The next and several following day: the Hadgi was still a welcome guest; he had been a long and restless traveller, and when Semid was seated by his side in the rude portico of the cottage, as the sun was setting on the Orontes, and the wild mountains around, and he had given the chibouque into his hands, he drank in with insatiable delight every tale of wandering and peril on the wave and the wilderness which the other related. At last the day of his departure came, and Semid wept bitterly as he clasped the hand of the stranger, who, during his short stay, had become deeply attached to him, and who now turned to the father and mother, and raised his right hand to heaven, and attested his words by the name of Allah. "I am alone," he said, "in the world; the shaft of death has stricken from my side relative and friend; as I have beheld the Euphrates rush on its solitary course through the wild, that once flowed through the glory and light of the bowers of Eden. Yet suffer your son to cheer and brighten my way, and I will be to him both parent and counsellor; he shall partake of my wealth, and when three years have passed over our heads, he shall return to bless your declining years." It was long before the parents of Semid would consent to this proposal, but at last the prospect of their son's advancement, and of his return, endowed with knowledge and wealth, wrung a reluctant assent.—The sun's rays had not penetrated through the grove of figtrees that shadowed his home, when the youth and his companion directed their course across the plain, and on the third day entered the thick forests which terminated it, sleeping at night beneath the trees around the fire they had kindled. The toil of the way was lightened by the

converse of the moslemin, which was full of instruction and delight, yet mingled with much that was strange and wild, of genii, the power of evil and good spirits, and the marvellous events he had met with in his varied path. But he knew not that that path was so soon to be closed. One night, overcome by fatigue, and the excessive heat of the way, they had sunk to sleep in the wood, without taking the precaution of kindling a fire.-In the middle of the night Semid was awakened by a piercing shrick, and hastening to his companion, found he had been bitten by a serpent, whose wound was mortal; already the poison began to circulate through his veins, his limbs trembled, his face was flushed with crimson, and his eyes had a fatal lustre. He clasped the hand of the youth convulsively in his own, and pressed it to his heart. "O my son," he said, " Allah has called me at the midnight hour, and the angel of death has put his cup to my lips ere I thought it was prepared; and thou art left solitary like a bride widowed on her marriage morn:-thy friend and guide torn from thee, what will be thy fate?—and the wealth that would have been thine will now be scattered amongst strangers." He paused, and seemed lost in thought: the young Syrian supported his dying head on his knees, and his tears fell fast on the face that was soon to be shrouded from him for ever. Suddenly the old man drew forth from his bosom a memorial of his affection, that was indeed indelible, and fixing his look intensely on his friend, "Semid," he said, "I have hesitated whether to consign to you this ring, and darkness is on my spirit as to the result. Place this ring on your finger, and it will invest you with surpassing beauty of feature and form, which, if rightly used, will conduct you to honour and happiness; but if abused to the purpose of vicious indulgence, it will make sorrow and remorse your portion through life." He fainted, but reviving once more, "Turn my face to Mecca," he cried, "to the tomb of my prophet;" and striving to fix his eyes on the east, "I come, O loved of Allah-the dark realms of Eblis shall not be my home, nor El Arat have any terrors for me: thrice have these feet compassed the Caaba, where rest thy ashes; thrice to arrive there have they trod the burning desert, where thy promises were sweeter to me than the fountain or the shadow-receive me to thy paradise!" -He sank back, and died. All night the Syrian boy mourned loudly over the body of his benefactor; and the next day watched over it till sunset, when with difficulty he dug a rude grave and interred it .- Early on the second morning he pursued his way through the forest, and the sun was hot on the plain beyond, ere he advanced from its gloomy recesses.—He had placed the ring, of a green colour and without ornament, on his finger, and already amidst his grief for the loss of his friend, his heart swelled with vanity at the many advantages it had given him. -Oppressed with the heat be drew near to where a fountain gushed forth beneath a few palm-trees on the plain, and formed a limpid pool; he stooped to drink, but started back at beholding the change a few hours had made. The sun-burnt features of the shepherd boy had given place to a countenance of dazzling fairness and beauty; the dark ringlets clustered on the pure forehead over still darker eyes, whose look was irresistible; his step became haughty as he pursued his way, and saw each passenger fix on him a gaze of admiration, and he glanced with disdain on his coarse peasant's dress.

The sun was setting on the splendid mosques and gilt minarets of the city of Damascus, now full in view, when a numerous train of horsemen drew near; it was Hussein, the son of the Pacha, returning from the course. Struck at the sight of one so meanly clad, yet so extremely beautiful, he stopped and demanded whence he came and whither he was journeying; on Semid replying he was friendless and a stranger, he bade him follow his train, and added that on the morrow he should become one of his own guards. The next day, in his military habit, and rich arms, and mounted on a fine Arab courser, he rode by the prince's side. Each day now saw some improvement in the shepherd of the Orontes; possessing by nature a quick imagination. and an enterprising spirit, he made a rapid progress in the accomplishments of the court of Damascus.—Speedily promoted by Hussein, whose favourite he had become, and admired by all for the exquisite personal advantages he possessed; he joined with those of his own rank in every amusement and pleasure the city afforded. Sometimes they passed the hours in the superb coffee-houses, where the fountain spouted forth a lofty column of water, and the coolness and incessant murmur were delightful amidst the sultry heats-or on one of the light pleasurehouses built on piles in the midst of the rivers which rushed through the city, they sat at night on soft cushions, and coffee, sherbet, and other luxuries were served; and while the moon-light, mingled with the glare of lamps fell on the scene, they listened to the music and gazed on the bewitching dance of the Almeh girls .- Amidst scenes like these the memory of his father and mother, the lonely cottage on the river's bank, his few sheep, and his mountain solitudes, grew more and more faint; all love for simplicity and innocence of life and heart was lost irretrievably, and the senses were prepared to yield to the first attraction. The favourite of Hussein, a beautiful Circassian, had one morning, while walking beneath the sycamore trees by the river's side, seen Semid with the prince, and his uncommon loveliness of countenance and noble figure had inspired her with a desire of listening to his discourse. One day, as he sat beneath the portico of a coffee-house, a woman approached him whose employment it was to sell nosegays of flowers to the Turkish ladies; she drew one from her basket, and put it into his hand: the various flowers were so arranged as to convey a message from that lady, the fame of whose charms filled the whole city. Deeply flattered as the heart of Semid was at this discovery, and filled with intense curiosity to behold such perfections, he still hesitated; the dying words of the pilgrim of Mecca, came to his recollection, and conspired to deter him. But to be the object of solicitude of such a woman—the thought was irresistible. Night came, and the last call to prayer of the Muezzin from the minaret had ceased, when, disguised, he climbed the lofty wall that encircled the palace of the prince, and, gliding through the garden, was admitted and conducted through several apartments into the one that was the abode of the favourite. The moon-light came faintly through the windows of richly stained glass, and showed indistinctly the gold characters from the Koran inscribed beneath-the exquisite perfumes which filled the air, and the lulling murmur of the fountain gushing on the rich marble, stole on the senses with impressive power-the upper part, or divan, of the Serai was covered with the costly silks, carpets, and brocades of Persia and Damascus, with numerous sofas, cushions, and superb mirrorsand at the end of all, where the small cluster of silver lamps threw their light on an ottoman of crimson velvet and gold, reclined the young and haughty Circassian. She wore a blue Cashmere turban, clasped on her high and fair forehead by a wreath of diamonds, and beneath fell the raven ringlets of her hair, which were just suffered to rest on the right shoulder-the vest that confined the bosom, as if to contrast with its exquisite whiteness, was of black, and this was circled by a golden girdle—her right arm, the tunic thrown back, lay moveless like a wreath of snow on the dark ottoman, and on the left arm languidly rested her beautiful cheek. Dazzled at the sight of such excessive beauty, Semid stood motionless, unable to advance, or withdraw his eyes from the Circassian, who rose from her reclining posture, and waved her hand for him to be seated. Scarcely had he obeyed her, and recovering from his confusion, begun to declare his reverence for her condescension and beauty, when the loud sound of voices and steps rapidly approaching the Serai was heard. Semid started up, and paralysed by his feelings, gazed alternately at the lady, and at the door, through which he every moment expected the guards to burst with the sentence of death. In the agony of her fear, the lady clasped his hand so convulsively in hers, as, on his sudden starting from her side, to draw unconsciously the green ring from his finger. -At that moment she uttered a loud cry, and fixed her dark eyes on him; in place of the beautiful and matchless Semid, stood before her a venerable man, in appearance like an Imaun; his beard hung down to his girdle, his thin grey locks were scattered over his wrinkled front, and his look was sad and imploring. Just at this instant, Hussein and his attendants burst into the apartment, and searched in vain with bitter imprecation for the traitor Semid; the stranger, whose appearance bespoke him either a Hakim, or physician, or a teacher of religion, was suffered to depart unmolested. He rushed wildly into the streets of the city—they were silent and de-

serted, for every inhabitant had retired to rest; but there was no rest for the soul of Semid, no calm for the hopeless sorrow and devouring despair which now agitated it; he had cast from him for ever the only gift that would have raised him in the career of life, and when he gazed on his withered form, felt his limbs tremble, and the chill blast wave his white locks, he lifted his staff towards heaven, and cursed the hour when the stranger's steps came to the cottage of his father; and the still more fatal power of beauty which now left shame and wretchedness his only portion. He paced is cessantly the empty streets, which returned no sound save his own step, till the day dawned, and the numerous population began to appear, and the coffee-houses to fill, when he hurried into the retreats of the gardens. Worn out with fatigue and anguish, he fell fast asleep beneath the trees, but that sleep was worse than waking; his mind was filled with It was mid-day when he wild imaginings. awoke, and many had sought shelter from the sultry heat beneath the orange and citron trees around; sherbet and coffee were supplied by some of the sellers who had arranged their small shops on the spot. Semid gazed wildly on the various groups, for among them he discovered some of his dearest intimates; he would have rushed towards them, to share in their gay converse, to hear from their lips, perhaps, some words of consolation; but his robe was pulled by some children, who gazing up at the venerable and striking features of him they took for an lmaun, besought his blessing. "Blessing from me!" cried Semid; the thought was to his soul more bitter than the Erak tree to the famished traveller. "O Allah, who hast quenched the light of my path suddenly, and crushed me by thy doom: had I sunk slowly from youth to decrepitude, the rich pleasures of the world would have passed gently from my grasp: but yesterday, strength and glorious beauty were in this frame, and now it bends into the tomb; the friends of my soul pass me in their pride, and know me not. Who now shall love the wretched Semid?" He bent his steps towards the city and sought an obscure lodging; he shunned the crowded streets and sweet promenades by t e liver side, and retired to a cottage in the gardens near the city, that was shrouded by the mass of cypress and fruit trees amidst which it stood. Here, as solitude became more familiar to him, he began to regard the utter desolation of his condition with less anguish of spirit: at evening, he sometimes frequented the places, where the Imauns, the Mustis, and the learned of the city, associated; among these venerable men, his appearance ensured him respect; in their conversations on the deep things of religion, of nature, and of destiny, his mind became expanded and animated; he devoted his daily solitude to the study of the Koran, of medicine, and other sciences, with such success, that he became in time famous throughout the city; and the learned Imaun was admired, and listened to by all: -while others hung on the words that fell from his lips, while the aged were

silent, and the gay and thoughtless composed before him, new sources of consolation opened to his spirit, new motives attached him to life. Even then, as he passed by the splendid palaces in which his presence was once courted, and heard the sounds of joy within, and, bitterer than all, than even the despairing doom of the halls of Eblis, when woman's haughty step and look of resistless beauty, that sought him with allurement and delight, were now turned from the decayed Imaun with pity and aversion, he felt misery, that wisdom was unavailing to cure. To fly from these scenes he resolved to quit Damascus for ever; and at sunrise he issued out of the northern gate that conducts to Haleb. All the day he pursued his journey, and at night always found a kind welcome in the Syrian cottages. On the fifth evening the sky showed a fiery and unusual splendour; and night quickly came down on the scene, ushering in one of those furious tempests which arise so suddenly in the east: the rain fell in torrents, and the deep darkness was only broken by the lightning that flashed on the mountain path of Semid; he paused and listened, but there was no sound, save the loud voice of the blast as it rushed through the rocky passes, and the river foaming over its course beneath; overcome by fatigue, he despaired of reaching any place of shelter, when he suddenly perceived the light of some cottages on the declivity above. He entered one of them with the salutation "Salam Alicum," peace be to you, seldom coldly listened to; the cottagers spread for the venerable wanderer their best mat on the floor, in the midst of which the fire burned bright and cheerfully, and instantly prepared a simple repast, followed by coffee and the chibouque; the neighbours entered to sit with the stranger in token of respect and honour; the young peasants danced to the guitar and pipe, and many a mountain song was sung. Pleased at this scene of gaiety and joy, and by the kindness and veneration paid him, the spirits of the wanderer were elevated, and he forgot his sorrows for a while, gazed on the group before him with a delighted eye, and began to converse with so much eloquence and wisdom that the auditors listened with hushed and eager attention: he talked of the vicissitudes with which Allah visits our path of life, of death, and the scenes of beauty and everlasting bloom reserved for the faithful: when he suddenly paused-the children of the family had clasped his knees, and were gazing on his features-the sound of the torrent dashing over its rocky path had caught his ear-and that group-that hourall brought back the vivid, the bitter memory of what had been. He clasped his hands, and uttered a cry of anguish-" On such a night," he exclaimed, " came the stranger to my native home, as the Orontes rushed by in its fury; amidst the voice of the storm he prayed for shelter, and his words of melody lured me away. O my father and my mother! whose looks are bent over the desert for the steps of your son; never can you behold him again: were he to approach your door, you would thrust him away as an impostor; and his withered

form would be bent in anguish over the scenes of his childhood:" and "mock not my misery with their presence," he said, as he thrust the children from him with a trembling hand. "Let me roam again.through the storm and darkness, but see not their eyes bent on mine, hear not their voice calling on me, whose withering heart can never know a father's love—to cheer my childless, dark, and desolate path! O! for a mother's tears falling on this hopeless bosom—but it may not be." He bent his head to the earth, and the tears streamed fast down his withered cheek; the villagers gazed with wonder at the stranger's emotion, but it grew late, and they dropped off one after the other to their homes. After a night of disturbed repose, Semid bade an early adieu to these friendly people, and pursued his journey; the day was beautiful, and descending the region of mountains, he entered on a rich and extensive plain, and at last drew near one of those Khans, built in lonely situations for the accommodation of travellers; it was divided into two stories, the lower for the camels and horses, the upper for the lodging of the merchants; and a fountain rose in the middle of the area below. Here, natives of various nations had already arrived; the Armenian and Persian, the Jew and the Tartar, mingled together in the apartments, which offered no luxuries save the bare walls and floor: each spread his mat, or rich carpet, according to his wealth; lighted his fire, and the coffee being prepared, took his long pipe, and entered into animated conversation, or sat silent, lost in musing. Semid found no want of invitations to partake of their cheer; for long and lonely journies such as these, create benevolent and kindly feelings to each other. The light had not long faded on the plain, ere each traveller, fatigued, stretched himself on his mat to seek repose, and soon after dawn of the ensuing day they had pursued their various and distant routes.

The Imaun took his staff, and again bent his steps towards Haleb; a small river ran through the plain; the tents of some wandering Bedouins were pitched on its banks; their flocks were feeding beside them; and a solitary Arab was seen here and there roaming over the plain, on which his spear, his white turban and cloak, gleamed in the fierce sun-light. As Semid brooded over his sad destiny-he could not help acknowledging the justice of Allah; since, had he not yielded to guilty temptation, and fled in the face of the dying counsel of his benefactor, the wanderer from Mecca, he had remained still happy, loved, and caressed. He gazed with joy afar off on the minarets of Haleb, as the termination of his journey, and night fell ere he entered The streets were silent, and he roamed through the populous city to seek a place of refreshment and rest; but as he passed the door of a splendid palace, he heard sounds from within of distress and agony; he stopped to listen; they became louder and more hopeless, when the door suddenly opened, and many persons rushed wildly out, as if in hurried search of some one. At sight of Semid, they instantly addressed him, and drew him forward into the palace, conjuring him to quicken his steps, and exert all his skill, for that she who lay expiring was the beloved of their prince, and adored by all who approached her.

They quickly entered the superb saloon from whence issued those cries of distress; the richly painted ceiling of that chamber of luxury was supported by a double row of white marble pillars. to each of which was suspended a silver lamp; vases of orange and trees of perfume, with fountains that gushed through mouths of amber, spread coolness and odours around. But the gaze of all was fixed on a low ottoman, on which reclined helplessly a woman of exquisite beauty, her delicate limbs writhing in agony. On one white arm fell the loose tresses of her raven hair, while the other was laid on the boson of her young and devoted husband, the Pacha of Haleb. The ravages of the poison, administered by a rival lady, were already visible on her forehead, and wan and beautiful lips; her eyes, commanding even in death, were fixed on the group around, with a look as if she mourned deeply to be thus torn from all she loved, but still scorned her rival's arts; her golden girdle was burst by the convulsive pangs that heaved her bosom—the angel of death had seized her for his own. Every eye was turned on the venerable stranger, who had been mistaken by the attendants for a physician, and who saw instantly that all aid was vain; he took her hand in his to feel the pulse. when his finger pressed, and his glance at the same instant caught the green ring that had been the source of all his misfortunes. The Circassian suddenly raised her eyes on the venerable form before her, knew instantly her once-loved but ruined Semid, and with her last look fixed full on him, she gave a deep sigh, and expired.

When the cries and wailings which filled the saloon had subsided, and all had withdrawn save one or two favourite attendants, Semid bent in anguish over the murdered form of that young and ill-fated lady, and his tears fell fast on those features which even in death were irresistibly lovely: he then drew the ring from her finger and placed it on his own, and covering his face with his cloak, rushed from the apartment. The moon-light was cast vividly over the silent streets and dwellings of Haleb, and on the sands of the desert that encircled them without. What a charm had that stillness and solitude for the heart of Semid then; in the fulness of its delight he fixed his eagle eye on the blue and cloudless sky, and on the dreary wastes around; his feelings were indescribable. As his firm and haughty step passed rapidly along, his dark hair fell in profusion on his neck, and the folds of his garment displayed the contour of his graceful limbs. "Again," he exclaimed, "youth, and beauty, and power are mine; men will gaze on me with envy, and woman's eye shall no more be turned from this form with pity and aversion; and the world is to me once more a field of pleasure, triumph, and love." At that moment the Muezzin's voice was heard from the summit of the white minaret calling to prayers, and the wanderer fell on his knees, and

poured out his heartfelt thanks to Allah, who had caused the clouds of sorrow to pass from his path, and made its desolation as the gardens of the blest.

He resolved immediately to quit the city, and enjoy the pleasure of travelling through new and distant scenes, and having purchased horses, and hired a servant, he departed, and directed his course towards Bagdad.

On the evening of the second day he overtook a small caravan of merchants travelling the same route, with their camels loaded with the costly silks and stuffs of Syria. Their progress, as of all the eastern caravans, was slow, and as night drew on, they halted in some spot which possessed a shade and a fountain of water. The tents were then pitched, the fires lighted, and the camels turned loose in the desert; the evening meal was prepared in the open air by the domestics, who had spread the rich carpets on the earth, and the merchants having quickly and sparingly partaken of the repast, formed a circle, sipped their coffee, and conversed at intervals; while the Arab camel drivers seated round their fire, ate their coarse repast, and told their tales with infinite animation. The following day, as they pursued their journey, Semid fell into conversation with one of the merchants, an elderly man, of a mild and impressive aspect, who listened with delight and wonder to the discourse of the stranger, which few could hear unmoved, as to his youth and exquisite beauty were now added the wisdom and experience he had acquired as an Imaun. As they drew near the termination of their journey, the merchant of Bagdad grew more and more attached to Semid, and earnestly pressed him, as he had no home of his own, to reside under his roof, partake of the toils and cares of his business, and to be to him as a son. They soon beheld the Tigris flowing in its pride beneath the walls of Bagdad, and entered the gardens of palm-trees on its banks. Passing through several narrow and unpaved streets, the merchant and his friend stopped at the low door of a mean-looking habitation. Being admitted, a scene of luxury appeared within. The court or area was adorned by a noble fountain, over which hung the orange and lemon trees; recesses in the walls, covered with cushions and carpets, invited to repose; and the interior apartments were splendidly furnished; and when the merchant of Bagdad, after the travellers had bathed and perfumed themselves, bade a slave call his child, his Houlema, to welcome her father and his friend, Semid saw only the form, heard only the voice of the girl of Bag lad. It was evening, and the cool apartment, with its trellised and projecting windows, hung over the waters beneath; the moon, that lit up the waves and their shores, cast her light through the open latticework, at which sat Houlema, who had taken her guitar, and as she sang verses expressive of the joys of home, and its dear affections, after long and cruel separations, like the cool wave of the Tigris amidst the burning sands that surround it, her voice was inexpressibly sweet. Her form was of the middle size, and her complexion excessively fair; her eyes were hazel, her hair dark, and her bust lovelier than was ever formed by a Grecian sculptor; the small and delicate foot was no way concealed by the rich sandal that held it, and the white and rounded arm was exposed nearly to the shoulder; in her whole air, in every look and word, there was a spirit, a vivacity, as if the soul itself were infused in it.

As Semid gazed and listened to her voice, he felt a charm come over his spirit, far different to that which the superior beauty of the Circassian had inspired.

His venerable patron now began to initiate him in the details of commerce, sent him sometimes with a caravan of merchandise to Bussora, and other parts of the Persian gulf, and assigned him a portion of his gains. Semid saw his inoreasing fortune with indifference, in every journey always anticipating the hour of return; he gazed with rapture from afar on the blue wave of the Tigris that circled round the dwelling of his beloved Houlema. The father, who from the first had destined his only child for his favourite, to whom he felt as to an only son, saw their growing passion with pleasure. Often when the lovers were seated in the cool kiosque that overlooked the wide plain beyond the city, Semid told of the various scenes and reverses he had passed through, while his fine eyes and matchless features beamed with affection; Houlema thought she never had beheld so fascinating a being, or listened to a voice of such soul-touching melody. Till then new to love, she yielded resistlessly to her passion; she then took her guitar, and sang of the bliss of kindred spirits, devoted to each other's love, till blasted by inconstancy and coldness, like the angels Haruth and Maruth, who the realms of Allah, ere, temptlived orious ed to wander to the scenes of earth, they fell. "She loves me for myself alone," thought Semid, "and not for my beauty: unlike the youthful Circassian, whose impetuous and sudden affection wrought my ruin: bred up in retirement, and untainted by dissipation, in her tenderness I shall find a resting-place at last." So thought the wanderer, who with all his sorrows and experience knew not yet the hopelessness of inconstancy.

Semid had been absent for some weeks on a journey to Basra, and one evening Houlema was solacing herself with music in the apartment in which she had so often sat with him, and anticipating his return, when the chief officer of the Pacha of Bagdad returning home on the opposite shore of the Tigris, heard those sweet sounds waited across in the stillness of the night, and listened with rapture. The next day he told his prince that he had heard melody, such as none but the Houris who attend the blest could have made, and that the woman who possessed such a voice must be inexpressibly beautiful.

The Prince's curiosity was awakened, he directed inquiries to be made, and was soon acquainted that it was the daughter of the old merchant, whose melody was only inferior to her

loveliness. Resolved to gratify his passionate desire of seeing her, he put on the disguise of a merchant, who sold precious stones and ornaments, and being admitted with some difficulty, by displaying some splendid jewels to the sight of Houlema, was enraptured with her beauty. On the following day he sent for the father, and demanded his daughter in marriage; the old man, undazzled by the prospect of grandeur for his child, and faithful to his promise to Semid, gave a submissive but decided refusal. Although enraged at having his hopes crossed by a subject, yet confiding in his own attractions and rank, he came magnificently attired and attended to the merchant's house, and requesting an interview with Houlema in her father's presence, he declared his passion, and offered her his heart and throne, declaring he would cease to love any other woman for her sake. Houlema shrank from the splendid offer; her lover, beautiful and devoted, rushed to her thoughts; she felt how dear he was to her: again she looked on the imploring Prince; he was very handsome, his dignity gave him additional attractions; and, when he swore by the Prophet and the Caaba, that she should be the sole companion of his life and leve. the admired and adored of his court, the words were inexpressibly sweet to her. Seduced by such tenderness and devotion, and the glowing pictures her lover drew of her future glory as the Princess of Bagdad, she consented at last to become his bride.

Semid, full of anticipations of love and happiness, returned to Bagdad, and hastened to the home of his friend, who met him with a countenance of sorrow and confusion, and acquainted him with the infidelity of Houlema, and deplored her ingratitude. Overwhelmed with anguish, he would have sought his intended bride in the palace of the Pacha, had not the father restrained him, and calmed his cruel agitation; then raising his eyes, streaming with tears to Heaven, he called on Allah to witness the treachery of his mistress, and abjured for ever the destructive beauty of woman, which first in the Circassian had plunged him in exquisite misery; and now, in the perfidious Houlema, had driven him forth again a wanderer on the earth. Saying this, he rushed out of the apartment, and, mounting his horse, left Bagdad for ever behind him. For several days he pursued his way, heedless of its direction: whether his head sank on the desert-bed or on the mountain-rock, whether the sun shone on his parched breast, or the fountain cooled his burning lips, his misery was all within. One night as he passed over a sandy tract, he saw not very far before him a traveller attacked by a small party of Bedouins. Hastening up, his own and his servants' aid decided the day, and the Arabstook

The Turk, who was wounded, was most grateful for this timely aid, and implored his deliverer to accompany him to his home; and, as all situations were at this moment alike, he consented willingly. Day after day the travellers proceeded over melancholy wastes of sand, on which

rested the burning rays of the sun, till at last a dark spot was visible in the horizon, and as they drew near, exquisitely grateful was the deep verdure of various trees, and the shade of the palm and cypress trees which stood waveless in the silent desert, like the ruins of an eastern temple.

In this deep and beautiful retreat, encircled by a high wall, lived the generous Turk with his only sister; left orphans at an early age, they had become inseparably attached to each other. Every effort was used by them to make Semid's residence agreeable; and, soothed by the attentions, and interested by the accomplishments, of the young Kaloula, his dejection and anguish by degrees abated. In order to interest his deliverer, Achmed invited a party of his friends to an entertainment, and his Arab servants traversed the waste in various directions to the fertile tracts on its borders. In that oriental banquet every luxury appeared, whether allowed or forbidden by the Koran, the various wines of Syria, the rich fruits and conserves of Damascus, the delicacies of Sheraz.

As night drew on, and the conversation became more animated, it was proposed, after the oriental custom, that each guest should tell a tale, or relate some remarkable event of his life; one told his dangerous pilgrimage to Mecca, another a tale of the Afrit or the Goule, till it came to Semid's tura, who, put off his guard by the gaiety and interest of the scene, began most imprudently to relate the great incident of his life, the gift of the ring. As he proceeded, some of the guests became thoughtful, others looked incredulous, but Kaloula never took her glance from the ring on which it was intensely fixed, and during the rest of the evening her manner was abstracted, and her mind wandering far from the present scene. Afterwards, when seated by her side in the garden at sun-set, Semid observed that her vivacity was gone: at times her tone and look were hurried and wild, and then sad and despairing. In her society he had felt a new and vivid interest; ungifted with the matchless beauty of the Circassian, or the sweetness of temper. and charm of song and melody, of Houlema, there was in her that high energy of mind, and richness of imagination which inevitably attract in woman; and Semid, when listening to her fascinating conversation, thought the charms of beauty outdone. Accustomed all her life to the solitude of her brother's home, Kaloula's haughty spirit was nursed amidst scenes savage and inspiring. It had been her delight to guide her courser into the deep retreats of the desert, and no where is nature so sublime as there; and when seated at her lattice window or in the garden beneath, she had beheld the slow caravan wind its way amidst the burning sands, in which thousands of various nations and aspects were mingled; and again, when the bands of Bedouins had rushed on their prey, she had heard the fierce shouts of the battle in the desert, and seen the spectacle of pain and death. At times she loved to gaze on the wild and desolate scenery around, when the moon had given it a sad brightness, and

its silence was broken only by the rapid fight of the Bedouin's courser, or the cry of the hyena. At times the lonely traveller, or the caravan merchant, when the mid-day heats were fiercest, would approach with longing eye that lovely group of trees, and implore to drink of its fountains, as the richest boon of Heaven; from them she heard tales of other lands and descriptions of scenes which she longed to visit.

Won by the personal attractions, and eloquent converse of the stranger, she loved him; still that passion struggled with ambition and pride. Often Semid observed, as her look fell on the ring on his finger, her colour changed, and she "Were that ring but uttered a deep sigh. mine," murmured the haughty girl, "what a scene of triumph and delight would it open to me. The princes of the east would vie for the possession of Kaloula's charms, to which the beauty of all women would then yield. glory, who defended the city whose ruins are in the desert, the Queen of Palmyra, would not surpass mine. My path would no longer be in this far solitude, but be high, commanding, and immortal."

The conflict of thought was too severe; her noble form became emaciated, the lustre fled from her dark eye, and its look of tenderness turned on her lover was often changed for one of borror. It was past the hour of noon on one of those days when, to breathe the open air is almost to inhale the blast of death, the very fountains seemed to gush languidly, and the leaves to wither on the trees; and Semid, overcome with the heat, had thrown himself almost fainting on a sofa, when Kaloula approached and earnestly pressed him to drink of some cool sherbet prepared by her own hands. There was something in her voice and manner, in the burning hue of her cheek, that infused a sudden suspicion into his mind. He took the vase of sherbet from her trembling hand, and turning aside his face pretended to drink, but poured the contents into his vest. He then languidly reclined, and appeared to fall into a deep sleep; an hour passed away, and a soft step approached the door; it faltered, and seemed to retire; but soon was heard more burriedly advancing, and at last entered the apartment. It was Kaloula; she went to the window, and gazed on the burning sand and sky, and then turned her pale face, that was bathed in tears, to Semid, who lay motionless, and appeared to breathe no longer. She then drew near the ottoman and bent in silent anguish for awhile over him, when with a sudden effort she stretched forth her hand and clasped the ring to take it from his finger. Semid sprang from the couch, and looked on Kaloula with an indescribable expression, who, clasping her hands violently, uttered a loud cry, and sank insensible on the floor. He bent in agony over her. "Again," be exclaimed, "have I leaned as my last hope woman's love, and it has pierced my soul. O! prophet of my faith, I discern now thy wisdom, at which I have murmured, in severing woman from our path in the world of bliss; since cru-"

and ambition can be cherished amidst feelings of kindness and love. Never will I yield again to her charms, or be swayed by her artful wiles."

He hastened from the dwelling, and all night long in deep anguish of soul pursued his way. On the evening of the 10th day he stood on the declivity of a range of mountains, on whose snows lay the last beams of the sun; and a noble plain was spread at their feet, in the midst of which stood the ruins of a superb temple. Semid drew near, as the night was falling around, and took up his abode in one of the ruined apartments; and when day broke he was struck with admiration and wonder at a sight so new to him. A corridor of pillars, with capitals of exquisite beauty, encircled the temple, which, though roofless, and its many niches despoiled of their statues, looked in its naked grandeur as if time might have no power over it. Here Semid thought he had found a habitation and solitude, where woman's step would never intrude, and he could indulge his sorrows unmolested. Several days had passed, and the fruits that grew on the plain composed his meals, when one evening, whilst the air was cool, he perceived a girl habited in a simple Syrian dress, approaching the She started with surprise at seeing a stranger; but recovering herself, asked what induced him to remain in so lonely a spot, and why he had never visited her father, who was the Imaun of the village behind the mountain, and would be happy to show him hospitality. Semid promised to come to the village, and the next day, crossing the mountain, he was received by the priest of the prophet with the greatest kindness. After a simple repast, Melahie took her guitar, and sang some native Syrian melodies with great sweetness. Delighted with his visit, the traveller's solitude seemed less welcome on his return. A few days passed, ere Malabie came again, and sitting on a part of the ruins beside Semid, she told him their history as far as she knew, and listened to his tales of other lands, and of his travels, with intense interest. Her form was slender, and, unlike the women of the east, her hair was light, and her eyes blue; but they had a look of irresistible sweetness and innocence, and her delicate features reflected every feeling of her soul. He frequently visited her father's cottage, and her steps still oftener sought the lonely ruin. Seated by Semid's side, and fixed on his pleasing discourse, she was happy; and he could not see the intense interest he inspired, while her tears fell fast at the picture of his sorrows, or her eyes kindled with delight when he told how his sad destiny was changed, without feeling his own heart deeply moved. He saw that she loved him, and soon felt that this entire confidence, this sweet diffidence and surrender of feeling, in a young and devoted woman, is far more dangerous than any studied allurement.

Still he imagined she loved him only for his beauty, or because she saw in him superior accomplishments to all around her. One evening as the Syrian was seated in silence beside him, and gazing on the rich scenery, Semid auddenly

addressed her: "Melahie, it is in vain to disguise our mutual affection; but you repose your peace on me only to be deceived; let me warn you that he who has appeared to you thus beautiful and interesting only deludes you. You see before you a magician of power, and of malice equal to his power, but not to injure you. Turn your eyes on your lover now." He suddenly drew the ring from his finger; the girl shricked, and starting from her seat covered her face with her hands, for before her stood no longer the captivating stranger, but an elderly, pale, and sorrow stricken man; yet his look was haughty and full of fire, and waving his hand impressively, "fly from me now," he said, " you see me in my true colours; your beautiful lover is no more." Melahie turned on him for a moment a look of fixed sadness, and then silently departed. weeks passed, and still she came not to his lonely abode; but one morning as he stood sadly musing amidst the monuments of former glory, he saw her slowly walking towards him; but her beauty was faded by sorrow, and her delicate form wasted, and when she beheld the venerable figure of her once adored lover, an expression of exquisite anguish passed over her features. Still she drank in every word that fell from his lips, though the music of that voice had ceased, and the tone was cold and faltering; when he bade her fly from his solitude, and shun the evil destiny that surrounded him, and the treacherous allurements that might yet ensnare her, she burst into tears, unable to vanquish her love, yet shrinking from the painful change she witnessed.

The last evening they were thus to meet she found him reclined at the foot of a pillar; his countenance was paler, his eye more hollow than when she saw him last, and his whole air that of a man to whom earthly things are soon to be no more. "You are come, Melahie," he said, fixing his eyes with a mournful expression on her, in time to bid me farewell for ever. You cannot grieve much for one whom it is impossible you could love. Semid, young and beautiful, engaged your affection, but oppressed with years, and sinking beneath his sorrows, the stranger will rest unremembered in his grave!"

"Never! oh! never," replied the beautiful Syrian, "can Melahie forget the stranger she once loved. Dark and mysterious as your path may seem, mine shall be united with it to the last. I loved you not for your beauty, Semid, it was for the charms of your discourse, the riches of your mind, and, above all, the new world of thought and imagination which you opened to me; when I left you, those scenes and glowing pictures haunted me still; in my dreams they came to me, and with all, your image was for ever blended. Radiant with beauty it came, and now thus fallen, it is still the same Semid who speaks to me, it is his spirit that casts its spell around mine, and death cannot break it."

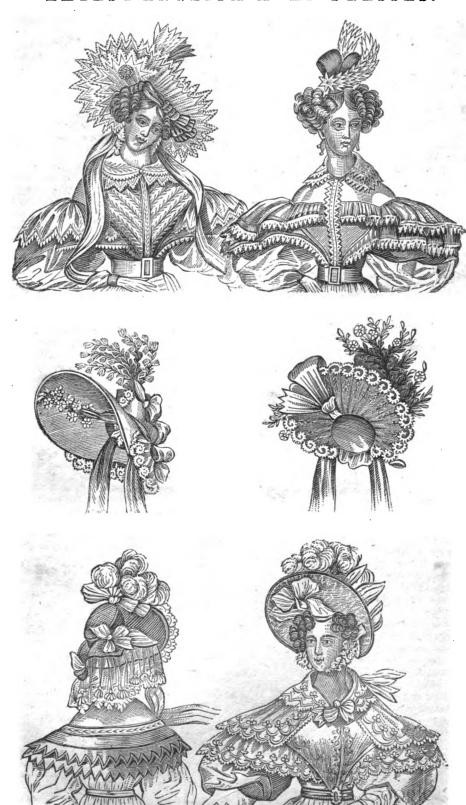
"It is vain," said Semid; "the hour is near that will close these eyes for ever. Azrael comes to summon me; already I hear the rushing of his wings. Look where the last light of day is reating on the mountain snows; it will soon disappear; but when it rests on this pillar, and encircles this weary head, you will see your Semid expire." "Leave me not thus," exclaimed Melahie, weeping bitterly; "but soon shall I cease to be alone, I feel my heart is breaking, it has struggled for rest without you, but it may not be."

She ceased; for the sun leaving the darkening plain below, threw over the temple a golden hue, and rested on the pillar on which Semid was reclining. His look was sadly fixed on the crimsoning sky, his frame trembled, and as the red light was fading the young Syrian clasped her arm round his neck, and gazing on him as if for the last time: "O! Semid," she murmured, "my first, my only love; together we will quit this world of sorrow, and Melahie will not be parted in death, or in eternity." At these words he suddenly rose and drew the ring again on his finger, the lustre came to Melahie's eye, and the colour rushed to her cheek, for she gazed once more on the blooming and devoted Semid, who clasped her to his breast; "It is mine at last," he exclaimed; "the blessing I implored of Allah, but never hoped to find—a woman who truly loved me; we will go to the banks of the Orontes, to my father's cottage, and live amidst the scenes of my childhood. O Prophet of my faith! who amidst thy sufferings didst find in Cadija a true and imperishable love:—when I sought beauty alone, my hope perished, and thy mercy left me. Thou hast taught me by bitter sorrows that the value of a faithful and tender heart is above that of the richest charms of form and feature—of wealth or splendour—thy blessing shall rest upon our path for ever."

#### EVENING.

There are two periods in the life of man, in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting -in youth and in old age. In youth, we love it for its mellow moonlight, its million of stars, its then rich and soothing shades, its still serenity; amid these we can commune with our loves, or twine the wreaths of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens and the spirits that hold their endless sabbath there-or look into the deep bosom of creation, spread abroad like a canopy above us, and look and listen until we can almost see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other worlds. To youth, evening is delightful it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the fervor of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. Evening is, also, the delight of virtuous age; it affords hours of undisturbed contemplation; it seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of busy life—serene, placid, and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet wings over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

# LATEST EXCLISIN MEAD DEESSES.



## THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT.

"Within the sanctuary of almost every human heart there is a vague and resiless dreaming of unappreciated transit or conscious superiority over others; and while to well regulated minds, this serves only as another proof of a future and more extended sphere of existence, in others it creates an aversion to the pleasures and affections of life, as trifles beneath their gaze, and with which they can hold no communion."—Master's Sketckee.

Mount up, mount up, thou warrior bird,
To the fields of the upper air,
Where the din and the tempests of earth are not heard,
The home of thy spirit is there!
Go, then, and gaze on the rising sun,
Ere this world is tinged with his glow—
And follow his course when his journey is done,

I go—I go—I linger too long
O'er the haunts of this gloomy earth,
I will haste to the birth place of light and of song,
Of glory and beauty and mirth;
Nearer and brighter will be each star,
And its radiance seem more clear,
When I gaze on this world in its darkness afar,
A lonely and desolate aphere.

To the eyes of mortals below.

I return—I return—all is fair,
In those scenes, but no answering tone,
No spirits of love and of kindred are there.
And my heart is weary and lone;
Vain is the brightness of skies above,
When we pant for the loftier dome;
And from this dim earth arise volces of love,
Which are calling the wand'rer home.

It is thus—oh thus with those who turn,
From this beautiful world away—
Is song of affection and loveliness spurn,
As a simple and childish lay—
Led on by a bright but daxnling gleam,
They chase a bewildering thing,
Till they wake from their frenzied and feverish dream,
Asd return with a weary wing.

#### ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

I stand upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the southern sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie;
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever-restless steps of one, who now
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light;

For I have taught her, with delighted eye, To gaze upon the mountains; to behold, With deep affection, the pure, ample sky, And clouds along the blue abysses rolled; To love the song of waters, and to hear The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat, Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air; And, where the season's milder feryors beat, And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear The songs of birds and sound of running stream, Have come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy flercest, sun, thou canst not wake, In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen; The maze leaf, and the maple bough but take From thy fierce heats a deeper, glossier green; The mountain wind, that faints not in the ray, Sweeps the blue steams of pestlience away.

The mountain wind—most spiritual thing of all The wide earth knows—when in the suitry time. He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall, He seems the breath of a celestial clime—As if from heaven's wide open gates did flow Health and refreshments on the world below.

From the London Juvenile Perget-Me-Not.

## FRANK FINLAY.

#### BY MISS LESLIE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"AURA! dear Aura!" exclaimed Lewis Marshall, "turn round a moment from the looking glass, and hear the good news I have brought you. We are to have a glorious sleighing-party next Wednesday, and a dance at the new house, to do honour to your fourteenth birth-day. My mother has just told me, and, without waiting for particulars, I ran away immediately to let you know."

"I am much obliged to you," replied Aura, "but, of course, I knew it before you did. The Miss Dawsons first proposed it. Poor girls! they are completely out of their element in this dull country place, and are glad to start any thing by way of variety. My mother wished us to have the party here at home, and it was only this morning that she consented to its taking place at the new house; which is certainly a preferable arrangement, as we can then have the pleasure of sleighing as well as dancing."

Lewis. To be sure; and the sleighing is the best-part of the pleasure. The snow is in fine and we shall colling the streaks of lightning.—

Well, the first thing to be done is to invite all the neighbours.

Aura. All!

Lewis. I mean all the boys and girls. I may as well start at once, and go round in the sleigh with the invitations. I like to see the happy faces on such occasions.

Aura. Stay, Lewis, and listen to me. This is my birth-day party, and I am determined it shall be select.

Lewis. Select! That is one of the words you have learned at boarding-school. I am tired of it already. We never were select before, and why should we be so now? Come, let us, however, make a beginning with the invitations. Where shall I go first? To Big 'Possum or to Hominy Town?

Aura. As to Big 'Possum, 1 intend for the rest of my life, to cut every man, woman, and child, in that whole settlement. And as to the place you call Hominy Town, 1 won't answer, till you give it its new name of Science-ville. Are there not two Lyceums located there?

Levois. Lyceums! Fiddlesticks! Two log school-houses, where Increase Frost of Vermont sets up in opposition to Maintain Bones of Connecticut!

Aura. Well, I must own that, after all, the preceptors are nothing more than mere Yankee schoolmasters. But there is Monsieur Nasillard's French Study.

Lewis. Yes, the back-room of his wife's barber-shop.

Aura. You need not trouble yourself about the invitations. I shall write notes, and send them by Pompey. The Miss Dawsons would be horrified to receive theirs in any other way, and so would their brother, Mr. Richard Dawson, who reads law.

Lewis. He might as well read Tom Thumb, for all the good his law-books will ever do him. The lawyers that get forward on this side of the Allegany are made of different stuff from Dick Dawson. Nothing could have started him west but the prospect of no business in Philadelphia. That's also Frank Finlay's opinion. Now I talk of Frank Finlay, I can certainly go over and give him his invitation without the ceremony of a note.

Aura. Now you talk of Frank Finlay, he shall have no invitation at all.

Lewis. No invitation at all! Aura, you are not in earnest?

Aura. Yes, 1 am. Frank Finlay shall not be of the sleighing-party. Do you think I could live and see him there before the Miss Dawsons, in that vile purple and yellow waistcoat, that he always wears on great occasions.

Lewis. I never knew a girl go so much by waistcoats. A fellow is in or out of favour with you, just according to his waistcoat.

Aura. As to Frank Finlay, his waistcoat is not the worst of him neither. Think of his head!

Lewis. Inside or out?

Aura. I mean the way in which his hair is cut.

Lewis. Why, his hair is well enough. I can
prove that it was not done by a pumpkin-shell,
as I cut it for him myself the last time it wanted
trimming.

Aura. Oh! then, no wonder it is all in scollops!

Lewis. Well, as Frank is a good-natured fellow, I can easily prevail on him to get over his scruples about having his hair cut by a woman, and I'll go with him to Madame Nasillard and she shall give him a touch of her trade.

Aura. Then, his pantaloons are always too

Lewis. That is because he grows so fast. But he got a new pair the other day, with two tucks in them, and if he should grow considerably between this and Wednesday, it is very easy to let out a tuck.

Aura. Altogether his costume is intolerable, and he shall not come to the party. Ungentility makes me nervous, particularly in presence of the Miss Dawsons. Suppose, now, that Frank was to ask one of the Miss Dawsons to dance?

Lewis. No fear of that, as long as they can

get other partners, for I can assure you he likes the Dawsons quite as little as I do.—A set of insolent, affected, pretending flirts, whose father, being unable to support their folly and extravagance in Philadelphia, has come to this side of the mountain, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and living cheap. You were just beginning to get a little over the boarding-school, when these Dawsons came into the neighbourhood; and, finding our house a convenient visiting-place, they were glad enough to establish an intimacy with you, and have turned your head all over again.

Aura. Lewis, you may say what you please, but even in a republican country, there are certainly distinctions in society, and it is the duty of genteel people to keep them up.

Lewis. I heard Dick Dawson say those very words last Friday.

Aura. You cannot deny that the Dawson family and ours are at the head of society in the neighbourhood of Science-ville.

Lewis. I shall still call it Hominy Town.

Aura. Nonsense!—And is there an estate in the whole country that can vie with my father's plantation.

Lewis. Farm, farm!

Aura. No such thing! Nobody shall call me a farmer's daughter. Is not my father in the Assembly, in the State Legislature?

Lewis. Well, and so might Frank Finlay's father have been, only he would not run for candidate when they asked him, as he knew himself to be not clever at making speeches, (as my father is,) and he did not wish to be outtalked by the lawyer-members whenever he felt himself to be in the right. And as to the value of the Finlay farm and ours, there is not the toss of a copper between them. You'll see what Frank will make of that tract of hickory when he gets it into his own hands, and also the dog-wood boton.

Aura. As to that, he will be more likely to go farther west than to stay on his father's land.

Lewis. And, though Frank has not had a city education, there is not a smarter fellow to be found on this side the Allegany, or one that is more acute at reading, writing, and cyphering.

Aura. That is all he can boast of.

Lewis. No, it is not all. He reads five or six newspapers every day, besides other things. He can also tell you as much about the revolutionary war as if he had fought in it.

Aura. Ah! he got all that information from his two grandfathers and his five old uncles, who

did fight in it.

Lewis. Well, and their having done so proves that he is come of a good stock. And he has at his finger-ends the life of Dr. Franklin, after whom he was called.

Aura. That's nothing. Almost every child in America has read the Life of Dr. Franklin.

Lewis. As to the Constitution of the United States, I believe he knows it by heart. And then, when there are none present but boys, you would be amazed to hear how he can talk of rail-roads, and canals, and steam-boats, and manufactures, and coal, and other things of the highest importance to the nation. But, above all, he knows the whole history of Buonaparte.

Aura. Still he does not make such a figure as

Richard Dawson.

Lewis. So much the better.

Aura. There is no elegance whatever about Frank Finlay.

Lewis. Nonsense! Now I insist on it that Frank is a fine-looking fellow, besides being one of the best shots in the country. Is he not as straight as an Indian, and has he not red cheeks, and white teeth, and bright black eyes?

Aura. But still, as the Miss Dawsons say, he wants manner. Think how they must be struck with the difference between Frank Finlay and their brother!

Lewis. Yes. There is, indeed, a difference. Do you remember the story of the backwoodsman that went to a gunsmith to buy a new rifle, and the gunsmith asked him if he would have a gun that, when discharged, made a spitter-spitter-spattering, or one that went je-bunk? Do you see the moral? Frank Finlay always goes je-bunk, and is, of course, far preferable to Dick Dawson with his spitter-spitter spattering.

Aura. I suppose you mean that he has the

most energy.

Lewis. Come now, Aura, do be good! Away with all this folly, and let poor Frank join the party.

Aura. Upon farther consideration-

Lewis. (Patting her shoulder)—Ah! that's right! I knew you would at last listen to reason.

Aura. On farther consideration, his dancing is sufficient to exclude him from society. I can-

not tolerate his jumps and shuffles.

Lewis. I acknowledge the jumps, but I deny the shuffles. Why, you could not say worse of him if he danced like a Kentucky boatman, with his hat on his head, and a segar in his mouth.

Aura. Say no more about him. On account of the Miss Dawsons, and their brother, who is reading law-

Lewis. The puppy!

Aura. My party must be select.

Lewis. Don't say that again.

Aura. I will tell you whom I intend to invite-Lewis. I'll not hear—I'll not listen—I'm angry, and sorry, and affronted at you.

Aura. Now, Lewis, be pacified.

Lewis. I will not.

Aura. Do, now! And consider that it is my birth-day party. Surely every one ought to be bappy on their own birth-day, and I shall not be bappy if Frank Finlay is before my eyes all the time. If he is present, my pleasure will be entirely destroyed, and I am sure my brother Lewis would be sorry if that were the case (taking his kand.)

Lewis. Well, as it is your own party, I suppose you must have your own way. But you had better not inform my mother that Frank Finlay is to be left out. You know, when my father first came to this settlement (long before

you and I were born) he had some difficulty about paying government for the land (for it was bought from the United States;) but Mr. Finlay lent him money, and helped him out, and made all easy. Though my father is now a rich man, and needs no assistance from any one, still his gratitude and friendship for the Finlay family are as warm as ever.

Aura. My mother need not know whether or not Frank is invited-unless you tell her.

Lewis. I have too much honour in me to tell tales of a girl, however bad she may be. Aura, sister Aura, I wish I could see you once more the innocent, good-humoured, pleasant little thing that gladdened all our hearts, before you went to the boarding-school, and before you knew the Dawsons; when you loved every body and every one loved you; when you were happy to mix with the other farmers' children, and to do as they did; when you had no accomplishments, and no airs, and when you delighted in reading the Arabian Nights. Do not you think you were much happier in those days? I too had a year's schooling in Philadelphia, but it did not make a fool of me. Boys are certainly much more sensible than girls.

Aura. Well, comfort yourself with that, and leave me to write my notes in peace.

Lewis. I shall be sixteen next June, and when my birth-day comes what a barbacue I'll have! Frank Finlay shall be president of the feast, and not any of the name of Dawson shall show their faces at it.

Mr. Marshall, the father of Lewis and Aura, was now at the seat of the State Government, attending to his duty in the Legislature. He had built a large house on some land that he had recently purchased and improved about seven miles from his present residence. To this place he purposed removing with his family in the spring, and here the birth-day party, now in agitation, was to be celebrated, as the new house afforded the accommodation of a very large room for dancing, and another for eating; and in going thither and returning, they could have the enjoyment of a sleigh-ride.

Being vexed and mortified at the exclusion of his friend Frank, and, therefore, unwilling to see him, Lewis volunteered to go to the new house three days before the party, and make it ready for the reception of the company, while Aura remained at home and assisted in preparing the feast. Lewis took with him their servant-man Pompey and his wife Violet, two old but faithful and active negroes.

Frank was much hurt at receiving no invitation, and of course paid no visit to the Marshall family in the interval, though, in general, he and Lewis were together some part of every day; their father's farms being contiguous to each

At length the day of the party arrived. The company, having breakfasted early at their own homes, set out in their sleighs for Mr. Marshall's new house. Those that came from the imme-

diate neighbourhood of Science-ville (amongst whom were the Dawsons) had to pass the present dwelling of the Marshall family, and consequently all stopped there for a short time, and took what they called a fresh start. Lewis (who had returned from the new house the night before) drove a sleigh in which were half a dozen fine little girls, and was preceded by the one that contained the Miss Dawsons, Mrs. Marshall, and Aura, and which was driven by Dick. Many articles for the feast had been sent to the new house the day before, and others were put into the sleigh occupied (beside the driver) by two servant-women and the two musicians—a black man who played on the violin, and a mulatto-boy with a tambourine.

It was one of those clear, unclouded, brilliant, mornings so characteristic of an American winter. Never was the atmosphere more pure, the sky more blue, or the sun more resplendent. The snow sparkled and crackled under the feet of the horses, while they seemed almost to fly over its surface of dazzling whiteness. The bells rung merrily round the necks of the exhilirated animals as they bounded along, and the well-stowed sleights looked gay and comfortable, with the coverlets of various colours that floated over their backs, and the bear-skins and buffalorobes that gave warmth to their interior.

As soon as the cavalcade had started, the musicians struck up the popular Virginia reel of "Fire in the mountains, run, boys, run!" at which Dick Dawson dropped the reins to stop his ears, his sisters uttered something between a scream and a laugh, and Aura recollected with shame that it was not genteel to play along the road. As soon as Dick recovered, he called to the musicians to cease, much to the vexation of the unfashionable portion of the party, and greatly to the discomfiture of the sable minstrel and his assistant, neither of whom, however, could his assistant, as the sleigh wafted them along, from giving an occasional scrape on the fiddle, or a thump on the tambourine.

As they passed the residence of the Finlays, they found all the family at the windows, and Lewis turned away his head that he might not meet the eyes of his slighted friend, who, however, did not happen to be there.

About two miles farther on, as they proceeded through the woods, they had a glimpse of Frank Finlay among the trees, with his dog and gun, and a pair of pheasants in his hand. The dog came bounding towards the sleigh that Lewis was driving, but Frank called him off, and retreated farther into the woods.

The first impulse of Lewis, on seeing his friend, was to jump out of the sleigh, run after Frank, and insist on his joining the party. But a moment's reflection convinced him that such a proceeding would displease Aura and shock her new friends, as Frank was in his shooting dress—a blanket-coat trimmed with squirrel fur, a cap of grey fox-skin, and a pair of Indian mocassins. A boy who drove the next sleigh called out to Lewis to proceed, and he gave the horses a

touch, saying to himself, with a sigh, "Never mind, the barbacue next June shall make amends for all."

Just as they came in sight of the new house, Dick Dawson bestowed such a cut on his horses that, springing suddenly to one side, they overset the sleigh, and it was broken to pieces. Luckily all its occupants fell into a bank of soft snow, and none were hurt; but the dresses of the Miss Dawsons (which were quite too fine and too flimsy for the occasion) were much deranged and injured, and Dick's shirt-collar suffered extremely. Fortunately it is unfashionable to lament over disasters that happen to dresses, and therefore the Dawsons bore the accident with great apparent composure, and walked to the house, which was within a quarter of a mile; and they were met in the porch by some of the party, who, coming from a shorter distance, had arrived before them.

On getting out of the sleigh that brought up the rear, one of the black women advanced to Mrs. Marshall, and displayed to her a pair of fine peasants.

"Where did you get these?" enquired Mrs. Marshall.

"Master Frank Finlay gave them to me," answered the girl. "He proceeded from the woods with his dog and gun, and chucked these two dead peasants into my lap, and said, 'There Miss Phillis, ax Aura if she'll 'cept these here unworthy birds, and have them cooked, and eat them herself at dinner, from me.' Them's the yery words he spoke, a'n't they, Sylvia?"

"Something in that way," replied Sylvia; but (lowering her voice) I'll be qualified he put *Miss* before Aura, and not before Phillis; and he said nothing in 'sparagement of his peasants neither."

"And how does it happen," asked Mrs. Marshall, looking at her daughter, "that Frank Finlay is not one of the party? I expected of course, to see him among us." Aura held down her head, and tied and untied the strings of her cloak; and Lewis looked unutterable things. "I will enquire into this hereafter," added Mrs. Marshall.

They were met at the door by Pompey and Violet, (both grinning ell-wide with delight, as country negroes generally do at the sight of company.) and ushered into the large front parlour, where an immense fire of hickory logs was blazing in the chimney.

During the three days he had spent at the new house, Lewis was chiefly employed in making substitutes for furniture. In this undertaking he would have been very glad to have availed himself of the assistance of Frank Finlay, whose ingenuity in every thing relating to the mechanic arts was far superior to his own. With the spare boards that had been left by the carpenters, Lewis contrived some most substantial benches (beside other things of less consequence) and also erected a very large table on something like tressels. But he took the most pride in having decorated the windows, doors, and walls

of the parlours with festoons of laurel and cedar branches. The windows, particularly, made a very handsome appearance, each looking like a green arbour, and being strikingly contrasted with the snow out of doors.

"How romantic!" said one of the Miss Daw-

" Picturesque, I declare!" said another.

"Quite theatrical!" said a third.

"Very fair, upon my honour-very fair indeed!" said Dick.

After mulled wine and pound cake had been handed round, a game of forfeits was proposed; but it was rejected with contempt by the Dawsons, who declared that all such plays were long since exploded, and that dancing was now the order of the day, from six years old to sixty. The musicians, to their great joy, were put in requisition, and the dancing would have commenced with great spirit, only that the Miss Dawsons insisted on the newest cotillions, and undertook to teach them to the company. Luckily for the musicians, as these new figures were nearly all the same, they could be performed to almost any cotillion tune. Dick Dawson danced one set with Aura, during which he merely walked through the cotillion, saying that gentlemen now never attempted any thing like dancing-steps; and, when it was over, he protested that he must beg leave to decline all further exertion, as the fatigue of driving the sleigh had been really too much for him. Lewis having done his duty, and gratified his sister by taking out the three Miss Dawsons one after the other, selected for his next partner, a pretty little girl as unlike them as possible, and the dancing continued till the dining hour.

The plan of the sleighing-party was to stay at the new house till evening, and then go home by moonlight. Before dinner, however, the sky had clouded, the wind had changed to the north-east, and there was every appearance of bad weather. Mrs. Marshall took her son and daughter aside, and suggested to them the expediency of all returning home immediately, in case of more snow; proposing that they should take a short repast of such things as were then ready, and depart at once, instead of waiting for dinner at two o'clock. To this prudent proposition Lewis and Aura were unwilling to consent, alleging that, after they had invited their friends, and brought them so far, it would have a most inhospitable look to take them away almost immediately, and without their dinner, and remarking that, as we have generally indications of a snow-storm a whole day before it commences, they could not believe there was any immediate danger. They begged of their mother to allow them to remain till towards evening, and not to make their friends-uneasy by prognosticating bad weather.

About one o'clock it slowly began to snow, Lewis and Aura watched the clouds, imagined that they saw them breaking, and prophesied that the anow would soon cease. The clouds, however, gradually lost their distinct forms, and were blended into one monotonous mass of dark grey, that covered the whole sky.

Precisely at two o'clock, old Pompey threw open the door, and with a bow, consisting of three motions, flourished his hand, scraped his foot, waved his head, and announced to the company that "he was proud to reform them as dinner waited."

The dining-room, or back parlour, was also properly ornamented with cedar and laurel, and thoroughly warmed by an enormous fire. The table-furniture had been sent the day before, and also many of the viands. The ample board was set out with turkies, wild and tame, ducks of both descriptions, and also pigeons; hams, fowls, venison dressed in various ways; pies, puddings, cakes, sweetmeats, &c.—all in that lavish abundance generally found on American tables.

Just after the dinner had commenced, Phillis brought in the pair of pheasants, and significantly placed them before Aura, who desired her to remove them to the other end. Lewis sat there, and he mischievously sent his sister a plate with a portion of one of the birds, which Aura then determined to eat with as much indifference as she could assume. But as soon as she had tasted it, and found how nice it was, her conscience smote her for the first time; so often does it happen that our feelings are excited by trifles, when things of more consequence have failed to awaken them. Aura now thought with compunction of Frank Finlay-of his good nature, his spirit, and his vivacity—and of the animation he would have infused into the party. She looked over the boys whom she had invited as considering them more elegant than Frank, and she found that, after all, they were quite as unlike Dick Dawson as he was, and looked no better in their holiday-clothes than he did; that several of the waistcoats now present were uglier even than his; and most of the heads in a worse style decidedly.

The secret cause of Aura so pertinaciously insisting on the exclusion of Frank Finlay was that she had frequently heard him ridiculed by Dick Dawson and his sisters; Dick having discovered that he did not stand high in Frank's estimation. In consequence of the sneers of the Dawsons, Aura regarded Frank in a less favourable light than she had formerly done; but she was afraid to cite them as authority for her change of opinion, lest Lewis should take immediate vengeance on Dick.

By the time dinner was over, the wind blew a hurricane, and the snow had increased so rapidly that the whole atmosphere seemed to be filled with its feathery flakes. There was no possibility of encountering so violent a storm in such vehicles as open aleighs. The only alternative was to remain all night in the new house. It was true they had no beds, but there was plenty of provisions for supper and breakfast; the inconvenience of sleeping uncomfortably would be for one night only, and they had no doubt of a fine day on the morrow

Having made up their minds to this new plan, cheerfulness was restored, and after dinner blindman's-buff was pursued with great alacrity by all but the Dawsons, who declined participating in it as quite too boisterous, and said they preferred remaining in the back parlour, where poor Aura, though longing to join in the play, though it incumbent on her to stay with her city friends. The young ladies talked of the various elegant sleighing-parties they had "attended" in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and Dick leaned against the chimney-piece and fell asleep.

During the short afternoon, Mrs. Marshall, assisted by the servants, busied herself in preparing for the exigencies of the night. supper consisted of the provisions that had been left at dinner, with the addition of tea and coffee, which they had brought with them for the purpose. When it was over, the company drew round the fire, and amused themselves with telling riddles and singing songs, having no desire to retire early to their sleeping-places. The stock of candles was soon exhausted, and they were obliged to content themselves with the light of the fire. Pompey, however, triumphantly brought in, on a waiter, some substitutes of his own contrivance—saucers filled with melted fat, and having a twisted paper lighted and stuck up in the middle of each. He was arranging these uncouth lamps at regular distances on the mantle-piece, but the giggling of the Miss Dawsons, and the disgusted face of Dick, induced Aura to make a sign to the poor fellow to take them away immediately.

At last bed-time came, weariness gradually stole over them, and the whole company "addressed themselves to sleep." The back parlour was appropriated to the ladies, the front to the gentlemen. The cloaks, coverlets, and furs, served as bedding for the females, and the boys moved the benches near the fire and lay down on them, covered with their great coats. All, except Dick, slept tolerably well; but he complained and murmured nearly the whole time. The girls passed an uncomfortable and restless night, as they lay spread about the floor, and were frequently startled by noises from the adjoining room when the boys in their sleep tumbled off the benches.

The wind raved all night with a fury that seemed to shake even the strong stone house to its foundation, and the snow drifted against the windows of the front parlour till it obscured even the upper panes. It did not, as usual, abate at the approach of dawn, but, when morning came, the storm increased in violence. The country all round looked like a vast white desert. The snow had been driven by the wind into enormous hills or ridges, which entirely blocked up the roads, and rendered them impassable; the fences, being buried above the top-rails, were no longer to be seen; and the only landmarks now visible were the trees, bending heavily before the blast. The cold was intense, and the gloomy aspect of the heavens was still as unpromising as it had been the preceding evening.

When Pompey came in to set the breakfasttable, he brought with him an armful of wood to replenish the fires, and announced, with a face of dismay, that "May-be it would be the last wood the gentlemen and ladies would ever have." On being required to explain, he made many apologies for the unexpected badness of the weather, and stated that the unusual quantity that had been consumed during the last twentyfour hours had entirely exhausted the stock of fuel that had been provided for the occasion, and that there was barely enough in the kitchen to suffice for cooking the breakfast. He concluded his harangue by saying," And so, gentlemen and ladies, my 'pinion is firm and fixed, that nothing on yearth can stop us from all freezing stiff in less than no time.'

This intelligence was heard with great consternation. The Miss Dawsons talked of going into hysterics, Dick nearly fainted, many of the girls cried, and all the boys looked serious.

The forest was not far from the house, but the storm still raged so violently that it was impossible for any one to go thither to cut wood. What was now to be done? After the fires had burned down, the rooms, in such severe weather, would immediately become cold; the stock of provisions had greatly diminished, and, in case the storm continued all day and night, how were they to remain in the empty house, without fuel, and with but a scanty supply of food?

The boards left by the carpenters had all been used in making the table and benches, and these it was now judged expedient to split up with an axe, as the most feasible means of replenishing the fire. Lewis, in a few minutes, demolished the furniture that he had taken so much pains in making, reserving only two benches as seats for the females. The boys sat on the floor. The heat afforded by these boards was not great; and the girls first wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and afterwards added the coverlets and furs.

It was determined that, as soon as the storm began to abate, they should all set out for home. But Pompey came in with another face of alarm, and proclaimed, that "the feed that was brung for the hosses had guv out the night afore, and that thereby the creaturs would never be able for dragging the sleighs through sich roads, and that there was nothing more to be done but stay and perish." This news was heard with almost screams by the female part of the company, and several of the younger boys turned pale. The hysterics of the Miss Dawsons now came on; but such was the general consternation that they were little attended to, except by Aura.

Lewis now proposed digging away the snow from the nearest fence, and procuring the rails for fuel. In this enterprise the other boys instantly volunteered to assist; and, tying on their hats with handkerchiefs, they immediately set to work; being much impeded, however, by the violence of the wind, which at times nearly overset them, and by the blinding snow that whirled against their faces. Indicated by

RELIGION.

While engaged in this employment, they heard a loud halloo resounding from a distance, and were presently hailed by the voice of Frank Finlay, who came "flouncing through the drifted heaps" upon a jumper—a rude sort of sleigh, hastily constructed for emergencies. The body of this vehicle is generally made of rough boards nailed together so as to resemble a box, planks are laid across for seats, the bottom is filled with straw, and the runners are formed of two crooked saplings, their curves turning up in front.

Lewis flew to Frank, and shook him heartily by the hand, as did also the other boys, as well as that privileged person, old Pompey. "Oh, Frank!" exclaimed Lewis, "how glad I am to see you! How could you think of turning out in such a storm? I am sure you have brought us good news, and that all our troubles are now over."

"I have brought a bag of corn for the horses," replied Frank, "as I supposed it to be the thing most wanted. I lay awake and thought of you all, nearly the whole of last night; and particularly of the horses, for I never can sleep well when I know that horses or dogs are suffering. There is a man behind who will be up presently with still more corn, and I hope there will be senough to allow them all a good feed before you set off. Here, Pompey, take charge of this bag of corn, and give some to the horses immediately. But what are you all doing out here in the snow!"

Lewis explained, and Frank instantly set to work and helped them, refusing to go into the house till their task was accomplished. "We talked of you at our house all last evening," said he, "and I determined to start at day-light and come off to see how you were. The Wilsons had borrowed our sleigh to go to your party, and there was not another to be had in the neighbourhood, all being in requisition for the same purpose. So I set to work and made a jumper, out in the wood-house, and finished it before bed-time. As the storm did not abate, we knew the snow would be very deep before morning, and my father said he would raise the neighbours to clear the road for you to come home. But, as that is not the work of a moment, I could not wait; so at day-light I started with my jumper to come and enquire into the state of affairs. When the horses have eaten their corn they will be able to draw the sleighs; for, as my father and the neighbours will turn out as soon as the storm allows them, it will not be long before the road is passable."

As fast as the elder boys dug away the snow, and pulled down the fence, the younger ones carried in the rails to replenish the fires. At length the wind fell, the snow came down more slowly, the sky grew lighter, and the boys went into the house with the joyful news that the company might now prepare for departing.

Lewis, seizing Frank by both hands, drew him towards Aura, exclaiming, "There now—see there?" Frank smiled and blushed, and Aura cast down her eyes and burst into tears. The

Miss Dawsons whispered each other, and Dick tittered, and said, "Quite a scene!" upon which Lewis immediately knocked him down.

Dick, however, was but slightly hurt; and seeing that no one came to his assistance (all the company having gathered round Frank Finlay,) he managed to scramble up again, and contented himself with saying, after he had regained his feet, "Upon my word, there is no knowing how to take these bush-whackers.\* But I shall prosecute—I rather think I shall prosecute."

The snow soon ceased; but the road immediately before the house was impassable, and it was necessary to clear it before the cavalcade could set out. Frank, having found a few more boards in a corner of the stable, proposed making of them some large wooden spades; and with these they managed to shovel away the snow with great execution.

In the afternoon Frank's father arrived in another jumper, and reported that the neighbours had cleared all the worst parts of the road, and that they might now venture to start. These were joyful tidings.

One of the sleighs having been overset and broken (as before related,) room was made in others for Mrs. Marshall and the Dawsons; and Aura rode home in Frank's jumper, with him and her brother.

In conclusion, we have only to say that, early in the spring, Mr. Dawson obtained an office which obliged him to remove to Washington, to the great joy of his children, and the manifest delight of Lewis Marshall. Aura, no longer under the influence of this family (whom she never liked so well after the sleighing-party,) resumed her natural feelings and habits, and became once more as amiable as before she had known the boarding-school and the Dawsons. Frank left off his purple and yellow waistcoat, lengthened his pantaloons, had his hair cut by Madame Nasillard; and, at the age of eighteen, Aura Marshall became the junior Mrs. Finlay.

#### RELIGION.

Man, in whatever state he may be considered, as well as in every period and vicissitude of life, experiences in religion an efficacious antidote against the ills which oppress him, a shield that blunts the darts of his enemies, and an asylum into which they can never enter. In every event of fortune it excites in his soul a sublimity of ideas, by pointing out to them the just judge, who, as an attentive spectator of his conflicts, is about to reward him with his intensible approbation. Religion also, in the darkest tempest, appears to man as the iris of peace, and dissipating the dark and angry storm, restores the wished for calm, and brings him to the port of safety.

<sup>\*</sup> In the western states the word bush is often used to signify a forest; "to live in the bush," means to live in the woods. Thus new settlers are called "bush-whackers" because they whack down the trees, and the term is frequently applied to back-woods-men in general.

# THE BRIDAL STAR.

Poetry by A. J. McBouall, Bsq.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY HENRI HERZ.





SECOND VERSE.

While songs of mirth and pastime strains are breathing soft around, Hail, Vassals hail, till yonder plains his welcome home resound; Pil deck myself in all my best and wear my bridal star: And now he's laid his lance at rest Pil touch my gay guitar. The banquet spread, &c.

#### THE SEA.

Old Ocean was,

Infinity of ages ere we breathed Existence; and he will be beautiful When all the living world that sees him now Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun. Quelling from age to age the vital throb In human bearts, death shall not subjugate The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast, Or interdict his ministrelay to sound In thundering concert with the quiring winds; But long as man to parent Nature owns Instinctive homage, and in times beyond The power of thought to reach, hard after bard Shall sing thy gtory, beatific Sea!

#### MOTTOES. By M. A. Browne.

- "For love, and all for love;"—take thou this gem:
  Lo, where the white wings of the fluttering dove
  Hover betwixt the rose and diadem.
  The motio read,—'tis "Love, and all for love!"
- "For thee and thee alone;"—take thou this flower; See how it turns towards the regal suh, Bending its head beneath its dazzling power; Silent it saith,—"For thee and thee alone!"
- "Thine own for ever;"—take this faithful heart,
  That beateth in my bosom with one tone,
  Responding in its chords in every part.
  And whispering,—"Thine for ever, leve! thine own!"

# THE EAGLE. I SHALL, then, introduce to your notice the

eagle, a bird of the first or rapacious class, so called because they prey upon flesh of all kinds. It consists of many varieties—the most prominent of which are the golden eagle, "with his eye of light"—the condor, of whom so many wonders are told in fairy tale—the unseemly and rapacions vulture—the gallant falcon, which, in the olden days, afforded such gay pastime to Lords and Ladies-the midnight owl-and the small butcher-bird. The great sea-eagle is only inferior in size to the golden eagle: as its name implies, it resides near the sea, although its evrie. or nest, is generally constructed in the loftiest tree it can discover in the vicinity of the ocean; there it builds a very broad habitation, and lays in it two eggs. I remember a pair of these birds who had inhabited, time out of mind, an old tree in my neighbourhood; I have often gazed up with wonder at the immense mass which their nest appeared as it rested on the topmost and blighted boughs of this denizen of the woods; and I recollect well the heavy sailing flights of its inmates returning to their home. The peasants there used to assert that they fished more in the night than in the day, and I perceive that naturalists generally agree in the opinion that they certainly collect food when others of the species sleep. I often lamented the fate of those birds: latterly, perhaps from their age, which must have been extreme, they became heavy and lazy—so lazy that they debased their noble nature by condescending to petty pillage that would have disgraced a common kite, and the peasants were continually suffering from their ungenerous system. They seldom visited the sea-shore, but woe betide even an unfortunate chicken that crossed their path! What was to be done? Many projects were talked about, but, with the dilatoriness peculiar to my country-folk, none were put in execution; every body respected the eagles. Our gardener, Peter, was ordered to prime and load his musket, and fire on the old lady the first time she intruded herself into the company of our goslings. She was a magnificent bird, and, as is usual with females of the rapacious tribe, half as large again as her husband. "Look at her," replied Peter, as she sailed in the distance, the deep blue of a summer sky throwing her expanded wings and majestic movements into strong relief. "Look at her, master! I remember that ould lass ever since I was the hoight of a raspberry plant; and I couldn't find it in my heart to hurt a feather of her wing-the craythur! What signifies a dozen of goslings to such a bird as that?-won't there be plenty o' geese of all sorts when she's gone? But my father before me used to say, Peter, says he, mark my words-them 'll be the last o' the rale ancient Irish eagles that 'll ever settle in the baronyfor they've a mortal hatred to new fashions, and prefar, by a great dale, an open country, where there's free trade, and no revenue officers, or any thing that way: -you understand, Sir: -but as to killing her—I'd as soon think o' killing the

priest!" This was the climax!-Peter's d inination was taken; but, as goslings were: destroyed, and, unfortunately, in an unl moment the rapacious bird took a fancy beautiful pea-hen, who was brooding over eggs in a retired copse, it was absolutely d mined that, as it would be a species of sacr to destroy the birds, the old tree, so long domicile, should be cut down; and it was jectured that they would, on receiving so ma an insult, proudly resolve to quit the neighl hood altogether. The result proved that anticipations were correct. When they re ed at night, and saw the dwelling of ages tered on the ground, they circled and ci over it, uttering from time to time, screams shrill and plaintive. In the morning they no where to be found, and we could only co ture that they had retired to some of the bays, with which that part of the coast abo I once saw a poor Irishman, who assured me he had robbed an eagle's nest, at Killarney fine young lamb, which kept his family in meat (a luxury they were quite unaccustom for more than a week! He was not as cl though, as a man we read of in "Smith's Hi of Kerry," who got a comfortable subsistence his family, during a summer of fearful fa out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eagl their food, which was plentifully supplied t old ones; he protracted their assiduity be the usual time, by clipping the wings and re ing the flight of the young. We may ca eagle the lion of the air: like that noble a he is solitary in his habits, lonely in his ma cence, disdaining all the attributes of ro except its power-in that he triumphs. good and wise is Providence in all its wa Were carnivorous birds as numerous as o how soon all the humbler tenants of the air the helpless, but beautiful and gentle crea of the woods and wilds would be destroy Mrs. S. C. Hall's Anecdotes of Birds.

#### ORIGIN OF RINGS.

FATE had fixed that the son of Thetis & excel his father, in consequence of whic nymph was no longer sought in marriage | gods, and was compelled to marry Peleus, first of mortals. The ring on her finger markable, because rings were invented f circumstance connected with Thetis. dition relates, that Jupiter, wishing to r Prometheus, who was bound to a rock for tain number of years, was prevented by his Prometheus, however, having shown ho difficulty with regard to the son of Thetis be overcome, by her marriage with a n had merited restoration to divine favourcould only be done, consistently with the by making a ring, in which was set a pic the rock of Caucasus, always to be wo Prometheus, who thus remained, in a m perpetually chained to the rock.—Pompei

## THE GATHERER.

." A snapper up of unconsidered trifles." Shakspeare.

Many have no happier moments than those they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own imagination, which sometimes puts sceptres in their hands, or mitres on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury.

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person, actuated by right reason, would avoid them, though he was sure they would be always concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

A brave man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some theasure doing the business of God and Providence.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions; like children, who, when they go in the dark, will sing for fear.

Would you both please, and be instructed too, Watch well the rage of shining to subdue; Hear every man upon his favourite theme, And ever be more knowing than you seem; The lowest genius will afford some light, Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.

Virtue in an intelligent and free creature, of whatever rank in the scale of being, is nothing less than a conformity of disposition and practice to the necessary, eternal and unchangeable rectitude of the Divine nature.

A well regulated mind does not regard the abusive language of a low fellow in the light of an insult, and deems it beneath revenge. All the abominations to which the latter may give utterance will not raise him one jot above his proper level, or depress the former, in the slightest degree, below his sphere—

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man, g "Will not insult me—and no other can."

Noah's ark was large enough to hold 81,000 tons.

The mind appears to me to discover itself most in the mouth and eyes; with this difference, that the mouth seems the more expressive of the temper, and the eye of the understanding.

Every man who acquires a fortune by his industry, is a treasure to himself and family, and a profit to his country by adding to the common stock. It becomes a bond which unites him to society.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie: for an excuse is a lie guarded.

Praise is like ambergris: a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

"——Remember
'Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts,
Banquets, and revels, which, when you possess,
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us
To be made sharers in the harvest, which
Our sweat and industry reaped and sewed for you."

There is a charm in private life which, from the very nature of the thing, can never be imparted by any public exhibition. In the theatre or in the concert room, we can never sufficiently abstract our minds from the performer.—The performance may be, and, in many instances, is perfection. Science and taste are completely satisfied. But sentiment vanishes away before the idea that the whole is an exhibition.

While you say that the religion of your neighbour is like a garment that sits loosely upon him, be careful that your own is not like a glove that fits either hand: those who have the least piety themselves are not unfrequently the most censorious towards others; a dishonest man is the first to detect a fraudulent neighbour.

Hath any wounded you with injuries, meet them with patience; hasty words rankle the wound, soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar-

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. "He that endeavours to free himself from an ill habit (says Bacon) must not change too much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by difficulty; nor too little, for them he would make but few advances."

Once allow a man to turn seventy, he has then escaped the fatal three score and ten, and would consider himself an ill-used person should he receive notice of ejectment a day short of n nety. Ninety comes, and he grows insolent. Death, he thinks, has passed on, and overlooked him. He asks why nature has so long delayed to claim her debt. She has suffered thrice seven years to elapse beyond the period usually assigned for payment, and he indulges in wild fancies of a In his most rational mostatute of limitations. ments he talks of nothing but old Parr. He burns his will, marries his housekeeper, hectors his son and heir, who is seventy, and canes his granl-child (a lad of fifty,) for keeping late Digitized by hours.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud, who have done the meanest things; whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing of them, often make the composition we call pride.

The two maxims of a great man at court are, always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

The national debt of England, in 1828, was three thousand seven hundred and seven million dollars; yearly revenue, two hundred and twenty eight millions.

Female beauty is dear in every situation, in sickness, and even in death. Mrs. B——t, daughter of the late Dean S. was a very lovely woman—she was worn out with a long and painful illness. While in her last faintings, her attendants were rubbing her forehead with Hungary water, she begged them to desist, for it would make her hair gray!

Canal locks were invented in Italy, in the year 1481.

In making toys, the Chinese are exceedingly expert: out of a solid ball of ivory, with a hole in it not larger than half an inch in diameter, they will cut from nine to fifteen distinct hollow globes, one within another, all loose, and capable of being turned round in every direction, and each of them carved full of the same kind of open work that appears on the fans; a very small sum of money is the price of one of these difficult trifles.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity were he a rich man.

Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain or winter's snow;
Most fleeting when it is most dear—
'Tis gone while we but say 'tis here.
Those curious locks so aptly twined,
Whose every hair a soul deth bind,
Will change their auburn hue and grow
White and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow:—In the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily will be found, nor rose.

It is a secret known to but few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—Steels.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

He only can discern his real friends who makes himself independent of them, by securing the friendship of God and his own conscience.

"—— He's no rich man
That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing
For his servants to make prey of."

A tradesman who attempts to monopolize business, or to injure his compeers by underselling, is guilty of high treason against society, as he violates that integrity and good will, without which the social compact would soon be broken asunder. I always suspect that such a man has not paid for his goods, or sells those of an inferior quality.

Those who most readily find a God to swear by, seldom find one to pray to.

The great bell at Moscow is at once a morument of art and folly. It weighs 443,772 lbs., and was cast in the reign of the Empress Anna: but the beam on which it hung being burned, it fell to the ground and suffered considerable damage.

#### RECIPES.

#### TO CLEAN WHITE LACE VEILS.

Make a solution of white soap, in a clean saucepan; put in your veil, and let it boil gently a quarter of an hour; take it out into a clean basin with some warm water and soap, and keep gently squeezing it till it is thoroughly clean; then rinse it from the soap, and have ready a pan of clean cold water, in which put a drop of chemic or liquid blue; rinse the veil in this liquid, then take a tea-spoonful of starch, and pour boiling water upon it, run the veil through this, and clear it well, by clapping it between the hands: frame it or pin it out, taking care to keep the edges straight and even.

#### TO CLEAN BLACK LACE YEILS.

These are cleaned by passing them through a warm liquor of bullock's gall and water: after which they must be rinsed in cold water; then cleaned for stiffening, and finished as follows.

Take a small piece of glue, about the size of a bean, pour boiling water upon it, which will dissolve it, and when dissolved pass the veil through it, then clap it between your hands and frame it, as described in the preceding receipt.

FOR DIPPING BLACK SILKS WHEN THEY APPEAR RUSTY, OR THE COLOUR FADED.

For a silk dress, your own discretion must be used, whether the silk can be roused, or whether it requires to be re-dyed. Should it require redying, this is done as follows: for a gown, boil two ounces of logwood; when boiled half an hour put in your silk, and simmer it half an hour, then take it out, and add a piece of blue vitriol as big as a pear and a piece of green copperas as big as the half of a horse bean; when these are dissolved, cool down the copper with cold water, and but in your silk, and simmer half an hour, handling it over with a stick; wash and dry in the air, and finish as above. If only wanting to be roused, pass it through spring water, in which is half a tea-spoonful of oil of vitriol. Handle in this five minutes, then rinse in cold water, and finish as Digitized by GOGIC above.



THE GIPSETING PARITY.

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# THE LADY'S BOOK.

PEBRUART, 1082.

ough,

cottage,

To meet the brisk good morrow of the red breast,
Peering and nodding at my flowery casement,

serve to hear the tale.

THE GUPSETING PAIRTH.

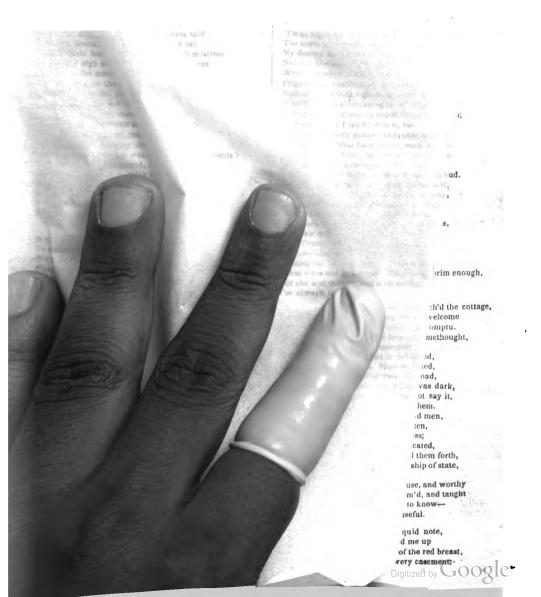
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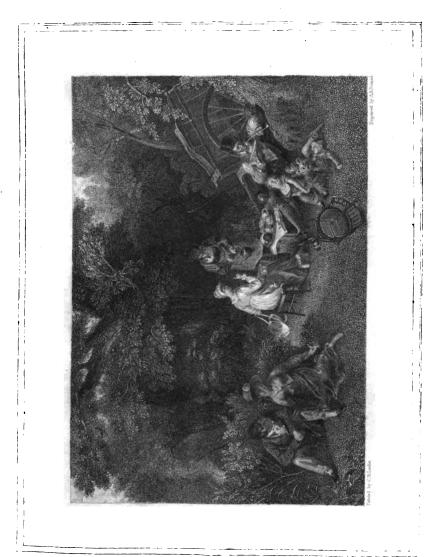
# THE LADY'S BOOK.

PEBRUART, 1982.

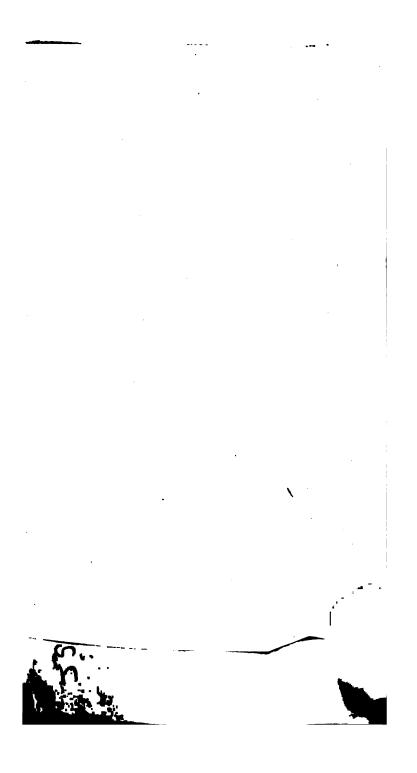
# THE GIPSEYING PARTY.

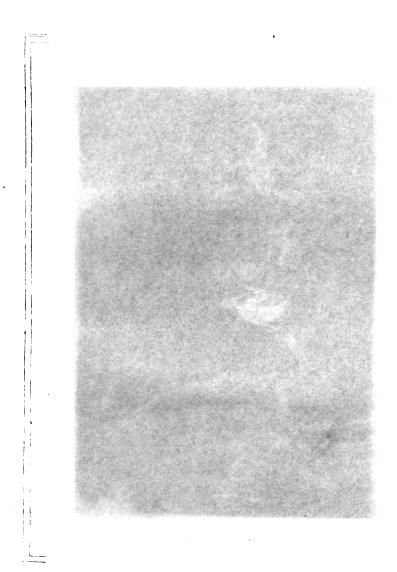
S LAST S W. BARKER.





THE CIPSETING PARTY.





# THE LADY'S BOOK.

## PEBRUARY, 1082.

## THE GIPSEYING PARTY.

BY JAMES N. BARKER.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

O ron the merry days of Robin Hood, When, in the bonny greenwood, lords and ladies . Chased the red deer, or, o'er the sunny glade, Loosed the fleet falcon; till, fatigued with sport, They sank upon the greensward in the shade, Lover and Lady-love, knight, squire and page, Gentle and yeoman, all in seemly groups, Dis inct, yet mingling, like the tones in music, la one full strain of social harmony. Then, while the viands and the sack went round High feats of chivalry were sung or said, And hunter-deeds of daring; then were told Tales that Boccacio's self might listen to; While in their bower, the wooer and his mistress Might safely sigh and vow, their gentle voices Drown'd in the music of the mandolin, The lively viol, or the mellow horn, Or loud laugh of the Joyous servitors. A plague upon the foul fiend avarice, Who has not left one corner of the earth Deck'd in the fresh green of the olden time. The pastoral, the rustic, the remantic Are trampled into dust by this grim collier, With his improvements—out on such improvements! 'Twas never merry England, old or new, fince factories came up, with their pale hordes Of squallid candidates for quick consumption, Galloping to their graves, that some puff'd puppet May, in's unpaid-for-chariot, at his ease, Roll on to snug insolvency.

How cheap

Is gravine happiness, and yet how dearly Do we all pay for its base counterfeit! We fancy wants, which to supply, we dare Danger and death, enduring the privation Of all free nature offers in her bounty, To attain that, which, in its full fruition Brings but satisty. The poorest man May taste of nature in her elements, Pure, wholesome, never cloying; while the richest, From the same stores, does but elaborate A pungent dish of well concected poison. Thanks to my humble nurture, while I've limbs, Tastes, senses, I'm determined to be rich, So long as that fine alchemist, the sun, Can transmute into gold whate'er I like On earth, in air, or water; while a banquet Is ever spread before me, in a hall Ot heaven's own building, perfumed with the breath Of nature's self, and ringing to the sounds Of ber own choristers.

The Norwood Gipsey Is, in my mind, a princess to the thing That fashion forms of tawdry shreds and patches, To live a dail automaton, and die Of leve—of lacing.

Not that I would wed— Were that to do again—a downright dame Of Norwood lineage, if my search could find A nymph whom modern culture had not robb'd Of all simplicity. 'Twess such a one I met erewhile, and I will tell you how, If that your leisure serve to hear the tale.

Glad to escape the town and all its cares, ' My custom always of an afternoon,' And sometimes of a morning, or a day, A week, a month, whenever time is mine, I had been rambling through a spring-tide day, By field and forest, lake and rocky stream, I cannot say, ma'am, what was my pursuit, A bird perhaps—perhaps a butterfly, A flower, a stone, a bug-no matter what-The mind that nature touches finds a science At every step to study and admire. 'Twas night-fall; I had lost my way, but knew The town was yet far distant, when, behold, My destiny led me to a cottage door; Not one of those vile cabins of our country, Which, whether built of log, or stone, or brick, Frighten the trees away:-an actual cottage, Embower'd within a grove of sycamores, With honeysuckle hanging to its walls, And woodbine climbing round the rustic porch; A cottage ornée I might term it, but 'Tis but a frippery phrase, and unbesceming A good substantial farm house, such as this. I've said fate led me, but 'twas in the shape Of a fine little rogue I met 1' the forest Toting a load of dogwood flowers and red bud. I might have deem'd him Cupid's little self, Or, as he toddled homeward, broad as long, Thought him, for poets all believe in Ovid, Bome daring lover of the goddess Flora, Transform'd into a walking vase of flowers. A female met us ere we left the wood; Like Venus seeking for her truant boy, Or something better-like a tender sister Seeking her little brother. Shall I say What were our greetings? They were prim enough, For she was modest, and with modesty I'm always modest.

When we reach'd the cottage, The evening meal was waiting, with a welcome That made me one o' the family, impromptu. The sire, the dame, the children, all, methought, I had dream'd of before-especially The little maid who met us in the wood, Of her I had had visions. Supper ended, I could not think of going then; the road, They said, was intricate, the night was dark, And gentle Mary, though they did not say it, I saw was charming-so I gratified them. The sire was one of those plain, solid men. Who sometimes startle the pert citizen, Or college coxcomb, into nothingness; The growth of our free soil, self educated, Yet ready, should their country call them forth, Fresh from the plough to guide the ship of state, Or lead our armies on to victory. The dame was worthy of her spouse, and worthy Of the dear daughter she had form'd, and taught All that, perhaps, a woman need to know-How to be good, agreeable, and useful.

The loud wood robin, with his liquid note,
The sweetest in the forest, roused me up
To meet the brisk good morrow of the red breast,
Pearing and nodding at my flowery casement.

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'Twas dawn-adieu, my Mary-au revoir, I saw her soon again, you may suppose, And often too; and when the summer came, And brought its hot vacation, and the ci y Went out of town, to mountains, caves, and springs, I got my furlough too, and went to Mary. We walk'd and talk'd, tode, sat, and read together; But 'twas some time ere her accomplishments Perp'd one by one, upon me from the veil Her modesty hung o'er them. She had read Her father's well fill'd library with profit, And could talk charmingly. Then she could sing, And play too, passably, and dance with spirit; She sketch'd from nature well, and studied flowers, Which was enough, alone, to love her for, Yet was she knowing in all needle work, And shone in dairy and in kitchen too, As in the parlour:-To conclude, I loved her.

Reader, didst ever go a gypseying? I do not mean pic-nic-ing, with a party Foulish and formal-but with wife and children, Or a few true dear friends; choosing a spot Fit for your gypsey camp, with fountain near, Plowers, birds, and breezes, shade and solitude; There, for a day to pass the happy hours, Giving free scope to nature-it is worth An age of city life. Go, prithee, try it; And if you are unmarried, I'll engage, Provided he or she he there you love. You'll not be single quite another year. 'Twas so with me-I might have hem'd and ha'd From year to year, breaking a poor girl's heart With 'hope deferr'd' and wasting my fresh youth With fears of folding doors and matble mantels.

We went a gypseying, and—I am married.

Original.

## REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

NO. 2.

Soon after the events narrated in my first tale, I was one morning applied to by a merchant of eminence, who had heard of the success of my former exertions in the case of Miss Beltravers. His case, according to his own statement, was one in which no talent short of intuition secmed likely to withstand the probabilities of the cause, if supported by even a moderate proportion of perjury. The facts were these-a promissory note for the sum of \$5,000, payable nine months after date, had been presented to him for payment on the preceding day by a Jew merchant, of no very high reputation for honesty, although enjoying the character of a very rich man. The Israelite alluded to was the indorser of the note, which was made payable to the order of another of the tribe named Manassch Mordecai, who had endorsed it to Aaron Myers the holder "without recourse." The note and signature were so perfect an imitation of the handwriting of Mr. Philson (my client,) that but for his bill book, together with his consciousness of having given no note of that amount at that time, he himself might have been deceived. He had called on Mordecai and to his utter surprise, the fellow secmed indignant at the imputation conveyed by the question of what note that was that he had endorsed to Myers, and asserted that it had been given for a balance of account between them. Upon enquiring if there had been an account between Mordecai and my client, he said that there had been, but that it had been settled about three months before the date of the note. Under these circumstances in justice to my own character, I could not but explain to my client the difficulty of disproving the allegations of the claimant and his friend, if the crime of perjury was no obstacle in their pursuit of gain, but at the same time alluded to the chances of a skilful cross examination and the probability that a

prepared falsehood might let in the beams of truth through some crevice in its ill compacted tissue. Naturally irritated at the insult of demanding payment of a forged paper, Philson (after the manner of clients) swore that he would give twice the sum to counsel rather than pay a cent to such scoundrels as Mordecai and Myers. In token of his sincerity he left a bank note of a very respectable amount on my table, as a retainer, with instructions to take defence to the action which would no doubt be instituted. Although very doubtful as to the result, I placed much reliance on the efficacy of a rapid and judicious system of cross-questioning, and upon the examination of the books of the plaintiff and of Mordecai. In due course an action was entered and in a very short time the case was had for trial, it being the wish of Mr. Philson to terminate as soon as possible the irritating state of uncertainty under which he was suffering during the pendency of the suit. The trial commenced on a Saturday morning and the counsel of the plaintiff, having Myers on one side and Mordecai on the other, opened the case by stating that the note in question was given for a quantity of sugar and coffee purchased by Philson from Mordecai, which goods were delivered to draymen who brought an order from Philson to receive them. At this statement my client lost all patience and spoke and gesticulated so violently, as he leaned over to me to whisper "its a d-d lie," that he drew from the bench a reproof for the intemperate exhibition of his feelings, a gentle one, however, as the gravity of the court was scarcely proof against so natural a " plea" to the learned counsel's "declaration." The plaintiff then called Manasseh Mordecai as a witness to prove the handwriting of the defendant, and after a strenuous effort on my part to have him rejected 25 2 witness, as being covertly a party in interest, he

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was sworn. Perhaps my natural bias in favour of my client and his case may have warped my judgment, but from his first appearance in the witness box, I felt assured that there was a fraud which by sufficient caution might be discovered. Under the examination of the plaintiff's counsel he proved as usual the signature to the note, which he said was written by Philson in his (Mordecai's) counting house, and that it was passed in the course of business to Myers. On commencing the cross examination I asked if he knew the handwriting of Philson. Witness—O, yes, to be shure, I seen him write hish name at my desk.

Q. For what was this note given?

W. O for cauffee and shugar to be shure!

Q. Where did you deliver these goods?

W. To de traymen ash he shent mit an order.

Q. Where is this order?

W. Oh, dat ish lost! mein Gott, vat ish de use to keep such tings.

Here I demanded the books of the witness which I had subpænaed. On examining the original entries I thought the charges, which were always at the bottom of a page, seemed crowded in, and detected a roughness on the paper as if perhaps the words had been written with pencil two or three times, to try whether they could be gotten in, and then carefully rubbed out. In the Journal a similar uneasy and cramped appearance seemed to characterise the entries of this transaction, and in both books as well as in the Ledger, there was a slight shade of difference in the colour of the ink. These to be sure were trifles, but desperate as our case seemed, I intended to press them on the jury with every other circumstance that might militate against the credibility of the witness. "Who made these entries," asked I, wishing to trace the matter farther.

W. O dat schoundrel Moses, dat was mein glark, vat robbed me of five huntert taalers.

Q. Where is he now?

W. O I wish I could find out, de schelm.

After a close examination the answers to which were in a sort of Jewish German, that I cannot adequately express on paper, I found that the rascality and cunning of the fellow was more than a match for my professional acuteness. Seeing the note lying before me I half unconsciously took it up, and holding it between my eye and the light, found the name of the papermaker in water-mark, but could discover no date, which if subsequent to that of the note would have of course detected the fraud which I strongly suspected. The hour of adjournment having arrived, the further hearing of the case was postponed till the Monday morning following, and the counsel on both sides began to select their papers from the various documents on the table and to return them to their professional satchels. While thus occupied I casually recollected that I had seen an advertisement of a man of the same name with that in the water mark of the note, who informed " his friends and the public," that

he had just commenced the business of papermaking. Upon this slight foundation 1 conceived that I might rest an argument, (if argument a fact so self evident could be called) that should expose the latent villany of the unprincipled plaintiff and his accomplice. As soon as the papers of the case were safely lodged in my fire proof chest, I sprang into my gig, and two hours found me in the paper mill of Mr. P--. Having explained my business, I asked when he began to make paper, and if he could identify his own manufacture; the first question he answered very satisfactorily, the first sheet made by him was at least five months subsequent to the date of the note, and his machinery was not in operation till a few weeks before that time, consequently upward of three months after the apparent date of the note. To the second inquiry his answer was as full as the former, he thought he could distinguish his own paper from that of other manufacturers, especially as there was no other paper maker of that name that he had ever heard of, but was able to put that matter to an infallible test, by bringing with him his moulds with which the water mark in the tone must correspond. After thanking him for his apparent interest in the subject, I left him enjoining it on him to be punctual in his attendance with his moulds at my office, at an hour which I named. Those only who know the self complacence of a professional man at the changed aspect of a very cloudy case, which alteration he feels due solely to his own ingenuity and acuteness, can appreciate my feelings on my return to town. But fair as the prospect was, the caution which is a necessary consequence of that free intercourse with the meaner parts of human nature which our profession produces, curbed the exuberance of my satisfaction, by pointing out the possibilities yet intervening between us and success; the water mark might not correspond with the moulds, and there might be another manufacturer of paper here or elsewhere named "P--." Unwilling to make my client a participant in the deep disappointment which the over clouding of this fair horizon must produce, I did not touch upon this, but directed him to press those witnesses, who were to testify to the very doubtful character of Mordecai, to be punctually present at the opening of court on Monday. As soon as he had gone, I took up the papers of the case to review the testimony, notes of which I had taken as usual, and to endeavour to found a plausible argument on some discrepancies in the evidence. While unfolding the bundle for this purpose, there fell out a letter directed to M. Mordecai, Esq., which was open; what was my surprise to read the following:-

G---, Sept. 19, 18-.

Your last 1 got with its dirty little enclosure. Do you think you old screw that I am to be mum for that, when I know enough to bottle you and old Myers in the stone jug. See you do better this time, or by the bones of the patriarche all shall out. Send me a cool five hundred by the

bearer, or Philson shall know all. Yours as it may happen, M. Y.

Glad to the soul to have such a clue to the scene of villany to which the writer of this note was privy, I instantly obtained a warrant and taking with me the most intelligent of our constables, set off in pursuit of "M. Y." who, I. doubted not was the fugitive clerk of Mordecai. So indeed it proved; being hidden by a luxuriant thorn hedge we were able to make the arrest with so much promptness that our prisoner entirely lost his self possession, which sometimes makes a detected rogue so difficult to manage. As it was, the skill of my companion soon elicited from the hopes or the fears of his captive the details of the scheme of wickedness which my lucky discovery had enabled me to detect and thwart. The plan had been laid a few weeks before the application to Philson for payment of the forged note, which was written by Mordecai and signed by Myers, who were to share the spoil, the false entries in the books were made by our prisoner, and the plan of writing with pencil was adopted as I had supposed. On our arrival in town the culprit gave the required security to answer the charge, and was prevailed on to remain in concealment until the hour when his testimony should be required. When the court met, the plaintiff's counsel having concluded his case, the opening for the defendant was next in order. In very moderate terms, though unequivocally, I denied all knowledge of the note and plainly asserted that it had been forged by some one, though without a direct charge against the plaintiff or his witness. My friendly paper maker was in attendance with his moulds, which were, however, concealed, as I wished that detection should flash on the guilty without the least chance of escape or equivocation. The evidence of Pdecisive—he stated that his first paper was made at a period about five months subsequent to the date of the forged instrument, that the paper on which it was written was of his own manufacture, which fact he conclusively established by applying the spurious note upon the bars and letters of his mould, when the coincidence was perfect. Thus far although a forgery was fully proved, the criminals were not identified by the evidence, notwithstanding the jury could have no doubt as to the perpetrators of the fraud. To perfect the chain of evidence I had the fugitive clerk in waiting in an adjoining room, and the consternation of the plaintiff and his perjured witness was indescribable, when in answer to my call, their accomplice, whom they thought bribed to silence, appeared in the witness box to unfold the history of their iniquity. The judges leaned forward in their seats, the spectators pressed on the jury to hear the details of a plot so entirely and unequivocally exposed, and the respectable counsel of the plaintiff, glowing with scorn and indignation, dashed down the papers on the desk before him, and began " I trust no man dare suppose"-"Say nothing, Mr. L-," interrupted the presiding judge, "no man that knows you, would dream of your participation in such an atrocious

scheme, or that suspecting any unfairness you would lend the sanction of your character to dishonour or dishonesty." Overcome by this well merited public testimony to his unspotted reputation, the worthy old man, covering his face with his hands, left the court, as the jury, by acclamation, rendered their verdict for the defendant. I was scarcely able to retain my gravity when Mr. P-, the paper maker, established the date of the paper of the forged note; glancing round at that moment at the anxiously eager countenance of my client, who sat rather behind me, the comical medley of satisfaction, gratitude, apprehension and astonishment depicted on his features was almost irresistible. It must be remembered that he was as ignorant as the opposite party of my plan of defence, up to the very instant when he found his case fully made out. When the verdict was rendered, and we were leaving the court room, he burst from fifty congratulating friends, and was actually about to embrace me in open court; foiled in his affectionate intent by my sudden retreat from his extended arms, he seized my hand and squeezing it as in a vice, shook it so violently as to threaten dislocation of the shoulder, when having thus vented his satisfaction on me he turned to the crowd, and with a face beaming with triumph, reciprocated the pressure of fifty hands held out to wish him joy. The villains, Mordecai and Myers, were soon after convicted and sentenced to the punishment of their crime, upon the evidence of Moses who was suffered to escape. How the important letter came among my papers I never discovered, but presume that in the confusion of papers on the desk at the commencement of the trial, it must have been taken out by Mordecai, and have accidentally fallen into the folds of some papers of mine which were also there. This case was to me of considerable importance, for my warm hearted client, beside pressing on me a noble fee, and on my wife an elegant tea service, found opportunity to employ me on behalf of several of his foreign correspondents. Among the recollections of my professional labours, I scarce remember any incident which afforded me so much satisfaction as this full detection and exposure of villany.

#### MYSTERIOUS NUMBERS.

ALL those mysterious things we observe in numbers come to nothing upon this very ground; because number in itself is nothing, has not to do with nature, but is merely of human imposition, a mere sound: for example, when I cry "one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock," that is but one division of time; the time itself goes on, and it had been all one in nature if those hours had been called nine, ten and eleven. So when they say the seventh son is fortunate, it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backwards, then the first is the seventh: why is not he likewise fortunate?

#### Origina).

## MONOMANIA.

It is now conceded that a person may be insane on a particular subject of thought or feeling, and yet be perfectly collected and consistent on all other topics and common affairs of life. Such a state is called Monomania.

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THERE is one passion in the human breast, and but one, which seems to be universal; a passion which with greater or less intensity is felt by all, of every sex, and every clime. There are some who appear inaccessible to the promptings of ambition, the soul darkening thirstings of revenge, or the sordid allurements of gold; but who is there can truly say he has never loved? Of its kind or quality we say nothing; the fact of its unbounded influence is what we now assert. He on whose nod the fate of empires is depending, and he who is the servant of servants—he whose comprehensive mind includes the past and present, and dives deep into the veiled mysteries of the future, and he whose whole stock of knowledge contains not a single well defined idea, all bow to the influence of a passion, which, when pure, comes nearest to the feeling which makes heaven what it is, of any thing that belongs to earth, and which when unholy, burns with a flame exceeded in fierceness, only by those to which it drags the guilty victims, who cherish its unhallowed fires. Our desires and our hopes were not given us to be thrown away or despised; nor were the passions of our natures implanted so deep, only to be rooted up and destroyed. He who created them has furnished the means of their lawful indulgence; but we be to him who suffers the servant to obtain the ascendancy, who allows himself to become the slave of feelings which were bestowed by heaven to minister to his happiness, when properly controlled, but a source of unmixed bitterness, when permitted to run riot and unchecked. Though exiled from heaven, our passions, like the fallen spirits still retain the traces of their lofty origin on their brow, and if less pure than in Paradise, may be still subservient to the noblest purposes, if controlled by those rules which he who cannot err has prescribed. Love like the vine, must have something around which its tendrils can twine, to sustain it in its upward course, and enable it to keep clear of the stains and pollutions of earth; but the mind which is deeply engaged in the pursuit of wealth or of honour, or any other paramount object, can never lend this support, or feel the deepest, purest emotions of love. The individual may not be superior to the approach of the passion, but with him it is a secondary object—temporary it may be as the lightning's flash, and perhaps to others as fatal, but never to him. Two master passions cannot exist at once in the same bosom; one must and will exclude the other. Never, perhaps, is it so difficult to distinguish which of two passions has

the ascendancy, as when the mind is occupied with feelings of love and religion. Both are deep, delightful, and engrossing; both speak of, and are related to heaven and happiness; both are purifying and tranquillizing, and lead us to desire the highest welfare of others;—so intimately blended are they, that the love of a pure and noble-hearted woman is religion, and her religion is love. No wonder that mortals should sometimes mistake in this matter, and if error, (error if this can be called,) is ever forgiven, surely on this point it will not be denied.

It is a fact well known, that intense reflection on any subject, without frequent diversions of the mind, will produce a kind of mental alienation in reference to that subject; and by nothing is this first stage of insanity more frequently induced, than by the all controlling passion of love. Persons of leisure, of sensitive, deep and delicate feeling, with an inclination to a melancholic temperament, are the most liable to suffer from this cause; and almost every one can-remember instances where undiverted passion has produced this effect.

A few years since I was acquainted with an individual of this class: a gentleman in the prime of life, reserved and sedate in his appearance, of interesting manners, with a strong and vigorous mind, well educated, and well acquainted with literary and scientific topics, and capable of writing or speaking with elegance and effect. A person who saw him only occasionally, might have known him for years without suspecting a flaw in his reasoning powers; it was only those who saw him at all times, that witnessed his fits of mental abstraction, and caught the glimpses of mental aberration which at such hours could be discovered, that painfully felt there was one passion before which the mightiest intellect is powerless as that of an infant. Possessed of competence, and when I knew him, surrounded by friends, to the superficial observer he seemed to enjoy life's pleasures almost without alloy; and it may truly be said he did enjoy much, for even the mysterious passion which had gained such an ascendancy over him; had not in the least soured the kindly flow of his feelings, nor induced him to cast the other blessings of God behind him-to curse God, and die. Professional business, and congeniality of sentiment on many subjects, brought us much together; by degrees the reserve he showed on all subjects connected with his infirmity of mind-for of the fact, strange as it may seem, he was fully sensible, vanished, and he gave me the following sketch of the circumstances attending the origin and progress of a passion, which, hopeless as it will be seen it was, it was evident he still cherished in the depths of his heart. Two things only, the name of the individual, and the reason why from the first his affections for her were doomed to run to waste, he declined disclosing, and the subject was much too delicate a one for me to urge, when he chose to be silent.

It was a beautiful moonlight evening in June, and after a day of professional labour, I was indulging myself in a ramble in the shadowed walks of the garden, and enjoying the quiet luxury of feeling such an hour is so well calculated to inspire.—The silver light lay piled on the dark heavy masses of foliage in the neighbouring wood—fire-flies were flashing like orient gems in the shadowy recesses—the last sweet notes of the wood-robin's song were dying with a melancholy cadence on the ear as they blended with the low murmurs of a distant waterfall—and with emotions which scarcely belong to earth, I was tracing the green walks on which the moonbeams fell through the leafy branches, furnishing a carpet of splendid mosaic, when my steps were arrested by the image of my friend, who, leaning against the trunk of a tree and motionless as a statue, was gazing into the dark blue heavens upon that bright star, which alone, at times seems disposed to dispute with the queen of night the empire of the skies. He stood for some minutes-then murmured in a low voice-" Spirit of my loved and glorious one, thou art the light of that beautiful star-I can hear the sweet tones of thy voice as thou lookest down upon me from thy heaven of stars-oh, that I were one of them, that I could rise to thee, and, mortality's clouded garments forgotten, mingle my light with thine!"

In attempting to withdraw unobserved, I made a false step, which caught the attention of my friend, who immediately joined me, and putting his arm in mine, we continued our walk.

"I cannot bring myself to believe," said my friend, breaking a silence of some moments, "that the spirits of those we have loved, when removed from earth, are inattentive to the happiness of those who shared their affections while here; and if the virtuous and the pure shall shine as stars in the firmament, and one star must differ from another in glory, then she, the first of the beautiful and the good, must from yonder gem of the sky watch over one who can never, no never forget her."

"Your conclusion appears to be a just one," I replied, "and I should be gratified to know more of one who had the power of interesting your feelings so deeply."

He stopped suddenly, mused an instant, then said—

"Yes, I see now I have been speaking parables to you, but you shall hear all—all that I dare think or speak, even when there are none but the stars to listen. A number of years since," he continued, "a young girl, an orphan, friendless and unprotected, came into the neighbourhood in which I then lived. I shall call her Mary,

for that is a name I love, as it conveys to my mind much that is pure, and much that is lovely. There is another name, one that it is impossible for me to forget-one that I never see, or hear, without considering it almost as a personal appeal —a name burnt in upon my heart—and one that carries with it a gush of feeling, a thrill of emotion, which no other word will ever producebut that name I must not speak. Mary soon won the friendship of those with whom she associated; and I admired and knew I admired the nobleness of heart, the independence of mind, and the modest unaffected frankness with which she expressed the feelings of her pure bosom. I had not the most distant idea of love. My feelings were rather those of pity for her destitute situation; at least I imagined the interest I felt for her, sprung from that source; for I had not then learned that the godlike emotion of pity, is so nearly allied to love, and that they so melt into each other as to render it difficult to determine where one terminates, and the other commences. Mary was a beautiful girl-ber high open forehead, over which her dark hair clustered like shadows over snow, bore the impress of mind; and in the fathomless depths of her speaking eyes, all the changes of her soul, whether of joy or gladness-the playful witcheries of a girl of sixteen, or the sober musings, and saddened recollections of her young years, for even she was sometimes sad-could be as distinctly traced as the shadows of the light clouds over the mirrored surface of the lake. I saw all this and was interested, but still I dreamt not of love; and it was apparently accident, that revealed the real nature of my feelings towards her.—It was the afternoon of a warm pure summer day-my young sister and myself were in the library engaged in examining a volume of new prints, when a light footstep was heard on the stairs, and Mary entered. As she and my sister were on the most intimate terms, and saw each other daily, her entrance excited no surprise; - 'Mary, you are ill,' said my sister as she led her to a chair near the table. 'A little so to-day, but I shall be well to-morrow;' was the reply of the fair girl; but the first glance convinced me that hope was futile. The fever flush was already on her cheek, yet she still smiled and was cheerful. She seated herself between us, but a sigh showed she was sick at heart-her hand was lying on the table, and I laid mine upon it—our eyes met, a tear was trembling on the long lashes of hers, and the tumultuous, rapid beating of the heart was felt in the gentle pressure of her delicate hand. There are times when we live years in an hour-when the events and changes of a life seem concentrated into a moment-and that moment was one Not a word was said by either-1 would not have broken the spell for the universe. That moment I cursed the destiny which prevented my throwing open the doors of my mansion to the fair orphan, as I felt I had unconsciously those of my heart. Bitter, inexpressibly bitter, were the feelings that rushed over my mind as the sweet delirium passed away—those

feelings have sometimes since then swept over me with a whirlwind's force, and I never think of them, even now, without a shudder. Mary was dangerously ill, but she survived to feel grateful for the kindness of her friends, and to convince me of what perhaps I was unwilling to believe, that I was not always to remain insensible to love. But with all my depth of affection, my fervency of passion, from my heart I can say I was not selfish. That she could ever be mine, I knew from the first moment was impossible, and Mary knew it too-the gulf that separated us was as impassable as perdition; and whenever we met, and when we parted, it was as a brother and sister-nothing more. I never asked her-I never asked myself whether she loved mewhether in the hidden depths of her heart I received the homage, I may say adoration, her image received in mine;—it was enough that I knew she considered me her friend, a dear and valued friend; and as I desired nothing more than her happiness, so I asked no boon but a friendship such as hers.—Mary soon left us for a distant part of the country, but for years she was my correspondent; and I can safely say, that of the few green spots in my desert of life, none are fresher and brighter than those hours which were thus consecrated to an interchange of the best and purest affections of the heart, with that lovely girl. Rosseau somewhere says, that if a woman enters into a correspondence with a man she is lost-but Rosseau's Eloises were not like Mary. Her letters were a transcript of her mind-spotless, elevated, and beautiful, and I often found myself dwelling on those parts of them that related to ourselves, treasuring up the affectionate promptings of her heart, and admiring the confiding delicacy and warmth of her feelings and expression, and her frank, generous, and unaffected manner. Surely there is an invisible bond of sympathy—something more subtle than the alleged affinities of animal magnetismwhich binds together the hearts of those that love—a bond which a word, a look, a letter, can cause to reverberate with thrilling effect. Mary was to be married, and strange as it may seem, with all my affection for her, I desired it, because I believed it would add to her happiness.—When the event took place I rejoiced at it, for the fortunate youth was one of my earliest friends, and deserved the rich prize he received. I shall not soon forget the day that saw the letters that had accumulated during our correspondence, committed to the flames. It was a delightful Sabbath of the spring of the year—the groves were covered with their mantle of earliest greenroses were blushing on their stems beneath my window—and the air, soft and grateful, was perfumed with flowers. I was alone, for I felt it would have been a profanation to have had witnesses of my feelings. I read her letters over again for the last time, not without tears, and a bursting heart. All her kind expressions of attachment, of hallowed friendship, of passionate, pure, and exalted feeling, were all treasured up long before, and as the frail memorials perished

on the glowing coals, I uttered a fervent prayer, that the fair writer might receive all the blessings which I felt she deserved. I saw Mary some months after she was married, and passed a few pleasant hours under the roof of my friend; and I rejoiced that so much of earth's happiness had been reserved for them. And could Mary have forgotten the past?—Ah no, she never forgot, nor was there a reason why she should. Our farewell was a final one: is it strange that it lives in my memory? That every thing connected with it should be as vividly present to my imagination now, as if not an hour had elapsed? I have no words to describe to you my sensations, when at parting I saw her hand pressed on her young bosom as if to suppress the tumultuous throbbing of her heart—when I saw tears dimming the liquid light of her dark expressive eyes-when 1 felt the gentle pressure of her hand, and listened to her farewell-' God bless you!' half breathed, and half suppressed by emotion-words which may mean nothing at one time, and at another speak to the heart in unutterable things—all these things and more I can remember; and can I believe that the friendship and affection of other days was forgotten by her?

But Mary is now in heaven; her beautiful head has been laid low in the grave; -earth, never moved but for her, has been piled over the fairest of bosoms, and most faithful of hearts; and often, often have I wished, that if the disenthralled are permitted to revisit the earth, to become visible to those whose vision has not yet been purged from the films of mortality, that her shadowy form might once more greet me, that I might again hear a voice the music tones of which I can never forget. And who shall say I have not seen her-that I have not heard her? What else are those fleecy, evanescent specks, which far away in the blue heavens are visible for a moment as the sun sinks from our view in the low west, but the spotless robes of ethereal visitants, who, their tour of watchfulness on earth over those they loved closed, are now returning to the skies to give place to other kindred spirits? What are those myriad eyes of heaven but guardians; that in the calm and cloudless night look down upon us, scarcely brighter, though no longer dimmed by sorrows, than when we lingered in their light, ere they received their commission in the night watch of the sky? And when midnight has silenced every hum of earth-when the beetle has gone to his rest—when the zephyrs have folded their wings and are sleeping in the cups of the wild flowers, or on the dew covered petals of the earliest roses -then do not I hear music of heaven—tones of seraphs-voices I well remember, and among them, one, richer, sweeter than them all! Are we not conscious at times that the disembodied are near us? Who is there that has not been wakened from his rest by visits from immortals? Who that has not in the silence of midnight, heard and felt the fluttering of ethereal pinions?"

There was a deep earnestness and enthusiasm in his manner that I felt was contagious; but I

replied not. I chose to listen, and was fearful that in speaking I should break the chain of thought in which he was indulging, as if almost unconscious of my presence.

"The world I know," he continued, after walking a few paces without speaking, " says I am deranged-that I am crazed-but you must judge for yourself, they can think as they please. If to think, and feel, different from the great mass of mankind, and to act according to my impressions, constitutes insanity, then am I insane. If to have deep, dark and desperate thoughts, ominous as the croak of the raven, and hateful as the sooty pinions of the crow spread in the beautiful heaven, come rushing over the mind in its most serene hours without the power of rejecting them, is to be crazed, then I sometimes think I am that unfortunate man. But if it is so, what has that to do with my love for Mary? To love cannot be wrong-it was a feeling I dearly cherished, for my conscience told me it was pure-I still cherish it; for I know it has never prompted a wish I should fear to have written on that scroll, which as a record of my thoughts and actions shall be displayed to the universe. Who shall tell me that I am doing wrong?-that our farewell, though final, forbids recollections sweet as the first flowers of spring, and holy as the pure light of heaven? There is no reason in the wide world why love like ours, with all its purifying hopes and elevating influences, should be covered with the mantle of dark oblivious forgetfulness. I cannot forget her if I would-I would not, if I could."

We were at the gate—he withdrew his arm from mine, and, without another word, or even returning my parting salutation, passed down the green lane. I left that part of the country a few days after, and have never seen him since, nor have I ever learned whether he still lives, or has gone to meet his Mary in Heaven.

CL10.

#### ON DEATH.

The following sublime effusion, which we do not remember to have read before, and with the authorship of which we are entirely unacquainted, chanced to fall into our hands a day or two since, among other relics of a deceased friend.—A fine imagination is blended with a fervent piety, in reflections like these:

"Heavens! what a moment must be that, when the last flutter expires on our lips! What a change! Tell me, ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new worlds are we borne? What new being do we receive!—Whither has that spark, that unseen, that uncomprehended intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid ghastly corse that lies before you!—That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering, which held for a while the immortal essence that has now left it—left it, to range, perhaps, through illimitable space; to receive new capacities of delight, new powers of perception;

new glories of beatitude! Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination's greatest hopes and fears; it is the consummation that clears up all mystery-resolves all doubts-which removes contradiction and destroys error. Great God! what a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul. The unclouded brightness of the celestial regions-the pure existence of ethereal being-the solemn secrets of nature may then be divulged: the immediate unity of the past: the present and the future; strains of unimaginable harmony, forms of imperishable beauty, may then suddenly disclose themselves, bursting upon the delighted senses and bathing them in measureless bliss! The mind is lost in this excess of wondrous light, and dares not turn from the heavenly vision to one so gloomy, so tremendous as the department of the wicked! Human fancy shrinks back appalled.

#### PICKLE EATERS.

I MUST not omit (says a correspondent of Hone's Year Book, describing the fair of Utrecht) that another peculiarity was the large quantity of pickles offered for sale, and the avidity with which they were devoured. Upon the counters of the shop booth, cucumbers, girkins, beans, beet root, mangoes, tomatas, &c. floated prettily in large glass jars of vinegar with spices. Young and old of both sexes went up without ceremony, took a plate and fork, dipped for slices in the jars, and ate them by large mouthfuls at discretion, paying, when done, as familiarly as our dandies at a pastry-cook's. We could scarcely believe that they swallowed raw pickle. without accompaniment, in such quantities, but we tasted a few specimens, and were convinced of the fact. We watched one man in particular, to see how long he would continue eating. I should be ashamed to state the result; we could only ejaculate Shakspeare's benevolent wish, "May good digestion wait on appetite." This custom, which prevails between meals, may partly account for the extraordinary frequency of the word Apotheck above the doors in every town in Holland. These apothecaries' shops, too, are among the best fitted up and largest of any, giving strong evidence of a flourishing trade. They have outside a large painted staring head, with the mouth wide open, as if gaping for a bolus—a sign denoting relief to pickle eaters, in case of emergency.

#### MASKED BALLS.

Were first publicly set on foot in France, in the year 1716, and their number speedily grew to eight every week. The expedient of converting theatres into saleons for public balls emanated from the Chevaljer de Bouillon, a nephew of the illustrious Turenne, who was rewarded with a pension of six thousand livres as its originator.

#### THE EVENING PRAYER.

"Alons, alone!—no other face
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line:
And yet they say my mother's eye—
They say my father's brow is mine;
And either had rejoiced to see
The other's likeness in my face;
But now it is a stranger's eye
That finds some long-forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death,
His home and tomb alike the wave;
And I was early taught to weep
Beside my youthful mother's grave.
I wish I could recall one look—
But only one familiar tone:
If I had aught of memory,
I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,
In search of love I cannot find,
Till I could fancy soothing words
Are whispered by the evening wind.
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they look on me
With something of an answering love.

My mother, does thy gentle eye
Look from those distant stars on me?
Or does the wind at evening bear
A message to thy child from thee?
Dost thou pine for me, as I pine
Again a parent's love to share?
I often kneel beside thy grave
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell!—'tis eventide;
I will not weep, but I will pray—
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay!
Earth's meanest flower, Henves's mightlest star,
Are equal in their Maker's love,
And I can say, Thy will be done,
With eyes that fix their hope above."

#### FADED HOURS.

On! for my bright and faded hours, When life was like a summer stream, On whose gay banks the virgin flowers Blush'd in the morning's rosy beam, Or danc'd upon the breeze that bare Its store of rich perfume along; While the wood-robin poured on air The ravishing delights of song!

The sun looked from his lofty cloud,
While flowed its sparkling waters fair,
And went upon his pathway proud,
And threw a brighter lustre there—
And smiled upon the golden heaven,
And on the earth's aweet loveliness,
Where light and joy, and song were given,
The glad and fairy scene to bless!

Ay, these were bright and joyous hours,
When youth awoke from boyhood's dream,
To see life's Eden dress'd in flowers,
While young Hope bask'd in morning's beam,
And proffered thanks to heaven above,
(While glowed his fond and grateful breast,)
Who spread for him that scene of love,
And made him so supremely blest!

That scene of love where hath it gone?
Where have its charms and beauty sped?
My hours of youth that o'er me shone—
Where have their light and splendor fled?
Into the silent lapse of years—
And I am left on earth to mourn;
And I am left—to drop my tears
O'er Mem'ry's lone and icy urn!

Yet, why pour forth the voice of wail,
O'er feeling's blighted coronal?
Ere many gorges suns shall fail,
I shall be gathered in my pall!
Oh! my dark hours on earth are few—
My hopes are crushed—my heart is riv'n,
And I shall soon bid life adieu,
To seek enduring joys in heaven!

## A QUIET RUBBER.

From the Private Correspondence of an English Lady of Fashion.

What a sad thing it is that pleasure has its end, that we look back, and say, not such things are, but such things have been. Well, my love, here we are, sixty-two miles from London, and a precious resting-place we have. Such society! but attendez, and you shall hear. During the first week, the "resident gentry," consisting of the apothecary's lady, the curate's family (the rector is of course non-resident,) Lady Puffpaste (the best of the set, my aunt says, notwithstanding her bilious tendency, which, you know, is vastly disagreeable, as it makes people rather ill-natured), and Admiral and Mrs. Flagstaff, paid their respects. Mrs. Lloyd (the apothecary's better halt) looks of the description of ladies who carry umbrellas, walk in pattens, and hold up their petticoats in muddy weather. She talked of Mr. Lloyd, and her "careful comforts" in their "sweet cottage home," expatiated on the merits of the Dorking breed of bens, over all

other birds of the poultry tribe, assured us that her turkeys were the fattest in the county, and ended by an apology for Mr. Lloyd's absence, " he was in such demand that day, had two funerals to attend, thirteen children to vaccinate, several ladies to visit on particular business, and three patients in cholera;" the little woman then fussed out of the drawing-room, hoping that we would take "friendly tea"—Oh! ye gods!-"friendly tea, with her at six"—one would have thought she intended one partaking of the refreshing beverage before dinner-" the next evening."-I like Mrs. Gentle, the curate's wife, better than any one I have seen since we came here. She is simple without being vulgar, and modest, without a particle of that awkward bashfulness that characterises your half-bred gentry. I wish I were a Bishop, and her husband should soon have a living, I promise you. Lady Puffpaste is a tall, sour-visaged dowager of sixty-two,

whose blonde and black satin are as exquisite and unexceptionable as blonde and black satin can be; her voice is keen and cutting; you involuntarily put your hands to your ears when she speaks, lest they should be pierced as with a stiletto; she looks askance at young ladies, as if she suspected they were not what they ought to be; and when she inquired into my musical talent, hoped I avoided Moore, and Haynes Bayley, and sang only the moral songs of that lady with a name like a trombone—you know who I mean—she also hinted that there was no society in the neighbourhood, and hoped we would be select, as it behoved people of fortune and family to be.

Mrs. Flagstaff is a person of a different sort, gallops a blood horse, while her husband trots a pony, wears a pale blue riding-habit, and leads the fox hounds in right gallant style; and if put in a passion, dashes right into the middle of exclamations that would tint my paper still more coleur de rose, if I repeated them. The Admiral comes under the denomination of "a nice little man; he is prinky and particular in all things, with a low whispering voice, a tender step, as if he were afraid of hurting the carpet, or the carpet hurting him, and is marvellously particular about the tie of his shoe-strings and cravat. I had forgotten his son, the young Flagstaff, a most disagreeable animal, putting one much in mind of the last new ape they got at the Zoological Gardens. Now Emmeline, this is none of my usual similies which you used to say are as like as Mr. T's portraits are to their original, resembling them in nothing except being merely men and women. Our young hero's arms, if extended, would, I do think, nearly touch the ground. He has evidently no ideas of his own, and is consequently restricted to a repetition of the ideas of others; his existence seems to depend on the correct imitation he can give of the airs and graces of the greatest fop of the day, and his language is so interscrap'd with bad French, and worse Italian, that it is most difficult to understand; not that the poor Flagstaff is very unlike the generality of young men. And now Emmeline, while I think of it, will you do me the favour to ask Mr. Vigors, the next time you see him, what is the real difference between a man and a monkey; I should so like to know, particularly since I read an account of some African apes, who were intelligent enough to be made useful by the natives as servants. Now this (entre nous) is more than can be said of the very best of our beaux, my dear, who seem to think that it is we who should be useful to them. Well, those people were all very kind, and asked us to their houses, and all that sort of thing, but my aunt had the conservatory to arrange, and her rheumatism to get rid of, and we sent apologies to all; the apothecary's wife, and her "early tea" included. The villa is so damp that not a string will remain on the harp, and to confess the truth, Haynes Bayley has not broken the monotony of his lady-like lays. What a pity it is that doctors cannot find out a method of giving poets, and naanla in that line ... nine . and mate tired

of the most delightful music and poetry in the world, when, like the cuckoo's song, it admits, or rather receives, no variation. On the third evening that we had really nothing to do, we were sitting disconsolately in the great bow window; I was occupied in thinking over the past delights of the season, and humming that sweet air from Donizetti's Anne Boleyn which I accompanied on my guitar—

"Al dolce quidami
Castel natio,
Ai verdi platani
Al queto rio
Che i nostri mormora
Sospiri ancor.—
Cola, dimentico
De' corsi affanni,
Un giorno solo
Dei nostro amor."

I soon, however, laid down my little instrument, for who cares to play, when there is nobody to listen? and besides, my aunt had twice yawned

very rudely while I was singing.

"I have been thinking, my dear Zara," she commenced at last, "that we might get up a quiet rubber of whist to vary the scene—there could be—"and she held up her long bony finger to count—"little Mrs. Lloyd, Lady Puffpaste, the Admiral and myself—Mrs. Flagstaff could teach you her favourite song of—

" Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,

Fleet Towler leads the cry; Arise the burden of my song, This day a stag must die.'

I remember Mrs. Billington (worth twenty of your Pastas) singing it, and the Admiral told me that his wife's voice was very like her's; or young Flagstaff could get up a duet with you. Mrs. Gentle would not come, I know, but we can send a card to the young doctor, who has just arrived in the parish—it would be only civil, I think."

"Very well, aunt, I dare say it will be very pleasant, and will do very well. Shall it be for

this day fortnight?"

"Nonsense, child, to-morrow evening; do you think you are sending out cards for a London soirce? where people are obliged to turn their brain into a quarterly calender, to enable them to remember their engagements."

" Shall I write, then?"

"Certainly."

I took out some of that lovely note paper, embossed with gold, wanting to astonish the natives by its beauty, when my aunt espying my intention, said—

"Your head is always running upon some frippery or other, making a sensation, as you call it; can't you take plain paper; but stay, I will do it

myself."

The good lady accordingly did write what she termed a sensible invitation, and accordingly, before the appointed hour, my aunt saw that all things were confortable, the cards smooth and shining on the "verdant baize" (not the bays which poets rave about,) and the lamps so placed as to give a due portion of light to every corner of the apartment; the old lady seemed in high

counters, and drawing up her long mittens, curtued most graciously to Mrs. Lloyd, who dipt and swam, and fidgeted, until she got fairly into her seat."

"My dear Madam," said the little woman, "it was so very kind of you to ask me to a quiet rubber, the thing of all others I delight in.—I say to Mr. Lloyd (poor dear man, when I can get a moment's conversation with him,) my dear, I say, why don't you get up a rubber?— and he, dear soul, he's so full of wit-smiles and asks me if I want him to send for St. John Long!-pretty, wasn't it? I liked it so much, that I say it to him every morning at breakfast, and we always laugh." My aunt laughed too, from sympathy, I suppose, and we waited somewhat impatiently for the next rattat, hoping to arrange the table; it came, and with it my lady Puffpaste. She bridled into the room, but no sooner did her cold grey eyes rest upon poor Mrs. Lloyd, than she sidled towards her, as you sometimes see a cat sidle towards a poor timid puppy, who crouches and crouches, until it gets out of reach of its claws; this was precisely the case now, for she of the apothecary shrank out of the room, hustled down stairs, called for her cloak and pattens, and was out of the house before a word could be said by any of the party. At last Lady Puffpaste shrieked forth an exclamation.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Madam, but I cannot conceive how that person found her way into your most respectable house; to be sure some people are most inconceivably impertinent, and I shouldn't wonder if she had the assurance to call upon you; this, my dear Madam, is the worst of the country, there is no getting good society; not that there is much, that is anything particular against the little creature, but her mother was a washer-woman, and she has odd ways herself; I taught her her station, and mean to make her remember it. Really the impertineace of some people is amazing, her husband is the veriest quack that ever disgraced a country parish, or murdered its inhabitants; it is awful to think of the mischief he has done, and the mischief he may do."

"I understand there is a new practitioner, a physician, come here," said my aunt, who, to do her justice, hates scandal, and was anxious to allay the conversation, "an excellent and clever man."

"What!" exclaimed Lady Puffpaste, "Doctor Dunny, as he is called; pretty doctors, truly! Madam, I should not consider myself safe in the same house with that man; he is a perfect compound of landanum and prussic-acid, an experimentalizer that it is dangerous to admit under one's roof, breathing nothing but choleric gas, and carrying an electrifying machine in his waistcoat-pocket—he is—"

The door opened before the lady had finished her harangue, and the new M.D. entered, to the confusion of my aunt (who began to see little prospect of a harmonious evening,) and the discomfiture of her ladyship, who having curtised stifly round, threw not a very gentle look at meand emitted such sparks of fury from her eyes, as she glanced at the terrified man of medicine, that I was sincerely glad for all our sakes as she sailed down stairs, to ring for her carriage. It is difficult to commence a conversation under such circumstances, but doctors have a happy knack of being eloquent about nothing—they hear so much, that they must be stupid indeed, if they cannot retail a portion of the information.—You remember how we laughed when dear old Lady Flambago dismissed an exceedingly clever man from her house, because he did not talk as much as she wished, or expected.

"I hope, ladies," he commenced, bowing lowly to my aunt, and somewhat more familiarly to me, "I hope, ladies, you find Nettleton a comfortable situation-you have a delightful prospect, and fine air, though it is rather humid; hope you have not suffered from colds or influenza? happy to hear you have escaped. The influenza has been very general indeed, this year; some people attribute it to political causes, others to Paganini's playing, which acts so forcibly on the nerves; but I say it is owing to injudicious treatment; not that I would ever speak in a disrespectful manner of a brother practitioner, but unfortunately the health of the inhabitants in this part of the country has been sadly neglected .-Fond of cards, Madam? delightful amusementso quiet, and rational. This young lady plays?"

"No, Sir."

"Ah! the young ladies now-a-days are so intellectual and talented—but we shall have another hand soon; poor Lady Puffpaste could not bear to see me, and no wonder; medical men must be secret, but she always blushes when she meets me, and—no—wonder—"

The doctor was interrupted in the midst of his insinuations, by the entrance of Mrs. Flagstaff, who marched into the middle of the room, without, as she called it, "halting," and not attending, in the slightest degree, to the customary salutations, stood opposite the man of medicine, who at first put on a bravoing look, which altered, in a little time, to one of dismay and mortification.

"Ma foi!" said she, after eyeing him from top to toe, " you are a very pretty fellow to slide and glide your way into my good friend's house. You did not expect to meet me here, I'll answer for it. How did you like the last dose you received at my hands? A capital joke, ladies!" (turning, for the first time, to us) " ladies, I must tell it you; you must know-nay, nay, my good friend," she exclaimed, interrupting her narrative to address the doctor, who had acquired possession of his cane, and was stealing towards the door, bent on making his escape, "you must hear me out, my memory is treacherous, and I may state incorrectly what occurred—you can remedy my mistakes." So saying, she literally laid violent hands on the man, and with an air of rude and boisterous gaiety, which in a woman is so unfit and disagreeable, laughed loudly, and began her nar-

"Last summer I was taken very ill at Har-

rowgate, and the person at whose house we were, introduced my worthy little friend here, as my medical adviser; he felt my pulse with a sagacity worthy of the best of Galen's disciples, and said so little, that he passed with the Admiral, poor man, as very wise. However, I was not to be taken in in that way, and as bottle after bottlefrom the dark and sombre-looking mixture, labelled 'three table-spoonfuls to be taken every three minutes,' to the delicate ladylike julep, ' to be sipped every ten minutes'-crowded my dressing-table, I thought I would make a bold push, and try the effect of the medicines on the doctor himself. I don't know that I should have had the courage to attempt this, had I not discovered that my friend, thinking now-a-days that merit was neglected, conferred his diploma on himself." A cold shudder passed over the poor man's frame, as the lady said these words, as if he anticipated a repetition of the experiment. "'Good morning, doctor,' said I, as he entered to make his usual inquiries, 'you look rather pale to-day.'- 'I am rather weak, Madam,' he replied, "it is impossible to feel responsible for the lives of so many persons, and not suffer from those delicate affections of the nerves which susceptibility is liable to."

"I True, dear doctor,' I replied, 'but why do you not try some of this nice camphor julep—you assured me of its infallibility.' My friend could not deny this, and by a moderate portion of threats and entreaties, I made him gulph dewn something less than a tumber-full of his own stuff. 'Doctor,' I continued, after a time, 'you still look pale, and, I think, rather bilious.'

"'Anxiety, my dear Madam, anxiety; nothing

creates bile so much as anxiety.'

"'And nothing so good, you tell me, for bile, as this dingy-looking mixture, which, for the good of your health, you must partake of.' filled him out a brimming goblet of his own medicine, and placing my back resolutely to the door, positively forced it down his throat. caitiff contrived to make his escape while I was preparing some other etceteras for the sake of his precious constitution, and I saw him no more until this present greeting. Ah! doctor, doctor! self-elected doctor, you little thought such a meeting as this awaited you, or that I should recognise you, protected thus by your new name and your new wig!" The lady dexterously seized the most elevated of a family of auburn curls that adorned the toupee, and with a decided jerk, held it, with its appurtenance of a pair of well cultivated whiskers, over his head. I cannot describe to you this scene; the tall-I had almost said manly figure of Mrs. Flagstaffthe wig delicately balanced between her finger and thumb, while the little doctor, bending penitently, lowered, and looked imploringly upwards, like the man in the Arabian tale, when the eagle flew off with the turban which contained all his gold and jewels in its folds. "Come, come, I will not again repeat old grievances.-What! you won't stay? very well! good night then, we must only learn to do without you."-

The doctor muttered something about particular engagements, and left the room to the heroine of the moment, arranging his luckless wig in its proper position. It was now near tea, and owing to the tittle tattling, and discordant feeling of this parish of Nettleton, my aunt feared that not even four could be obtained to make up her beloved rubber. She looked in dismay at Mrs. Flagstaff, who, in high good humour, as she elegantly expressed it, at having "done the doctor," proposed sending her servant to hurry the Admiral. "We shall then," said she, "be a snug party; we three ladies will cut for the gentleman, and before we separate you must fix an evening to come to me."

"My dear Madam," I exclaimed, "I don't happen to know one card from another."

"Then you must learn, child, and the sooner the better!"

Fancy me, my dearest Emmeline, set down to learn, to learn whist, and sympathise with your poor friend, who accustomed to the brilliancy of the Opera, the elegance of Almack's, with her head full of the remembrance of the dress she wore at the coronation, every cranny of her little pate stuffed with blonde, white feathers, and Adelaide satin, set down to play-still worse, set down to learn whist, from an old maiden aunt, a tornado of a woman, and a little prinky man, who dare not call his soul his own, in the presence of his fair furiosa. The mysteries of shuffle, deal, cut, lead, follow, were duly explained to me over and over again; and to do justice to the young "staff," the juvenile prop, who accompanied his father, he told me what cards to play, so as to save me many a reprimand. At first I was fortunate enough to obtain the old gentleman as a partner, but this good luck did not continue; we changed, and then, indeed, Emmeline, it was that our troubles commenced, for the Admiral and his wife played together. Oh! the miseries of wedded life! My dearest friend, never, never marry, not even for the sake of wearing black velvet and satin; if you wish to be happy or independent, never marry. If you wish to have a will and a way of your own, avoid matrimony as you would a pestilence; for it is ten chances against you, but you get just such a one for a husband, as the Admiral has for a wife. You shall hear a few of the exclamations with which Mrs. Flagstaff honoured her helpmate.

"My dear Admiral, you shuffle your cards as if all your fingers were thumbs! Why man, how could you be so stupid, as to play that card! surely your own sense might have told you (that is, if, indeed, you have any sense,) silly woman that I am to expect it! You may just as well fling your cards in the fire, as throw them down in that way. What, again blundering! did you not see that spades led? Oh! you forgot it! I am only astonished that you do not leave your head behind you some day, (axide) not that your friends would ever miss it if you did. Well, you are the most incorrigible being I ever encountered; there you sit, nodding like a Chinese mandarin, and

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playing exactly so as to provoke me. An angel's patience would be exhausted." After many such remarks, without seeming to think them in the least degree improper, she flung her cards literally in her husband's face, and, starting from the table, rang the hell for her carriage, with so much violence, as to electrify our servants, who are quite unused to any but gentle treatment.—She hardly apologised to my aunt, who now, indeed, gave up all idea of the rubber, and was evidently so annoyed by the conduct of her guests, as to rejoice at their departure as much as I did at the termination of my first rubber.

"Twist your boa round your throat, my love," said the meek husband, in a soothing tone,

"it will keep you warm."

"Warm, Admiral Flagstaff, I am quite warm enough; you need not trouble yourself to go down stairs with me, as I shall go home alone in my carriage. Ladies, I will take a future opportunity to apologise for the violence of my husband's temper, which reduces me to such extremities, and blights my most innocent enjoyments."

With this pretty piece of oratory she concluded; and as her portly person passed through the open door, the Admiral turned to us with a silent shrug, as much as to say, poor man, "I cannot help it," and the young Flagstaff whispered, as he passed me, "One of ma's breezes, and pa's calms—nothing when you're used to them!"

Ah, my dear Emmeline! do you not agree with me? are not such a pair enough to make one forswear matrimony? And what can be more horrible than living in this odious place, where every man's hand is against his brother, and each seems imbued with the spirit of ill-will, and misrepresentation. I have not time to philosophise upon the subject, for Maradon has just written to know what colour I choose for the dress I am to wear at a ball which we go to Oxford to attend; "white satin!" I am not blonde enough for that; "blue!" that has somewhat of a literary appearance; "Adelaide!" it has grown vulgar; decide for me, my precious Emmeline! Oh, happiness most enviable, to feel so convinced of the reality of friendship, as to trust another, a female friend to choose your dress, without the risk of impairing your beauty.

Adieu! adieu! with all the warmth and sincerity of eighteen years and three months.

Voutre Devoue,

ZARA HONORIA.

My aunt is mourning sadly at the idea of there being no possibility of getting her quiet rubber here. I should not much wonder if we were to be in town in a week, although the death-knell of the season has sounded by the closing of the opera. I dare say Paganini's charity in giving more "last concerts," will save us from ennus.—Addio.

Z. H.

# THE DEATH SONG. BY MISS L. P. LANDON.

Are the roses all faded, that thus you should wear, A wreath from the dark cypress tree in your hair? Are the violets wither'd, that funeral green Should thus mid your long golden tresses be seen?

Come, maiden, the evening's last crimson has dy'd With the hue of its blushes the pearls at your side; And wreath'd flowers like summer's are bright in each fold Of the white robe, whose border is heavy with gold.

Oh father, my father, now urge me no more; Ro footstep of mine will be light on the floor; The shroud cold and white is the robe I shall wear: Now look on my face, is not death written there.

It came on the night wind, it came in the hour,
When the planet shines forth and the spirit has power—
I heard the sad music that wailing past by;
It call'd me, my father, it call'd me to die.

I beard that wild singing the night that she died,
My own genile sister, her last sigh replied:
Again I have listen'd that funeral tone;
I knew 'twas the death song, I knew 'twas my own.

I am weeping, but not for this summons, my tears They fail for your lonely, your desolate years; I see the old hearth, but its gladness is gone; I see the green forest, you walk there alone.

By the side of my sister's they'll hang up my lute,
But, unless the wind wake them, henceforth to be mute;
Our vault will be open'd with torch-light and song:
We must part, there, my father, we part not for long.

They say to the words of the dying are given A spirit that is not of earth, but of heaven, strong in thy sorrow, and meek in thy pain: My father, we meet, and for ever, again.

#### A DREAM.

Shakspeare says the poet, lunatic, and lover, are of imagination all compact. We publish the following effusion by Mr. Macdonald, the celebrated artist, to shew that the sculptur may be joined to the bard. It is a transcript of an actual dream.

As o'er that statue's lips methought With chisel in my hand I wrought, Sweetening each expressive line, Till the whole became divine-Like to her, who, far away, Dwelleth in exhaustless day-Still, the sentiment, the soul, I heightened, and informed the whole. Till, O my God! it moved, and grew A thing of life! Her image too-No! not her image, but her soul, Her very emence, there had stole, And in the marble dwelt like light!--It was too much—my ravished sight Could bear no more; to hide my face Upon her breast, in wild embrace, My arms I threw--they clasp the air! And yet her form seems dwelling there!-Another effort! 'Twas in vain: A sudden madness seized my brain-I grasped the death-tube-fired-her head Drooped on her neck-I marked the lead Had plerced her brow; then forth a flame Of quick consuming power there came, And burned intensely, till its flashes Were quenched, that form reduced to ashee! -All that remained was a handful of dust; The fitful winds, as they came with a gust, Swept that too, and strewed it on high. Where I raised my face; but oh! the sky Shut back my gaze, and heaven looked down With a dark ning brow a with ring from : SIDE PATTERN.



CROWN PATTERN.



# THE EMPIRE OF POETRY.

BY FONTENELLE.

"This empire is a very large and populous country. It is divided, like some of the countries on the continent, into the higher and lower regions. The upper region is inhabited by grave. melancholy, and sullen people, who, like other mountaineers, speak a language very different from that of the inhabitants of the valleys. The trees in this part of the country are very tall, having their tops among the clouds. Their horses are superior to those of Barbary, being fleeter than the winds. Their women are so beautiful as to eclipse the star of day. The great city which you see in the maps, beyond the lofty mountains, is the capital of this province, and is called Epic. It is built on a sandy and ungrateful soil, which few take the trouble to cultivate. The length of the city is many days' journey, and it is otherwise of a tiresome extent. On leaving its gate we always meet with men who are killing one another; whereas, when we pass through Romance, which forms the suburbs of Epic, and which is larger than the city itself, we meet with groups of happy people who are hastening to the shrine of Hymen. The Mountains of Tragedy are also in the province of Upper Poetry. They are very steep, with dangerous precipices; and, in consequence, many of its people build their habitations at the bottom of the hills, and imagine themselves high enough. There have been found on these mountains some very beautiful ruins of ancient cities, and, from time to time, the materials are carried lower down to build new cities; for they now never build near so high as they seem to have done in former times. The Lower Poetry is very similar to the swamps of Holland. Burlesque is the capital, which is situated amidst stagnant pools. Princes speak there as if they had sprung from the dunghill, and all the inhabitants are buffoons from their birth. Comedy is a city which is built on a pleasant spot; but it is too near to Burlesque, and its trade with this place has much degraded the manners of its citizens. I beg that you will notice in the map those vast solitudes which lie between High and Low Poetry. They are called the Deserts of Common Sense. There is not a single city in the whole of this extensive country. and only a few cottages scattered at a distance from one another. The interior of the country is beautiful and fertile; but you need not wonder that there are so few who choose to reside in it, for the entrance is very rugged on all sides, the roads are narrow and difficult, and there are seldom any guides to be found who are capable of conducting strangers. Besides, this country borders on a province where every person prefers to remain, because it appears to be very agreeable, and caves the trouble of penetrating into the Deserts of Common Sense. It is the province A Pales Thoughts. Here we a

flowers—every thing seems enchanting. its greatest inconvenience is, that the ground is not solid-the foot is always sinking in the mire, however careful one may be. Elegy is the capital. Here the people do nothing but complain; but it is said that they find a pleasure in their complaints. The city is surrounded with woods and rocks, where the inhabitants walk alone, making them the confidants of his secrets-of the discovery of which he is so much afraid, that he often conjures those woods and rocks never to betray them. The Empire of Poetry is watered by two rivers. One is the river of Rhyme, which has its source at the foot of the Mountains of Reverie. The tops of some of these mountains are so elevated that they pierce the clouds: those are called the Points of Sublime Thought. Many climb there by extraordinary efforts; but almost the whole tumble down again, and excite, by their fall, the ridicule of those who admired them at first without knowing why. There are large platforms almost at the bottom of these mountains, which are called the Terraces of Low Thoughts. There are always a great number of people walking upon them. At the end of these terraces are the Caverns of Deep Reverie. Those who descend into them do so insensibly. being so much enwrapt in their meditations that they enter the caverns before they are aware. These caverns are perfect labyrinths, and the difficulty of getting out again could scarcely be believed by those who have not been there. Above the terraces we sometimes meet with men walking in easy paths, which are termed the Paths of Natural Thoughts; and these gentlemen ridicule, equally, those who try to scale the Points of Sublime Thoughts, as well as those who grovel on the terraces below. They would be in the right if they could keep undeviatingly in the Paths of Natural Thoughts; but they fall almost instantly into a snare, by entering into a splendid palace which is at a very little distance—it is the Palace of Badinage. Scarcely have they entered, when, in place of the natural thoughts which they formerly had, they dwell upon such only as are mean and vulgar. Those, however, who never abandon the Paths of natural thoughts are the most rational of all. They aspire no higher than they ought, and their thoughts are never at variance with sound judgment. Besides the River-Rhyme, which I have described as issuing from the foot of the mountains, there is another, called the River of Reason. These two rivers are at a great distance from one another; and as they have a very different course, they could not be made to communicate except by canals, which would cost a great deal of labour. For these canals of communication could not be formed at all places, because there is only one part of the River Rhyn ch is in the neighbourhood of

the River Reason; and hence many cities situated on the Rhyme, such as Roundelay and Ballad, could have no commerce with the Reason, whatever pains might be taken for that purpose. Further, it would be necessary that these canals should cross the Deserts of Common Sense, as you will see by the map; and that is almost an unknown country. The Rhyme is a large river, whose course is crooked and unequal, and, on account of its numerous falls, it is extremely difficult to navigate. On the contrary, the Reason is very straight and regular, but it does not carry vessels of every burthen. There is in the Land of Poetry a very obscure forest, where the rays of the sun never enter. It is the forest of Bombast. The trees are close, spreading and twined into each other. The forest is so ancient that it has become a sort of sacrilege to prune its trees, and there is no probability that the ground will ever be cleared. A few steps into this forest and we lose our road, without dreaming that we have gone astray. It is full of imperceptible labyrinths, from which no one ever returns. The Reason is lost in this forest. The extensive province of Imitation is very sterile—it produces nothing. The inhabitants are extremely poor, and are obliged to glean in the richer fields of the neighbouring provinces; and some even make fortunes by this beggarly occupation. The Empire of Poetry is very cold towards the north; and, consequently, this quarteris the most populous. There are the cities of Anagram and Acrostic, with several others of a similar descrip-Finally, in that sea which bounds the States of Poetry, there is the Island of Satire, surrounded with bitter waves. The salt from the water is very strong and dark coloured. The greater part of the brooks of this island resemble the Nile in this, that their sources are unknown; but it is particularly remarkable that there is not one of them whose waters are fresh. A part of the same sea is called the Archipelago of Trifles: the French term it L'Archipel des Bagatelles; and their voyagers are well acquainted with those islands. Nature seems to have thrown them up in sport, as she did those of the The principal islands are the Ægean Sea. Madrigal, the Song, and the Impromptu. No lands can be lighter than those islands, for they float upon the waters."

### DEATH OF MOHAMMED.

MOHAMMED, having arrived at the sixty-third year of his age, and the tenth of the Hejira, A.D. 632, the fatal effects of the poison, which had been so long rankling in his veins, began to discover themselves more and more sensibly, and to operate with alarming virulence. Day by day he visibly declined, and it was evident that his life was hastening to a close. For some time previous to the event, he was conscious of its approach, and is said to have viewed and awaited it with characteristic firmness. The third day before his dissolution, he ordered himself to be

carried to the mosque, that he might, for the last time, address his followers, and bestow upon them his parting prayers and benedictions. Being assisted to mount the pulpit, he edified his brethren by the pious tenor of his dying counsels, and in his own example taught a lesson of humility and penitence, such as we shall scarcely find inculcated in the precepts of the Koran. " If there be any man," said the apostle, "whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retaliation. Have I aspersed the reputation of any Mussulman? let him proclaim my faults in the face of the congregation. Has any one been despoiled of his goods? the little that I possess shall compensate the principal and the interest of the debt." "Yes," replied a voice from the crowd, "thou owest me three drachms of silver." Mohammed heard the complaint, satisfied the demand, and thanked his creditor, that he had accused him in this world, rather than at the day of judgment. He then set his slaves at liberty-seventeen men and eleven women; directed the order of his funeral; strove. to allay the lamentations of his weeping friends, and waited the approach of death. He did not expressly nominate a successor, a step which would have prevented the altercations that afterward came so near to crushing in its infancy the religion and the empire of the Saracens; but his appointment of Abubeker to supply his place in the function of public prayer and the other services of the mosque, seemed to intimate indirectly the choice of the prophet. This ancient and faithful friend, accordingly, after much contention, became the first caliph of the Saracens, though his reign was closed by his death, at the end of two years. The death of Mohammed was hastened by the force of a burning fever, which deprived him at times of the use of reason. In one of these paroxysms of delirium he demanded pen and paper, that he might compose or dictate a divine book. Omar, who was watching at his side, refused his request, lest the expiring prophet might dictate something which should supersede the Koran. Others, however, expressed a great desire that the book might be written; and so warm a dispute arose in the chamber of the apostle, that he was forced to reprove their unbecoming vehemence. The writing was not performed, and many of his followers have mourned the loss of the sublime revela tions which his dying visions might have bequeathed to them. His favourite wife, Ayesha, hung over her husband in his last moments, sustaining his drooping head upon her knee, as he lay stretched upon the carpet, watching with trembling anxiety his changing countenance, and listening to the last broken sounds of his voice. His disease, as it drew towards its termination, was attended at intervals with most excruciating pains, which he constantly ascribed to the fatal morsel taken at Chaibar; and as the mother of Bashar, the companion who had died upon the spot, from the same cause, stood by his side, he exclaimed—"O, mother of Bashar! the cords of my heart are now breaking of the food which I ate with your son at Chaibar." In his conversation with those around him, he mentioned it as a special prerogative granted to him, that the angel of death was not allowed to take his soul till he had respectfully asked of him his permission—and this permission he condescendingly granted. Recovering from a swoon into which the violence of his pains had thrown him, he raised his eyes towards the roof of the house, and with faltering accents exclaimed, "O, God! pardon my sins. Yes, I come among my fellow-labourers on high!" His face was then sprinkled with water, and that by his own feeble hand, when he shortly after expired. The city, and more especially the house of the prophet, became at once a scene of sorrowful, but confused lamentation. Some of his followers could not believe that he was dead. "How can he be dead, our witness, our intercessor, our mediator with God? He is not dead. Like Moses and Jesus, he is wrapped in a holy trance, and speedily will he return to his faithful people." The evidence of sense was disregarded; and Omar, brandishing his cimetar, threatened to strike off the heads of the infidels who should affirm that the prophet was no more. The tumult was at length appeased by the moderation of Abubeker. "Is it Mohammed," said he, " or the God of Mohammed, whom ye worship? The God of Mohammed liveth for ever—but the apostle was a mortal like ourselves; and, according to his own prediction, he hath experienced the common fate of mortality." The prophet's remains were depoatted at Medina, in the very room in which he breathed his last, the floor being removed to make way for his sepulchre, and a simple and madorned monument was some time after erected over them.

From the unpublished Notes of an English Detenu.

MAPOLEON AT A BALL.

A few days after Napoleon's arrival in Brussels, with Marie Louise, a grand ball was offered him by the inhabitants. That magnificent Gothic edifice, the Hotel de Ville, was the place fixed upon for the fete. The staircase leading to the superb hall is at least sixteen feet wide; but the Emperor would not condescend to be present, unless a second staircase was constructed. As the form of the building scarcely admitted of such an alteration, the mayor and the authorities were much embarrassed by this communication. It was, at length, resolved to convert two of the front windows into an entrance. A solid timber staircase was accordingly constructed within eight and forty hours. It was covered with tapesby, and the balusters were decorated with artiscial flowers and muslin hangings; the whole was splendidly illuminated. The venerable pile presented a dazzling mass of light. The Emperor, the Empress, and a numerous suite arrived at eight o'clock, from the Palace of Lacken. About five hundred persons were present, and I was remarks enough to be of the number. The Empress stood up to a colonne (a kind of country dance,) and was turned by at least a hundred persons, to each of whom she presented her hand with perfect grace. At that period, she was in all the bloom of youth; and although her face could not be termed handsome, she struck the spectator by her majestic mien and fine person. She had all the appearance of enjoying the dance as much as any person-present. The Emperor seemed to take no interest in the entertainment; I observed that he did not converse with more than half a dozen individuals during the whole time, and paid little or no attention to the ladies. To one of the latter, he said in my hearing, with his accustomed abruptness-" Are you married?" -" Yes."-" Is your husband in the army?"-"No, Sire, he is a merchant." He put no other question, but suddenly turning round, he walked to another part of the room. He partook of no refreshments.

Scarcely was the second colonne terminated, when about twenty Grenadiers of the Guards, with fixed bayonets, rushed into the hall, and marched with rapid step to the other extremity, where the Emperor and Empress happened then to be. They were close to the door, which, when opened, another company of Grenadiers was seen to have taken possession of that outlet. In the first moment, the persons assembled thought that a military conspiracy had broken out; but 'ere we had time to reflect a general cry of 'fire' was heard. Our consternation was dreadful; both exits from the Hall were stopped by the Grenadiers, who would not permit any one whatever his rank, to pass, for at least three minutes. When their Majesties had safely reached their carriage, and drove off to Lacken, both stair cases were evacuated by the military, and the company descended in quicker time than they had ascended a few hours before. It was a fortunate circumstance that such precautions had been taken by the officers on duty, or many accidents must inevitably have occurred; not one, however, was heard of. It was soon ascertained that the alarm had been occasioned by the muslin ornaments and artificial flowers having come in contact with one of the lamps. The fire did not communicate to the timber staircase. A great many persons actually returned to the ball-room, and dancing was kept up until morn.

### UMBRELLAS.

In the rainy weather at Morocco as it would be at least imprudent to appear in the streets, with an umbrella, one must remain within doors; the privilege of making use of an umbrella is very different from what it is in Europe or America; where every person may keep his head dry without asking leave so do. In Morocco, the umbrella is the privilege of royalty alone, and should any one of his subject slaves dare to make use of one, it would be an act of high treason for which his head would be the forfeit. Brooke's Morocco.

## TO A LADY, ON HER BRIDAL MORN.

And has the vow of mortal love been breathed upon thine

And hast thou pledged thy faith, O maid, to one of earthly sphere?

And has that virgin heart, whose sigh like incense rose to heaven.

To Love's enchantment yielded, and to earth that incense given?

I cannot smile as others smile to see the pageant gay.
That flaunts so pompous and so bright upon thy bridal day:
Thy vestal glory shone so pure, so like the modest light
Of the dcar twilight-star that shines more tender still than
bright.

And must that maiden lustre now so quickly pass away?
That lambent radiance disappear before a broader day?
It must be, for the vow is pledged—triumphant at thy side
Young Edward stands, and claims thee for his own, his
beauteous bride.

Thy soft, thy lovely check, that erst a lonely pillow prest,
Shall bloom no more upon the little of its virgin rest;
For Love's blush-roses proudly have thy snowy temples
crown'd.

And Hymeu's orange flowers and myrtle in the wreath are found.

Then fare thee well!—thy mother weeps to give thee from her arms.

And prays, and hopes, and sighs, with all a mother's kind alarm-;

Thy father holds thy hands in his, and with uplifted eye, Invokes upon his lovely child a blessing from the sky.

Thy sister's lips are prest to thine, in long and dear embrace;

Her tears are mixed with thine—they fall upon thy glowing
face:

That full, effusive confidence of hope, or joy, or pain,
Which sister maidens know, with thee she cannot know
egain.

But fare thee well!—the hour is come, the hour when thou must part

From all that most are cherished by a yet unwedded heart: Go—be thy chosen's halcyon love, the load-star of his life; Thou hast shone peerless as a maid—be perfect as a wife.

#### STANZAS.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNS.

Come to the fields and Woods!
The spring is breathing o'er the land—
The flowers within the solitudes,
Rise up a becuteous band.
The hearth—the hot hearth scorn;
Come to the fields by day, by night—
By day fair flowers the earth adorn;
And stars the heavens by night.
Come, for all is soft and fair,

Come on the glittering sea!
The waves are lulled in quiet sleep,
Ouly a ripple mild and free
Is on the murmuring deep;
Our bark shall glide along.
As if upborne on summer's breeze,
As softly as the night bird's song,
Floats thro' the forest trees.
Come and adore the gracious peace
That biddeth angry tempests cease.

The power of God is present there.

Come to the towering hill!
Look all around thee, and below
Mark the caim wanderings of the rill,
And the distant ocean's flow;
Look at the sunset clouds
That hold as yet the infant thunder,
In those dark silver-edged shrouds
The lightning soon will rend asunder,
Come, and in that crimson fire,
The Lord of clouds and storms admire.

Come to the bed of death!
Step lightly—check that rising sigh;
Behold the parting of the breath,
Without an agony;
Behold how sofily fades
The light and glory in that eye,
As gently as the twilight shades
The azure of the sky;
Come and bow in thankfulness
To Him who life's last hour can bless:

### THE PERILS OF PENMANSHIP.

A confounded cramp piece of penmanship as over I saw in my life. I can read print hand very well. But here, there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail.

' Buz Stoops to Conquen.

I wonder whether this will be legible to the printer! I marvel whether this dull prose will appear as such, or glitter "in the gewgaw of verse!" No matter; for the sake of a thousand in my own situation I will risk all: besides, I have begun to reform! Portentous word—what does it mean? But phsa! I must keep that for a political article.

Among Lord Chesterfield's dogmata on minor morals, is an imperative injunction to write a clear and legible hand. This was very easy for his lordship to recommend, but I should like to know whether he practised what he preached. Let that, however, be as it may, this I know, that

for the whole of my life I have been trying to realise his direction, without being able to arrive at its consummation. But though I cannot improve my hand writing, I can improve Chesterfield; and when I publish an edition of his works, so far from its being a minor moral, I shall give it a brevet of majority, as its importance deserves, and as the few remarks which I have here thrown together will satisfactorily prove. Whether I shall convince the world, I know not; but, at all events, I preach with an honest conscience, in token whereof I am at this moment paying six guineas a quarter to a writing master, to teach me a new mode of

executing pot-hooks and hangers-ecce signum! This is my first specimen: I hope I will not lead the printer far a-field—that he will be able to introify the lesson I would convey, so that it may not remain like every other written communication I have ever made—a labyrinth of black strokes upon white paper—as full of meaning, and as impossible to be understood, as an original copy of Confucius. I have often wondered why, considering that my case is no uncommon one, it has not become customary, in this improving age, to establish private printing-presses, for the embodying and expression of all epistolary correspondence whatever. We have a glimmering of the propriety of this plan in the printed formula of invitations. We do not entrust them to the misconceptive hazards of the autographic art; then why far dearer things-our love-letters -the sacred communications between man and wife? When I consider the events of only my own life, I am lost in wonder to imagine the blindness that leads us to consign these vital concerns to mere ordinary penmanship. only way in which I can account for it is, that bad writers, with that self-esteem which is one of the innate qualities of our nature, pretend to make easy work of reading their own scratches for the sake of coming to the conclusion-not that their scrawl, but the perverse reading of their correspondents, is to blame. My eyes, however, are opened. May these confessions of a modern hieroglyphicer bring other people to their senses.

The foregoing observations may be looked upon m the light of a general admission. I will now come to particulars. I was almost about to my that I was born with a natural incapacity for forming those outward and visible signs of our inward thoughts, by which so much of the action of our life's drama is carried on; but, though I have read of him who "lisped in numbers," I never heard of any infant that was precocious sough to write either billet-doux or lettre peremptorie in his cradle. But, alas! I cannot get ever even this first stage with so consolatory a reflection; for boys can and do write, at an age when I was still labouring at the acquirement, or, rather, the non-acquirement, of the penmanpolorment of " these pickers and stealers." were always incorrect—not per se, but because the master therein read any thing but that which was actually written down:-my letters home never said what I intended to say:many treats were prepared for me, a week before I was able to partake of them: -I received a brilliant new pair of skaits, "at my own particular request," as it was said, on Midsummer day; and a severe reprimand for my gormandizing propensity, in asking for "peaches in March," when, as Heaven is my witness, what I wrote was, that my "teaching was on the march."

Things grew worse as I grew older. I was suspected of numberless "white lies," for observations which really deserved the "albo lapide

notata" of Ovid for their truth nay, I was even suspected of profounder falsehoods, at the very time that I was priding myself on my immaculate veracity. I received the character of being addicted to the vulgar propensity of inflicting hoaxes on my friends, while in reality I never was guilty of a mystification during the whole course of my life. Once I put a whole family -father, mother, three sons, five daughters, and two maiden aunts, into deep mourning, by what I intended to be a most joyous announcement of a wedding: nor was this the worst part of the business; they went to a race ball in crape, and met the defunct as a bride, bedecked with white satin, and the rosiest of smiles; the consequence of which was, that one of the five daughters, a dark beauty, and my especial favourite, never forgave me for having thus interrupted a prosperous flirtation, up to that time existing between her and a marrying baronet; he danced the whole evening with a girl dressed in couleur de rosea blushing evidence that the odious black was the cause of his defalcation.

This was but one out of many disasters. A grandmother, through my ingenious hieroglyphics, received intimation that her grandson intended to cut her, because he had heard that she was going to marry again. An octogenarian uncle vituperated me for asking for a legacy. when the outside of my demand was, to be allowed to pay my respects. A maiden aunt was furious, on my congratulating her on the birth of twins, overlooking a whole line about her pretty lap-dog, Flora, which I had flattered myself I had made particularly legible; and my father, in a fit of the gout, hurried up to town, on reading that his house was burned down, when all that I had done was, to tell him a comical story about an old prude, who had fainted away because the cat spit at her, and who could not be recovered till burnt feathers had been put under her nose. But, in all these instances, the most cruel part of the affair was, that the whole of the blame was thrust upon me, as poor Malvolio had his greatness thrust upon him; when, if my correspondents would but have dealt candidly, they ought at least to have consented to share the blunder, owing to their want of skill in decyphering what I am sure I was able to read pleasantly At first I used to be very eager to enough. establish their mistakes, to decypher the letters myself, and to prove by the written word that I was innocent; but I never got any thing by it, but a renewal of grumbling, and an insinuation that I possessed the disreputable art of making black look white.

So much for my youthful days; but matters got worse as I advanced towards manhood. A college friend of mine wrote a volume of poems: in my burst of enthusiastic admiration of his talents, I addressed him as follows:—"Dear Charles, your volume has afforded me no despicable pleasure. It would be insulting to compare it to the trash of the day, whose only merit consists in making us feel the more grateful for your valuable or, may I say, value-less, effusions, by their contrast with such

ineffable nonsense."—By return of post I received the following answer:—"Dear Jack, I lose not a moment in assuring you, that your opinion of my poor poems shall in no way militate against our friendship. Be assured, I am very far from imagining that you insult me, though it seems I do you, by offering you a volume which you find despicable from its ineffable nonsense."—Charles was never cordial with me after this, and at last dropped my acquaintance entirely, on my entreating him to permit me to point out his mistake: "that's rather too much," said he; "I won't stand upon my writing—but d—n it, I can read!"

The next dilemma to which my hieroglyphics reduced me, was to lose a girl—and such a girl!—to whose mother I wrote, offering hand—heart—life—fortune—adoration—all I had to give—in her daughter's behalf. The respectable matron replied, by forbidding me her house, and ordering her daughter to cut me. As I am not a detrimental, this proceeding surprised me. Soon after, the fair one married, and we became better acquainted, when I learned that my offer of marriage to her own sweet self, had been interpreted by her mother into an insolent attack upon her own immaculate and five-and-forty-year-old virtue.

On the instant I made a vow. I swore that I might write invitations and circulars, but I would print all my more tender communications, and that my next proposal should be obvious, to a very tyro, in the alphabet. My oath was registered-my printing-press was ordered-and a first-rate compositor engaged, to give me a twohours' lesson in the noble art of printing every morning. But the types, and the press, and the rest of the apparatus, could not be got ready in less than a week, so that, for that interval at least, it was necessary to find some occupation to divert my chagrin. What was it to be?-Well bethought!—There could be no mistake upon this subject for an epistle; so I sat down to in-- ahem !—a very amidite a short note to able young lady-short, decidedly short, somewhat stubby, too, like a dwarf oak-and though I now think her unquestionably pretty, at that time I had not made the discovery. 1 wrote simply to ask her whether she thought her father would permit me to shoot on his preserves, during a three days' visit that I was going to make in his neighbourhood. I received, in reply, a hurried quicksilver billet, from the young lady;there seemed mischief in it, the moment I took it in my hand; -I could almost imagine it made of the Chinese sensitive leaf-it actually appeared to vibrate as I broke the seal. Well matched, thought I, as I glanced at the contents; for the only words I could decyper, down a long page of round-about, zig-zag, up-and-down, indescribable pen-marks, were "love" and "happiness." Well matched, indeed; for this two-worded epistle was accompanied by a most legible one from her father, accepting my proposal "for his daughter's hand with both pride and pleasure."

The old fellow seemed at once so delighted and so flattered, and "love" and "happiness" were such a pretty present from a lady to a gentleman, that, hang it! I had not the cruelty or the courage to undeceive him. It would have been too ridiculous to have laid the mistake on a handwriting, which Providence, for inscrutable purposes, always chose to make say one thing, when I meant another. I therefore submitted with a good grace, married my fair correspondent, and limited my remonstrance to a modest request. made a few days after our wedding, to be allowed to see the precious manuscript which had brought us together. It was burned. "I would have preserved the dear relic in cotton and roses," said my bride; " but it was such a scrawl. that I could not read one word of it."-" May I then ask," cried I, " how you knew that it was a proposal of marriage?"-" Heavens, John, how can you ask that? What else could it be, dear?"

After all, I never had reason to regret this chance medley. My wife is a sensible, agreeable, good-tempered woman-and our sole matrimonial disaster is that we cannot read each other's letters. I confess it, to my shame, that when I became a married man I grew utterly regardless of my graphic improvement, and my printing-press was never bought. I fancied that there would be small necessity for written com. munications between my wife and me; and, besides, scrawl as he will, I imagined that a woman had some natural instinct bestowed on her for the purpose of making out her husband's writing. I do not know which of us wrote the most illegibly:-mine is a sort of straggling hiatus-looking scrawl, right up and down, with a flourish at intervals by way of emphasis: -My wife skims over the paper, for the most part, in a meandering zig-zag, which disdains stops and paragraphs. with the additional advantage of a word being now and then dashed under-and that, of course, the most really unreadable word of the whole sentence.

What is it that I have said?—A woman can always make out her husband's writing! Fond delusion! fatal mistake! I have a hundred examples to the contrary; but two or three, I doubt not, will suffice as scarecrows. I presented her with a copy of verses on the anniversary of our marriage; and if I may be allowed to say as much, in my own behalf, there were some pecu-Marly interesting lines amongst them: but just as I fancied her fond look was melting over their tenderness, she threw them with the air of a tragedy-queen into the fire, and burst into a Belvidera-ish flood of tears:—I never could learn why. I was only told that "I was a barbarous wretch." and that "I wanted to sacrifice her-a victim to my cold-blooded philosophy;" and this, too, though I did all in my power to induce her to believe in the authenticity of a copy I possessed. written in a neat round-text hand (the spelling, to be sure, a little incorrect) by my valet. I once wrote from the shooting-lodge of Lord B— for a fresh supply of gunpowder, and by

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the next coach received half a dozen toothbrushes, a pound of prepared charcoal, and six wash-balls. On another occasion she was away on a visit, and having overstayed her appointed time, I wrote her a letter full of tender remonstrance; by a customary fatuity she contrived, in her reading of it, to heighten the remonstrance and sink the tenderness, so that her answer, which was unusually hieroglyphical, flashed indignation and reproach from one end of the crowded paper to the other; at least to the best of my conscience and belief it did:-but there was a postscript, and as I have often heard, and even believed, that a lady's P. S. is the gist of her correspondence, I dedicated four hours and a half consecutively to the most serious study of it; after which I rose from my chair, fully convinced that the only terms of renewal of peace that she had to offer were that, as she was prolonging her visit on account of the hunt that was about to commence, my calumet must be tendered to her in the shape of "a habit;" after which were a multitude of mantua-making directions from which I gleaned that the said habit was to be "blue," and "rather long;" and that above all, to be in time, it must be at -29th.

With this postscript I had every reason to be pleased-first, on account of my own indefatigable ingenuity that had enabled me to decipher it so correctly, and secondly, because I was able to trace in it a kindly feeling on the part of my wife, though she had chosen to read my letter wrong, and then fly in a passion with her own interpretation of it: the dear creature knew how anxious I was that she should become an accomplished horsewoman, and how it pained me to see her so timid when in the saddle, and had determined, with her wonted affection, to do all in her power to meet my wishes. These reflections gave me fresh vigour; and incredible were the pains I took to procure the desired habiliments, and to have them ready in time, though the tailor protested that he had never made a habit at such short notice. "Omnia vincit amor," cried I, and actually stood over him for a day and a half, counting his stitches. At last it was finished; and determined to complete what I had so meritoriously begun, I actually took a post-chaise for the purpose of myself being the bearer of the welcome present: as ill luck would have it, however, one of the horses in the last stage fell dead lame-could not be made to move an inch for love or money—and there was I with the superb habit eight miles from ---. What was to be done? There was no post-house, or chance of a borse between; and the inn that we had last quitted was seven miles in the rear. "Omnia vincit amor," again cried I; and with the box, in which the habit was carefully packed, slung at my back, I trudged manfully forward, and positively accomplished the eight miles in an hour and forty-one minutes, which, considering I carried weight, was what any of the Melton Mowbrays would call a pretty rattling pace, especially as there was a sharp hill to be drawn about

midway: when at last I reached my wife's abode, a little before ten at night, I found that she had been waiting, as women do wait for such things, in grumbling and in terror:-but what boded her appearance? Her pretty, pretty feet were shod in white satin-2 wreath of roses in her hair -her favourite necklace of pearl and emerald clasped round her neck-and yet all these brilliancies checked by her dressing-gown being still undoffed. "My dearest!" cried I. "This dress!" cried she. "'Tis here-'tis here," I exclaimed; and cutting the cord impatiently asunder, I held up to view the dearly-earned habit! Good heavens! a piercing shriek burst from my wife. But the reader, no doubt, has anticipated me-it was no habit she wrote for, but a ball-dress of " blue" and silver, with strict cautions that it was not to be "over long."

Could any thing exceed this? Could hieroglyphic mischiefs be carried further?—Yes, yes, yes! And yet I thought I had learned caution.

Being one day unexpectedly detained at Lord's to make one in a cricket-match, I would not trust a letter, but sent a special messenger to tell that I should not be back till eight. At that hour I reached home, as hungry as a Cossack after a skirmish in Kamschatka, and fully expecting to find her waiting dinner for me. But no! there was no Maria; and I waited, and waited, in gloomy doubt till half-past nine, when a three-cornered billet with her well-known superscription, was brought to me. One glance at the contents paralysed me;—I jumped up from my seat like a madman-l ordered four posthorses-and in less than a quarter of an hour was on my way to Dover, in pursuit of my faithless spouse and her seducer, filling up the time, between counting the mile-stones, with thinking how I would look her into a petrefaction, and riddle him into a honeycomb. At Rochester, while I was waiting for a relay of horses, I bethought me that I would add fresh fuel (for such is the perversity of man that he hugs that which will destroy him) to my rage, by again reading the dreadful missive: when, lo, a mist seemed dispelled:-as if by magic art the characters shifted and re-arranged themselves, and instead of a flight with a seducer to Dover, on her way to France, the letter seemed to say that she had been "seduced" by her cousin to stay dinner in "Dover-street," on the promise of being introduced to a most amiable lady just arrived from "France." There was but one thing under these circumstances to be done—the postboy was ordered to turn his horses' heads towards London; and as he urged them to the height of their gallop, I read and re-read the dear, fatal, misleading epistle again and again by the light of the moon that was high in the heavens, in all the splendour of her fulness. As we were galloping through Dartford I observed another chaise approaching-we neared-we met!-gracious heaven, it was my wife! She saw me-I saw her; but we were both going at so prodigious a pace that to hope to be able to stop was out of the question: it seemed as if we were destined to

be a kind of pair of wandering Jews, never more to be allowed to be in the same place at the same time! A scream was our only recognition, and in another moment we should again have been separated; when our good genius, alive to our miserable situation, dashed the two chaises against each other:—crash went the wheels—splash went the panels—smash went the springs—and in one and the same moment we enjoyed the exquisite sensation of being upset into each other's arms.

It is impossible to narrate all that was said by us on this momentous occasion: but the resolution to which we came deserves to be recorded for the benefit of all practisers of modern hieroglyphics. "Let us forget the past, my Maria," I exclaimed; "the future is ours:—this very day will I engage the most eminent writingmaster that London possesses; while for you I will purchase a dozen large-text copy-books; and together we will learn to write."

#### SPLENDID OUTFITS.

FROM a manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris, it appears, that Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fourth of France, received, upon her marriage with Edward the Second, in the year 1308, an outfit which cost above eight-and-twenty thousand livres. A portion of it comprised two crowns, one valued at seven hundred livres, and the other at six hundred—gold spoons—gold and silver drinking-vessels-fifty silver plates or covers, (escuelles,) and twelve large with as many small dishes. It consisted also of dresses of cloth of gold, velvet, Brussels woolens, shot taffetas (tartais changeant,) six garnitures (garnemens) of green cloth from Douay, six more, beautifully marbled (d'un tres beau marbre,) and a third, six of rose-tinted scarlet, (d'escarlate rosee;) a number of furs; and a considerable quantity of linen, for it amounted to four hundred and ninety ells for the use of the bath alone. We find likewise an enumeration of carriages, horses, harness, decorations for rooms, embellishments for her chapel, &c. But the most curious piece in these paraphernalia was a chamber, lined with rhomboidal-shaped cloth of gold, and adorned with the arms of England, France, and Brabant. The recital contains a charge of eighteen livres for six dozen of Coiffres, which we should conceive to imply night-caps, rather than coffers.

Another record, nearly a century later in date, (viz: of the year 1396,) details the outfit of Isabella, daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, on her espousing Richard the Second. She brought with her a whole cargo of crowns, rings, necklaces, bracelets, rosaries, &c., and among the robes, we find a dress and mantle, embroidered with red velvet and birds, in gold filagree, perched on sprigs of pearls and emeralds. There were four pieces attached to this robe, consisting of collars and a cap, which latter had pendants lined with small squirrel skins. The mantle was lase lined with ermine. Her apartments were

hung with red and white atlas, and covered with embroidered cloths or carpets, on which were depicted women busy at the vintage, or shepherds, trees, flowers, and fountains. Some of these carpets, likewise, represented scenes from Holy Writ or the history of Florence.

The Engli sovereigns appear to have dealt with an equally liberal hand in the outfit of their royal daughters; for we find that a century afterwards, Mary, on her marriage with Lewis the Twelfth, in 1514, came loaded with an almost endless train of equipments, amongst which gold and silver effigies of St. George, Edward the Confessor, Thomas a Becket, and others were not forgotten. Her wardrobe contained robes of purple velvet, lined with cloth of gold; of yellow stuff of gold from Damascus; cloth of silver, lined with crimson velvet, crimson atlas embroidered with peacock's eyes, lined with purple velvet, and relieved with gold; black velvet, lined with crimine, &c.

But the richest of these regal outfits appears to have been that of Henrietta, the unfortunate Queen of the still more unfortunate Charles the First. She was married to him in 1625, and the enumeration of her personal dower minutely details the profuse supply she bore of precious stones and valuables, and decorations for chapels and altars. In the latter is mentioned a chapel of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold and silver. Then follows a long list of couches. benches, stools, coffers, &c., and afterwards the description of an immense " celestial bed," with crimson curtains, pillars, white feather beds, and pillows of taffetas, ornamented with lace, &c. Among the garments was a regal mantle of crimson velvet with a splendid train, set off with golden lilies and ermine: and in the cnumeration of the utensils, we meet with a warming flask, a washing basin, a stove, (poesle,) a pitcher, several dishes, covers, and spoons, &c. Her Majesty was likewise supplied with four dozen of day, and a like quantity of night apparel, a "very beautiful shirt of lace," (point coupe,) two dozen of night-caps, bordered and barred, two dozen ditto of lace, eleven powdering mantles, four dozen of handkerchiefs, à pair of red velvet boots, lined with fur, twelve pair of shoes embroidered with gold and silver, as many decorated with roses and gold ornaments, eighteen pair with large knots, six pair of perfumed gloves, eighteen dozen of ribbons, eighteen combs, fifty thousand needles, et cetera; besides horses, mules, sedan chairs, carriages, pages and the like. One of the carriages was lined with red velvet, and covered outside and in with gold and silver, and running on gilt wheels.

He that abuses his own profession, will not patiently bear with any one else that does so. And this is one of our most subtle operations of self-love. For when we abuse our own profession, we tacitly except ourselves; but when another abuses it, we are far from being certain that this is the case.

NELSON'S MONUMENT AT COLTON HILL, EDINBURGH.

# LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY, OR HEARTS AND HEADS.

A NOVELETTE.

"In vain, proud man—in vain he tries, To scape from beauty's conquering eyes; He boldly talks—looks very brave, But swiftly falls—a woman's slave!"

MILLAMOUR was a man of the world—a bon wivant, devoted to the pleasures and gratifications of society, and sacrificing every other consideration to the paramount importance of those which his peculiar appetite inspired. He had married in early life, more in agreement with the desires of his parent, than from any particular regard he himself felt for the matrimonial state, and his hady dying within two years of their nuptials, after giving birth to a son, Millamour was released from his connubial ties, and became once more at liberty, and enabled again to participate in the scenes in which he delighted. In this manner twenty years passed on, and the pleasures of Millamour's career began to pall; satiated therewith he sought newer enjoyments, still, however, lingering about his old haunts, like a spirit loth to quit the habitation it so fondly loved. His son Horace had grown to man's estate, but unlike his volatile parent, his pursuits were devoted entirely to learning, and applying his whole time to study, he had become cold, formal and prejudiced against the world, and at an age when he should have been the life of society, he was—a philosopher! Millamour in vain endeavoured to divert his son's attention, in vain exerted his powers to draw him from the seclusion of his study—Horace reprobated the wild conduct of his parent, which he declared more characteristic of insanity than of perfect intellect. But Millamour was not to be railed out of his prejudices, and fully believed, notwithstanding the gravity of his son's demeanour, that he should be enabled to make him a convert to his own ideas. In order to effect this, the widow of a deceased friend, Lady Warrington, was invited with her beautiful daughter to pass some weeks at Millamour's country seat; but the spell of woman's loveliness, of her fascinating powers, had no effect upon the philosopher; he beheld the perfect beauty of Emma Warrington with apathetic indifference, and retired from her agreeable and piquant convérsation, to the cold contemplation of the authors in his library.

"Oh Horace, Horace, my son," exclaimed Millamour, one day, upon the failure of one of his little plans to entrap the philosopher, "what is the meaning of all this monotonous drivelling? S'life man, have better notions of humanity, and entertain more rational ideas of your fellow creatures."

\*Ah, my dear father," rejoined the son, "could you but feel the satisfaction—"

"Ah, my dear brethren," interrupted Milla-Bour, "how the sermon is beginning! Have you the confidence, sirrah, to preach to your father. You are insane and ought to be shut up in a conventicle, for the benefit of human nature!"

"Gracious heaven," exclaimed the son, "to what a pass——"

"Aye, interrupted Millamour again, "sigh, groan, and write a volume upon human folly, and the vanities of life."

"Which I will dedicate to my father!"

"Ah, sarcastic! Well, there's pleasantry in that, be as witty as you please, Horry; give us puns, jokes, or epigrams, what you will, any thing but a *lecture*, for that is too formidable for my sensitive nerves to bear."

"I have been considering, sir, that in order to rescue yourself from the gulph of dissipation, wherein you have been so long plunged, it is requisite for you to marry."

"To marry, Horace! Why what in the name of fortune has your brain been working upon now? Marry me! Oh, I suppose to some dried mummy—some stuffed monstrosity of an Eastern clime!"

"No, sir, to neither. When I mention Lady Warrington and her daughter, you will perhaps entertain more reasonable notions."

"Lady Warrington and her daughter! My dear boy, you have some taste I find. The thing is not so much amiss; but to which of these ladies would you have me offer my addresses?"

"Oh," rejoined the son, "to whichever you please."

"And do you really mean to say that the charms of Emma Warrington have not been able to thaw your icy heart—to melt your stern inflexibility."

"Sir, they have had no effect upon me."

"Tis false, sir," exclaimed Millamour, "'tis very false! You love the girl, sir, you know you love her, and all your preaching will not convince me to the contrary. S'life, sirrah, provoke me no longer, or I may grow desperate, adopt your plan, and marry Miss Warrington in spite of you!"

"That, sir, would be the very summit of my wishes," exclaimed the philosopher, and intimating his intention of speaking to the young lady upon the subject, he quitted the apartment with a smile.

Millamour was fairly puzzled; he strove to form some reasonable ideas of his son's infentions, but in vain; the amiability of Lady Warrington had made no little impression upon his heart, and it was his wish to unite the daughter

with his formal son. "Not love her!"-Psha! psha! the boy is flesh and blood, and flesh and blood must yield to the fascination of a pair of lovely eyes! With this conclusion, he returned to the drawing-room where Lady Warrington was sitting, and immediately explained to her the strange proposition which his son had just made, and also his own desire for the union of the two families, in the persons of Horace and Emma.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughingly exclaimed her ladyship, "Horace, a husband! The idea is laughable. Horace, poor youth, has no idea of matrimony; he judges of women by his books, and of their feelings by the prejudiced sentiments of philosophers as crack-brained as himself. A formal, hum-drum husband he would make; for ever sermonizing! Old at twentyone, what will he be at fifty? Phlegmatic and inflated; always dreaming, and never awake; insisting that his wife should chop logic, and never amuse herself with any book but the Encyclopædia. No, no, Mr. Millamour, no such a husband for Emma Warrington."

Millamour, however, had the happy art of winning upon the kindness of woman, and his greatest powers were exerted upon this occasion; he had studied nature too well to fail upon such a subject, and by his remonstrances, and the piquancy of his observations, he soon brought her ladyship to an idea of the propriety of the arrangement; but while combatting the prejudices of his fair visitor, with respect to his son, he insensibly fell a victim to her fascinations; in a word he was deeply enamoured of Lady Warrington, as he was desirous his son should be of ber daughter.

In the mean time, Horace had obtained an interview with Emma, and intent upon his project of reforming his father by an union with so amiable a lady, and who appeared to him to hold se high a place in his affections, he respectfully requested permission to put a single question to her. Emma was surprised at the expressive manner in which the request was made, but readily assented, and Horace, in a monotonous tone, desired her to place as much confidence in him, as she would in a tender parent. Emma bowed assent, and looked enquiringly at the philosopher, anxious to know the mysterious question which needed so much preface. At length, he requested to know, whether she felt any disinclination towards entering the matrimonial state. Emma started in surprise, and blushing deeply, hung down her beautiful head.

"Nay, madam," continued Horace, "do not evade my question, consider me only in the light of a particular and esteemed friend, and favour me with a sincere answer."

Emma was not insensible to the personal graces of the philosopher, nor the amiable qualities of his heart, though his retired habits ill-assorted with her own social feelings; he was not indifferent to her, and this conversation, which appeared to her as a prelude to a declaration of love, was not unwelcome, though the delicacy of its nature called the blush upon her fair cheek and her thoughts were confused and wild. Gathering courage, however, she ventured to reply to the philosopher's enquiry, that rather than offend so esteemed a friend, she would confess that she had no particular aversion to the connubial state.

"I thank you, madam," rejoined Horace, " no answer could be more satisfactory, nor more delicately expressed. May I also presume to enquire whether your affections are already engaged?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the beautiful girl, "your questions are very pressing."

"Do not consider them unworthy of reply: if your heart is already engaged, my hopes are vain, and I have nothing more to add!"

"Singular man!" exclaimed Emma, "Well, then, sir, I think I may say, that my heart is en-

tirely free."

"'Tis as I wished!" immediately rejoined the philosopher, in a tone of rapture, and taking the white hand of the lady within his own, he continued, "May I believe that you have confidence enough in me, to accept the addresses of the individual I may propose to you?"

"I have already assured you, sir," replied the blushing girl, " that my confidence in your pru-

dence is unlimited."

"I thank you, my dear Miss Warrington, you have made me supremely happy. The man whom I propose will indeed find in you a blessing; you will restore him to reason-you, madam, only are capable of rendering him valuable to society; your charms can make the bonds of marriage the permanent endurance of felicity !"

"Oh, sir, now you flatter me."

"No, my sweet young lady, your virtues deserve those encomiums. I have now only to name the individual whom I propose, and I entreat you will think kindly of him-that you will not suffer any prejudice to rob me of the gratification I anticipate will result from the union. The man, madam, whom I propose, is-my father!"

"Your father!" exclaimed Emma, in aston-

ishment.

"Yes, madam, I have engaged to find my father a wife, and consider no one so worthy of that situation as yourself. You do not reject my proposal?"

"Oh no, sir," replied Emma, endeavouring to conceal her emotion, "I will think of it. At the same time, Mr. Horace, allow me to say, that I have been for some time endeavouring to find a worthy husband for my honoured mamma, and ' think no one more deserving of that situation than yourself."

"I thank Miss Warrington, and will reflect upon the subject. In the mean while, I will acquaint my father with your kind intentions."

"Insufferable!" exclaimed Emma, mentally, "say, sir, whatever you please," and she hastily retired from the apartment.

Meeting with Lady Warrington immediately afterwards, a whimsical thought struck her, and she acquainted her mother with the mysterious interview that she had just had with the philosopher, and that its purport was the affection which he entertained for no less a personage than Lady Warrington herself. "For me!" exclaimed her ladyship; " positively you, my own dear mamma!"

"This is most singular; Mr. Millamour has just been conversing with me upon the propriety

of uniting him with you."

"Ah, but you see, my dear mamma, that my humble charms were not sufficient to chain the heart of a philosopher."

"Well, child, there is nothing extraordinary in

the attachment of the young man."

"Nothing extraordinary!" cried Emma, " My dear mamma, you must surely think him mad."

"Foolish girl: because Mr. Millamour prefers a woman of the age of discretion to a thoughtless child, you reprobate his conduct. I have been led into a very erroneous opinion of the young man, and am happy to find myself deceived. He is indeed a very amiable youth !"

"Why this is worse and worse!" exclaimed Emma, as her ladyship left the room. "Surely we are all mad here! I did think my youthful charms were rather more captivating than the mature graces of my mamma-and now to find her preferred, and by a young admirer.—Oh, it is impossible—but should it be true, I'll break my looking-glass for deceiving me, and wear willow for the remainder of my days."

Lady Warrington believed the truth of her daughter's assertion, which indeed Emma, herself, scarcely doubted; and the former, preferring the admiration of the son to that of the father, enjoyed the anticipation of an union with so amiable a young man. Old Millamour had made proposals for her hand, which she requested time to consider upon, and this new adventure intervening, her thoughts of the more prudent match were sacrificed to the more alluring. Lady Warrington was a vain and rather coquettish woman; the novelty of the philosopher's affection, more than any thing else, perhaps, influenced her conduct; but, be it as it may, she thought proper not to discourage the singular addresses of the young admirer. Just as she had formed this determination, and before she had an opportunity of a personal interview with Horace, Mr. Millamour, eager to make certain of a woman that had so effectually woven her spells around him, requested to know the result of her meditations. Lady Warrington met him with a serious face, and in tones as serious, exclaimed, "My dear Mr. Millamour you did not think me in earnest! Marry you, indeed! The idea is preposterous!" .

"Madam-my Lady Warrington!" cried the astonished Millamour.

"You do not suppose," continued her Ladythip, " that I could marry you—an old man who thinks of nothing but folly and idle gaiety; racking his brain to find out new pleasures, and striving, with the assistance of his tailor and hairdresser, to appear an Adonis; running after plays, balls, and masquerades, and neglecting ething but his wife! no, no, sir, my husband must be a prudent and a careful man; regular in his habits and decorous in his actions. I have a very, very great respect for you, Mr. Millamour, and, as a friend, admire you very much indeed—but as for a husband!—Ha! ha! ha!"— And kissing her hand to him, she retired to her own apartment.

"If that woman's not mad," cried Millamour, "I am. This very morning she wished for just such a cheerful fellow as myself, and now, forsooth, he must be prudent and decorous, and careful, and a thousand other fine things besides. Weathercocks and women! never was simile better applied!"

"Well, my dear sir," exclaimed Horace, as he entered the room with a lighter step than usual, "well, my dear sir, all is settled, she consents, and you have only now to request her to name the day."

"Name the day! Why what in the name of common sense do you mean?"

"Why your marriage with Emma Warring-

"What the deuce, sir, are you talking about? What do you mean? Are you as mad as all the rest?"

" Miss Warrington accepts your hand; I have written to your attorney to prepare the requisite marriage articles, and nothing is now wanting to complete your happiness."

"Are we all lunatics alike?-Do we all deserve to be transmitted to the large building in

Moorfields, or are you ridiculing me?"

" Are these the thanks, sir, which I deserve, for procuring you the hand of the lovely Miss Warrington?

"Thanks! S'life, sirrah, I'm all raptures, if what you tell me is really true; -all fire, all poetry, all soul! But you're not a wag, now, Horry?—You are not fudging me, sir?' "'Tis truth, sir, I assure you."

"Then you are the best friend I have upon earth. Give me your hand-I feel twenty years younger—hale and hearty; my dear child I am certain I shall live fifty years longer, and cheat you out of your inheritance."

"It is my wish, sir, that you may," rejoined Horace; "and believe me, sir, there is no one more gratified than myself at the prospect of your many years of happiness with so lovely a woman."

"Oh," rejoined Millamour, "you have found out that she is lovely? Horace Millamour, Horace Millamour, answer to the point now-don't you envy me? No denial, sirrah-I see it in your eyes—I read it in your face; you envy me, you rascal—I know you envy me.

"Not at all, sir; I do not wish to make a merit of the sacrifice; but at the time when I pleaded so powerfully in your behalf, I could not but acknowledge the powerful expression of her soft blue eves!"

"And so you have found out that she has eyes, have you: 'soft blue eyes?' Go on."

"And I will confess, sir, that at no period of my life have I experienced such gratification as

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that which her delicate and modest demeanour excited in my heart."

"Oh, my philosopher," rejoined his father, "I see the effect of woman's power, and the ice of your Siberian heart melting beneath the Italian sun of those 'soft blue eyes.' Now hark ye, Horace, I would neither deceive you, nor have you deceive yourself; how can 'the lovely Miss Warrington' marry me, when I know that her affections are placed upon you."

"Upon me, sir!" energetically exclaimed the philosopher.

"Aye, 'tis true, I assure you."

"And how came you to know it, sir."

"That is no concern of yours. All that you have to do is to propose yourself-offer your hand, and, instead of the aged father, Miss Warrington will be the blooming bride of the youthful son."

"If Miss Warrington's affections are placed upon another object, sir, you must be sensible that—that my plans—my plans, sir, are ineffectual; and that—and that—you understand, sir?"

"Oh perfectly—Love's Philosophy!" exclaimed the merry parent. "But come, my boy, quickly disrobe yourself of these sombre habiliments, and attire yourself in a dress of mine: throw your wig behind the fire, and bid a long adieu to the philosophy of the schools: no disputing, I have a voice potential, and I say you shall. When you look as you ought to do, we'll see if the lovely Miss Warrington can withstand the powerful expression of your eyes—though of a darker hue than the ' dear soft blue!" "

Horace was immediately carried to his father's dressing-room; the scholastic dress was soon superseded by a modern suit, and the strait caxon wig that disfigured his head gave place to the natural hair, trimmed and decorated by the valet of Mr. Millamour. Horace sighed as he beheld his altered appearance, but the jocund humour of his father, countenancing the metamorphosis, had the desired effect; and when he descended to the drawing-room, Lady Warrington, who was there alone, started at the unexpected appearance, and congratulating him upon the striking improvement in his looks, he took the opportunity of revealing his own attachment to her daughter. Lady Warrington, however, imagining herself the object for whom the philosopher had reformed his habits, prided herself upon the triumph she had achieved.

"I wish to inform your Ladyship of a little arrangement which I have meditated-

"Oh, I know it all, I am already acquainted with your 'arrangement."

"Indeed! Then may I beg to request your

"Oh, yes," interrupted her Ladyship, hiding her face behind her fan, "I must consent."

" My dear Madam, now I am indeed indebted to you. Will you be pleased to appoint the time when the nuptials may be celebrated?"

"Oh, any time in the ensuing week that best pleases Mr. Millamour."

" My dear Lady Warrington, then I will immediately ask your daughter's permission-"

" My daughter's permission!"

"Oh, certainly, madam, your Ladyship is too just to have her married against her consent."

"Sir!" exclaimed Lady Warrington, "what is it you mean? who do you intend to marry?" "Your daughter, madam, certainly; the lovely Emma Warrington."

"Emma Warrington!-And have you been

talking of her all this while?"

"Certainly, madam; of whom else could I

"Then, sir," indignantly rejoined her Ladyship, "I can assure you that she will never marry you!" and she flung out of the room in an emotion which she could not conceal.

Horace was astonished at her abrupt departure, and was altogether unable to comprehend the meaning of her rage: he was speedily, however, relieved from his embarrassment by the appearance of Emma herself, who having beheld her ladyship in her present mood, enquired of Horace what had transpired in their interview, to occasion such a violent demeanour. Horace was altogether unable to solve the mystery, and expressed that he had merely asked her hand in marriage. Emma glanced at her lover with a look of enquiry and apprehension, and timidly said, "You mean, you came to sue for your father?"

"Oh, no, my dear Miss Warrington, I asked

your hand for myself."

"For yourself," exclaimed Emma, in surprise,

" you told me otherwise."

"True, true; but since I find your affections placed upon another object, and that happy object myself, I should be indeed deserving of the worst suffering, were I not to lay my heart and fortune at your feet, owning my previous error, and humbly soliciting forgiveness."

"Sir, sir, I really do not comprehend. Am I really in the presence of the philosopher, Horace

Millamour!"

"Of Horace Millamour, madam, awakened to a new life, and to a just appreciation of the worth of woman's loveliness."

"But who had the confidence to tell you that

my affections were placed upon you?"

" It was my father, madam."

"Oh, your father is a wit; his observation was merely in jest."

"Be candid, lovely Miss Warrington, and assure me, do you love me, or do you not?"

"You are a very singular man."

"Then you do not?"

"I did not say that, Mr. Millamour; that is, I

"That of course you do! Pardon my interpretation and my warmth; -you have effected a conquest over the coldest heart, a victory over science, study, and all scholastic duties; I offer you a heart whose best impulses you have awakened-do not scorn its first effusion, but take it, cherish it, it is your own!"

"But how can I believe a passion hastily awoke will last "Digitized by Google

"My dearest girl, tell me what proof of affection can I give?" exclaimed the enraptured lover, falling upon his knees before her.

"Sir, sir," exclaimed Emma, "Philosophy!"

" Is at your feet!"

"If that's not wisdom I am a fool!" exclaimed old Millamour, as he entered the room. "So this is your erudition, this is your college philosophy! On my conscience, I have made a man of you at last; and I hope Miss Warrington will finish your education, and give the coup de grace to Love's Philosophy, by the acceptance of your hand. Nay, nay, no blushes my sweet girl, I am one of the family, you know; and so let Horace seal the compact upon those ruby lips."

"Sir," exclaimed Emma.

"Miss Warrington," rejoined Millamour, "I insist upon it; Horace, you are a man at last, do as I command you, and I promise you to lay down my rod of parental correction, and leave you to pursue your studies according to your inclinations for the future.—Oh, I'll turn my back, of course."

Millamour did turn his back, and he was satisfied; Horace was satisfied too, and Emma was not displeased. The anger of Lady Warrington, also, was soon overcome by the powers of Millamour's persuasion; and her visiting cards now bear the name of the gallant "middle-aged" gentleman, whose gay wanderings have terminated, and himself sobered down to the enjoyment of his domestic home. Of course, Emma is Mrs. Horace Millamour, and the only philosophy that her husband studies is that of Love.

#### MATERNAL TRAITS OF FEELING.

THE characteristics of individuals are most truly developed on occasions that call forth the gush of spontaneous feeling. That all have a ruling passion has been finely rhymed, but it is false reasoning; a vast majority of the human race live through their span of life, without any defined or particular object of pursuit, which would awaken and strengthen any one passion as sufficiently predominant to mark their character. But feeling, when it is the instinct of **pature**, never errs—it gives it at once the key to the human heart; and we have rarely seen a more touching or true picture of the dissimilarity in the affection which the two sexes entertain for their offspring, than was displayed in many instances during the terrible Earthquake of 1783, in Calabria and Sicily. A father's love for his children, if as intense as the mother's, is never so uncalculating. This may be owing to his superior strength of mind, but then it must be confessed she has superior strength of heart—he struggles to save his children from death—she dies without a struggle for them.

When sauntering among the ruins, after the violence of the earthquake had abated, it was remarked that the position of the men, killed by the crush of the destroying, indicated that every nerve had been strained in resistance, while the features and attitude of the females exhibited the

extremity of despair; and in many instances the latter were found with their hands clasped above their heads. Wherever children were found near their parents, the attitudes of the mothers indicated entire self-abandonment, while fathers were often discovered folding a child with one arm, and endeavouring with the other to stem the superincumbent ruins.

"An affecting instance of maternal love and self-devotion was discovered in the ruins of Po-The mother of two children—a boy aged three years, and an infant of seven months -was suckling her babe, when the house fell and destroyed all three. The position in which the bodies were found, afforded the clearest evidence that the mother deliberately exposed her life to save her offspring. She was lying on the ground with her face downward, the infant close to her bosom, while with her body she protected also the older child—thus offering her back to the falling timbers. Her arms were clasped round both, and in this affecting position the half-decayed bodies were discovered, when the rubbish was cleared away."

#### CAPACITY OF BLACKS.

A number of instances are cited in the Liberia Herald, of celebrated black men who have distinguished themselves, notwithstanding every disadvantage. Among them are, Hannibal, an African, who rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, under Peter the Great of Russia. His son, a mulatto, was also a lieutenant-general in the Russian corps of Artillery. Francis Williams, a black, born in Jamaica, was educated in the University of Cambridge. After his return to Jamaica he taught Latin and the Mathematics. Anthony Williams Amo, born at Guinea, took the degree of Doctor in Philosophy at the University of Wittemburg, and distinguished himself in metaphysics, he was also skilled in the learned languages. Job Ben Solomon, son of the Mahometan kin, of Banda, was taken in 1730, and sold in Maryland. He found his way to England, and became acquainted with Sir Hanse Sloane, for whom he translated Arabic manuscripts. James Eliza John Capitein, an African, was carried as a slave to Holland, where he acquired several learned languages, and took degrees in theology at the University of Leyden. He was sent out as a Calvinistic minister to Guinea. Ignatius Sancho distinguished himself as a literary character in England, died in 1780. Thomas Fuller, an African, who, although unable to read or write, performed difficult arithmetical calculations with amazing facility.-Balinda after being a slave for forty years in Massachusetts, addressed, in 1782, an eloquent petition to the legislature of that state, for the freedom of herself and daughter. The petition has been preserved in one of the volumes of the American Museum. Othello published, in 1784, at Baltimore, an eloquent essay against the slavery of Africans. Cesar, a black, of North Carolina, wrote several popular pieces of poetry.

### THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

### ENGRAVED-GLASS JEWEL BOXES.

These are made in the same manner as those described in the January number; engraved glass being substituted for painted, stained, ground, or plain. Pieces of glass may be purchased at any of the fancy shops, with different subjects engraved upon them. There is no very great-difficulty attendant on executing the engravings; but the operation is rather dangerous, unless performed with care, and by an experienced person. We cannot recommend our readers to attempt it: it is, therefore, unnecessary to describe the process.

The engravings ought not to be a jumble of landscapes and single figures—a bust on one side, and an extensive view on the other; but all of them should be of the same character. The ornaments should be simple, and the binding by no means gay.

#### HARLEQUIN AND MIRROR JEWEL BOXES.

The jewel box may be made entirely, or in part, with looking-glass, embellished with gold on the bindings, and having a set of pasteboard partitions suitable to its form, which is to be governed by the fancy of its maker. The harlequin jewel

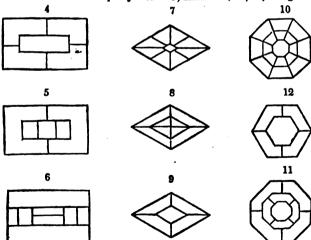
box may be hexagon, octagon, diamond, or even oblong, with its front and sides formed of triangular pieces, bound and sewn together (see



fig. 3.) Whatever may
be its form, the harlequin
jewel box should be made
of stained glass—the various pieces being of different colours; but judg-

ment and taste must guide the constructor, in selecting them, as well as in the choice of ribands for the binding: the latter should be vandyked, and finished with very small stars at the corners.

The divisions in the interior of the harloquin and mirror, as well as all the other glass boxes, may be made to suit the convenience of the owners; but the compartments should correspond with the shape of the box: thus—if the box be octagon, the divisions should be somewhat in the same style; should its length exceed its breadth, they ought to assume the oblong form; if it be diamond, the triangular. The character of each may be easily maintained, and the size of the compartments, at the same time, be accommodated to the shape of the articles they are intended to receive. (Figs. 4, 5, 6, oblongs; 7, 8, 9, diamonds; 10, 11, octagons; 12, bexagon.)



EMBOSSING ON CARD.

Various devices of flowers, leaves, wreaths, &c. may be embossed on card-board, for the purpose of forming ornamental borders, groups of flowers, centres of hand-screens, &c. by raising the design on the surface of the card with a penknife. The subject should not be sketched in pencil, as it would be difficult to rub out the outline afterwards without destroying the embossing: but the blunt point of a tracing needle may be employed for this purpose. The penknife should be held in a sloping, or nearly flat position, with the edge towards you; and the flowers are formed by making a series of slanting incisions in an

oblique direction, so as to raise the face of the card a little. A stalk may be formed by cutting a series of waving lines; small rosettes, or flowers of a star shape, are made by small circular incisions; leaves, like those of the fern, are composed of one long incision down the middle, and a succession of short ones up the sides. In cutting rosettes it is better to hold the knife still and move the card round: an infinite variety of forms may be produced by varying the length and shape of the incisions. Care should be taken not to cut through to the back of the card, and the penknife must be of that kind which is called sabre-pointed.

### PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

In the deep wilderness, unseen, she pray'd.
The daughter of Jerusalem;—alone,
With all the still, small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God, alone! She lifted up
Her sad, sweet voice, while trembling o'er her head
The dark leaves thrill'd with prayer—the tearful prayer,
Of Woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

"Father of spirits, hear!
Look on the inmost soul, to Thee reveal'd;
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before Thy sight in solitude unseal'd!

"Hear, Father! hear and aid!

If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head
Gifts, on Thy shrine, my God, more fully laid:

"If I have sought to live
But in one light, and made a mortal eye
The lonely star of my idolatry,

-Thou, that art Love! oh, pity and forgive!

"Chasten'd and school'd at last,
No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,
But fix'd on Thee, from that vain worship turns!
What have I said?—the deep dream is not past.

"Yet hear !—if still I love,
Oh: still too fondly—if, for ever seen,
An earthly image comes, my soul between
And Thy calm glory, Father! throned above:

"If still a voice is near,
(Even while I strive these wanderings to control,)
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul,
With its deep music, too intensely dear:

"O Father, draw to Thee
My lost affections back !—the dreaming eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies;
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free!

"I must love on, O God!
This bosom must love on :-but let Thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not death,
Bearing it up to heaven, Love's own abode!"

Ages and ages past, the Wilderness,
With its dark cedars; and the thrilling Night,
With her pale stars; and the mysterious winds,
Fraught with all sound, were conscious of these prayers.

-How many such hath Woman's bursting heart Since then in silence and in darkness breath'd, Like a dim night-flower's odour, up to God!

\* Suggested by the picture of a kneeling Magdalen.

### TO MELANCHOLY.

The following stanzas were written by a young woman, who, when composing them, was labouring under a very considerable degree of active mania:

Spirit of darkness! from yon lonely shade Where fade the virgin roses of the spring, Spirit of darkness! hear thy favourite maid To sorrow's harp her wildest anthem sing.

Ah! how has love despoil'd my earliest bloom.

And flung my charms as to the wintry wind!

Ah! how has love hung o'er my trophied tomb

The spoils of genius and the wreck of mind!

High rides the moon the silent heavens along;
Thick fall the dews of midnight o'er the ground;
Soft steals the lover, when the morning song
Of waken'd warbiers through the woods resound;

Then I with thee my solemn vigils keep,
And at thine altar take my lonely stand;
Again my lyre unstrung I sadly sweep,
While Love leads up the dance with harp in hand.

High o'er the woodlands Hope's gay meteers shone, And thronging thousands bless'd the ardent ray; I turn'd,—but found Despair on his wild roam, And with the demon bent my hither way.

Soft o'er the vale she blew her bugle horn—
'Oh! where, Maria,—whither dost thou stray?
Return, thou false maid, to the echoing sound!'
I flew, nor heeded the sweet siren's lay.

Hail, Melancholy! to your lonely towers
I turn, and hail their time worn turrets mine;
Where flourish fair the nightshade's deadly flowers,
And dark and blue the wasting tapers shine.

There, O my Edwin! does thy spirit greet, In fancy's maze, thy loved and wandering maid; Soft through the bower thy shade Maria meets, And leads thee onward through the myrtle glade.

Oh! come with me, and hear the song of eye, Far, sweeter far, than the loud shout of norn; List to the pantings of the whispering breeze— Dwell on past woes, or sorrows yet unborn.

We have a tale and song will charm these shades, Which cannot rouse to life Maria's mind, Where Sorrow's captives hail thy once-loved mald, To joy a stranger, and to grief resign'd.

Edwin, farewell! go, take my last adieu:
Ah! could my bursting bosom tell thee more!
Here parted, here, from love, from life, and you,
I pour my song as on a foreign shore.

But stay, rash youth! the sun has climbed on high:
 The night is past, the shadows all are gone;
 For lost Maria breathe the parting sigh,
 And waft thy sorrows to the gales of morn.

# A TALE OF GALWAY, IRELAND.

In an obscure corner of the town stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a skull and crossbones, remarkably well sculptured in black marble. This house is called "the crossbones," and its tragical history is as follows. In the fifteenth century, James Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway for life, an office which was then nearly equal to that of a sovereign in power

and influence. He was reverenced for his inflexible rectitude, and loved for his condescension and mildness. But yet more beloved—the idol of the citizens and their fair wives—was his son, according to the chronicle, one of the most distinguished young men of his time. To perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, that considerate familiarity, which subdues while it seems to flatter; that attaching grace of manner.

which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the other hand, his oft-proved patriotism, his high hearted generosity, his romantic courage, and complete mastery in all warlike exercises, forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke. So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth, as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him, as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquillized by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union as the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise. While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the heart of the present object of his love than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz; for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise unworthy even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired "in what part of Galway Ireland lay?" After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and prepared every thing for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez, towards whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude. It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family and the darling of his native city, though in character, as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome; but Edward's was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo; Gonsalvo's of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers; the other like a fragrant rose-covered knoll threatened by the storm. The pagan virtues adorned the one; Christian gentleness and humility the Gonsalvo's graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed

his countenance, and an air of voluntuous suffering quivered about his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person: loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, he preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the increased fertility of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed; and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favoured the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward's, after which they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate; the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him, perhaps, a too partial description. Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers, and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travellers; and when at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the unvarying gentleness of the amiable youth would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character. This hope appeared likely to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gomez that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature as it were completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection. But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward's mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could

not conceal from himself that he had found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared for him intolerable and restless torments, was the perception, which every day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as his-though she still refused to confess her love-that his Anna had, ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger, grown colder and colder towards himself. Nay, he even imagined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gomez, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek; but if his eye met hers, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered: capricious, humoursome, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene, and equal tempered girl she had always appeared. Every thing betraved to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion; and for whom?-for whom could it be but for Gomez?-for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost cords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her, to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation: and when he at length saw enkindled in Gomez-so little capable of concealment-the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna; when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom-he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness or the condition of a still accountable creature. On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gomez, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments. At the horrible certainty which now glared upon

him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul: his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognised him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times, with strokes like lightning-flashes, in the quivering body, gashed with satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved, and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him-the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it—that he waked with horror, as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at hand. Led by the instinct of self-preservation, he fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness—for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable sufferings of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death. Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth, who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger, steeped in blood, had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognised as Edward's: and as he was no where to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands. We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when, at break of day, Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowdthe feelings of the father we cannot imaginewhen, restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment. He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his own father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the marketplace and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of

the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people; -only the foreign guard held out-and all demanded with furious cries the instant liberation of the criminal. At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow citizens, Edward sunk at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? The old man replied with unfaltering voice, "No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you; your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years I have prayed for your earthly happiness—but that is past—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us now kneel down together and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter;—but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him." With these words he rekindled the noble pride of the once dauntless youth, and after a short prayer he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his father's pitiless will. As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side with the halter round his neck. "I have sworn," exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, "that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of the executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers, that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it." While he spoke these words, he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim. As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence, and every man glided, as if stunned, to his own house.

From that moment the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families, in course of time, disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy. '

### CHOICE OF A WATERING-PLACE.

"HEIGH-HO!" exclaimed Lady Marabout, subsiding with a peevish jerk into the corner of her chariot, after having ordered her coachman to take a dowager turn in the King's-road. "Heigh-ho!-nothing remains in Hyde-Park but the Achilles-nothing in the Regent's but the bears of the Zoological!"

"Very true, mamma!" replied Lady Mary, yawning. "One may now stand in the Newroad, and look down the vacuity of Gloucesterplace, as with a telescope, into the very heart of May Fair; and, that too, without any apprehension of being smashed by a more honourable vehicle than an omnibus or a turnip-cart. Heighho!"

"The streets are beginning to rumble with the sound of an occasional carriage, like the catarrhal thunder of a melo-drama at the Surrey Theatre; and there is an abundant crop of aftergrass in the crescent of Cumberland-place. Heigh-ho!"

"Lalande has squeaked her last reedy squeak at the Opera: spiders are spreading their tapestries over the orchestra at Willis's; Boai's overture to the Chinerentola is chopped to empty benches; the link-boy's occupation's gone; Gunter sleeps in his bed, and Nugee on his board: advertisements of steam-packets and Brighton coaches replace the multitudinous puffs of professors of the Mazurka; and the West-end is a desert. Heigh-ho!"

" I very much doubt whether I shall be able to make up my whist table next week. Lady York is gone down to Muddington to economize the details of her husband's election; Baron Cribbich has crept out of town to be out of the way of the delicate negociations pending about the abdication of Charles X.; Sir William has had a paralytic stroke; and poor dear Lady Marsden is no more. How very provoking!"

"You have long promised to drink tea with Lady Creepmouse.'

"Which will annihilate two dull evenings; for I shall sleep through the one which follows my visit, par reminiscence. My sister will prose us to extinction with the last bill of health from Sierra Leone; or the progress of the grand staircase at Exeter Hall. She has not the least notion of caring for things which interest rational people-such as the list of the new maids of honour, or Lady D.'s adventure with Lady C.'s ferocious macaw. Heigh-ho! I really must think of leaving town; it looks so odd to be swallowing the vile dregs of the seasons."

"If John had not taken it into his head to economize, by letting Marabout Park, we might have gone there for a month or two. I wonder what he means by talking of residing on his Irish estates? I suspect some improper motive must have determined him to so extraordinary a measure?"

"Marabout Park! I hate the sound and the sight of it! A mere cake-house for the Leamington loungers; where the idle old maids club for a pair of post-horses to come and eat one's sandwiches, and horrow the old newspapers, on pretence of inquiries after a cold which has been convalescent for a week! I detest Marabout Park! I advised John to let it, that he might not be taken in by the charms of some Leamington belle, thrown from a restive hack in his avenue, or gracing a fancy ball for the benefit of some country infirmary with the faded costume of a London season."

"Oh! John is safe enough from the perils of matrimony; he has too many fashionable friends who cannot dispense with his stud at Melton, and his shooting quarters on the moors, to be allowed the privilege of domesticating himself for some years to come. John and his rent-roll are at present the property of the knowing ones. But where do you think, Mamma, of passing the autumn? What do you say to Buxton and Matlock? The Duke is to fill Chatsworth in September, and as he knows every thing and every body going out and coming in at the Baths, perhaps he might invite us over for a day or two."

"Pho! pho! The Duke forms his party from his London friends; he does not follow the habits of some country squire who is glad to fill his table with chance society."

"Hastings, then; what think you of Hastings?"

"That we shall be crushed by the Birmingham splendours of Mrs. Macaw, and the four horses with which she travels from street to street, paying morning visits to the Dowager Duchesses, and quizzical dubiosities of rank, who are obliged to swallow her civilities with the rest of the nauseous regimen accompanying their seabathing."

"But Tunbridge Wells, my dear Mamma! Think of the green lanes and breezy heaths about Tunbridge?"

"And then the chance of a royal visitation, which cuts up all the little comfortable coteries of the place! Just as one's tea is made and one's candles lighted, comes an invitation in the imperative mood, compelling one to a new pair of white gloves, and an agonized smile of gratitude for the condescension. No—no! Tunbridge will never do!"

" Ramsgate?"

"Searches with its breezes into one's inmost frame, like the officiousness of a custom-house

" Margate?"

"The Minories en dishabille!"

" Brighton?"

"Cheapside in a court-dress!"

"Worthing is a quiet sociable place!"

"Smothered with sea-weed!—good for nothing but kelp-burners, and manufacturers of iodine."

"What do you think of Weymouth?"

"I cannot say I have a good opinion of the place. People are expected to give dinners there, and pay formal visits as accurately as if they were residing in Hanover-square; at Weymouth one never has an opportunity of wearing out an old gown. Besides the distance from town is ruinous."

"Oh! if distance be an object, we can go to Southend; a few hours drive from town and a capital place for boating."

"You might as well determine on a Villa at Blackwall. The people at Southend are webfooted, and are obliged to take the precaution of breakfasting upon bark instead of checolate."

"But if you are so very difficult we shall never get away from this desolate den. I was obliged to tell Lord H. last night that we were waiting in town to observe the issue of events in France; for that you had entertained thoughts of wintering in Paris."

"I am sure the thought entertains me! Why even Lady Aldborough has deserted it; the best set there is quite broken up; and Mrs. Hopkins, and Mrs. Popkins, Mrs. Steer, and Mrs. Queer, have established a republic of fashion in lieu of the Dowager Aristocracy. I should prefer going to Cheltenham to degenerating into the secondary society of Paris."

"Cheltenham! my dear Mamma, pray have a little consideration for me; think of the number of Colonel Jobsons and Major Wilkinsons with whom I should be compelled to make acquaintance; wretches in the Bengal cavalry and Samarang lancers, with mustachios long enough for the Sultan of Persia. My partners would infect me with jaundice, and I should be firted into a bilious fever."

"Nonsense, child! with a very trifling exertion of graceful dignity, you may distance the whole tribe."

"Distance a Major Wilkinson of the Samarang Lancers! Why the Duchess of Northumberland could not freeze such a man into deference."

"At Cheltenham I should be sure of my rub-

ber every night."

"Yes! with a horde of savages in turbans which would be a death blow to Herbaut or Maradan—a horde of what are called "dashing people,"—who season after season frequent ball-rooms and pump-rooms, esplanades and parades, libraries and pantiles, ready to flirt with one half the world, and cheat with the other; and affecting fashionable small talk in the slang of a fashionable novel; Why, dear Manna, we should have been much better lodged at Marabout Park, than derogating from our family

distinction amongst an odious coterie of this description."

- "Exclusiveness is going out of fashion. Tant mieux! for it has often deprived me of my rubber."
- "What say you to Aldborough? It is a quiet unpretending place."
- "Distinguished by the manufacture of amber, trinkets, and Members of Parliament."
  - "Cromer has charming sands ---"
- "Remarkable for their superfluity of jet and Norfolk parsons."
  - "Well, then, do let us go to Scarborough?"
- "Scarborough! why it is an imperial diet of Yorkshire squires and squiresses! Nothing is talked of there but prize cattle, Doncaster races, Ruta Baga, and the music-meeting; and nobody is any body who cannot show a rent-roll of £10,000 per annum in one of the three ridings."

"Perhaps you would prefer Torquay or Exmouth, or one of the western ports?"

"Where one is sighed to death by sentimental young ladies, whose soft sorrows have assumed consumptive symptoms in the hope of being ordered to the South of France. Devonshire is a sort of citizen's Nice; and would enervate me

into a decline."

" So you used to tay of Bath."

"Not till it went out of fashion, by becoming an economical lay-nunnery for poor old maids. For my part, I think we had better remain in London a month longer. There are always accidental dinner parties going on, from electorisms and generous presents of turtle, which it costs one thirty guineas to dress. There we can get through September, by Saturdays and Sundays among the villas, stretched as far as the following Wednesday, where we find ourselves comfortable; and towards the end of October we can go to Brighton for the winter. As a royal residence it will be doubtless very gay."

"Now if you had followed my advice, and taken that cottage at Teddington last summer, perhaps we should have managed to get into the

Pavilion set."

"Nonsense! Pavilion! I am quite satisfied with a quiet private rubber of five-guinea-whist."

"But in your selection of a watering place I think you are bound in some measure to consult your daughter's interests. You may live to repent your unkindness about the cottage at Teddington. But a bright thought strikes me;—suppose you make choice of Cowes or Southampton?"

"Where R. Y. C. meeting my eyes at every turn, will seem to say "rue your choice," instead of "Royal Yacht Club!"—I detest your fresh water sailors, with jackets of blue, with Gros de Naples, who use pate-de-Vanille for tar, and Maraschino punch by way of grog. As to Southampton—the very flounders might be sick of its mud."

"Heigh-ho! I have half a mind to persuade my aunt Creepmouse to go to Bates's, and look for a villa." " At Teddington?"

"No! Mamma!—whatever may be my moral principles, I trust I am incapable of blundering in point of policy. \* \* \* \* \* \* is now the only residence for rational people!"

### WENDA, PRINCESS OF POLAND.

This princess was of surprising beauty, of great talents, and of still greater ambition. Power she deemed too sweet to be divided with another, and she therefore resolutely refused all offers of marriage.-Incensed at her haughtiness, or in the hopes of accomplishing by force what persuasion had attempted in vain, Rudiger, one of her lovers, who was a German prince, adopted a novel mode of courtship. At the head of an army he invaded her dominions. She marched against him.-When the two armies met, Rudiger again besought her to listen to his suit, and thereby spare the effusion of blood. The maiden was inexorable: she declared that no man should ever share her throne; that she would never become the slave of a husband, since, whoever he might be, he would assuredly love her person much less than her power. Her answer being spread among the officers of Rudiger, produced an effect which he little foresaw. Filled with admiration at the courage of the princess, whom they perceived hurrying from rank to rank in the act of stimulating her followers to the combat, and convinced that all opposition to her will would be worse than useless, they surrounded their chief, and asked him what advantage he hoped to gain from such an expedition. " If thou shouldst defeat the princess, will she pardon thee the loss of her troops? If thou art subdued, will she be more disposed to love thee?" The passion of Rudiger blinded him to the rational remonstrance of his followers: he persisted in his resolution of fighting: they refused to advance; in utter despair he laid hands on himself, and turned his dying looks towards the camp of the Poles. Wenda, we are told, showed no sign of sympathy at the tragical news, but returned triumphant to Cracow. Her own end was not less violent. Whether, as is asserted, to escape similar persecution, or, as is equally probable, from remorse at her own cruelty, having one day sacrificed to the gods, she threw herself into the waters of the Vistula, and there perished.

### SINGING FISH.

HITHERTO we have omitted assigning to fish any rank among the virtuosi. M. Grand has repaired this omission in his publication, which announces that the arborescent tritonice enjoys the power of song. The music it produces may be heard at the distance of twelve or fifteen feet, when placed in a vase containing only a small quantity of water. M. Grand supposes that these sounds serve as a means of communication between those animals to one another. Petit Courrier des Dames.

#### THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE.

The heart is in the upper world, where fleet the chamois bounds.

Thy heart is where the mountain-fir shakes to the torrent's sounds;

And where the snow-peaks gleam like stars, through the stillness of the air.

And where the lauwine's\* peal is heard—Hunter! thy heart is there!

I know thou lovest me well, dear friend! but better, better far,

Thou lovest that high and haughty life, with rocks and storms at war;

In the green sunny vales with me thy spirit would but pine— And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native heights.

With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral delights;

For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine-And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine.

And I will leave my blessed home, my father's joyous hearth, With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth, With all the kind and laughing eyes that in its firelight shine.

To sit forsaken in thy hut-yet know that thou art mine!

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart, That I cast away for thee—for thee—all reckless as thou art! With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to

Yet, yet I would not change that lot-oh no! I love too well!

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou, With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow!

Mournful!-but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride, And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,

To watch through long long nights of storm, to sleep and dream of death,

To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know is mine, And yet I will be thine, my love! and yet I will be thine!

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou com'st at last,

That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger past,
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine—

For this I will be thine, my love! for this I will be thine!

\* Lauwine, the avalanche-

### PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The land shall never rue,
So England to herself doth prove but true.—SHAKSPEARE.

Through evening's bright repose
A voice of prayer arose,
When the sea-fight was done;
The sons of England knelt,
With hearts that now could melt,
Fat, on the wave, her battle had been won.

Round their tall ship, the main Heaved with a dark red stain, Caught not from sunset's cloud; While with the tide swept past Pennon and shivered mast,

Which to the Ocean-Queen that day had bowed.

But free and fair on high,
A native of the sky,
Her streamer met the breeze;
It flowed o'er fearless men,
Though hushed and child-like then,
Before their God they gathered on the seas.

Oh! did not thought of home O'er each bold spirit come, As from the land sweet gales? In every word of prayer, Had not some hearth a share,

Some bower, inviolate 'midst England's vales?

Yes! bright green spots that lay In beauty far away, Hearing no billow's roar, Safer from touch of spoil, For that day's fiery toil,

Rose on high hearts, that now with love gushed o'er.

A solemn scene, and dread!
The victors and the dead—
The breathless, burning sky!
And, passing with a race
Of waves that keep no trace,
The wild, brief signs of human victory!

A stern yet holy scene!
Billows, where strife had been,
Sinking to awful sleep;
And words that breathe the sense
Of God's omnipotence,
Making a minister of that silent deep!

Borne through such hours afar, Thy flag halt been a star Where eagle's wing ne'er flew; England! the unprofaned, Thou of the homes unstained!

Oh! to the banner and the shrine be true!

# TRADITION OF ROLANDSECK,

ON THE RHINE.

ROLANDSECK is, in itself, a solitary ruin, but it commands prospects of most delicious scenery, romantic and picturesque beyond description. The rock upon which it stands overlooks the island of Rolandswert, which is in the middle of the Rhine.

The remains of this ruin, on the side of the river, is in good preservation, but, on the opposite side, it is decayed, and overgrown with ivy brambles. Schiller has made this scenery

the subject of an interesting ballad, but has, in his description, transferred it to Switzerland. The tradition of the origin of this castle is as follows:—The noble cavalier, Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, during the long, and, to him, wearisome repose of peace, wandered frequently in the environs of Ingelheim, and from thence down to the shores of the Rhine. Overtaken by night in one of his rambles, at the entrance of the domains of a castle, he requested the hospitality of

the owner, and was immediately received by him with that noble frankness which so distinguished this chivalric age. The cavalier of the castle grasped his hand with that hearty cordiality which bespoke the meeting of old friends, rather than that of strangers, and Hildegonde, his daughter, set before him bread and wine, the symbol of hospitality, with all that graceful naivette, for which her youth was distinguished. The goblet was embossed with the family arms of the host, and Hildegonde presented it with that amiable modesty which increased the interest her unfolding attractions created in every beholder. Roland accepted the goblet from her hand, and, what he thought was singular, his own hands trembled, and he blushed, he knew not why. "What!" said he to himself, "is this the firm arm of which, when holding the scymetar, a muscle never flinched? Is this the same countenance of which hordes of Saracens could never disconcert a feature?" He recovered himself, and began to speak of the feats of war, and of the great political views of his renowned sovereign They retired to rest, but Roland could not close his eyes; the image of Hildegonde continually presented itself before him.

The next day he prepared to depart; he felt a difficulty in making known his name, lest they should deem it necessary to pay him that homage which a name so justly celebrated every where received. Old Raymond, his host, was transported beyond measure at having entertained the hero of chivalry within his walls, and pressed him to pass another day in his castle, which he consented to do. The prudent Hildegonde said not a word, but it was easy to see this arrange-

ment was not displeasing to her.

Roland remained many days. His passion for Hildegonde increased so as to overcome all his timidity, and he only waited for a proper opportunity to declare himself. This occasion soon offered. Walking one day in the grounds, he found Hildegonde sitting on a bank, her hands joined, as if in prayer. Roland approached her, and was studying how he should commence the conversation, when Hildegonde, plucking a rose from its branch, Roland requested her to give it to him, saying, "No symbol of remembrance of any fair dame has hitherto decorated the plumes of my helmet; and, when other cavaliers have boasted of the charms and virtues of their chosen fair ones, my untouched heart has responded in silence." The countenance of Hildegonde was instantly covered with crimson; she was surprised, and taken off her guard: a movement of her hand seemed to indicate a wish to give him the rose, yet a modest circumspection seemed to make her waver. But the eyes of Roland entreated; their silence was so expressive that she acceded to the first impulse, and, in giving the rose to him, said, "That which is beautiful is of short duration." Roland took courage, spoke of his love, and Hildegonde with a look told him, that he need not be in doubt of a suitable return. The lovers vowed eternal fidelity, and Roland obtained her consent, that, at " close of the approaching campaign against the infidels, he should return to the Rhine, and claim her as his bride. Adieus are generally tranquil, but they are melancholy. A simple pressure of the hand was all that their emotion permitted; their eyes, however, declared eloquently the sentiments which their faltering tongues could not express.

Hildegonde passed the period of absence in the most secluded manner. She thought of nothing but the news expected from her lover. length it came-news of bloody combats, of perilous actions, of deeds of heroic bravery, and the name of Roland always exalted above all others, the general subject of his exploits became the song of the boatmen on the Rhine. Months, however, passed away, and the long year of absence from him she held most dear in the world was about to close; and it finished with the happy intelligence of a glorious peace, which would enable our hero to return covered with laurels.

One night a cavalier appeared at the castle gates, and requested the hospitality of Raymond until the following day. It proved to be one of Roland's companions in arms, a brave warrior, who had followed Charlemagne in this famous expedition. Agitated and restless, Hildegonde at length ventured to speak of Roland. "Alas!" said the stranger, "I saw him fall by my side, covered with glory, but pierced by mortal wounds." Hildegonde ceased to speak, she could not even shed tears, which would so much have relieved her oppressed heart. Absorbed by the sole thought of her loss, she stood as immoveable and inanimate as a marble statue. After eight days spent in the most profound grief, she took the resolution of quitting a world which now contained nothing of interest to her; and, having obtained her father's sanction, she entered the convent of Nonenworth, and there took the veil. The bishop of the diocese being allied to her family, the term of her probation was shortened, and three months had scarcely elapsed before she had pronounced her vows. A fatal precipitation! which brought misery and death upon two devoted lovers.

Roland suddenly made his appearance at the castle of Raymond, to which Hildegonde had for ever bade adicu; he came to seek her, and fulfil his vows, by leading her to the altar. Deep wounds had reduced his strength, and he fell exhausted from loss of blood, which had given rise to the report of his death. He had, however, met with friends, who had been assiduous in their care of him, and had restored him to health. He now learnt with grief of the indissoluble ties which Hildegonde had formed, and which separated her from him for ever. The arms which had covered him with glory he now threw off with disgust, and, retiring to the neighbourhood of Kolandswert, he built the castle of Rolandseck, upon a rock which overlooked the convent of Nonenworth, and which he named his hermit-

Here he spent whole days at the door of his cell, with his eyes rivetted upon the spot where his faithful Hildegonde languished out her days.

At the sound of the matin-bell he rose, and, listening to the angelic voices of the choir, frequently he thought he could distinguish the voice of Hildegonde; and, when the evening star had risen, and signified to all around that the hour of repose was at hand, if he could but discover the glimmering of some light from the convent, when all the rest was in darkness, he felt that that was the cell of his dear Hildegonde, who then watched and prayed for the power of resignation. Two years, passed in these solitary and mournful occupations, had wasted his strength. One morning, as he was, as usual, watching the cloister, he saw persons digging a grave in the place appointed for the eternal repose of the servants of God. A secret voice whispered him that it was for Hildegonde. He enquired, and learned the fatal truth. For the first time he descended to the holy habitation, which hitherto he had held sacred, not daring to profane it by his presence, whilst his heart was agitated by feelings so earthly. He assisted at the last sad rite, threw the earth upon the remains of his dearly beloved, joined his ardent aspirations with those of the nuns for the eternal repose of her soul; but, overcome with grief, he returned home, and was found, shortly afterwards, in his usual seat at the door of his cell, with his eyes fixed upon the cloister, but fixed in death. He was allowed to be buried in the same place, and near to her, who alone in the world had rendered him insensible to glory.

From the unpublished Notes of a Detenu.

# BLIND MAN'S BUFF-AT COURT.

WHEN Jerome, the youngest son of the immortal Corsican family, took possession of the throne of Westphalia, he resolved to lead a very different life from his brothers. The eldest, Lucien, was still a republican at heart, a man of science, and seemingly inclined to doubt whether he would not become a hermit. Napoleon's propensities are pretty universally known. Among them were conspicuous his love of conquering kingdoms, and the very great pleasure he experienced in scolding his more pacific brothers. Joseph's throne of Spain was beset by thorns; and poor Louis, the amiable King of Holland, would have preferred managing a farm, or writing romances, to holding sway over his amphibious subjects, who determined not to leave him a moment's rest, so long as their butter, cheese, salt-fish, and Schiedam remained dead stock upon their hands. Jerome was the real philosopher of the family, and he often used to tell his librarian, that, as Providence had given him a crown, he should endeavour to make it sit as lightly as possible upon his head. Courte et bonne was his favourite device, and the only song he was ever heard to sing commenced thus:-

> "On ne sauroit trop embellir Le court espace de la vie, Pour moi, je veux le parcourir Avec l'Amour et la Folie."

The Court of Cassel was, without exception, he right merriest in Christendom. In fact, at the period I am speaking of, when nearly the whole world was involved in war, this was the only place to be found where Love and Laughter held sovereign sway.

Proverbs were frequently embodied by the courtiers, and Jerome was, perhaps, the first who introduced the "Tableaux Vivans, and Historical Masquerades." He was fond of personating Francis the first of France, and Bayard le cheva-

lier sans peur et sans reproche; and a short time before the termination of his reign, he had commenced active preparations for giving a grand tournament and fete, in exact imitation of the meeting of Henry and Francis, on the celebrated Champ d'Or. Even when Napoleon was tottering upon his throne, Courte et bonne was still Jerome's motto. Even when Tchernicheff was within a hundred miles of the capital of Westphalia, no apprehensions were entertained at Cassel, although there were not more than two hundred and fifty of the King's Guards in the town. Count S. was at length despatched by one of the French commandants, to inform the King of Westphalia, that through the means of a person upon whom the utmost reliance might be placed, he had learnt that Tchernicheff had resolved, by forced marches, to make a dash upon Cassel with his Cossacks. Not a moment obviously was to be lost in saving the person of the King, and carrying off, or concealing the regalia. The Count arrived at eleven at night in Cassel, put on a court dress, and repaired to the Palace. The Guard on Juty seeing a person attired in this manner, supposed that he belonged to the Court, and he therefore entered the Palace without meeting any opposition. In several apartments through which he passed, he saw persons sitting at different small tables, regaling themselves. They were too agreeably occupied to notice the Envoy. Being personally acquainted with Jerome, he put no questions to any of them, intending to find out his Majesty, and execute his mission in as private a manner as possible. On approaching the last room of the suite of apartments, he heard a number of persons laughing in a loud tone, and others screaming with boisterous mirth. Upon opening the door he beheld a scene of revelry and confusion that battles description, and that in a narrow libe the Count

"austere comme un cenobite," must have produced no small degree of astonishment. chairs, tables, sophas, &c. were all huddled pellmell at one extremity of the room. About thirty persons, most of whom were ladies, and attired in the costume of the time of Charlemagne, were nimbly tripping about with twisted handkerchiefs in their hands, and dealing copious blows to some individual who was in the centre of the room. He personated Carolus Magnus. Every time a hard thump fell upon his shoulders, "A moi Belisaire!" was the exclamation from some fair lips to the poor sufferer. The eyes of the person, and part of his face, were concealed with a thick bandage; in truth, the representative of Charlemagne was playing at blind man's buff. "Pray who is that?" said the Count to a vinous young Frenchman, who was hallooing louder than all the others together.

"That," said the facetious fellow, "is Belisaire, the blind general, and brother of Charlemagne—the date obolum man."

"Now, take care," continued the young officer, "he is coming this way, and I must give him another good thump, as he has made my shoulders sore, and unfairly too—so I shall do as he did—tie a double hard knot in my handkerchief." "Bang," cried the officer.

Belisaire rubbed his shoulders, and pulling down the handkerchief that covered his eyes, he roared out, "Diable! that's a foul hit;" but recognising the officer whom he had treated in a similar manner, he burst out into a hearty laugh, and said, "Allons! nous voila egaux."

The Count now approached, and beheld in this blind man Jerome, King of Westphalia.

The moment Count S. communicated his message, the company were dismissed. The regalia, and other valuables of a light nature, were packed up. Horses were saddled—the merry monarch only communicated the intelligence to a few, who hastily made their preparations, and galloped after their monarch, who was soon on the road to the frontiers of France. Before light appeared, on the same day, the Russian general arrived with his Cossacks, secured most of the ministers, who were still in their beds, took all the military who remained in the town prisoners, and after levying a heavy contribution, departed as hastily as he came.

### THE PRINCESS DE LOWICZ,

CONSORT OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

This lady (writes a gentleman in Warsaw) is a charming woman, a model of grace and elegance, and so winning in her manners, that even the rude and boisterous Constantine was transformed into a rational and kindly companion whilst by her side. Indeed, he was a totally different sort of being when in her company to what he was when away from her. In the hours which he spent with her, he became cheerful, animated, and confiding; and subdued his unruly passions

read the trace of their recent explosion in the yet quivering furrows of his brow. "Constantine," she would then say to him, "I pray you, be calm and tranquil; forethought should precede our every act; why then do you suffer your actions to take precedence of your reflection?" The Princess is a Pole by birth, and she has, I think, been very unjustly accused of not availing herself of her station and influence to mitigate the sufferings of her fellow countrymen. It is more than possible, that she could not command the means of effecting what was expected from her; and thus much, at least, is acknowledged on all hands-that a kinder heart than her's never throbbed. Her abode in the palace of Belvedere must have been a painful imprisonment to her, for she had little or no intercourse with her countrywomen; every day, therefore, must have proved a returning scene of splendid misery.

One of my Polish friends was a member of the deputation which was sent to Constantine by the provisional government. They found him in the village of Wirzba, about six miles from Warsaw. Lubecki first, and then Czartoryski entered into a spirited justification of the recent revolution. The Archduke replied to them with great calmness and affability, complained bitterly of the violence done at the Belvedere, and related several affecting instances of the fidelity shown to him by his Russian servants. The Princess de Lowicz then took up the conversation, and keenly upbraiding Lubecki, bade him call to mind the kindnesses he had received at the hands of her consort. In the bitterness of her feelings, she next turned to Constantine, and, pointing to Lelewel, (the main-spring of the insurrection,) exclaimed, "that man possessed your whole-your unlimited confidence; and that man has yet been the primary cause of all our misfortunes." smile of the eye was all the reply, which Lelewel made to this sally; and the Princess seemed, at once, to recollect the danger to which, under the critical circumstances in which Constantine was at that time placed, it might expose him. She instantly seized Lelewel by the hand, and asked pardon for her vivacity. Then she went up to Ostrowski, and imploringly added, "I conjure you, Sir, to avert the storm from our common country. You, and you alone, possess the confidence of all." This said, she retired, in tears, to her seat. At the close of the interview, upon Constantine's offering to interpose in favour of the "guilty," Ostrowski indignantly replied,-" There is not a guilty soul amongst us;" and the deputation quitted the apartment.

In the Netherlands as soon as a girl has given a promise of marriage, the apartment in which she usually resides, and all the furniture in it are decorated with garlands of flowers. Every thing belonging to the bridegroom elect, even to his pipe and tobacco box, are decorated in the same manner. All the wine and liquor at weddings is called the Bride's Tears.

#### MY FATHER-LAND.

AGAIN upon thy verdant bank I stand,
Thou oft-remembered, silv'ry flowing Tweed,
Endeared by absence, view my father-land,
Each outlined hill around and woodland mead:
You bridge, o'er which so oft I've musing leant,
Whilst gazing on thy waters' tranquil flow,
Becalling hours in brighter day-dreams spent,
Than e'er fulfilled may bless our path below.

Still does thy sweet and gently murm'ring sound My spirits soothe, mine ear attract, and seem Each flow'ry brae, each well-known spot around, Like strange realities of youthful dream. In other climes, in ristant lands I've been, Which nature gifts with ever-varying bloom, Yet have I none preferr'd to thee, blest scene! My once so happy, and my early home.

Oh! when I've shelter'd from the sultry heat,
To mark the proud course of some giant stream;
In bright blue skies the early sun to greet—
Have watched the splendour of his orient beam;
When from the lofty Ghauts' impendent height,
Or toiling round a fortress-hill's ascent,
The fury of the fierce monsoon in might
Has dashed along, and mighty forests rent—

How has my heart with transport turned to thee!
How have I pictured thy enchanting del!!
The fondly cherished scenes of infancy—
Can any other those bright scenes exce!?
Oh! there are names within our breasts enshrined,
The sweetest still which Fancy can portray;
Time-hallow'd, blest, which are so clear defined,
They fade not, change not, e'en in life's decay.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

#### THE BURIAL OF HELEN GRAY,

LOVE'S MARTYR.

They buried her at even, in her bridal robes arrayed,

Close by the gusbing fountain, and beneath the hemlock

shade:

And beautiful she looked, though all life's glowing tints had flown—

The martyr to a love which dwells in woman's heart alone!

The roses yet were wreathing in her curb of sunny hair,
And the smile, the vanished spirit left upon her lip, was
there;

The sunset's parting ray gleamed like a glory on her brow,
And crimsoned o'er her pallid cheek with an unearthly

And he was there—and silently he gazed on his pale bride, Who, for his sake had flung from her the love of all beside—He knew that she had loved him then—and something like a smile

Played on his lip, though his proud heart was bursting all the while.

He west not for his lost one—but the shadows of despair Were gathering round his spirit then—and madness settled there—

The flower that bloomed upon his path had faded from his sight,

And earth, to him, was all devoid of loveliness and light!

They buried her at evening.—"Tis a tale of other days;
Yet they say her gentle spirit by the shaded fountain strays;
But no—her loved ones long have fled, why should she
hither roam?

She hath a calmer resting-place, in Heaven, a brighter home!

## THE HALT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

THE day's march had been long and wearisome, and still the exhausted party looked in vain through the lonely sierras in search of a human habitation. Roland de St. Pierre, the commander of a small detachment of French voltigeurs, became aware that he had missed the direct track, and that it was useless to expect to reach the outposts of the army on that night: he therefore made up his mind to spend the hours of darkness under the shade of one of those spreading cork-trees which made his present route a path of exceeding beauty. He halted his followers, and offered them the immediate repose of which they stood so much in need: unwilling, however, to relinquish the hope of obtaining refreshment after their harassing fatigues, the soldiers rallied their flagging spirits, and desired to proceed onward, upon the chance of finding the hut of some goatherd, which might afford a slight repast to assuage the cravings of their appetites.

It was a calm, lovely, autumnal evening; all was so hushed and tranquil, that not the slightest breeze agitated the leaves of the forest-trees: the dull tramp of the soldiers alone broke the deep silence; for, toil-worn and faint from long abstinence, they had ceased from the light catches

and merry roundels which had heretofore beguiled their march; and melancholy feelings, in unison with the sombre gloom around, began to steal over the mind of the youthful commander, destined to make his first campaign against the unoffending allies of his ambitious master. Roland troubled himself little with political questions; he sought to win rank and honour by the aid of his good sword, and had received his first summons to march into Spain with the enthusiastic delight of a heart panting to distinguish itself in some well-contested field, and reckless what sphere was selected for the theatre of his achievements; but he had that morning encountered scenes revolting to a mind unaccustomed to the horrors of war:-whole villages stretched in black ruins upon the desolated plains; farms, once smiling and prosperous, still smouldering in the flames which had reduced them to heaps of ashes: human bones strewed upon the greensward, and half-decaying corses tainting the sweet air of heaven, the frightful relics of those devoted peasants who had dared defend their hearths and their homes from the spoiler's hand.

Roland's unpractised heart grieved over the horrible devastation which greeted his shuddering glance, and he was surprised to find how deep an impression the ghastly spectacle of the morning had left upon his mind. No trace of war or carnage defiled the purity of the landscape which he now trod. The gurgling runnel leaped clear and limpid over the rocks, its sparkling current unstained with blood, and nought save the perfume of the orange-blossom came mingled with the aromatic fragrance of the thymy pastures; yet was the solitude so profound, the stillness of the coming night so awful, that, in his present state of languor, all the characteristic gaiety of his temper and nation was insufficient to remove the impression which weighed heavily upon his soul.

The dim twilight faded away, and darkness, made more gloomy by the thick foliage above, succeeded; wearily the voltigeurs dragged their jaded limbs along, and, just as they despaired of advancing farther, the sudden illumination of a moon upon the wane showed them at a considerable distance a roof, whence issued a thin column of smoke. Animated by this exhilarating prospect, the tired party pressed eagerly forward to the spot. Upon a closer inspection, they discovered the promised haven to be an outhouse, lofty and extensive, which had evidently been attached to a superior mansion, now levelled with the ground. A broken trellis. from which the untrained vine wandered along the damp earth, fountains choked with grass and fragments of sculptured marble, showed that the sword and the firebrand had performed their deadliest operations; but the work had not been sufficiently recent to display the most frightful ravages of war: time had thrown a slight veil over the wreck, and the moon glanced upon flowers springing up uncultured in a garden which had been defaced by hostile feet, and upon a rank vegetation of weeds, waving like banners from the prostrate walls.

The high dark front of the barn-like building, which promised shelter for the night, frowned grimly in the moonlight: the unglazed windows were secured by strong wooden shutters, and the most dreary silence reigned throughout the interior; but a faint light, issuing from some of the numerous crevices in this dilapidated structure, gave tokens of habitation, although the inmates, whoever they might be, preserved a sullen silence for a considerable period, neither deigning to answer, nor seeming to hear, the supplications and threats with which the French soldiers alternately solicited and demanded admittance. Before, however, these rough guests had exhausted all their patience, a door opened, and the flame of a pine-wood torch threw a strong light upon the face and figure of the portress, as she stood upon her own threshold. Her tall spare form towered above the middle height; but if Nature had moulded it with a careful hand, its beauty was totally obscured by a cumbrous garment of sackcloth, girt about the waist with a cord. Her long gray hair, which streamed wildly from beneath a scanty covering of coarse black stuff, and the rigid lines in her gaunt countenance, gave her the appearance of age: but Roland, as

he gazed upon her with an undefinable sensation of awe and wonder, saw that she had scarcely passed, if she had reached, the summer of her life; and that there was also an air of dignity in her demeanour, which ill accorded with the meanness of her habiliments and the squalid poverty with which she was surrounded. A ghastly smile passed across her pale and haggard face as she bade the weary party welcome; and though want, and wretchedness, and disease, had preyed with ravaging effect upon her features; though her eyes were sunk in her head, her lips parched and wan, and her skin wrinkled and jaundiced, Roland perceived that she still retained lineaments of severe and almost superhuman beauty; and a vague feeling of the existence of some mysterious danger came across his mind, as he observed the silent workings of that extraordinary countenance, while she bestirred herself with fearless alacrity to provide for the accommodation of men, whose intrusion upon her solitude must have been any thing but pleasing.

Ashamed of the dread which involuntarily crept over him—since he knew the impossibility, from the depopulated state of the country, and the strong cordon of troops with which the province now occupied by the French army was surrounded, of there being any concealed ambush even in this secluded spot—he strove to banish the apprehension of impending evil, and to make himself as comfortable as circumstances would admit: still he could not withdraw his looks from his hostess; and though not expecting to make any discovery from her answer, inquired whether she did not feel some alarm while living alone in so dreary a solitude.

"What should I fear?" she calmly replied:
"I have lost every thing but life, and that is now
of so little value, that its preservation is not
worth a thought. And why," she continued,
"should I wish for the protection of my countrymen?—they are more gloriously engaged in the
great and holy cause which has armed all Spain
in defence of its liberties."

Somewhat reassured by the undisguised frankness of this speech, Roland contented himself with a scrupulous examination of the place, which he still could not help fancying had been inauspiciously chosen for the night-halt of his party. Nothing alarming met his eye: the furniture was rude and scanty, the building ill calculated to conceal arms or snares of any kind; and what could a band of nine stout soldiers apprehend from the utmost malice of one woman? Struggling, therefore, with the forebodings of his spirit, he ate his portion of the frugal meal which was set before him with a keen relish, but declined the cup of wine offered at its completion, from a natural antipathy to the fermented juice of the grape, and a particular aversion to the vintage of Spain. The voltigeurs, delighted to obtain food and rest, unattracted by the person of the lone female who administered to their necessities, and more diverted than angry at her avowed enmity to their country, saw nothing to excite their suspicions; and their commander,

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doubts which pertinaciously clung to him, was unwilling to betray his dread of lurking danger to his inconsiderate companions, lest they might attribute the communication to some ignoble feeling.

The repast ended, the young officer was conducted by his singular and painfully-interesting bostess up a ladder to a sort of loft, occupying the upper part of the building. At first he disliked the idea of separation from his party, but perceiving that he could keep a watchful eye over them through several large apertures in the floor, he became more reconciled to an arrangement which would enable him to observe all that passed, without attracting attention by his vigilance. A coarse bed was spread in one corner of the room; but, too much agitated to think of repose, he took up a position which gave him an uninterrupted view of the premises below. A wood fire burned brightly; and within the influence of its genial warmth the toil-worn soldiers had stretched themselves at length upon the floor, and, wrapped in their cloaks, resigned their weary spirits to a death-like sleep. The lone inhabitant of the dwelling had withdrawn to a distant corner, and, in the fitful blaze, the dark drapery which enveloped her spare form could scarcely be distinguished from the inequalities of the floor which formed her couch. So profound was the slumber of the wayworn voltigeurs, that their breathing was not audible in the chamber above: a dead silence prevailed. disturbed only at intervals by a rustling sound, so slight, that Roland deemed it to proceed from the wing of some night-bird sweeping along the eaves. The fire, unreplenished, began to moulder away, the figures of the sleepers became indistinct, and drowsiness crept unconsciously over Roland's frame: how long he remained in utter forgetfulness of his situation he knew not, but he was roused by a clear sweet voice, singing in low yet distinct tones the following ballad:

The Moors have round the crescent high, the cross is lowly laid,

And vainly to their patron saints the Spaniards shrick for

Sorrow and desolation reign throughout the bleeding land— But raise exulting shouts to Heaven, for vengeance is at head!

Our warriors lie in mangled heaps upon the gory plain; Our fathers, and our husbands, and our brothers, all are slain:

But we will nerve our woman's arms to wield the flaming brand.

And teach our proud and ruthless foes that vengsance is at hand!

This lay was evidently a fragment of the countless relics of the eventful struggle between the Spaniards and the Moors, which, in days of old, had so gloriously terminated in favour of the christian cause; but the coincidence of the words with the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed alarmed the French officer: he groped his way, by the imperfect light, to the spot whence the sound proceeded. "Who and what art thou," he exclaimed, "whose warping song has

so effectually chased slumber from my eyelids?"

"An enemy!" replied the same clear soft voice; "but one who is sated, sick of shedding blood!—Force a passage for me through the decaying panels of the wainscot, and I will set you free!"

"Stand aside then!" cried Roland; and at one effort the worm-eaten barrier gave way: a flood of moonlight passed in, and revealed a slight fair girl, whose countenance, bearing a striking resemblance to that of the female who had inspired him with such a strong feeling of awe, though pale and thin, was still so exceedingly beautiful, that the admiring gazer could not fancy that it had lost a single attraction from the calamity, whatever it might be, which had made such fearful havoc in the frame of her companion.

"Follow me," she cried, "and quickly: the delay of an instant may cost your life."

"I will but stay to rouse my party," returned Roland, struck with sudden surprise to find that they had not already gathered round him, disturbed by the crash of the falling wainscot.

"They will wake no more in this world," said the stranger: "look not to them, but save yourself. The poison has performed its work, and they are as the dust beneath them."

Rushing to the ladder, Roland, reckless of personal danger from the lapse of time, threw himself into the room below, stirred the fading embers, and the blaze that sprung up, as it caught a fresh pine faggot, confirmed the dreadful truth. The pulses of the soldiers had ceased to beat; they breathed not-moved not; and their convulsed and distorted features told the horrid story of their fate. Roland stood shuddering and aghast amid the senseless clay around him; bolts of ice shot, in rapid succession, through his heart. Were these inanimate bodies the late companions of his toil, men vigorous with life and health, who but an hour before had shared his march, stiffening in the cold grasp of death, murdered, and murdered before his eyes?—Drops of agony burst from his brows; and, drawing his sword in gloomy desperation, he exclaimed-" I will stay and avenge you!" The fair vision whose voice had broken his repose had followed him to the spot; and, preserving amid the appalling scene the same calm melancholy expression of countenance which seemed habitual to her, again addressed him.

"Justice," she cried, "claims this sanguinary deed, and vengeance is beyond your reach, unless the blow should fall on me. Strike if you will, and spare not; for dearer lives have fallen beneath the murderous weapons of your countrymen."

The French officer slowly dropped the point of his sword; he saw, indeed, that it would be worse than vain to abandon himself to the indignation which filled his heart; but, continuing to gaze upon the ghastly faces of his comrades, as they lay, bereft of sense and motion, on the earth which was so soon to close over them, a sickening sensation crept through his frame: he could bear

no more; and, clasping his hand across his eyes, moved from the spot.

His companion, taking advantage of this change of mood, seized his cloak, and drew him to the ladder. They ascended it in silence, crossed the two upper apartments, and gained the ground through a wooden balcony, furnished, according to the custom of the country, with a flight of steps. Roland, in a few minutes, found himself in a wild and tangled path, with his preserver still at his side.

"I have saved you from death," she cried; " but my task is not yet ended. A secret avenue, which cannot be trodden without a guide, leads to the road at the mountain's base: I will conduct you thither in safety; and, stranger, employ your rescued life in generous efforts to meliorate the sufferings of the hapless Spaniards: interpose your authority in aid of the weak and defenceless, and snatch them from the wanton butchery which spares neither sex nor age. Look on yonder shapeless ruin: once it smiled joyously in the moonlight—once a happy peasantry crowded to its now broken walls, to pay the tribute of glad and grateful hearts to their beloved lord: a family, blessing and blessed, made the air around them melodious with the hymn of praise and thanksgiving—a gush of song for ever flowing, like the mountain stream. On the last day that tones of cheerfulness issued from human lips upon that desecrated spot, we celebrated a festival-the betrothing of my elder sister-and merrily were struck the cords of the gay guitar, and lightly, to the spirit-stirring sounds of the castanet, our flying footsteps touched the ground. Suddenly an armed band burst in upon our harmless revelry. There was a grotto carefully concealed, wherein our anxious friends placed Estella and myself for safety: through a fissure in the rock we saw the barbarians enter. I lost vision, sense, and recollection, when, vainly struggling with overpowering numbers, my father fell; but Estella, incapable of moving, or withdrawing her eyes from the scene of slaughter, and acutely, miserably alive to all its horrors, turned a stony gaze upon the unequal contest, and saw, one by one, our parents, our three brave brothers, her lover, our friends and servants, perish by the unpitying hands of their assailants. The streams of blood, flowing down the pathway, penetrated the grotto, and as I lay upon the damp ground, my festal garments were drenched with the vital current of all I loved on earth. The work of murder accomplished, the Frenchmen indulged themselves in pillage; and having seized every thing of value, our home, our once happy home, was devoted to the flames. Vainly did we hope that the smoke would suffocate us in our retreat; but the wind blew it away, and we were saved to execute a dreadful deed of vengeance. Three days passed, and at length, sated with plunder and with blood, our merciless enemies retreated! the sound of their bugles died upon her ear, and Estella, the fair, the gracious, the idolized Estella, emerged from the cave, with her golden tresses changed

to dull gray—the beaming radiance of her eyes quenched—her flesh withered away—the gaunt spectre of her former self. She swore a fearful oath upon the mangled pile of our murdered relatives, and fearfully has she performed it. For every precious life taken on that fatal day, by her frail and feeble hands have ten been sacrificed. My spirit grows weary of this constant slaughter; and when you refused the wine, and Estella, perceiving your suspicions, fled to procure the assistance of a trusty friend, the Holy Virgin, to whom I pray incessantly, urged me to effect your deliverance, and I obeyed the mandate."

The narrator of this horrible tale paused, and Roland, bursting into a passionate exclamation. turned round to offer his fervent thanks to the fair and luckless creature to whom he owed his life, but she had vanished: the broad road lay before him, and no trace of his conductress appearing, he lingered for a moment and then pursued his way. The morning began to break as he trod the solitary path, and, but that he was alone, the agile voltigeur could have fancied the whole night's adventure a feverish dream: the rustling of the leaves, the twittering of the birds, were the only sounds that broke the stillness: be missed the light songs and lighter laughter of his late companions, and strode along, unheeding the distance, almost choked by the tumultuous emotions which crowded to his heart. As he approached the outposts, a dropping fire from the lines announced to the young soldier that preparations for action had commenced, and he only arrived in time to join his division, which was immediately engaged in a fierce contest with the enemy. Roland, wound up to the highest pitch of excitement, fought with desperate energy, striving, in the impetuosity of the onslaught. to banish the frightful scene which was ever before his eyes. The day, however, notwithstanding the bravery of the troops, was not auspicious to France; evening saw the whole of the army in full retreat; and Roland, when bivouacking in a secure position, found himself in a distant province from the mountain scene which had proved so fatal to eight of the most gallant fellows in the service.

The beauty of Estella and Magdalena, the daughters of the Count de los Tormes, was celebrated throughout Spain, and the tragic tale of their supposed murder formed a theme for the minstrels, who, while dwelling upon their virtues and their loveliness, incited every generous heart to average their wrongs. Some of these popular lays found their way to the French camp. Roland needed no auxiliary to perpetuate the recollection of these unhappy females; his thoughts dwelt continually on the fair form of Magdalena: insensibly he associated this gentle creature with all his future schemes and prospects, and many romantic visions were disturbed by the gaunt spectre of her stern sister, starting up, like a destroying angel, between him and his fairy hopes. Roland, a man, and a Frenchman, could not understand the possibility of owing his life to any

cause, save an impulse of tenderness in his favour. Unaccustomed to reflect deeply upon religious influence, he smiled at the alleged interposition of the Virgin, and admired the womanly contrivance which had so artfully veiled her own wishes under the pretence of obeying the commands of Heaven. Without too closely scanning his intentions, he felt an irresistible desire to snatch the ill-starred Magdalena from the horrible situation in which she was placed; and already well acquainted with the Spanish language, he spared no pains to render himself so completely master of it as to enable him to pass for a native.

The fortune of war gave Roland the opportunity which he had so long desired: he was stationed in the neighbourhood of the humble residence of the sisters, and, in the disguise of a muleteer, he ventured to approach the fatal spot. Taking the same road which he had formerly trod, the bold mountain peaks frowned above him; the thick forest of cork-trees spread its umbrageous shade around; and the ruined mansion, with its grass-grown gardens, brought sickening recollections to his heart. Accustomed to death in every shape—by the sword, by the bullet, and by the axe; by lingering tortures, and by wasting plagues—often fighting ankle-deep in blood, and treading on the corses of the slain; though lightly regarding these horrors, he never could banish from his memory the scene of that dreadful night, when, by the funeral light of the pine-wood fire, he gazed upon the blackening faces of his comrades, as they lay in death's ghastly embrace on the floor. Often in his gayest revel did the lights, and the music, and the wine-cup, vanish from his eyes, and the dark but and the dead were before him.

Now he was roused from his gloomy reverie by the same sweet, clear voice which had once broken upon a dangerous slumber: he looked into a green dell below, and saw Magdalena, kneeling at a wooden cross, surmounted by an image of the Virgin, and singing her early matin hymn. Roland was by her side in an instant; and, with the confident vivacity of his country, poured out with passionate vehemence a thousand protestations of love. Magdalena, at first amazed, distrusting sight and sense, and listening with apparent patience, merely to be certain that she heard aright, no sooner caught the truth, than, starting from the ground, her fair melancholy countenance dilating with scorn and rage, she cast a look of ineffable contempt upon the handsome suppliant, and, clinging to the rude altar before her, said-

"But that I loathe the sight of blood, presumptuous miscreant! thy heart's best vein should drain upon this outraged shrine! Begone!—judge not of me by the craven spirit that brought thee hither!" And, before he could make a single attempt to appease her just indignation, she

The contemned lover lingered long and fruitleasy on the spot which had witnessed his disappointment: reluctantly obeying at last the dictates of prudence, which urged the folly of re-

maining to be discovered and sacrificed to the vengeance which he had provoked, he slowly and sullenly retreated. Though no longer daring to entertain a hope of inducing the fair Spaniard to exchange her dreary solitude for a life of luxury and ease, still the image of Magdalena haunted his imagination; her dazzling beauty, her noble sentiments, her touching history, could not, would not, be forgotten. A third time the means of visiting her dwelling-place presented themselves: and almost without a purpose, Roland again approached the ruined hovel:—he found her grave! A mound of green turf, a rude cross, inscribed with her name and age, marked the last restingplace of one of Spain's fairest flowers. Her sister had assumed a soldier's habit, and had joined the Guerillas.

### A HEROINE'S HAND.

THE hand of the heroine of a novel is always small. Whatever may be the size of the lady herself, she must be sure to have a tiny hand. This the novelist gives her by prescriptive right, and as a necessary mark of beauty. We suppose they go upon the same principle that the Chinese do in relation to a lady's foot. And yet our Christians ridicule the Pagan taste of the gentry of the Celestial Empire.

But why should a small hand be accounted a characteristic of beauty? If we rightly understand the matter, a hand, or foot, or nose, in order to look well, should be in due proportion to the rest of the body. It is not the smallness of the limb that makes it beautiful—but the just relation it bears to the parts. A small hand, therefore, unless it be upon a small person, is an absolute deformity; and the novelists, while they think themselves beautifying their heroines by giving them tiny hands, are making them absolute frights.—They are for the most part tall and personal ladies as one would meet with on a summer's day; but they have the most contemptible little hands that ever any poor creature was disfigured withal.

But perhaps there may be a reasonable motive, at least in the minds of the male novelists, for giving their heroines small hands—namely, the security of their husbands' ears. But would it not be better to provide the husbands with wigs, and allow the ladies to have hands of a decent size? For our own part we are absolutely tired of seeing the heroine of every novel put off with such shocking little hands. Do gentlemen authors, get something original; your stock of small hands must be nearly exhausted, by this time.

One of Queen Elizabeth's proclamations, which were allowed to have all the authority of law, was to forbid her subjects from wearing their ruffs more than a quarter of a yard in width, and their rapiers more than a yard long. Officers were appointed to tear the ruffs and break the rapiers of those who transgressed the Queen's edict against them.

# TRADITION OF ADOLPHSECK,

ON THE RHINE.

THE ruin of Adolphseck stands upon a high mountain by the side of the river Aar, near to Schwallbach. It has originally been a castle of great strength, and was surrounded by a wide ditch cut out of the rock; its situation is picturesque, and it commands prospects of some romantic scenery. It was destroyed in 1302, by Albert of Austria, but was rebuilt and inhabited so late as 1695; it is now, however, in a very dilapidated state. The following is the tradition of its origin:-The Emperor of Nassau, Adolphus, being at war with the King of France, sought to cause dissentions and jealousies in his dominions, and marched into Alsace at the head of a considerable force against the Bishop of Strasbourgh, who was in the French interest, for the purpose of taking advantage of these divisions, and pillaging wherever he could. In one of his predatory excursions, he was wounded near a convent of nuns, and thither he was carried by his attendants. The holy sisters were profuse in their attentions to their guest, but none of them showed such affectionate zeal in their attentions as a young and beautiful novice, who frequently watched by him during the night. Her name was Imogine; she was descended from one of the best families of the Vosges. The personal charms of this novice, the interesting situation in which she was placed, combined with the simplicity of the nun's dress, rendered her an attractive and almost irresistible creature.

Adolphus was soon restored to health, but he found that his heart had received a wound which no medicine would heal. Taking the hand of his youthful attendant, one day, he said to her, "I do not know, my fair and noble sister, if I ought to thank you for all your kind and affectionate attentions. Your care has promptly effected the cure of those hurts which I received in the field of battle; but those beautiful eyes, that bewitching smile, have inflicted a more dangerous wound, and one which neither time nor medicine will heal." The novice blushed, and retired without making any reply.

The emperor expected to see her in the evening as usual; but he was disappointed, another sister attended, and from her he learnt that Imogine was indisposed. This information had the same effect upon the young love of Adolphus as the nipping frosts of spring have upon the budding plants: he drooped, and became restless and meiancholy, and could scarcely say an obliging word to his new nurse. He was suffered to brood upon his sorrows for three whole days; but, on the last of these days, at ten o'clock at night, when all the convent had retired to rest, the door of his cell was softly opened, and the beautiful Imogine entered with a lighted taper.

"Sire," said she, "the Bishop of Strasbourgh lies in ambush for you, and intends to seize and carry you off from this convent to-night. I come to show you a secret road which will enable you to escape from his snares. The small gate at the fartnest end of the garden opens into a wood, through which there is an unfrequented path that leads to the Rhine, which you may reach in half an hour, and on its shores you will find some fishing-boat that will ferry you across to the right bank. Let us, then, proceed without delay; I have got the key of this gate, and will guide you to it." Adolphus did not hesitate; he had but one attendant, and him he despatched with secret orders to the generals commanding his troops. With his faithful dog Leveret, he then followed his conductress to the gate that opened into the forest; there Imogine proposed to take leave of him, and return to the convent, but the Emperor pressed her in such an imploring and affectionate manner not to abandon him, that, overcome by the earnestness of his manner, and her secret love for him, her religious scruples gave way, and she consented to accompany him. Throwing off her veil, she wrapped herself in the cloak of Adolphus, and they proceeded, arm in arm, to the banks of the Rhine, where they found the cabin of a fisherman, and were soon transported by him to the opposite side of the river, and shortly reached one of the residences of the

To commemorate this event, and to secure the safety of his beloved nun, he built the castle of Adolphseck on a rock shaped like a sugar-loaf, upon the banks of the Aar, near to Schwallbach. In this unfrequented desert the two lovers were united, and enjoyed all the delicious transports of mutual affection: Adolphus forgetting in the arms of his spouse the dangers and fatigues of his wandering and warlike life. But his evil star did not permit him a long exemption from care. Albert of Austria aspired to the throne of the empire, and he was supported in his pretensions by a numerous party, amongst whom was Eppstein, Archbishop of Mentz, who, although cousin to Adolphus, was, on account of the abduction of the nun from the convent, his declared enemy.

Adolphus immediately proceeded to attack the pretender, who was encamped on the other side of the river. He crossed the Rhine at the head of a large army, which, hitherto, had been accustomed to victory.

Imogine resolved not to separate herself from him at this time, and accompanied him to the wars in the dress of a cavalier. It was with difficulty that Adolphus persuaded her to wait the issue of the battle at the Convent of Rosenthal, near to Worms, in the environs of which town the battle was fought.

The brave Adolphus, hurried on by his impetuous courage, fell, pierced with wounds. His

fall decided the fate of the battle. Imogine had passed her time in a most agitated and restless state: filled with the most gloomy presentiments, she had retired to the chapel, and there continued weeping and praying until night closed in upon her, and still found her without any news from Adolphus, or any account of passing events. The morn rose in all its majesty, and chased away the mistiness of the night: all around seemed hushed in peace, when, on looking out, she spied the faithful companion of Adolphus, his dear Leveret, bounding with all speed towards her: he jumped up at her and whined piteously, then seized upon her dress, and made every motion he was capable of, to engage her to follow

him. Terrified beyond measure, and scarce knowing what she did, she accompanied the faithful dog, who conducted her to the field of battle, and there laid himself down by the side of his unfortunate master. The dying embers of the bivouac fires enabled Imogine to distinguish his features, although disfigured with blood. At the sight she uttered a piercing scream and shortly after by their attendants, and were both interred at Rosenthal.

Albert was not satisfied with the death of his enemy: he followed up his advantages, and destroyed the fortifications of Adolphseck, and left the castle a ruin.

# BARON TRENCK AND PRINCESS AMELIA,

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OF PRUSSIA.

The object of the Swedish ambassador, who was sent to Berlin to negotiate a marriage with a princess of the house of Prussia, was to obtain the hand of the Princess Amelia for the Prince of Sweden. That princess was strongly imbued with feelings of attachment for the religious tenets in which she had been educated, which were those of the Calvinists. She regarded with borror the change from Calvinist to Lutheran, which would have been necessary had she accepted the hand of the heir to the throne of Sweden. In this dilemma she opened her heart to her sister Ulrica, and demanded her advice to enable her to avoid the marriage. The Princess Ulrica, having first ascertained the fixed determination of her sister never to consent to the condition of changing her religion, counselled her to make herself as disagreeble as she possibly could to the Swedish envoy; to show the greatest haughtiness when in his presence; to treat him herself with contempt; and to endeavour to appear as capricious and as domineering as possible. This conduct, which the Princess Amelia pursued, had the desired effect. The Swede turned from her, and began to observe the Princess Ulrica, whose conversation and manners presented the most studied contrast to those of her sister. At length, he demanded the hand of the Princess Ulrica for the Prince of Sweden. His offer was immediately accepted by Frederic, and with equal readiness by the Princess herself. This acceptance, on the part of Ulrica, astonished and irritated Amelia. She thought her sister had deceived her, and that she had given her the advice, which she had acted upon, in order to secure for herself the station which had been destined for another. Though the Princess Ulrica seems really to have acted with fairness in this transaction, her sister never forgave her; and it was while smarting under the feelings of

humiliation and vexation at the treachery, which she thought had been practised upon her, that she first regarded Trenck with the eye of favour. Her state of mind rendered her peculiarly susceptible of feelings, to which she turned both for consolation and vengeance. It was, as has been previously mentioned, at one of the fetes for the marriage of the Princess Ulrica, that the intimacy between Trenck and the Princess Amelia commenced, which ended so fatally for both. Upon Trenck it brought a long and most cruel imprisonment, and upon his royal mistress evils of a still more dreadful kind. The Princess Amelia appears to have been endowed by nature with personal beauty, with abilities, and with the gift and the wish to please. Shortly after her separation from her lover, she became suddenly and prematurely old and decrepit. Her beauty gave place to wrinkles; she was almost blind; her limbs were paralytic; and her utterance became so much embarrassed, that it was with difficulty she could be understood; her head shook violently; and her legs could not support her body. Her mind also became as much altered as her person. Instead of being the life of society, from the graces and amenities of her disposition, she became solitary in her habits, and bitter in her temper; always decrying others, and always rejoicing in the calamities which befell them. With regard to her bodily infirmities, she is supposed, by taking poisonous drugs, and other means, to have inflicted them upon herself, in the perverseness of despair at her own sad fate. It is related, that her eyes being weak, her physician advised her to hold them over the steam of a very powerful liquid, but to take especial care, at the same time, not to approach the liquid to her eyes. Instead of attending to these instructions, she rubbed her eyes violently with it; and the consequence was, that almost total blindness ensued, and that her eyes ever

afterwards had a most distorted appearance, and as if they were actually starting out of her head. She lived in this wretched state for many years, and died shortly after her brother Frederic II., who always showed her a much greater degree of attention, and even fondness, than he was accustomed to bestow upon the rest of his family.

# EXTRAORDINARY MONUMENT.

A SHORT distance from Slane, at a place called New Grange, there is a very extraordinary monument of antiquity, the uses of which have puzzled many sages deeply read in antiquarian

It is a subterraneous temple, the outside of which is a large mound or tumulus, about forty feet high, one hundred and fifty long, and eighty broad at top, surrounded by huge blocks of stone, rude and unshapen as they came from the quarry; the dome or cavern forming an octagon twenty feet high, composed of long flat stones, the upper projecting a little below the lower, closed in and capped with a flat flag. It has been estimated by Governor Pownal to be seventy feet high and to centain 180,000 tons of stone, which must have been brought from the sea side a distance of 12 or 14 miles. Leading to this vault, sepulchre, cavern, or temple, for what its original uses were has never been ascertained, is a gallery seventy one feet and a half long, and from two to three feet wide. The cavern running transversely with the gallery, gives to the entire the form of a cross-the length between the arms being twenty feet.

"For a short space," says Sir Richard Hoare, who examined the interior in 1807, "the entrance is so low that we could only gain admittance by crawling along on our bellies; but after passing under one of the side stones that has fallen across the passage, the avenue becomes sufficiently high to admit a person at his full height. There are three recesses, one facing the avenue or gallery, and one on each side; in the one to the right is a large stone vase, which antiquarians have denominated a rock basin; it is mentioned as having its sides fluted, but I could not distinguish any workmanship of the

Within the excavated part of this large basin are two circular cavities, alongside of each other, about the size of a child's head: several also of the rude stones composing this recess are decorated with a variety of devices-circular, zigzag, and diamond-shaped; some of this latter pattern seem to bear the marks of superior workmanship, the squares being indented. In the opposite recess there are the fragments of another rock basin; and some authors assert (though, I believe, without much foundation) that the centre contained a third vase. The outward surface of the rock basin is about three feet six inches long, and three feet two inches deep." By some writers these rock basins are supposed to have been heathen altars .- Hardy's Northern Tourist.

# AN ESTATE NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY.

THE following story used to be told by King George the First. About the year 1615, there was a nobleman in Germany whose daughter was courted by a young lord. When he had made such progress as is usual by the interposition of friends, the old lord had a conference with him, asking him, how he intended, if he married his daughter, to maintain her? He replied equal to her quality. To which the father replied, that was no answer to his question; he desired to know what he had to maintain her with? To which the young lord then answered, he hoped that was no question, for his inheritance was as public as his name. The old lord owned his possessions to be great; but still asked him if he had nothing more secure than land, wherewith to maintain his daughter? The question was strange, but ended in this: that the father of the young lady, gave his positive resolve, never to marry his daughter, though his heir, who would have two such great estates, but to a man that had a manual trade, by which he might subsist, if drove from his country. The young lord was master of none at present, but rather than lose his mistress, he requested only a year's time, in which he promised to acquire one: in order to do which, he got a basket-maker, (the most ingenious he could meet with,) and in six months became master of his trade of basket-making, with far greater improvements than even his teacher himself; and as a proof of his ingenuity, and extraordinary proficiency in so short a time, he brought to his young lady a piece of workmanship of his own performance, being a white twig basket, which, for many years after, became a general fashion among the ladies, by the name of dressing-baskets, brought to England from Holland and Germany.

To complete the singularity of this relation, it happened, some years after this nobleman's marriage, that he and his father-in-law, sharing in the misfortunes of the wars of the palatinate, were driven naked out of their estates; and in Holland, for some years, did this young lord maintain both his father-in-law and his own family, by making baskets of white twigs, to such an unparalleled excellency as none could attain; and it is from this young German lord the Hollanders derive those curiosities, which are still made in the United Provinces of twig-work.

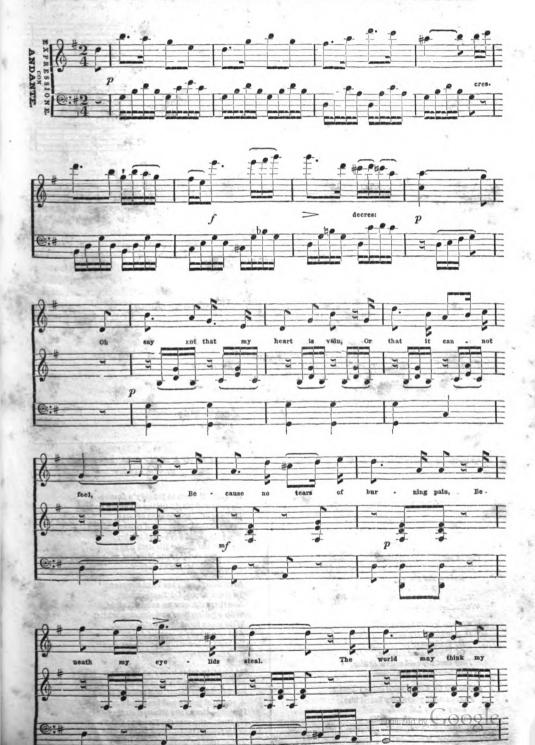
—Dictionary of Commerce.

Those who worship God in a world so corrupt as this we live in, have at least one thing to plead in defence of their idolatry—the power of their idol. It is true, that like other idols, it can neither move, nor see, nor hear, nor feel, nor understand; but, unlike other idols, it has often communicated all these powers to those who had them not, and annihilated them in those who had. This idol can boast of two peculiarities; it is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

# Oh! Say Not that My Heart is Vain,

### A FAVORITE SONG,

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY J. DE PINNA.







Ah, no! the sinking heart may own
In secret its distress;
Or to one other heart alone
Its miseries confess.
But to the carcless world around,
Oh who should I proclaim,
That though with wreaths my hair be bound,
The brain within is flame?

As fickle, vain, or gay;
I would not thou shouldst ever see
To what I am the prey.
Ah, no: to all the world beside
My secret should be free;
If I could think the world could hide
My heart, my love, from thee.

I would not have thee think of me

# THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE. BY MISS PARDOR.

It was not in holy ground,
Blees'd by white-rob'd priest, they laid him:
But on the field,
While the cannon peal'd,
A hasty grave they made him,
With the brave around.

It was not in costly abroud,
Sown by cherish'd hands, they wound him;
But on the plain,
Soll'd by many a stain,
They wrapped his clock around him,
While the strife was loud.

It was not by the tolling bell,
That to his grave they bore him;
By the iron note
Of the canson's threat,
They cast the cold sods o'er him,
Where he bravely fell!

It was not by a sculptur'd stone,
That in after-years they found him:
They knew full well,
Where he fought and feft,
With the bold and the brave around him,
Ere the fight was done:

# HE CAME AT MORN. BY T. H. BAYLEY.

He came at morn to the lady's bower—
He sang and play'd till the noontide hour,
He sang of war—he sang of love,
Of battle field, of peaceful grove;
The lady could have staid all day,
To hear the gentle Minstrel play!
And when she saw the Minstrel go,
The lady's tears began to flow.

At mid-day, with her Page she went To grace a splendid Tournament, And there she saw an armed Knight, With a golden hem and plunage white; With grace he rode his sable steed, And after many a martial deed, He knelt to her with words most sweet, And laid his trophies at her feet.

At night, in robes both rich and rare,
With jewels sparkling in her hair,
She sought the dance, and smiling came
A youthful prince and breathed her name.
He sang—it was the Minstrel strain!
He knelt—she saw the Knight again!
With Lovers three—how heast to find
The charms of all in one combined.

# THE MIRROR OF THE GRACES.

"Let art no useless ornament display,
But just explain what Nature meant to say."
Young

THE preservation of an agreeable complexion (which always presupposes health) is not the most insignificant of exterior charms. Though we yield due admiration to regularity of features, (the Grecian contour being usually so called,) yet when we consider them merely in the outline, our pleasure can go no further than that of a cold critic, who regards the finely proportioned lineaments of life as he would those of a statue. It is complexion that lends animation to a picture; it is complexion that gives spirit to the human countenance. Even the language of the eyes loses half its eloquence, if they speak from the obscurity of an inexpressive skin. The life-blood in the mantling cheek; the ever-varying hues of nature glowing in the face, "as if her very body thought;" these are alike the ensigns of beauty and the heralds of the mind; and the effect is, an impression of loveliness, an attraction, which fills the beholder with answering animation and the liveliest delight.

"Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call, But the joint force and full result of all."

As a Juno-featured maid with a dull skin, by most people will only be coldly pronounced critically handsome; so a young woman with very indifferent features, but a fine complexion, will, from ten persons out of twelve, receive spontaneous and warm admiration.

The experience (when once we admit the proposition that it is right to keep the casket bright which contains so precious a gem as the soul) must induce us to take precautions against the injuries continually threatening the tender surface of the skin. It may be next to an impossibility, to change the colour of an eye, to alter the form of the nose, or the turn of the mouth; but though Heaven has given us a complexion which vies with the flowers of the field, we yet have it in our power to render it dingy by neglect, coarse through intemperance, and sallow by dissipation.

Such excesses must therefore be avoided; for, though there may be a something in the pallid cheek which excites interest, yet, without a certain appearance of health, there can never be an impression of loveliness. A fine, clear skin, gives an assurance of the inherent residence of three admirable graces to beauty; Wholesomeness, Neatness, and Cheerfulness. Every fair means ought to be sought to maintain these vouchers, for not only health of body, but health of mind.

The frequent and sudden changes from heat to cold, by abruptly exciting or repressing the regular secretions of the skin, roughen its texture, injure its hue, and often deform it with unseemly, though transitory, eruptions. All this is increased by the habit ladies have of exposing themselves unveiled, and frequently without bonnets, in the open air. The head and face have then no defence against the attacks of the surrounding atmosphere, and the effects are obvious.

To remedy these evils I would strenuously recommend, for health's sake, as well as for beauty, that no lady should make one in any riding, airing, or walking party, without putting on her head something capable of affording both shelter and warmth. Shakspeare, the poet of the finest taste in female charms, makes Viola regret having been obliged to "throw her sun-expelling mask away!" Such a defence I do not pretend to recommend; but I consider a veil a useful as well as elegant part of dress; it can be worn to suit any situation; open or close, just as the heat or cold may render it necessary.

The custom which some ladies have, when warm, of powdering their faces, washing them with cold water, or throwing off their bonnets, that they may cool the faster, are all very destructive habits. Each of them is sufficient (when it meets with any predisposition in the blood) to spread a surfeit over the skin, and make a once beautiful face hideous forever.

The person, when overheated, should always be allowed to cool gradually, and of itself, without any more violent assistant than, perhaps, the gentle undulation of the neighboring air by a fans. Streams of wind from opened doors and windows, or what is called a thorough air, are all bad and highly dangerous applications. These impatient remedies for heat are often resorted to in balls and crowded assemblies; and as frequently as they are used, we hear of sore throats, coughs, and fevers. While it is the fashion to fill a drawing-room like a theatre, similar means ought to be adopted, to prevent the ill effects of the consequent corrupted atmosphere, and the temptation to seek relief by dangerous resources

Excessive heat, as well as excessive cold, is apt to cause distempers of the skin;—every lady should be particularly careful to correct the deforming consequences of her fashionable exposures. For her usual ablution, night and morning, nothing is so fine an emollient for any rigidity or disease of the face as a wash of French or white brandy, and rose-water; the spirit making only one-third of the mixture. The brandy keeps up that gentle action of the skin which is necessary to the healthy appearance of its parts. It also cleanses the surface. The rose-water corrects the drying property of the spirit, leaving

the skin in a natural, soft, and flexible state. Where white or French brandy cannot be obtained, half the quantity of spirits of wine will tolerably supply its place.

The eloquent effect of complexion will, I hope, my fair friends, obtain your pardon for my having confined your attention so long to what is generally thought (though in contradiction to what is felt) a trifling feature, if so I may be allowed to name it.

I am aware of your expectations, that I would give the precedence in this dissertation to the eye. I subscribe to its supereminent dignity; for none can deny that it is regarded by all nations as the faithful interpreter of the mind, as the window of the soul, the index in which we read each varied emotion of the heart; it is, increased an expression does this intelligent feature convey, when aided by the glowing tints of an eloquent complexion!

The animated changes of sensibility are nowhere more apparent than in the transparent surface of a clear skin. Who has not perceived and admired, the rising blush of modesty enrich the cheek of a lovely girl, and, in the sweet effusion, most gratefully discern the true witness of the purity within? Who has not been sensible to the sudden glow on the face which announces, ere the lips open, or the eye sparkles, the approach of some beloved object? Nay, will not even the sound of his name paint the blooming cheek with deeper roses?

"Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame, The power of grace, the magic of a name?"

Shall we reverse the picture? I have shown how the soul proclaims her joy through its wondrous medium; shall she speak her sorrows too? Then let us call to mind, who have beheld the deadly paleness of her who learns the unexpected destruction of her dearest possessions! Perhaps a husband, a lover, or a brother, mingled with the slain, or fallen, untimely, by some dreadful accident. Sudden partings like these

### , "Press the life from out young hearts."

We see the darkened, stagnant shade, which denotes the despair stricken soul. We behold the livid hues of approaching frenzy, or the blacker stain of settled melancholy! Heloisa's face is paler than the marble she kneels upon. In all cases the mind shines through the body; and according as the medium is dense or transparent, so the light within seems dull or clear.

Advocate as I am for a fine complexion, you must perceive, that it is for the real, and not the spurious. The foundation of my argument, the skin's power of expression, would be entirely lost, were I to tolerate that fictitious, that dead beauty, which is composed of white paints and enamelling. In the first place as all applications of this kind are as a mask on the skin, they can never, but at a distant glance, impose for a moment on a discerning eye. But why should I say a discerning eye? No eye that is of the commonest appre-

hension can look on a face bedaubed with white paint, pearl powder, or enamel, and be deceived for a minute into a belief that so inanimate a "whited wall" is the human skin. No flush of pleasure, no shudder of pain, no thrilling of hope can be descried beneath the encrusted mould; all that passes within is concealed behind the mummy surface. Perhaps the painted creature may be admired by an artist as a well-executed picture; but no man will seriously consider her as a handsome woman.

White painting is, therefore, an ineffectual, as well as dangerous practice. The proposed end is not obtained; and, as poison lurks under every layer, the constitution wanes in alarming propor-

tion as the supposed charms increase.

What is said against white paint, does not oppose, with the same force, the use of red. Merely rouging, leaves three parts of the face, and the whole of the neck and arms, to their natural hues. Besides, while all white paints are ruinous to health, (occasioning paralytic affections, and premature death,) there are some red paints which may be used with perfect safety.

A little vegetable rouge tinging the cheek of a delicate woman, who from ill health or an anxious mind, loses her roses, may be excusable; and so transparent is the texture of such rouge, (when unadulterated with lead,) that when the blood does mount to the face, it speaks through the slight covering, and enhances the fading bloom. But, though the occasional use of rouge may be tolerated, yet my fair friends must understand that it is only tolerated. Good sense must so preside over its application, that its tint on the cheek may always be fainter than that nature's pallet would have painted. A violent rouged woman is one of the most disgusting objects to the eye.

While I recommend that the rouge we sparingly permit, should be laid on with delicacy, my readers must not suppose that I intend such advice as a means of making the art a deception. It seems to me so slight and so innocent an apparel of the face, (a kind of decent veil thrown over the cheek, rendered too eloquent of grief by the pallidness of secret sorrow,) that I cannot see any shame in the most ingenuous female acknowledging that she occasionally rouges. It is often, like a cheerful smile on the face of an invalid, put on to give comfort to an anxious friend

Penciling eye-brows, staining them, &c., are too clumsy tricks of attempted deception, for any other emotion to be excited in the mind of the beholder, than contempt for the bad taste and wilful blindness which could ever deem them passable for a moment. There is a lovely harmony in nature's tints, which we seldom attain by our added chromatics. The exquisitely fair complexion is generally accompanied with blue eyes, light hair, and light eye-brows and lashes. So far all is right. The delicacy of one feature is preserved in effect and beauty by the corresponding softness of the other. A young creature, so formed, appears to the eye of taste like the azure heavens, seen through the fleecy clouds

Digitized by GOOGIG

on which the brightness of day delights to dwell. But take this fair image of the celestial regions, draw a black line over her softly-tinctured eyes, stain their beamy fringes with a sombre hue, and what do you produce? Certainly a fair face with dark eye-brows! But that feature which is an embellishment to a brunette, when seen on the forehead of the fair beauty, becomes if not an absolute deformity, so great a drawback from her perfections, that the harmony is gone; and, as a proof, a painter would immediately turn from the change with diagust.

Nature, in almost every case, is our best guide. Hence the native colour of our own hair is, in general, better adapted to our own complexions than a wig of a contrary hue. A thing may be beautiful in itself, which, with certain combinations, may be rendered hideous.

Analogy of reasoning will bring forward similar remarks with regard to the movements of the mouth, which many ladies use, not to speak with or to admit food, but to show dimples and display white teeth. Wherever a desire for exhibition is discovered, a disposition to disapprove and ridicule arises in the spectator. The pretensions of the vain are a sort of assumption over others, which arms the whole world against them. But, after all, "What are the honours of a painted skin?" I hope it will be distinctly understood by my fair friends, that I do not, by any means, give a general license to painting; on the contrary, that even rouge should only be resorted to in cases of absolute necessity.

#### CHRISTIANITY.

THE real christian can never be unhappy, bating the pressure of immediate bodily anguish. and even through the tortures of the rack a steady belief in God must be a powerful and an enduring support. No earthly prospect, however desolate-no danger, however formidable, can overcome him with terror or despair; for his thoughts are ever dwelling on the something beyond, in the full peace and bliss of which a few brief struggles will place him. He may tread cheerfully the most repulsive and perilous passage, when he has the pledge of a heavenly Father, that he will conduct him to bliss. He embarks on the deep, and his ship may be tempest-tost, yet what cares he when he knows that the bowling winds only wast him homewards to everlasting joy. What is there to make him shrink-or weep-or tremble? What grandeur of character springs from this sacred religion? How majestic does its pure disciple appear descending into the shadowy abyss of death! He only is calm and happy when all around are writhing in anguish! What has the recoiling, the shuddering, bewildered, horror-stricken atheist to offer as a substitute for a spell so potent and sublime? What consolation has he flung carelessly into the world, continually stung with so many kinds of anguish; and so lashed and lashed on to his tomb? With what awful and exquisite grief must be stand,

#### "Where the grave-mound greenly swells O'er buried faith,"

and feel that the being he loved has passed away, and is as if he had never been? To him the diseases of his life wear the aspect of fiends. They are not the necessary evils which seem to purify him and prepare him for heaven. They are but the tortures of an accidental and monstrous state of abandonment and confusion—a dark dream, for the joys of which he has no foundation; for its wretchedness no reward; whose images are a delusion, whose hereafter is a blank.

#### AUTUMN.

"Along the sere and melancholy wood the autumnal winds crept, with a lowly but gathering moan. Where the water held its course, a damp and ghostly mist clogged the air; but the skies were calm, and checkered only by a few clouds, that swept in long, white, spectral streaks over the solemn stars. Now and then the bat wheeled swiftly round, almost touching the figure of the student, as he walked musingly onward. And the owl, that before the month waned many days. would be seen no more in that region, came heavily from the trees, like a guilty thought that deserts its shade. It was one of those nights, half dim, half glorious, which mark the early decline of the year. Nature seemed restless and instinct with change; there were those signs in the atmosphere which leave the most experienced in doubt whether the morning may rise in storm or sunshine. And in this particular period the skies influences seem to tincture the animal life with their own mysterious and wayward spirit of change. The birds desert their summer haunts; an unaccountable inquietude pervades the brute creation; even men in this unsettled season have considered themselves more (than at others) stirred by the motion and whisperings of their genius. And every creature that flows upon the tide of the universal life of things, feels upon the ruffled surface the mighty and solemn change which is at work within its depths."-Eugene Aram.

### THE OTAHEITE PHENOMENON.

KOTZEBUE, who visited the island of Otaheite only a few years ago, was the first to communi cate to the world the singular law by which the tides of this island are regulated-namely, that the time of high water is precisely at noon and midnight all the year round. The island of Otaheite was first discovered by Captain Wallis, in 1767. In 1769, it was visited by the celebrated Captain Cook, accompanied by Dr. Solander and Joseph Banks. An accurate survey of the whole island was made by them. It has since been visited by hundreds of navigators from all quarters of the old and new world, yet none of them (except Kotzebue) have condescended to notice this wonderful phenomenon, though it is of a nature to attract the attention of the most careless observer.

#### THET SAT I'M FALSE.

They say I'm false—they tell thee so,
That now I wander free,
That spells are broke, the world invites
And finds a guest in me;
They tell thee, too, that rover like,
I fly from bower to bower,
And, restless, wing my lithesome way,
Tasting at ev'ry flower.

They say I'm false—Nor can they say Aught more than that one word; It carries poison, deadly blight, To perish when 'tis heard; They know, too, what a heart is thine, What trifles make it ache, They know beneath care's thrilling touch It will not bend, but break.

They say I'm false!—But 'tis my pride,
To dare them to the proof,
Fidelity has been my guide,
My polar star is truth.
In distant lands, in beauty's climes,
Upon the bright blue sea,
My thoughts have rested, firm and fond,
My own true love, on thee!

And yet they tell thee, that I'm false, And bid thee chase away

My image from thy faithful heart—
I know thou'lt not obey.

No, Elia, no—thou'lt not believe
The guile and treachery,
Thou know'st that he will no'er deceive,
Who lives alone for thee!

The romantic story of Kate Kearney, who dwelt by the shore of Killarney, is too well known to need repetition. She is said to have cherished a visionary passion for O'Donoghue, an enchanted chieftain who haunts those beautiful lakes, and to have died the victim of "folly, of love, and of madness."

"Way doth the maiden turn away
From voice so sweet, and words so dear?
Why doth the maiden turn away
When love and flattery woo her ear?
And rarely that enchanted twain
Whisper in woman's ear in vain.

Why doth the maiden leave the hall?
No face is fair as hers is fair,
No step has such a fairy fall,
No azure eyes like hers are there.

The maiden seeks her lonely bower, Aithough her father's guests are met; She knows it is the midnight hour, She knows the first pale star is set, And now the silver moon-beams wake The spirits of the haunted lake.

The waves take rainbow hues, and now The shining train are gliding by, Their chieftain lifts his glorious brow, The maiden meets his lingering eye.

The glittering shapes melt into night; Another look, their chief is gone; And chill and gray comes morning's light, And clear and cold the lake flows on— Close, close the casement, not for sleep— Over such visions eyes but weep.

How many share such destiny— How many, lured by fancy's beam, Ask the impossible to be, And pine, the victims of a dream !"

# THE GATHERER

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles." Shakepeare.

In former times sovereign princes had their favourite oaths, which they made use of on all occasions when their feelings or passions were excited. The oaths of the English monarchs are on record, and a list of them might easily be made, by having recourse to the ancient writers of British history, from the conquest to the reign of Elizabeth, who did not scruple, pia regina, et bona mater, of the Church of England as she was, to swear by "God's wounds," an oath issuing at this time frequently from vulgar mouths, but softened down to "zounds."

The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds.

Brantome, who lived in the court of Francis the First, contemporary with Henry the Eighth of England, has recorded the oaths of four succeeding monarchs immediately preceding his time. He tells us that Louis the Eleventh swore by "God's Easter;" Charles the Eighth by "God's Light;" Louis the Twelfth used an oath, still common among the French rabble, "The

devil take me;" but the oath of Francis the First was polished enough for the present day: it was, "On the word of a gentleman."

Cambyses, king of Persia, seeing his brother Smerdis draw a stronger bow than any of the soldiers in his army was able to do, was so inflamed with envy against him, that he caused him to be slain.

Accuracy and pedantry are two very different things.—Accuracy has regard to that which is great, as well as to that which is small, treats them both with equal precision, and ranks them according to their relative importance. Pedantry is always meddling with small things, and overrates their value and consequence. Pedantry, says a German, magnifies a gnat into an elephant.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are punctilious, slight condescensions cost little but are worth much. He that yields them is wise, inasmuch as he purchases guineas with farthings. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a tun of vinegar would only corrode the wheels, and canker the movements.

Supposing the productive power of wheat to be only six-fold, the produce of a single acre would cover the whole surface of the globe in fourteen years.

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

The ingratitude of mankind is sometimes alleged as an excuse for neglecting good offices; but it is the business of a man to perform his own part, not to answer for the returns which others may, or may not, be disposed o make.

"The glory got
By overthrowing outward enemies,
Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it,
We cannot but by pieces call our own:
But when we conquer our intestine foes,
Our passions bred within us, and of those
The most rebellious tyrant, powerful Love,
Our reason suffering us to like no longer
Than the fair object, being good, deserves it,
That 's a true victory:"

In Lodge's "Historical Portrait," there is a likeness, by Sir Peter Lely, of Lord Culpepper's brother, so famous as a dreamer. In 1686, he was indicted at the Old Baily, for shooting one of the guards, and his horse to boot. He pleaded somnambulism, and was acquitted on producing nearly fifty witnesses to prove the extraordinary things he did in his sleep.

Morrison in his "Medicine no Mystery," speaks of a clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again, being all the time fast asleep.

Sir Robert Cotton, happening to call at his tailor's, discovered that the man held in his hand the identical Magna Charta, with all its seals and appendages, which he was just going to cut into measures for his customers. The baronet redeemed this valuable curiosity, at the price of old parchment, and thus recovered what had long been supposed to have been irretrievably lost. It is now preserved in the British Museum.

Mutius, a citizen of Rome, was noted to be of such an envious and malevolent disposition, that Publius, one day observing him to be very sad said, "either some great evil has happened to Mutius or some great good to another."

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expressions of a female eye:—The glare, the stare, the sneer, the invitation, the desiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and lustre of pleasure.

Free writing and despotism are such implacable foes, that we hardly think of blaming a tyrant for not keeping on terms with the press. He cannot do it.—He might as reasonably choose a volcano for the foundation of his throne. Necessity is laid upon him, unless he is in love with ruin, to check the bold and honest expressions of thought. But the necessity is his own choice, and let infamy be that man's portion who seizes a power which he cannot sustain but by dooming the mind, through a vast empire, to slavery, and by turning the press, that great organ of truth, into an instrument of public delusion and debasement.

If a man be gloomy, let him keep to himself. No one has a right to go croaking about society or what is worse, looking as if he stiffed grief These fellows should be put in the pound. I like a good broken heart or so, now and then; but then we should retire to the Sierra Morena mountains, and live upon locusts and wild honey.

The men who can be charged with the fewest failings, either with respect to abilities or virtues, are generally most ready to allow them.

"I envy," said Sir Humphrey Davy, "no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing."

He who has a rich memory is too often contented with a poor judgment—with having much of other men's, and little or nothing of his own.

If you have cause to suspect the integrity of one with whom you must have dealings, take care that you have no communication with him, if he has his friend and you have not; you are playing a dangerous game, in which the odds are two to one against you.

A necessitous man who gives large dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

Duclos remarks that few distinguished works have been produced by any but authors by profession. In France, this class has long been held in respect. With us, a man used to be esteemed as less than nothing if he were only an author. This prejudice still shows itself here and there, but the force of honoured examples must, in time, crush it. Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labour, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue.

This world cannot explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another.

On reflecting on all the frauds and deceptions that have succeeded in duping mankind, it is really astonishing upon how very small a foundation an immense superstructure may be raised. The solution of this may, perhaps, be found in the axiom of the atomists: That there must ever

120 RECIPES.

be a much greater distance between nothing, and that which is least, than between that which is least, and the greatest.

Of method this may be said: if we make it our slave, it is well, but it is bad if we are slaves to method. A gentleman once told me that he made it a regular rule to read fifty pages every day of some author or other, and on no account to fall short of that number, nor to exceed it. I silently set him down for a man who might have taste to read something worth writing, but who never could have genius himself to write any thing worth reading.

Most men abuse courtiers, and affect to despise courts; yet most men are proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other.

We follow the world in approving others, but we go before it in approving ourselves.

Matches wherein one party is all passion, and the other all indifference, will assimilate about as well as ice and fire. It is possible that the fire will dissolve the ice, but it is most probable that it will be extinguished in the attempt.

"—— Endeavour
To build their minds up fair, and on the stage
Decipher to the life what honours wait
On good and glorious actions, and the shame
That treads upon the heels of vice."

It is not every man that can afford to wear a shabby coat; and worldly wisdom dictates to her disciples, the propriety of dressing somewhat beyond their means, but of living within them; for every one sees how we dress, but none see how we live, except we choose to let them. But the truly great are, by universal suffrage, exempt from these trammels, and may live or dress as they please.

Sleep, the type of death, is also, like that which it typines, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven.

If kings would only determine not to extend their dominions, until they had filled them with happiness, they would find the smallest territories too large, but the longest life too short, for the full accomplishment of so grand and so noble an ambition.

The keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning, as the injudicious praise of our friends.

There is a paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed, as that of a schoolmaster. The reason whereof I conceive to be these. First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a

passage to better preferment, to patch the rent, in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to the children, and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of an usher.—Fuller.

### RECIPES.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE VEILS.

These are cleansed by passing them through a warm liquor of bullock's gall and water: after which they must be rinsed in cold water; then cleaned for stiffening, and finished as follows:

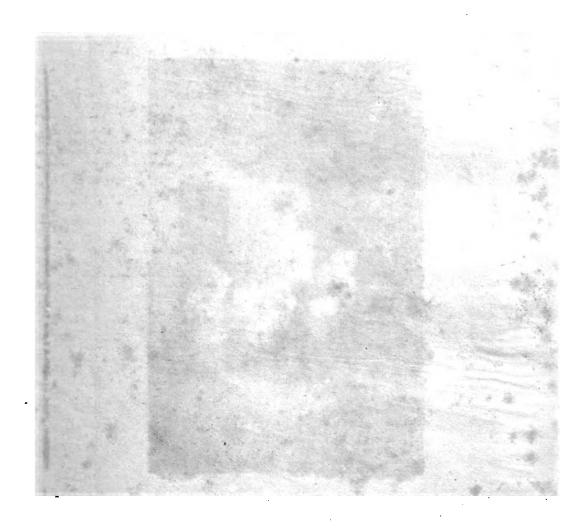
Take a small piece of glue, about the size of a bean, pour boiling water upon it, which will dissolve it, and when dissolved pass the veil through it, then clap it between your hands and frame it or pin it out, taking care to keep the edges straight and even.

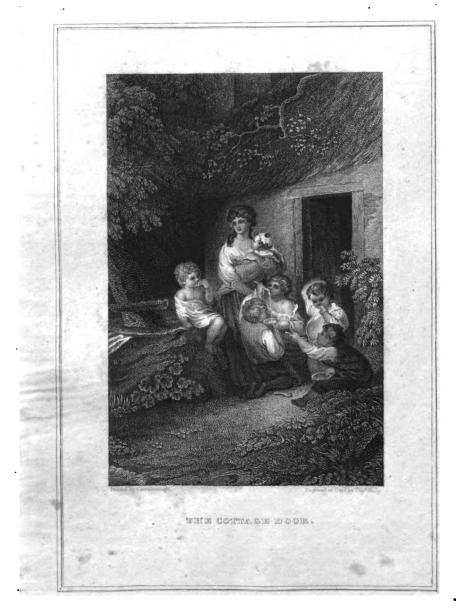
# A METHOD OF CLEANING WHITE SATIN, SILKS, &c.

Make a solution of the finest hard white soap, and when at a hand heat, handle your silks through this, drawing them through the hand if they are such as will bear it. If any particular spots appear, which may easily be discerned by holding the satin up to the light, such spots must be dipped in the liquor, and gently rubbed between the hands. Sometimes two or three liquors are required in this way. The things must then be rinsed in lukewarm water, then dried and finished by being pinned out, and the flossy or bright side well brushed with a clean clothes brush, the way of the nap. The more it is brushed, the more beautiful it will appear. If you are near a calenderer, your articles may be calendered; if not, you may finish them by dipping a sponge into a little size, made by boiling isinglass in water, and rubbing the wrong side. Your things must then be pinned out a second time, and again brushed and dried near a fire, or in a warm room. Silks are done the same way, but not brushed. If the silks are for dyeing, instead of passing them through a solution of soap and water, they must be boiled off; but if the silks are very stout, the water must only be of heat sufficient to extract the filth. Being then rinsed in warm water, they are in a proper state for receiving the dye.

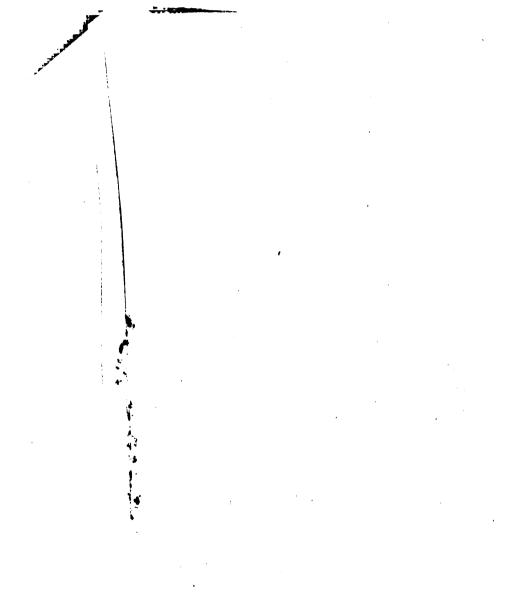
# ANOTHER METHOD FOR CLEANING WHITE SATINS.

French chalk must be strewed over them, and then well brushed off with a hard brush. Should the satin not be sufficiently cleaned by the first dusting, it may be done a second time, and it will both clean and beautify the satin. The more it is brushed the better.





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# THE LADY'S BOOK.

### March 1989.

### THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING.

TEERE's a festive group at the cottage door Of playful children, elate with joy; Whom care's dark cloud has not come o'er The freshness of childhood's sweet dawn to destroy-O! there's bliss in the laugh of those bright young hearts, A bies which from after years departs. Ye are gay—ye are gay—a happy band ! O! I envy your pleasure, so perfect and pure; The a beautiful gift from the heavenly land, But also! a gift that will not endure-I see the wing of misfortune stoop O'er the years that are coming, ye joyous group ! The hours of childhood must pass away, And you will forsake the cottage door; And its pleasing repast, and its innocent play, In the crowd of the world will be known no more-But you'll often think of its peaceful shade, And long will it be ere its memory fade. The mother that watches your gambols now. And smiles on your mirth, in the dust will lie; And perhaps even your bright heads may bow, Hre your sun has reach'd the meridian sky-Yes! smiling young urchins! there's none can say When the shades of the evening may darken his day. Perhaps you may live on to virtuous age, And have round you a group like your own gay band; And, with the bright hopes of some patriot sage, In the midst of a rising posterity stand-

You will look on their sports, and then live o'er The pleasures you knew by the cottage door.

The barefoot boy that kneels on the grass,
May perhaps have others to kneel to him;
And the fair-hair'd girl to wealth may pass,
And cover with purple her sun-burnt limb;
And he who is sipping his milk from the bowl,
May driak the inspiring draught of the soul.

The half-clad cherub, who smiles in glee,
May be a man of grief and tears;
And the boy who climbs by his mother's knee,
May always sink through desponding fears;
While the babe on the breast may a wanderer be,
And traverse the bounds of the land and the sea.

Be happy, young creatures! while yet ye may, Nor dream of the sorrows that come to all; O! dim not the sun of your infant day With fears of the ills that may yet befall— You are happy now—it avails you not To waste a thought on your future lot.

Give all to joy, unstain'd and free,
Ay! make it a revel—a fairy song;
Let your feelings be bright, like the leaves of the tree,
That throws its shade o'er your mithful throng—
For never on earth will enjoyment pour
Bound your hearts like the bliss of the cottage door.

Original.

## ADELAIDE DE FOIX.

How lovely, how transporting, is the calm light of a summer's evening, when all nature appears sinking into repose; when the warblers of the grove have bushed their mellow strains, and the weary cattle recline upon the green sward; when the moonbeams cast their gentle radiance on hill and dale, and tower. On such an evening our story commences in the ancient Chateau de Foix. This castle is situated on a gentle declivity;—behind rise the woody summits and dark recesses of a long chain of irregular hills. The hand of man had not yet robbed the forest of its nobles; the autumn leaves that strewed the ground, were scarce ever disturbed by the foot of intruding humanity. But the wild howl of the wolf mingled with the discordant cries of the savage panther, or the screams of the untameable hyena, as they died away in the echoes of the cliffs. Gradually descending, the base of the mountain swept onward into a beautiful ver-

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dant lawn, shaded here and there by groups of mountain oak, or stately fir. Here rose the towers and spires of the Chateau de Foix. Erected in troublous, and unsettled times, it presented every convenience for defence. A wide and deep moat entirely surrounded it, crossed in front by a drawbridge, which gave entrance into the castle court, through a gate of large dimensions and ponderous architecture. Two strong and well constructed towers flanked the entrance, and projected some distance beyond the line of the building, and slits or openings in their walls, originally intended for arrows, were more lately adapted to the use of less innocent weapons, such as fire arms and small cannon. On the right and left, extensive wings offered every domestic accommodation, and for even the less common luxuries of life. Indeed, the balcony that extended from the wall, both in its construction and present use, appeared better suited to the happy

times of peace than those of cruel war. At the time of the opening of this narrative, a lady occupied one of the seats, which was covered with a rich cushion of embroidered silk. Her head was supported by an exquisitely turned arm, and her dark eye rested in deep thought on the scene that was spread before it. Occasionally a low murmur escaped her lips, and then adjusting the folds of her drapery, she relapsed into meditation. Her form was about the middle stature, of that delightful mould which a spectator would almost have ceased to admire, were it increased or diminished in the slightest degree. Her features were noble and highly intellectual, the profile presented an outline the most delicate, and the weet smile that played around her full and richly coloured lips, only vied with the beaming lustre of her jet black eye. A complexion of the purest white heightened every charm, and plainly evinced itself the index of her heart. E'en now some truant thought seemed unsubdued within her bosom; for the glow of health and youth mantled deeper and deeper to that fair brow which rested on her hand. 'Over her small tapering fingers fell the glossy drapery of her hair in luxuriant ringlets, confined only by a single string of snow white pearls, like the bright galaxy on the dark expanse of heaven. She slowly raised her eyes, and gazed fixedly on the unclouded moon that beamed like an orb of silver above her head.

"Ah me!" she said, "how can all nature look so sweetly, how can yonder moon shine so brightly on one like me, clouded in my destiny, and made the sport of others' policy, the tool of unworthy intrigue. All that is lovely around me seems but to wound afresh, and mock my misery. That stream which winds its way through the lawn, is calm and undisturbed; while I, even in the morn of life, am agitated and troubled by a thousand contending forces." "Annette, come hither girl, and soothe thy mistress, speak of - but no, 'tis all in vain, he must be banished from my words, his name must be forgotten; but the recollection of his noble, his generous spirit shall live while memory lasts." She spoke these last words as if to her own heart, and in a tone almost inaudible; Annette was unable to catch the import, but supposing a connexion between that she heard and the part which escaped her practised ear, she gaily exclaimed:

"By Cupid, dear lady, you take the matter too much to heart, never fear but that all will yet be well, yes for once in my life, I'll be prophetess, and I prophecy"——

"Peace, good Annette, I know thy loving temper, that would swear that darkness was light, to please thy mistress, but hope has fled, and words may not recall that messenger of heaven."

"If you call the stranger, hope, to be sure he has fied, and I take it we might call a good while and not bring him back again. But as for that wretch, Robert de Beaumont, he is as ugly as Lucifer, so Lady Adelaide snap your fingers at him, and say 'No.'"

"But, Annette, you know that my father has said 'Yes,' and his word is as firm as the mountain behind us, or these deep rooted walls."

"Would you then, be so kind, my pretty mistress, as to inform me what right that crabbed father of yours, can have to force you into marriage with that ugly brute, that bloated, swaggering roystering son of the old count? For the life of me I can't tell."

"In sooth, good Annette, you are choice in your comparisons, and rather forgetful of my father's title to respect;—however much I may be averse to the alliance which he has provided, yet the first duty of a child is to its parent, and there shall mine be paid, whatever pangs it cause me to comply."

"In the names of all the saints what has put you into such a marvellously dutiful humour this evening. I fear that father Gregory's ghostly lectures will persuade my gay mistress to turn nun at last, and marry the church, as the best of two bad suitors to my lady's favour."

"I pry'thee peace, girl, and disrobe me, for I would fain lay my weary head upon my pillow,

and forget my woes in sleep."

It is not for us to enquire whether her dreams if dreams she had) bore any peculiar resemblance to one another, or whether her thoughts were occupied with any engrossing form; -but let her sleep on while we step backward for a few moments to consider the events which had already transpired. The Baron de Foix had been one of the most powerful nobles in the court of France. He had won the laurel of victory in the battle field; and in the council none partook more largely of his sovereign's confidence. Proud and ambitious, yet generous and humane, he worshipped all that can confer external honour and dignity, yet the suit of the humble ever found in him a ready and efficient advocate;—a politician, yet, his word, once plighted to any deed, required no stronger sanction to ensure its performance. Now past the prime of life he retired from the noise of camps, and intrigues of courts to his hereditary residence on the banks of the Loire. there to superintend the education of his only child, the Lady Adelaide, who, while very young, had been deprived of the maternal protection and nurture, by the unrelenting hand of death. In her cradle she had been betrothed to the eldest son of the Count de Beaumont. Distance had prevented her association with her intended husband, and when Albert arrived at the age of seventeen, he left home for the tour of Europe, in company with an older and more experienced friend. Adelaide had just attained her thirteenth year, and neither knew nor cared for the troubles of life, hemspirit was bouyant, and her heart as pure

" As the icicle which hangs on Dian's temple."

She heard of the departure of Albert, but it passed without impression through her mind; she heard of intelligence that should have been, but was not, received. And when all trace of Albert had disappeared, when untiring and anxious inquiries only resulted in the dreadful news of his

death, she clothed her person in mourning garb, and perhaps felt sorrowful; but her step was soon as light, and her eye as bright as ever. The disconsolate parents long bewailed the untimely fate of their son, and their grief was still greater when they beheld the budding graces of Adelaide, and thought of the noble spirit of their beloved child, now lost to them forever. The younger son of the Count de Beaumont, Robert by name, now succeeded to his brother's place, and not only as heir of his father's princely estate, but as eldest son might claim the hand of Adelaide de Foix. He was of a disposition that could brook no control; his passions were his only guides, and guided by them he plunged into every species of dissipation and drank deep of the cup of pleasure, drained it to the very dregs, and then experienced a strange vacancy, an unaccountable void in his existence. As novelty was his only object, its form mattered little, provided that it broke the dull monotony of his depraved and guilty course. In Lady Adelaide he imagined he could find relief; but his advances she repelled with all the indignation of offended delicacy, and bade him remove his hateful presence till that day when the rash and fatal vow of their unthinking parents should demand the sacrifice. He left her, as the hound shrinks to his kennel when the hand of his master has rebuked him. He was conscious of the vast, the immeasurable distance between them, and he felt how cowardly is guilt when confronted with the open brow and unquailing eye of innocence. If he was profligate before, now was he doubly so, for his only prop had been snatched away, one bright spot had been left upon the gloom of his soul, but the black clouds of guilt and despair now settled upon it and buried the whole in one common obscurity. He looked forward to the day which should unite their destinies with feelings of malignity worthy of a fiend, and vowed an awful vengeance on the pure, the innocent, the unsuspecting Adelaide.

The sun had long descended the western hills when De Foix and his lovely daughter sat by the fireside, each wrapt in deep meditation. Suddenly a flash of vivid lightning illumined the hall, and played fearfully on the ancient armour that decorated its walls. "Holy Mary preserve us," cried the affrighted maid; and the Baron strode to the casement just as the muttering thunder burst into a peal so grand, and yet so awful that he started back in terror. It seemed but as the blast of the trumpet which sounded the onset to the opposing elements. The tempest came. The wind sang through the forest. Immense branches were torn from the trees; their foliage was stripped off swiftly as a boy peels the bark from a willow wand. Some were uprooted or shattered by the fury of the storm like fragile reeds. The heavens seemed converted into water, torrents rushed down, bearing every thing before them. Never had such a storm been witnessed by the oldest inhabitants of the castle! the servants huddled together in fear and trembling, crossing themselves, and calling on every saint in the ca-

from heaven for their sins, and all but the Baron and father Gregory were petrified and amazed. At this moment the warder burst into the Baron's apartment announcing that cries, apparently of distress, were heard above the din and fury of the storm. Instantly the Baron sallied forth among the pale crowd of his vassals. "Hence," shouted he, "a purse of gold to the man who saves a life to-night." Not a foot was stirred. but with chattering teeth and failing limbs they besought him not to drive them forth to certain destruction. It was no time for parley, and seizing a cloak, with father Gregory, he hastily passed the drawbridge which had already been lowered, and disappeared. Every preparation was made for their return, new faggots were piled upon the spacious hearth, and a couch was spread to receive the sufferer, if such indeed there might be. Not many minutes elapsed before the heavy step upon the stair announced the arrival of the brave men who had ventured to encounter the horrors of the storm for a purpose so noble as rescuing a fellow-creature from impending death. The door opened, and they appeared, bearing between them the apparently lifeless form of a young man. He was completely drenched with rain, his long hair hung in wild confusion; -from a wound in his forehead the red stream poured over his livid and ghastly countenance, and his left arm hung powerless by his side. He was laid upon the couch. On seeing the mangled and lacerated form of the stranger, Adelaide shrieked aloud, and her father would have borne her from the chamber, but, bursting from his grasp, she seemed suddenly inspired with more than masculine nerve and resolution; and tearing from her neck an embroidered scarf, she bound it round the head of the unhappy sufferer, and checked the effusion of blood, which had else proved mortal. With her own hands she wiped the gore from his face, and assisted the good monk in applying bandages and ointments to the bruises and helpless limbs.

She had indeed acted heroically in so distressing a scene, but, unused to such sights or such exertions, a reaction in her feelings ensued, her form tottered, her cheek blanched, and she sank fainting into the arms of her attendants, by whom she was conveyed to her own apartment.

The stranger had now sunk into a gentle and sweet sleep. His form was remarkably well proportioned, with strong sinewy limbs, and broad expansive chest. The features were strikingly handsome, yet strongly marked, as if he had been much exposed to all the vicissitudes of heat and cold. He slept tranquilly, and his anxious watchers sat by his side, awaiting the event.

"Father," said the Baron, "how think you came this wound upon the stranger's forehead? splinter of wood makes not such smooth and dainty work."

"Had it, my lord, happened in the city's thoroughfare, my unpractised skill would have pronounced that wound a poinard's stroke, but in

"True, good father, no man had dared to strike his fellow, when God's voice spoke so loudly in his ear, as it did this dreadful night."

"It was indeed heaven's own hand that prostrated yon sturdy oak. Seeking doubtless these walls for shelter, this unfortunate youth was in the path; the tree fell, and his puny strength was crushed beneath it. Yet he has been fashioned in no common mould: those brawny limbs are little fitting to the silken trappings that bedeck his person; let us pray that his life may be spared."

The pious father raised his eyes to heaven, his lips moved for a moment in silent prayer, and, as if reassured, he sat down beside his patient to wait his awaking.

"Father, a quiet rest to thee, and our young friend. Let nothing be wanting, I pray you, that can afford him ease, and relief from sore bones, after the stout buffets he hath gotten. Thy blessing, father."

"Heaven bless thee, the saints protect and guard thee, son, and all thou callest thine. Fare thee well."

The morning sun rose brightly on the wreck of the past night, and threw its beams on the sleepers in the chateau de Foix. All was now bustle: some were repairing the injuries which the storm had caused, some gazing vacantly on the scene of destruction, and all dreading to meet the anger of their lord for the dastardly conduct of the preceding night. The Baron de Foix was up with the lark, and as soon as propriety would allow, visited his stranger guest. He was awake and greatly revived, a night's rest had in some measure recruited his frame and restored his wonted cheerfulness. His wound gave no cause for apprehension, and father Gregory engaged to allow him freedom to use his limbs in a very few days. In phrase far from bomely he thanked his host for the protection and assistance he had afforded, and expressed a hope of being one day able to repay his kindness.

"A mere trifle," said the Baron; "to do one's duty deserves no thanks, fair sir; repay indeed! by my halidome, we'll e'en quarrel on that ground, and you may chance to get a drubbing as little pleasant as yonder stout oak tree served you with yestr'een."

"Let it then pass," replied the stranger, "my tongue shall e'en be silent, if by speaking it cross that friendship now so happily begun. But, my lord, it seems that you entertain spirits in your castle, for there is some vague thought of an angel that bound——by heaven! 'tis here, yes on my brow, the very scarf! Kind host, unriddle my dream—explain, 1 pray thee."

"Well done! sir stranger," said the Baron, laughing, "well done! thy wits have indeed been playing truant, thy brain was not proof against such hearty knocks. To make an angel of my little Adelaide, as pretty a piece of flesh and blood as any in christendom—the Countess of Beaumont that is to be. Ha! ha! ha! But why is not the girl here to welcome our guest."

( Hall amaline ? " . . ....

closed the door, "Ha! the Countess of Beaumont! did I hear aright? Good father, am I not in the chateau de Foix, and is not this fair damsel the lady Adelaide? methinks a light breaks in upon my mind."

"Thou art right, son, the noble Baron saved thee with his own hand; to him, under heaven, thou owest thy life."

A conversation here ensued, in which father Gregory expressed great amazement and horror at what he heard, and the lowering frown on the stranger's brow, betokened indignation and anger. Their interview was interrupted by the entrance of the Baron and his daughter, the latter all radiant with health and loveliness. The stranger essayed to rise, but weakness forbade him; and the gentle reproof from the lips of Adelaide, as she anxiously inquired after his health repressed his vain attempts.

Day after day passed on, the stranger had now entirely recovered his strength, but yet seemed in no haste to depart. At times he was engaged in earnest consultation with father Gregory, and always left him with a deep flush upon his cheek, and a frown upon his brow; at others, by far the most frequent, he might be seen by the side of Adelaide, tripping over the green lawn, on the shady banks of the Loire, or on a fiery steed guiding the palfrey of the lady de Foix. Nothing could be done without him, her-embroidery was without taste unless he had been consulted, her very ornaments were used or neglected, as they appeared agreeable or otherwise to him. In short all the various symptoms of affection, esteem, respect and love successively characterised their mutual behaviour.

One morning he had sent to the lady Adelaide to request an interview. It was granted without hesitation, and as he moved towards her sitting apartment, a strange and undefined sensation crept over his frame. He entered, and the blood rushed to his own cheek in sympathy, as a deep crimson blush overspread the countenance of the lady. The room was hung with tapestry, on which the cunning hand of the artisan had pourtrayed the huge rigid forms of the de Foix family, in many a scene of danger with the infidel, and chivalrous exploit at home. The embroidery frame lay up on a table, all the colours of the rainbow conspired to render the group of flowers almost as fresh and delicate as on their native stems. A guitar rested against a splendid mirror, whose broad surface reflected the lady Adelaide reclining on a rich ottoman in an attitude of thoughtfulness. She started as the door opened, but quickly recovering her usual manner, thus spoke. "Indeed, sir stranger, (since that is the only title thou wilt own,) in what may your servant do your pleasure, is it to weave new wreaths from the water lilies that deck the margin of you quiet stream, or to take another gallop over the rough road that we passed last week; speak, in faith thou seemest but half-witted this morning."

tating tone, "pray do not jest at this time, 'tis no time for jesting. Can you have known me even thus long, and been unconscious of what I feel? Oh! do not frown, nor turn thy head away; behold me at thy feet to entreat acceptance of my suit, to ask thee for my bride: I am not what I seem; the day is not far distant when the cloak shall be cast aside, and I shall then

stand as I am, the" -

"Enough!" shrieked the Lady Adelaide .-"Enough, Sir, such language must not, cannot bead dressed to me; to tell thee what I feel would be but waste of words; suffice it to say, your stay in this place must now terminate. Too long have we allowed both duty and judgment to slumber-away, and leave the affianced bride of Robert de Beaumont to her unhappy fate. But we part not in anger, accept this trifle as the last

gift of one who would be thy friend."

She unfastened the small locket which rested on her bosom, and placed it in the hand of the stranger. He gazed on it for a moment, and pressing it fervently to his lips, hid it in his bosom. Drawing from his hand a ring of curious workmanship, with a plain gold medallion, he encircled the unresisting finger of the lady. " Dearest Adelaide," said he, " when I am gone, look upon this ring, and deign to think on one who loves thee, who adores thee, whose whole life is but as nothing if not consecrated to thy service. We may meet again; yes I will witness thy bridal, and behold, the daughter of the house of Beaumont." He turned to depart; Adelaide rose to bid him farewell, but her limbs refused their support, and she fell fainting, not upon the ground, but into the arms of her lover. One long ardent kiss he imprinted upon her lips, and hastily ringing the bell to summon her attendant, he rushed from the apartment. In the little chapel he found Father Gregory, and by him sent his grateful acknowledgments to his noble host: a few moments passed in a low but animated conversation with the monk, and ere noon he was far on his way to the city of Tours.

On that night the Lady Adelaide occupied the balcony before her chamber, indulging in those thoughts which we have attempted to record at the opening of this tale. She had now attained her nineteenth year, the fatal period that was to cut short her freedom for ever. In one short week that day would arrive which consigned her to the arms of a man, more hateful and loathsome to her than the poisonous reptile of the mountain cave. But she was resigned to her cruel fate, regarding it as the martyr does the fire which is to consume his body, she beheld in it that trial which should free her from the sorrows of earth, and fit her to join her sainted parent in the mansions of the blest. But why should she grieve for one whom she had seen but as yesterday, of whom she knew little or nothing; he might even be as depraved as Robert de Beaumont! But no, impossible; his noble bearing, his frank and courteous manner, refuted on the instant such unworthy suspicions; but why

unable to answer, and amidst these conflicting emotions she fell asleep.

A week soon flew by on the wings of time, and ushered in a bright and glorious morn. Around the high altar of the celebrated cathedral of Tours was a gay and brilliant throng. newly created Abbot of the Benedictine monastery was there, in all the splendour in which the church is pleased to array its dignitaries; seemingly about to commence some holy rite. In his hoary locks, and placid countenance might be recognised Father Gregory of the chateau de Foix. The air was heavy with incense, the solemn peal of the organ floated through the dark arches and pillars of the noble pile, and added an imposing grandeur to the scene. All were marked with an air of gravity which caused many a suppressed whisper among the surrounding crowd. The Baron de Foix was there, and the Count de Beaumont, both glittering in the splendid blazonry of the French nobility of that period, and both wearing a look that better became a funeral than a bridal. Robert of Beaumont stood by his father's side, habited in a full suit of crimson velvet laced with gold, his cloak was fastened by a golden clasp, a richly jewelled sword hung by his side, and an aigrette of diamonds confined the snow-white plume that waved above his brow. But that brow was dark and low'ring, the eye was restless, the cheek pale, and his lip compressed between his fixed teeth. Some dark and terrible presentiment brooded over his spirit, and weighed it down to earth. But the Lady Adelaide stood like the marble statue that filled the adjoining niche. She spoke not, moved not, her eve was bent on vacancy, and her features were unyielding and of a death-like paleness. No gay apparel decked her person; in spite of her father's commands, and the intreaties of her maid, a plain white robe covered her with its flowing folds; a single string of pearls but partially bound her dark tresses which floated down her back in wild confusion. A ring was on her finger, but she heeded it not, all seemed indifferent, unconscious, dead .- The music ceased, the voice of the holy father rose solemnly-" Who shall oppose the union of the Lady Adelaide de Foix and the Count Robert de Beaumont?"-"That will I," shouted a voice at the other extremity of the aisle. An armed step rung on the marble pavement, and a knight in full armour strode towards the altar, the throng parted round him as he passed along. All of his figure that was visible shone in armour of brilliant steel, his helmet was surmounted by a sable plume, and the vizor was carefully closed. A cloak of purple velvet enveloped and effectually concealed the upper part of his person. "I oppose the union," again he cried, as he reached the altar. A dozen weapons glanced in the air.

"Nay, put up your swords, my business is with him," and he extended his hand towards the trembling form of Robert de Beaumont. "Aye, quake and tremble, for well thou mayest knowest thou the plain of De Foix castle? Who waythe horrors of that storm? Who bribed assassins to moisten their daggers in a brother's blood? Who immured him in a dungeon in a foreign land, and bade his parents believe him in the tomb? Who planned the ruin of this lady with a fiendish cruelty, which the hand of Heaven has mercifully averted? Aye, such art thou Robert de Beaumont, thou perjured hypocrite, thou hellborn villain!" The stranger knight unloosed his helmet and disclosed the countenance of the wanderer of De Foix castle. If the lightning of heaven had fallen on Count Robert, he could not have exhibited greater terror and amazement; bursting through the circle he rushed swiftly The cloak of the stranger from the church. now fell from his shoulders, and displayed the arms of Beaumont emblazoned in gold upon the polished breast-plate; but above all, hung the token of Lady Adelaide by a magnificent chain of rubies. In a moment he was locked in his father's arms, his mother hung in transports over her long lost son, and the lovely fair recalled the roses to her pallid cheek, as she was clasped to the breast of Albert de Beaumont.

"Dearest Adelaide," said he, "receive thy dowry." And he threw over her head the costly chain which supported the precious token of her love. But allow me to reclaim my little remembrancer, which might have declared the truth if any ill had chanced to me. So saying he drew the ring from her finger, and touching a concealed spring, the medallion flew open, and discovered the well known family arms of the Counts of Beaumont. "Father," said he, addressing the Abbot, "the service which thou wast about to render my ambitious and now fugitive brother, may apply equally well to the rightful heir of our house, with the consent of these our noble host, and dear parents. The voice of the Abbot again was raised, the final benediction was pronounced, and as the train departed from the cathedral, Albert whispered to his bride, "Did I not tell thee I would witness thy bridal, and behold the daughter of the house of Beau-

Original.

## REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

MO. 3.

, Nor long after the events detailed in my last "reminiscence," I was called upon by a rich and respectable merchant retired from business, with another of those knotty cases which sometimes test so severely the ingenuity of counsel. Notwithstanding the unpromising appearance of such cases, they were always welcome and were conducted by me with far more interest than the mere mechanical matters of account, and questions of fact, that constitute the greater proportion of a lawyer's causes. To an enthusiast in the profession, there is a peculiar charm in a case where there is evidently a just claim or an available defence, (as the case may be) but a paucity of testimony to establish the particular facts on which you rely. The very mental labour to discover and prove from the intrinsic evidence of circumstances, or from previous or subsequent transactions, the state of facts favourable to the interests of a client, is an enjoyment, especially when the effort is successful, which amply compensates the exertions made to attain it. The case of my client was this:-A bill for cabinet furniture, to the amount of five hundred dollars, had been sent in to him about six months before, and according to his statement paid in full to Monstrelet the cabinet maker personally, and a receipt taken upon the bill. On the day previous to the interview I am narrating, another bill for the same furniture was sent in to Mr. Leveson, my client, with a request that it might be paid at an early day, as Mr Monstrelet " had to take up a note in bank," the usual plea to excuse importunity of creditors. Astonished and indignant, Leveson immediately turned over the file of "bills paid," and drew out the account of Monstrelet duly folded and docketed, but to his unbounded astonishment it was not receipted. Recollecting perfectly the whole circumstances attending the payment, Leveson was naturally surprised and almost alarmed, at finding the name of "F. Monstrelet," which he had himself seen written at the bottom of the bill, entirely vanished without a trace to tell what had been there. Wishing to know the full facts, I requested Mr. Leveson to give me a history of every circumstance connected with the settlement of the account. "About July, 18-," said he, " just before my daughter's marriage, I took her with me one morning to select furniture for her establishment in her new dwelling; finding at Monstrelet's such articles as suited her, I ordered a sideboard, some tables and chairs, &c. there, which were duly sent home according to order. When my bills of the year came in last January, this was presented among the rest, and about the end of the month, I think the 27th, I called on Monstrelet and paid him, he was at his desk in a small room adjoining the ware room, and I walked in and paid him, and saw him with my own eyes write "Rec'd. payment, F. Monstrelet," at the bottom of the bill .- "Was this the bill?" said I, "here is no trace of the name norhans this is the one cant you vesterday " " No

no," said he, "this is the one I get yesterday." Upon examination of both bills there seemed no appearance of a signature on either. and how a name which Leveson saw written could have vanished so entirely was inexplicable. "Are you sure," said I, "that you saw him write each letter of his name?"-" No," said he, after musing a little, "I was standing by the desk looking at a very beautiful table top of Egyptian marble, but I heard his pen going, and saw him throw on the sand and then pour it back again, and then I saw as plainly as I see you, 'Rec'd. payment, F. Monstrelet.'"-" Hah," said I, "you did not then see what he had written until after he had sanded it?"-" No, but-" the infernal scoundrel!" shouted Leveson, as the idea I wished to suggest flashed on his mind, "that is it, by heaven." The reader will be able to understand our discovery, if he will dip his pen in clear water and write rapidly a short sentence, name or word, and then immediately throw on a quantity of black writing sand. The water will moisten the size or fine glue with which all writing paper is covered, and the sand being thrown on immediately will adhere where the pen has passed. But a part of our case, however, was yet examined, and it would avail us little that we knew the mode in which the fraud was effected, unless we could also make it apparent to a jury by legal evidence—to effect this was my next object. "Was any person present when you paid Monstrelet."-" No one was in the little room or office I know, but some one might have been in the ware room."-" Try to recollect." After a silence of a few moments, "I have it," said Leveson-" as I went out of the office into the ware room, I saw old Mr. La Fleur the French merchant, in --- street; as I left the office he went in with Monstrelet."-" Do you think he could have seen you pay Monstrelet." -" I should scarcely think it, but there is a glass door to the office and it may be."-" Do you remember how you paid the bill? was it in a check or notes?"-" In a check! no, I know it was in one note of \$500, but what would that prove?" "Do you remember from whom you got that note?"-" Yes, it was paid me that morning by Davis."-" What the hardware merchant."-"No! he is a teller in the M- Bank, and I remember saying at the time to my daughten, see, my dear, this will just furnish your front parlour.' As soon as I had done breakfast, I called at Monstrelet's, and paid him the note within an hour after I had received it."-" Where does he keep his account," said I .- " I believe in the M-Bank."-" I should like to see Davis," said I, " can you call here with him this afternoon after bank hours, and if possible, get La Fleur to accompany you." Having thus enlightened my client I dismissed him, and occupied myself in devision other schemes to ferret out the truth, should the prove abortive. The writing with water showed beyond question a plan laid betweehend, and a mind so deprayed as although the proverbial desertion of the guilty by their tempter after the commission of crime, was a probability in the cause very favourable to the intended victim of fraud. Some little acquaintance with the administration of criminal justice, had exhibited to my astonishment the ingenious, acute and forecasting rogue, after the commission of crime, becoming so entirely bereft of discretion as to neglect the plainest and commonest maxims of prudence, and daring detection with the recklessness of insanity. The culprit, in the present instance, whatever might be the similarity in moral turpitude, was to be sure less guilty in the eye of the law than the robber or burglar, but the cases are very rare where the true character of such a transaction can successfully elude a diligent and judicious investigation. Some rent in the cloak of fraud almost invariably lets through the ray of truth, and most frequently at a time when detection appears most improbable. My hopes of success were much more sanguine after a conversation with Davis and La Fleur; the nature of their testimony will be seen at a more advanced state of the tale. Having thus examined the strength of our position, I directed my client to inform Monstrelet that having already paid the bill, it would not be paid a second time, without entering into any reasoning or explanation whatever. A suit was in consequence instituted and in due time brought to trial, the plaintiff's counsel being one of those pettifoggers who infest, in a greater or less degree, the respectable profession of which they claim to be members. The cause having been opened, the delivery of the articles was proved by "the books of original entry," as they: 3 professionally called, established by the oath of Monstrelet himself, who it appeared was his own book keeper. The claim being thus proved for the plaintiff, the witness was mine for cross examination, and I commenced "fort brusquement," as a Frenchman would say. "Do you mean to assert that these articles were never paid for?"-W. " Do you suppose I would sue if they were?"-Q. "I do! but answer my question. Do you not know that this bill (showing it,) was paid, and a receipt written in water and then sanded over?" The jury at this query leaned forward anxiously, and the witness evidently started, but answered-" No, the bill was never paid from that day to this, and he is a liar who"- The court here interposed and exhorted to a more decorous behaviour, and as my object was gained I dismissed the witness from the stand. In opening for the defendant, I admitted that the case had been proved, and that the evidence offered, if not satisfactorily rebutted, would entitle the plaintiff to a verdict. "Nevertheless," I continued, " if we should show you, gentlemen, that an infamous trick has been resorted to, in fraud of the defendant, if we should prove the very note in which the bill was paid, if we should. trace this identical bank note into the hands of the plaintiff within an hour from the time at which we assert that it was paid him, we do not ask too much from your good sense or from your honest

indignation, when we demand a verdict in our favour." Our first witness was then called from an adjoining room where I had requested him to remain. After having been sworn, the clerk as usual, asked the name, "Jean Baptiste Marie Adolphe Etienne du Cange La Fleur," replied the bowing Frenchman, to the amusement of the audience and the no small perplexity of the clerk. "Do you know the plaintiff or defendant Mr. La Fleur," asked I .- W. "Le plentive! ah mon Dieu, qu'est ce que c'est! what is plentive?" Having explained the terms-" Ah! oui, je connois bien, I am well acquaint Mons. Monstrelet et Mons. Leveson."-Q. "Do you know any thing of the payment of a bill to Monstrelet by Leveson in January last?"-W. "Ah! qu'il ne deplaise a Messieurs les respectables les juges," very deeply bowing to the court, "au mois de janvier passe, in Janvery past, at the twenty seven a peu pres, je me suis passe chez Mons. Monstrelet, I have called to Mons. Monstrelet, to pay to him a littel compte his beel vat he sen me; eh bien, when I pass to his room, il y a there was Mons. Leveson, who come out of le bureau the office of Mons. Monstrelet, qui lui ouvre la porte du bureau, who open to him the door and say bien oblige ver much oblige to you, Sir, and then Mons. Leveson, fold up un morceau de papier, a piece of paper wis write on him, and put it in his pocket-je salue, I say bon jour Mons. Leveson, and I enter to the desk with Mons. Monstrelet, to pay my beel."-Q. "Have you that bill with you?"-W. "Oui, Monsieur! le voici," producing a bill to the amount of \$388,56 and receipted at the bottom, " Recd. payt. Jan. 27, 18-, F. Monstrelet."-Q. "Well! what further occurred?"-W. "Quand je payais, while I was pay my beel, I see on the desk a bank note de cinq cent gourds, of Five Hunder Dollar, of - Banque; c'etoit dechiré, it was tore mais nonpas tout a fait not quite tear through into two piece, it has been sewed with silk green .-While he was write the recette, I see heem make un grand R pour commencer, to begeen Recd., voyez yous Messieurs," said he, showing his own bill to the jury," but it had not couleur, was not black de tout, 'Ha, Monsieur,' I say, 'your eenk is ver pale,' 'pshaw!' he say, 'where is the eenkstan?' then he write my recette and I go away-et c'est tout Messieurs."-Q. "Should you know that bank note?"-W. "Ah! oui, je suppose, I think so-Ah mort de ma vie le voici, it is the ver note, j'en suis sur," exclaimed he, as I submitted the note to his inspection, "Voila the seelk green." The paper representative went the rounds of the jury, and then ascended to the bench, whence it returned to the witness, who on cross examination, was more and more positive of its identity, and repeated without inconsistency his original account of the occurrences. The next witness called was Robert Davis, one of those accurate, methodical, precise men whose whole intellect is absorbed in the business of his life, in short, the very ditto of the faithful chief clerk of Osbaldistone and Tresham in Rob Roy. Such a man remembers

every note that passes through his hands, and can almost tell the name of every depositor, and the amount of every deposit for a week together. Having been affirmed, for such men never take an oath, I asked, "Did you in the latter end of January last pay a sum of money to Mr. Leveson the defendant?"-W. "I did on the 27th of last January, pay to Mr. Leveson Five Hundred dollars, for a friend of mine residing in the country, it was paid between 7 and 8 in the morning, in one note of \$500, of the M-Bank in this city; this is the note; I had accidentally torn it and sewed it thus with green silk; the number is 1259, letter B-my reason for remembering this is, that my friend in his letter mentioned and noted the number and letter, and on receiving it I compared the note with the description." En passant: my reader is not to suppose that all these facts were detailed by such a man as Davis in the unbroken series in which they appear; on the contrary, I think that ten words of question might produce on an average three of answer. The results of the examination were the following facts, viz. that among the earliest depositors in the M-Bank (of which Davis was receiving teller,) on the morning of the 27th of January, was the plaintiff Monstrelet, so often alluded to; his deposit on that occasion was \$888,56, a part of which was the identical note of \$500, and the balance La Fleur's check on the M-Bank. The cross examination elicited nothing in any way advantageous to the plaintiff, whose cause was not subserved by a violent and abusive harangue from his counsel, imputing perjury almost in express terms to the defendant's witnesses. The jury, as soon as they had received the few words in nature of a charge from the bench, gave in through their foreman a verdict for the defendant. The infamous Monstrelet was arrested on a charge of perjury, convicted and sentenced and finally died in prison. The satisfaction of my client was of course great, not so much on account of the sum at stake, as from the indignation which a fraudulent attempt excites in the object of the deceit. In the present instance the public voice was loud against the offender, the fraud having been perpetrated not among the mazes and intricacies of mercantile transactions, but in the plain and uncomplicated intercourse of man and man. My own gratification was commensurate with the difficulty of detection and the public exposure of the unprincipled dishonesty of the unsuccessful rogue, thus adding another to the many illustrations of the old proverb, "Honesty is the best Policy."

### THE EYE.

The eye is indeed the feature by which genius is most truly asserted; or rather, it is the feature from which genius cannot be excluded. We have seen every other part of the human face divine without indications of the spirit within—the mouth which spoke not of the talent possessed, and the brow that indicated no powers of the capacious mind; but we never knew a superior nature which the eye did not proclaim.

#### PRIZE PORM.

## THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Anno those forest shades that proudly rear'd Their unshorn beauty toward the favouring skies, An axe rang sharply. There, with vigorous arm Wrought a bold emigrant, while by his side His little son with question and response Beguiled the toil.

"Boy, thou hast never seen Such glorious trees, and when their giant trunks Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou The mighty river on whose breast we sail'd So many days on toward the setting sun? Compared to that, our own Connecticut Is but a creeping stream."

"Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, when I launch'd
My tiny boat with all the sportive boys,
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all these deep broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother planted in the garden bound
Of our first hour, from whence the fragrant peach
Pell in its ripening gold, were fairer sure
Than this dark forest shutting out the day."

"What, ho! my little girl,"—and with light step A fairy creature hasted toward her sire, And setting down the basket that contain'd The noon's repast, looked upward to his face With sweet, confiding smile.

See, dearest, see

You bright-wing'd parroquet, and hear the song
Of the gay red-bird echoing through the trees,

Making rich music. Did'st thou ever hear
In far New-England such a mellow tone?"

41 I had a robin that did take the crumbs Each night and morning, and his chirping voice Did make me joyful, as I went to tend My snow-drops. I was always laughing there, In that first home. I should be happier now Methinks, if I could find among these dells The same fresh violets."

Slow Night drew on,
And round the rude but of the Emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the autumn storm
Spake bitter things. His wearled children slept,
And he, with head declin'd, sat listening long
To the swollen waters of the Hilmois,
Dashing against their shores. Starting, he spake—

"Wife !-did I see thee brush away a tear ?-Say, was it so ?---Thy heart was with the halls Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights, Carpets and sofas, and admiring guests, Befit thee better than these rugged walls Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit-home." "No-no!-All was so still around, methought, Upon my ear that echoed hymn did steal Which 'mid the church where erst we paid our vows So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice Dissolv'd the illusion;"---and the gentle smile Lighting her brow-the fond caress that sooth'd Her waking infant, re-assured his soul That wheresoe'er the pure affections dwell And strike a healthful root, is happiness. Placid and grateful, to his rest he sank-But dreams, those wild magicians, which do play Such pranks when Reason slumbers; tireless wrought Their will with him. Uprose the busy mart Of his own native city—roof and spire All glittering bright, in Fancy's frost work ray. Forth came remember'd forms--with curving neck The steed his boyhood nurtur'd, proudly neigh'd-The favourite dog, exulting round his feet Frisk'd, with shrill, joyous bark—familiar doors Flew open-greeting hands with his were link'd In Friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate From congregated haunts, where mind with mind Doth blend and brighten-and till morning, rov'd 'Mid the lov'd scenery of his father-land. Albany Literary Gazette.

# MARGARET SUNDERLAND.

"HUSH, Margaret, I see it again! poor little thing, how it limps! Hush! I declare it has gone through the hedge into the churchyard. Wait one, only one moment, dear sister, and I shall certainly catch it,"—and over the churchyard stile bounded Rose Sunderland, as lightly as a sunbeam, or, I should rather say, to be in keeping with the time and place, as lightly as a moonbeam; for that favourite orb of love and ladies had risen, even while the golden hue of an autumnal sun lingered in the sky, and its pale, uncertain beams silvered the early dewdrops, which the gay and thoughtless girl shook from their verdant beds in her rapid movements. But Rose cared little about disturbing dew-drops, or indeed any thing else that interfered with the pursuit that occupied her for the moment. With the eagerness of sixteen she had pursued a young wounded leveret among the silent tombs, as thoughtlessly as if she trod only on the sweet wild thyme, or humble daisy; and when she had nearly wearied out the object of her anxiety, she saw it take shelter under the worn arch of an ancient monument with evident satisfaction, convinced that now she could secure her prize if Margaret would only come to her assistance.

"Sister, sister," repeated she, eagerly, "come! if we do not take it, it will surely become the prey of some weazel or wild cub-fox before morning."

Margaret slowly passed the stile.

"One would think you were pacing to a funcral," said Rose, pettishly, "If you will do not thing else, stand there at least, and—now I have it!" exclaimed she, joyously; "its little heart pants—poor thing! I wonder how it got injured!"

"Stop," replied her sister, in a low, agitated voice; "you forget—yet how can you forget?— who it is that rests here; who—" She placed her hand upon a plain stone pedestal, but strong and increasing emotion prevented her finishing the sentence.

"My dear Margaret, forgive me! it is ever thus; I am fated to be your misery. I am sure I never thought—"

"Think now then, Rose, if it be but for a moment; think, that only one little year has passed since he was with us; since his voice, so wise and yet so sweet, was the music of our cottage; his kindness the oil and honey of our existence. Though the arrow had entered into his soul, it festered not, for no corruption was there. When he was reviled, he reviled not again; and though his heart was broken, his last words were, 'Lord, thy will, not mine, be done.' My dear, dear father," she continued, sinking, at the same moment upon her knees, and clasping her hands in devout agony, "teach me to be like thee."-" Say me, rather," ejaculated the sobbing Rose, whose grief now was as vivid as her exultation had been; say, teach Rose to be like thee: you are like our father; but I am nothing! anything! Oh, Margaret, can you forgive me? There, I'll let the hare go this moment; I'll do any thing you wish; indeed I will."

"Do not let it go," replied Margaret Sunderland, who had quickly recovered her self-possession; "it would be ill done to permit any suffer ing near his grave." After a brief pause she rose from her knees, and passing her arm through her sister's, left the churchyard to its moonlight solitude.

The silence was soon broken by the younger, who observed,

"Sister, I forgot to tell you that I met Lady Louisa Calcraft this morning at the Library, and she took no notice of me."

"The ban is upon you, and upon us all, Rose," replied Margaret, turning her pale, but beautiful countenance towards her sister—"The ban

---- Of buried hopes And prospects faded.'

Would to God that that were all; that any sacrifice on my part could pay the debts my poor father in his honest, but wild speculations, incurred. The Calcrafts in Lincoln!—but they are everywhere. I could ill have borne a scornful look from one of them."

"They are friends of Ernest Heathwood's, are they not?"

A deep and glowing crimson, which luckily the obscurity of the night preserved from observation, mantled the cheeks of Margaret Sunderland, while she replied:—

"Yes, I believe so; but, dear Rose, you might have spared me the mention of his name."

"I am ever doing wrong," murmured poor Rose, as her sister withdrew her arm from within her's.

Margaret and Rose Sunderland were the

daughters of a ruined merchant—of one, indeed, who had been a prince yesterday, and a beggar to-day—of one whose argosies had gone forth, but returned no more—whose name one year would have guaranteed millions—yet who died the next, wanting a shilling. Maurice Sunderland had cheerfully surrendered all to his creditors, yet that all was insufficient to satisfy any thing like the claims made, and justly made, upon him. House, plate, jewels, servants, had all been sacrificed. Not a vestige of their former prosperity lingered; and they who had revelled in superfluities now wanted the most common necessaries. A small jointure alone remained; and in that his wife had only a life interest.

Mrs. Sunderland was vain, weak, selfish; a woman who knew not what it was to grow old gracefully, and who haunted youthful pleasures with a wrinkled brow, a flaxen wig, and a painted cheek; her mind was inconceivably small. She wept more for the loss of her diamonds and Dresden than for her husband's misfortunes.

Pecuniary difficulties were only the commencement of Margaret's trials. The family removed to Lincoln, as one or two relations lived there, who could forward the plans Miss Sunderland had formed for their support. Her affection for her father would not permit her to leave him to the care of a giddy, childish sister, and her almost idiotic mother; particularly as his health was visibly sinking, and nature appeared unable to repair the inroads of disease. She therefore accepted, most joyfully, the charge of the education of four little girls, her cousins. Her father raised no obstacle to this plan; though his withered cheek flushed, and his hand trembled the first day that he saw his beautiful Margaret quietly arranging and superintending her eleves in the back parlour of their cottage; but her mother's caprice and spirit of contradiction, was a constant source of mortification, although it tended still more to draw forth her daughter's virtues: she was never satisfied; always regretting their past splendour, always reproaching poor Margaret with having degraded her family. by condescending to become a "School Mistress;" and yet thoughtlessly squandering her hard earnings on selfish enjoyments: this was not all-no one who has only read of "the delightful task of teaching the young idea how to shoot," can form any estimate of the self-denial, the selfabasement which must be the portion of an instructress; particularly if she be conscientious in the discharge of her duty. All influences to be useful, must be exercised with discretion; and alas! it is but a short step from dominion to tyranny. Margaret was obliged to practice as well as preach; and indeed, the one without the other is always unavailing: she had to watch not only herself, but others; so that her maxims might be really useful to those she sought to improve. She wished to make them not only accomplished but informed; and "her new system," as it was called, was subject to many animadversions, both from her relatives and their friends, who, as usual on such occasions,

quite forgot what Miss Sunderland had been in what she was, treated her merely as "the governess," and admitted her only as such into their houses. At one of those visits, which she continually shrank from, and only endured as an occasional penance, she met the very Ernest Heathwood, whom Rose so unwittingly alluded to during their evening's walk. The eldest son of a Baronet, who, with his new honours, had changed, it was understood, a mercantile for a somewhat aristocratic name, was a likely person to attract the attention, and win the civilities of all within his sphere; and he was welcomed to the mansion of one of Miss Sunderland's relatives with extraordinary courtesy. Margaret, always collected, always dignified, neither sought nor avoided his attentions; but silently suffered all the little manœuvres of second-rate country-town society to take their course. The anxiety that some mothers evinced, to crowd a tribe of ill-dressed daughters to a tuneless piano, and there show off their skill in the various departments of first, second, and third harmony; while others contented themselves with exhibiting the more quiet, and consequently, more endurable litter of card drawings and Poonah painting, could only excite a feeling of pity in such a mind as Margaret's. Pity, that woman should so thoroughly mistake the end and aim of her creation, as to descend to be the mistress of a puppet-show -and something more severe than pity, towards the other sex who outwardly encourage, while they inwardly despise such petty traps of slavery! "An age," reflected Margaret, "which values itself on caricature, parody, or burlesque, can produce little that is sublime, either in genius or virtue. Yet those qualities, and the display of imperfect, and, in nine cases out of ten, most senseless accomplishments, amuse; and we live in an age that must be amused, though our best and noblest feelings pay the forfeiture;" and she employed her slender fingers with tenfold care to build up the card castle which her little pupil, Cicely, had thrown down.

"It is abominable," whispered her sister, " to hear such bad music, while you could give us so much that is good." A quiet motion of her sister's finger to her lips prevented farther observation; and the card castle bade fair to mount three stories, when suddenly Ernest Heathwood turned round, and, addressing himself to the fair architect, asked, if now she would favour them, for he was sure she could. "Oh, yes," observed one of the Dowagers, "of course Miss Sunderland can and will; she teaches so well, that she must be a proficient." Some feeling of pride, perhaps, for it will linger, despite our better judgment, called so exquisite a blush to Margaret's cheek; and young Heathwood gazed on her with such respectful, yet visible admiration, that were she not "only a governess," the entire female sex, likely to be married, or given in marriage, would have thrown up the game as hopeless; but the eldest son of a rich baronet would never think of the daughter of a broken merchant —and a governess! the thing was impossible—quite.

What Ernest Heathwood did think while Margaret commenced that sweet ballad of Moore's, "All that's bright must fade," it is impossible to say; but a thrill, amounting to anguish, was felt by every one in the room, by the peculiar manner in which she pronounced the following lines:

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking."

Then it was that Ernest Heathwood saw into her very soul; and felt that she must have indeed known change and misfortune. Music is dangerous from lips of beauty, but more dangerous from those of feeling; the union of both was too much for Ernest's philosophy, and he was, it must be confessed, somewhat bewildered during the remainder of the evening. She inspired him not only with interest, but admiration; and he experienced more anxiety than he cared to express, when her history was truly, though it appeared to him, coldly communicated by her relative, the next day, with the additional intelligence that her father had been seized only that morning with paralysis; and little hopes were entertained of his recovery! He called constantly at the cottage; but it was not until some time after the bereavement which Margaret, above all, lamented, that he saw the being who had more interest for him than ever. There are peculiar circumstances, which train our susceptibilities to receive impressions; and misfortune either softens or hardens the heart: the incapacity of her mother, the volatility of her sister, rendered them both unfit companions for the high-minded Margaret; and she might well be pardoned for anticipating the evening that now invariably brought Ernest to the cottage, as the time, when, freed from toil and restraint, she would meet the sympathy and tenderness, without which a woman's heart must be indeed sad and unsatisfied: she was not, like many other wise and prudent people, at all aware of the danger of her position. She had no idea that while seeking to alleviate and dispel her sorrows, by what she termed friendly converse, a deep and lasting sentiment was silently, but surely, implanting itself in her bosom; and that time and opportunity were fostering it, either for her happiness or misery. Her girlhood had passed without any of what we call the frippery of love: how she had escaped the contagion of flirtation, heaven knows! perhaps it might be attributed to a certain reserve of manner, which served as a beacon to fools and puppies, to warn them off the rocks and sands of female intellect, whenever it was their fortune to encounter Margaret Sunderland.

Amongst the wealthy citizens, many had sought her hand; but she was not to be courted in a golden shower; and after her father's failure, none remembered the beautiful daughter of the unfortunate merchant; it was therefore not to be wondered at, that the valued him who valued her for acreelf, and herself only;

and dreamt the dream that can be dreamt but

Many evenings were spent in that full and perfect trustfulness, which pure and virtuous hearts alone experience. So certain, indeed, appeared the prospect of her happiness, that she sometimes doubted its reality: and when a doubt as to the future did arise, it pressed so heavily, so very heavily, upon her heart, that, with a gasping eagerness, which excited her own astonishment, she cast it from her, as a burden too much for her to bear.

She had known and loved Ernest for some months, when, one morning, their only servant interrupted her little school, by saying that a gentleman in the parlour wished to speak with her. On entering the room, a short dark elderly man returned her graceful salutation, with an uncouth effort at ease and self-possession.

" Miss Sunderland, I presume."

She bowed :- a long pause succeeded, which neither seemed willing to interrupt, and when Margaret raised her eyes to his, there was something-she could hardly tell what, that made her think him the bearer of evil tidings. Yet was the countenance not unpleasing to look uponthe expanded and somewhat elevated brow-the round full eye that had rather a benign than stern expression, would have betokened a kind and even gentle being, had not the lower portion of the face boded meanness and severity-the mouth was thin and compressed—the chin lean and short-the nose looked as if nature had intended at first to mould it according to the most approved of Grecian features, but suddenly changing her plan, left it stubbed and stunted at the end, a rude piece of unfinished workmanship.

"Madam," he at last commenced, "you are, I believe, acquainted with my son."

"Sir!"

"My son, Mr. Ernest Heathwood."
Again Margaret replied by bowing.

"I have resided many years abroad, but if your father was living he would know me well."

The word "Father" was ever a talisman to poor Margaret, and she looked into his face, as if imploring him to state how he had known her parent; he evidently did not understand the appeal, and continued, in a constrained manner, his lips compressed, so as scarcely to permit egress to his words, and his eyes bent on the carpet, unwilling to meet her now fixed and anxious

"I have every respect for you, Miss Sunderland; and yet I feel it but right to mention in time, that a union between you and my son is what I never could—never will agree to. The title," (and the new baronet drew up his little person with much dignity,) "I cannot prevent his having, but a shilling of my money goes not with it, unless he marries with my perfect consent; forgive me, young lady, I esteem your character, I—I—" he raised his eyes, and the deathlike hue of Margaret's features seemed, for the first time, to give him the idea that he spoke to a being endowed with feeling: "Good God, Miss

Sunderland, I was not prepared for this—I had hoped matters had not gone so far—I—then you really love Ernest."

"Whatever my sentiments, Sir, may be towards your son," she replied, all the proud woman roused within her, "I would never entail

beggary on him."

"Well spoken, 'faith; and I am sure, Miss Sunderland, that-had you-in short you must be aware this is a very delicate subject-but had you fortune equal to my hopes for Ernest, I would prefer you, upon my soul I would, though I never saw you till this moment, to any woman in England. You see," he persisted, assuming the tone of low-bred confidence, "I have, as a mercantile man, had many losses, perhaps you know that?" he paused for a reply, which Margaret could not give. "These losses must be repaired, and there is only one way to do so: if I had not the station to support which I have, it would not signify; but as a man of title, the truth is, I require, and must have ten or twenty thousand pounds within a very little time; there is but one way to obtain it: you would not-" (and here the man of rank forgot himself in the husband and father,) "you would not, I am sure, by persisting in this love affair, entail ruin upon me and mine. Ernest has two sisters and a mother, Miss Sunderland."

Margaret's breath came short and thick, the room reeled round, and, as she endeavoured to move to the open window, she must have fallen, but for the support which Sir Thomas Heath-

wood afforded her.

"I will never bring ruin on any one," she said, at last: "what is it you require of me?"

"To write and reject, fully and entirely, my son's addresses, and never, never, see him more."

"This, Sir, I cannot do; I will see him once more for the last time, this evening. I will practise no deceit, but I will tell him what is necessary: there, Sir, you have my word, and may the Almighty ever preserve you and yours from the bitter sin of poverty!"

Well might the old Baronet dread the effects of another interview between Margaret and his son, when he himself experienced such a sensation of awe and love towards this self-denying girl; yet such was the holy truth of her resolve, that he had not power to dispute it, and he left the cottage, after various awkward attempts to give utterance to his contending feelings.

The evening of that eventful day was clear and balmy; the flowers of early spring disseminated their fragrance over every little weed and blade of grass, till they were all impregnated with a most sweet odour; the few insects which the April sun calls into existence, clung wearily to the young tendrils for support, and the oak leaves of the past Autumn still rustled beneath the tread of the creeping hedge-hog, or swift-footed hare. It was a tranquil hour, and Margaret Sunderland repined at its tranquillity. "I could have better parted from him in storm and tempest, than amid such a scene as this," she said, as she leaned against the gnarled trunk of

a withered beech-tree for support; the next moment. Ernest was at her side.

"And thus, to please the avarice of my father, Margaret, you cast me off for ever: you turn me adrift, you consent to my union with another, though you have often said, that a union unhallowed by affection, was indeed unholy; is this consistency?"

"I came not here to reason, but to part from you; to say, Ernest Heathwood, what I never said before, that so true is my affection for you, that I will kneel to my Maker, and fervently and earnestly implore him to bless you, to bless your bride, to multiply happiness and prosperity to your house, and to increase exceedingly your riches and good name."

"Riches!" repeated her lover, (like all lovers) contemptuously; "with you, I should not need them."

"But your family; you can save them from the misery of poverty, from the plague spot which marks, and blights, and curses, all whom it approaches. I should have remembered," she added with unwonted asperity, "that it rested upon us, and not have suffered you to be contaminated by its influence."

Many were the arguments he used, and the reasons he adopted, to shake what he called her mad resolve; he appealed to her affections, but they were too strongly enlisted on the side of duty to heed his arguments, and after some reproaches on the score of caprice and inconsistency, which she bore with more patience than women so circumstanced generally possess, he left her under feelings of strong excitement and displeasure. He had not given himself time to consider the sacrifice she made; he felt as if she deserted him from a feeling of overstrained pride, and bitterly hinted, (though he knew it to be untrue at the time,) that it might be she had suddenly formed some other attachment. When she found herself indeed alone, in the dim twilight, at their old trysting spot, though while he was present she had repelled the last charge with true womanly contempt, yet she would fain have recalled him to reiterate her blessing, and assure him that, though her resolve was unchangeable, she loved him with a pure and unsullied faith. Had he turned on his path, he would have seen her waving him back; and the tears which deluged her pale checks would have told but too truly of the suppressed agony she had endured.

A few days only had elapsed, and she had outwardly recovered her tranquillity, though but ill fitted to go through her daily labours as before, when Rose so unexpectedly mentioned his name. When the two girls entered the little cottage, it was evident that something was necessary to dispel Mrs. Sunderland's ill temper.

"Yes, it's a pretty little thing; what loves of eyes it has, and such nice long ears! but really, Margaret, you must not go out and leave me at home without a sixpence; there was no silver in your purse and the post-boy came here, and refused to leave a London letter without the money; how impudent these fellows are—so—"

Margaret interrupted her mother, by saying, that she had left ten or twelve shillings in her purse.

"Ay, very true, so you did, but a woman called with such an assortment of sweet collars, and it is so seldom I have an opportunity now of treating myself to any little article of dress, that I used them, it was so cheap, only eleven and sixpence, with so lovely a border of double-hem stitch, and the corners worked in the most delicate bunches of fusia—here it is!"

"And did the letter really go back, mother?"

"I wish you would not call me mother; it is so vulgar! every one says mamma, even married women. No, it did not go back; I sent Mary into the little grocer's to borrow half-a-crown. You need not get so red, child: I said you were out—had my purse—and would repay it to-morrow morning."

Degradation on degradation, thought poor Margaret, as she took the letter, and withdrew to her chamber. "I cannot repay it to-morrow; that was the last silver in the house;—I know not where to get a shilling till next week."

"Rose," said Margaret, a short time after, as the former entered their bed-room, "come hither: sit here, and look over the communication I received this night from London."

"What a vulgar looking letter!—such coarse paper, and such a scribbely-scrabbely hand!" Whatever the hand or paper might be, after she had fairly commenced, she did not again speak until she had finished the perusal from beginning to end, and then, with one loud cry of joy, she threw herself into her sister's arms. " Margaret. dear Margaret, to think of your taking this so quietly, when 1—my dear sister, I shall certainly lose my senses. We shall be rich-more rich than ever, and you can marry Ernest-dear, kind Ernest-and we can live in London, and keep our carriage, and, Oh, Margaret, I am so happy! let us tell our mother—mamma—I beg her pardon; and you shall give up your pupils: -dear, beautiful letter!-let me read it again!" and the second perusal threw her into greater raptures than the first.

"It is better not to mention this to our mother, I think," said Margaret, when her sister's ecstacies had in some degree subsided: "and yet she is our parent, and has therefore a right to our confidence, though I know she will endeavour to thwart my resolves—yet—"

"Thwart your resolves!" repeated Rose in astonishment; "why what resolves can you have, except to marry Ernest, and be as happy as the day is long?"

"I shall never marry Ernest Heathwood," replied her sister in a trembling voice, "though I certainly shall be more happy than I ever anticipated in this world."

"I cannot pretend to understand you," said Rose; "but do let me go and make mamma acquainted with our unlooked-for prosperity," and she accordingly explained that a brother of her father's, one who had ever been on decidedly had terms with all his relatives, and their family more particularly, had died lately in Calcutta, bequeathing by will a very large sum to his eldest niece Margaret, who, in the words of this singular testament, "had never offended him by word or deed, and must ever be considered a credit to her sex." There is no necessity to recapitulate the ecstacies and arrangements which succeeded, and in which Margaret took no part.

The next morning she granted her pupils a holiday, and when her mother went out, doubtless for the purpose of spreading the account of their good fortune, Margaret told her sister that she wished to be alone for some time to arrange her plans. She had been so occupied for about two hours, when Rose Sunderland, accompanied by a gentleman, passed the beechen tree where Margaret and her lover had last met.

"I am sure she will not be angry—it will be an agreeable surprize—and mamma won't be home for a long time," said Rose: "I will open the parlour door, and—"

"There I shall find her forming plans for future happiness, in which, perhaps, I am not included," interrupted Ernest Heathwood.

"You are unjust, Sir," replied her sister, as they entered the cottage; and in another instant Margaret, with a flushed cheek and a burning brow had returned the salutation of him she loved. There was more coldness in her manner than he deemed necessary, and with the impetuosity of a high and ardent spirit, he asked her "if she attributed his visit to interested motives."

"No," she replied, "not so; I hold myself incapable of such feelings, and why should I attribute them to you! I tell you now, as I told you when last we met, that my constant prayer is that God might exceedingly bless you and yours, and save you from poverty, which in the world's eyes, is the perfection of sin."

"But, Margaret," interrupted Rose, as was her wont, "there is no fear of poverty now; and Sir Thomas himself said that with even a moderate fortune he should prefer you to all other women."

"I have not even a moderate fortune," replied the noble-minded girl, rising from her seat, and at the same time laying her hand on a pile of account-books which she had been examining; "you, Mr. Heathwood, will understand me if I say that when I first breathed the air of existence, I became a partaker of my family's fortunes, as they might be, for good or evil."

"And you shared in both, Margaret, and supported both with dignity," said Ernest eagerly.

"I believe you think so, and I thank yon," she replied, while the flush of gratified feeling passed over her fine features. "And now bear with me for a little, while I explain my future intentions. My poor father's unfortunate failure worked misery for many who trusted in him with a confidence which he deserved, and yet betrayed—I meant not that," she added hastily; "he did not betray:—but the waves, the winds, and the misfortunes or ill principles of others, conspired against him, and he fell, overwhelmed in his own and others' ruin. Lips that before had blessed,

now cursed him they had so fatally trusted, and every curse seemed to accumulate sufferings which only I was witness to. To the very uttermost—even the ring from his finger—he gave cheerfully to his creditors: there was no reserve on his part—all, all was sacrificed. Yet, like the daughters of the Horseleech, the cry was still 'give! give!' and she added, with a trembling voice, "at last he did give—even his existence!—And I, who knew so well the honour of his noble nature, at the very time when his cold corpse lingered in the house, because I lacked the means of decent burial, was doomed to receive letters, and hear complaints of his injustice.

"In the silent hour of night, I at last knelt by his coffin-decay had been merciful; it had spared his features to the last-and I could count and kiss the furrows which disappointment and the scornings of a selfish world had graven on his brow-but, oh God! how perfectly did I feel in that melancholy hour, that his spirit was indeed departed, and that my lips rested on nought but cold and senseless clay; yet I clung with almost childish infatuation to the dwelling it had so sweetly inhabited for such a length of years. The hours rolled on, and the gray mist of morning found me in the same spot; it was then, as the light mingled with, and overcame the departing darkness, that I entered into a compact with the living spirit of my dead father, that as long as I possessed power to think or act, I would entirely devote my exertions to the fulfilment of those engagements, which his necessities compelled him to leave unsatisfied. I am ashamed to say, I nearly forgot my promise, and though a portion of my hard earnings was regularly devoted to the darling prospect of winning back for my father his unspotted reputation, yet I did form plans of happiness in which his memory had no share.

" Ernest, for this I have suffered-and must suffer more.-I have gone over these books, and find, that after devoting the entire of the many. many thousands now my own, to the cherished object, only a few hundreds will remain at my disposal. This is enough-again, I say, may you be happy with your dowered bride, and remember that the one consolation-the only one that can support me under this separation is, that I have done my duty." Strange as it may appear, young Heathwood did not seem as much distressed at this resolution, as Rose, or, to say the truth, as Margaret thought he would have been. No matter how heroic, how disinterested the feeling which compels a woman to resign her lover, she naturally expects that the lover will evince a proper quantity of despair at the circumstance: Ernest, after a pause of a few minutes, during which time he seemed more affected by Margaret's noble-mindedness than his own bereavement, entered cordially into her views, and praised the sacrifice (if, with her feeling, so it might be called) with an energy, which left no room to doubt its sincerity.

After his departure, she pondered these things in her heart; and poor Rose, who in so little time

had been twice disappointed—in her hopes both of a fortune, and a wedding, was reproved with some asperity for conducting Ernest Heathwood under any circumstances to their cottage. It is needless to add, that her mother's tears and remonstrances had no effect upon Margaret's purpose; her lawyer received instructions to remit forthwith to all the creditors of the late Maurice Sunderland, the full amount of their demands, with the interest due thereon from the day of his failure!

It required all her firmness to bear up against her mother's complainings: and above all, against the painful truth established in her mind, that Ernest had ceased to regard her with any thing bordering on affection.—Strange! that at the very moment we are endeavouring to repress the unavailing passion of the one we love, we secretly—unknowingly, it may be—hope for its continuance! Not that Margaret would have ever swerved from her noble purpose, but she could not support the idea, that she was no longer thought of. And he had left her too, without the sort of farewell she felt she had deserved.

All" business affairs" were arranged according to her desire; but she was fast sinking under the outward tranquillity which, under such circumstances, is more fatal than exertion. Listlessly she wandered amidst the flowers which Rose loved to cultivate, when the unusual sound of carriage-wheels roused her attention, and with no ordinary emotion she saw Sir Thomas and Ernest Heathwood enter the wicket-gate and take the path leading to the cottage.

"I told you, Miss Sunderland," commenced the old gentleman, with more agitation but less embarrassment than he had shown at their former interview, "that I had need of twenty thousand pounds to support my credit, and save my family from distress. I told you, that I wished my son to marry a lady possessed of that sum, and I now come to claim you as his bride."

" Sir! ---"

"Yes, Madam, I was your father's largest creditor; and though I had no fraud, nothing

dishonourable to allege against him, yet I did not, I confess it, like the idea of my son's being united to his daughter. He was always speculative and imaginative, and I feared that you might be the same. The sum you have so nobly repaid me, I looked upon as lost, and you must therefore suffer me to consider it a marriage portion; it has saved me from ruin, without the sacrifice of my son's happiness."

"How is this?" exclaimed Margaret, fearful of trusting the evidence of her own senses, "I

cannot understand—the name ——"

"Our original name was Simmons," explained Ernest eagerly, "but knowing all the circumstances—I never told you—I knew how my father would feel at your disinterested conduct; and now that your trials are past, you will, I trust, no longer doubt me."

"Who said I doubted?" inquired Margaret.

"Even the pretty Rose, and here she comes

to answer for her apostasy."

"Nay, dearest sister," exclaimed the laughing girl, "it was only last evening that I saw Ernest, and I have kept out of your way ever since, lest I should discover my own secret. Without my frivolity, and the thoughtlessness of another, who for all that, is dear to us both, Margaret's virtues would never have shone with so dazzling, yet steady a light."

"True, Rose, spoken like an angel; I never thought you wise before; it is to be hoped that when your sister changes her name, her mantle

may descend upon you," said Ernest.

"I think she had better share it with you; and lonly hope that Margaret——She may want it for herself," she continued, archly; "who knows but the most bitter trials of Margaret Sunderland may come after marriage?"

Ernest did not reply to the unjust suspicion, for he had not heard it; his sense, his thought, his heart, were fixed only upon her, who had thrown so bright and cheering a lustre over that truth, usually so dark, even in its grandeur. "The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired."

From the MS. Journal of an English Traveller.

### THE DOOM OF THE DAUPHINESS!

"A LITTLE more this way! look to the left. You see a pillar near the doorway, and a few paces from it a little bent emaciated old man-he's only the King's Confessor—the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims\*—never mind him—but observe the lady to whom he is talking. She is

Pormerly the Abbe de Latil. His Eminence was arrested at Vaugtrard during the late convulsions, and disposeesed of the load of gold, plate, and jewels he was conveying away in his carriage. He has since arrived in England

now looking in this direction, so that you have a full view of her features. There," said my conductress, "stands the object of our search—that is the daughter of Louis XVI.—Madame the Dauphiness."

"What a severe, morose, and yet anxious

countenance!"

"Such was it not always: yet is it in this instance a sure index to the feelings of the wearer. She has not the slightest confidence in

any one of the French nation. 'How can I,' she has more than once said to me, 'after all that I have witnessed in the person of my parents, and endured in my own? I did once believe them loyal and attached—but the events of the hundred days dissipated that delusion for ever?'-Years as I have been about her person, I have never seen her smile. And if she unbosoms her feelings more to me than to any other of her household, it is because I am an Englishwoman:--the self-same principle that leads the Duchess de Berri to prefer the Duc de Bordeaux being under the eye of my husband in her absence, because he's a Swiss. As to the Dauphiness, no human being but myself is aware of the full She lives in extent of her mental tortures. the constant anticipation of misfortune-in the daily and unshaken expectation of bitter reverses. Not that she fears them-for there is a lion's heart within that attenuated frame-but that she may be prepared to meet them. She is, in fact, as the Corsican said of her, the only man in the family. Alas! the poor doomed Dauphiness!"

" Doomed?"

"Have you never heard the story?—never heard of her allusion to it in reply to Louis XVIII.'s commendation of her bravery in haranguing the troops at Bordeaux during the eventful 'hundred days?'—and his question as to what were her feelings when she placed her life in such imminent peril? 'Fear, Sire, had no part in them. I was not yet alone; and your Majesty will remember that I can die only in the month so fatal to others of my family!"—Why, where can you have been living that all this is new to you? Listen, mon enfant, and grow wiser."

"Among others who were ever welcome at Hartwell during the period the late monarch Louis XVIII. sojourned there, was the Baron de Rolle. Generous, amiable de Rolle! a gentler, kinder, nobler spirit, was never encumbered with a prison house of clay! But each man has his weakness; and this was the Baron's: still cherishing the hope of returning to his beloved native country, he was an easy prey to every adventurer who pretended to possess a knowledge of 'coming events.' And many and bitter was the jest which his passion for augury engendered, and his good temper endured. One day in particular, he came down to Hartwell brimful of the fame of a Swedish astrologer, a Mr. Thorwaldsen. Whatever this man might in reality be, he was shrewdly suspected at the time of being a French spy: to which idea his subsequent flight lent considerable colour.-There was much that was unaccountable in all his proceedings. He exercised his nominal profession with reluctance. He was indifferent to pecuniary reward. He was not angry if his predictions were disbelieved, or his threats derided. But if you desired it he would tell you of passages, scenes, or adventures in your past life, to which you believed no one privy but yourself. He was introduced to the Baron, by Madame St.

Maur; to whom he gave a proof, at all events, of his knowledge of the past, by recalling to her recollection a deed of hers in the French Revolution, to which her husband (then dead) and herself were the sole parties.

The Baron had been surprised in a similar manner. He told him, (and as the event proved,  $tru'\eta$ )—that he should die in England, and somewhat suddenly; but he pained de Rolle still more severely by mentioning the name of a lady to whom he had in early life been attached, and detailing to him under what agonizing circumstances they had parted.

This extraordinary narrative procured for the astrologer a still more illustrious visitant. The Duchess d'Angouleme resolved to wait on him. In order to try his powers, real or imaginary, to the utmost, she was disguised in the dress of an English artisan; and remained during the whole interview veiled and silent. Her companion presented him with the date of the Duchess's birth, to the precise year, hour, and minute.

"Ah!" said he, after a pause of some length-"the tennis ball of fortune! A wife yet not a mother. Always near a throne, yet doomed never to ascend it. The daughter of Kings-yet much more truly the daughter of misfortune. I see before you restoration to the Country and Palace of your fathers;—then an agonizing interval of flight and degradation. Again the banners of royalty wave over you, and you advance a step nearer to a crown. But all is finally overcast, in the gloom of deposition, flight, and exile. You will live to be alone. Your last determination will be that of closing your days in a convent it will be frustrated by death. Dread the month of August; for it will be one to you of the most unlooked for mortification and vicissitude. Welcome that of January, for it will dismiss you, though by the hand of violence, to your repose, and your reward!"

#### JUDEA.

M. CHATEAUBRIAND remarks, that when you travel in Judea, the heart is at first filled with profound melancholy. But when, passing from solitude to solitude, boundless space opens before you, this feeling wears off by degrees, and you experience a secret awe, that, so far from depressing the soul, imparts life and elevates the Extraordinary appearances every where proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig tree, all the pictures of scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery; every grotto announces a prediction; every hill re-echoes the accent of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the grave. The desert still appears mute with terror; and you would imagine that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence since it heard the awful voice of the Eternal.



VIEW OF THE BRIDGE, (PONT NEUF,) AT PARIS.

#### STANZAS.

"I have a pession for the name of Mary"— Byron.

I.

Young dark-eyed spirit? in the lovely form
Which makes you present to an earthly eye,
Ia bloom of being, fresh, life-lighted, warm
And beautiful—too beautiful to die;
How like a star of heaven—ere comes the storm
To o'ershade the beamy waters gliding by,
Does thy charmed image light my heart's deep dream,

And fill each pulse with its embosomed beam.

II.

Forever present !—with thy haunting gaze,
And snowy brow, and darkly flowing hair,
And dreamy smile; and spirit-chastened blaze
Of beauty, radiant o'er each feature fair;
And shape, with step that lightly treads the maze
Of grace—like some Aurora of the airt;
Beyond all these—I feel thy power to bless,
Divinely veiled in human loveliness!

III.

These charms—no part of thee—are only thine,
Thy self's unseen, tho' beauty fills the sight—
Nor would I hope, that such should e'er be mine;
Unless the fair veiled spirit, in its might
Sincere, should sigh our beings to enshrine
In ever-living love's life-giving light:
For love of loveliness that soon is past,
Brings anguished darkness o'er the heart at last.

IV.

There is a sweetness, sweeter than thy voice,
In the soft breathings of the song or sigh,
And a deep brightness that enchants the choice
O'er the rich mellowness of thy dark eye;
And spells unnamed—in which I more rejoice
Than the blest dreamer when an angel's nigh,
Soul-felt revealings of a heaven-born worth
Excelling all, thou must resign to earth.

The brow irradiating wordless thought,
The still, clear halo of intelligence;
The warm inspiring of the bosom, wrought
By fieldings pure, impassioned and intense,
Like incense burnings to the altar brought
With dazzling sweethess, overpowering sense;
And glow, that glorifies thy look—reveal
The incarnate heavenliness thy charms conceal.

Oh—dare I ask the answer that would thrill, To unfold the fairy visions of thy breast— The blashing smile—the meaning sigh—the still But passionate desirings, dreamed, repressed— And high imaginings of thy pure will?— Leveliest—most virtuous—discrectest—best! Should fond accord, thy heart's sweet poem ope, How blest to read its truth—romance and hope.

VII.

Sweet are the hopes that cheer our early years,
And bright our joys—before those kopes are flown:
Builde the fate—that more thy youth endears—
Of sorrows human, and by none unknown;
As thy fair form shall tread this vale of tears,
"Twill meet with woes that will be all its own:
Thy early joys, the earliest—shall vanish,
And thy late sorrow find no charm to banish.

O lovely spirit! could the brain-felt spell
On me, round both its sacred circle sweep;
Where all to each, our conscious souls should dwell,
And in both hearts love's mutual worship keep—
Breathing home's holy bliss too deep to tell—
Deeming as gems each tear the loved may weep:
My heart's full joys should all overflow to thine,

And thy heart's sorrows be absorbed by mine.

IX.

Love's truth is all our anxious search on earth

When found a magic mine of priceless worth,
That held alone yields only wealth of woe:
Loving, beloved when two shall bring it forth,
Their all, so richly given, to each they owe
Dividing woes, redoubling joys—delighted,
Enchained—enchanted—never disunited.

X.

There is a world, where those who love in this, Shall meet, tho' dimly dreaming here awile; And shall embrace each other in the bliss Of blending radiance brighter than earth's smile; And deeply breathe, inhaled as with a kiss, Each other's presence without guise or guile—All chance of change or parting, far above, Escaped thro' death to live in deathless love.

XI.

Turning to thee, in self-devoting vow,
Thou idol-image of my'dearest dream!
My soul would bask, its darkened breast and brow.
In the glad baptism of thy being's beam;
All wishes, thoughts—to thee committed now,
Like pearls and roses, to a sky-bright stream:
Thy earthly course, a heavenly guide to me—
My wish of Heaven enhanced to be—with thee!

#### THOUGHTS OF CHILDHOOD.

I OFTEN think, I often think, when the busy crowd is near, And the voice of mirth is loud and free, of the cottage low and dear.

With its spreading tree and its lowly porch, and the vines that round it clung;

And the forms that dwelt within its walls, and the songs my mother sung.

l often think of that lowly home, where my childish years were passed,

And it seems to me but yesterday that I stood to gaze my last, On the peaceful wood, and the waving fields, and the stream that calmly swept,

While I turned away in my loneliness, and hid my face and wept!

And it seems to me but a short, short while, since I rested 'neath the trees,

And tried to fathom in my thoughts the hidden mysteries
Of after years--and gazed around, on that calm and peacefu
vale.

And thought on the wild, wide path of life, till my flushing cheek grew pale.

I often think, I often think, of the wild and long farewell, In that cottage home, when I vainly strove the gushing tears to quell,

And my mother's tone in its agony, and my sister's tearful eye,

eye, Still come when other thoughts have learned to pass unbeeded by.

I sometimes wonder if that cot be standing, still o'ergrown With the climbing vines, and if there still the tall tree stands

Bending its branches o'er that roof like a mother o'er her child,

And if the flowers smile there yet, as in those years they smiled.

'Tis a vain and passing thought, and yet, if a monarch's wealth was thrown

Before me now, I would not change one outline of that home; I would not raze the ruined bower where I have sat for hours.

In the long sunshine days, and trained the fair and glistening flowers.

And I would give my life to sit again beneath its wall.

And look upon the broad green tree, and hear the waters [ah,
And gaze upon the forms I loved, and hear each livery lone.

Oh! what in life can turn the heart from childhood blessed home?

C.

## THE VICTIM;

#### A TRUE STORY-BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

Some years ago, myself and a fellow-student went to Dawlish for the summer months. An accident which I need not narrate, and which was followed by a severe attack of pleurisy, chained me a prisoner to my room for several weeks. My companion, whose name was St. Clare, was a young man of high spirits and lively temper; and though naturally kind and affectionate, escaped, as often as he could, from the restraint of a sick room. In one of his walks, he chanced to encounter a young lady, whom he fell in love with, as the phrase is, at first sight, and whose beauty he dwelt upon with a warmth of enthusiasm not a little tantalizing to one, like myself, who could not even behold it. The lady, however, quitted Dawlish very suddenly, and left my friend in ignorance of every other particular concerning her than that her name was Smith, and her residence in London. So vague a direction he, however, resolved to follow up. We returned to town sooner than we otherwise should have done, in order that the lover might commence his inquiries. My friend was worthy of the romantic name that he bore, Melville St. Clare—a name that was the delight of all his boarding-school cousins, and the jest of all his acquaintance in the schools.

He was the sole son of Thomas St. Clare, of Clare Hall, in the county of —, No. —, in Hanover-square, and Banker, No. —, Lombard-street. An eccentric man did the world account him. "Very odd," remarked the heads of houses for wholesale brides, "that the old man should insist upon his son studying medicine and surgery, when every one knows he will inherit at least ten thousand a-year."—"Nothing to do with it," was the argument of the father; "who can tell what is to happen to funded, or even landed property, in England? The empire of disease takes in the world; and in all its quarters, medical knowledge may be made the key to competency and wealth."

While quietly discussing in my own mind the various relative merits between two modes of operation for poplitical aneurism, at my lodgings in town, some three weeks after our return from the country of hills and rain, (some ungallantly add, of thick ankles also,) my studies were broken in upon by a messenger, who demanded my immediate compliance with the terms of a note he held in his hand. It ran thus:—

"Let me pray you to set off instantly with the bearer in my carriage to your distressed friend— " M. St. Clair."

On reaching the house, the blinds were down and the shutters closed; while the knocker muffled, bespoke a note of ominous preparation. "How are you?" I inquired, somewhat relieved by seeing my friend up; and though looking wan, bearing no marks of severe illness. "I hope nothing has happened?"

"Yes, the deadliest arrow in Fortune's quiver has been shot—and found its mark. At three, this morning, my father's valet called me up, to say his master was in convulsions. Suspecting it to be a return of apoplexy, I despatched him off for Abercrombie,\* and on reaching his room, I found my fears verified. Abercrombie arrived; he opened the temporal artery, and sense returned, when my unfortunate parent insisted on informing me what arrangements he had made in my favour respecting the property; and on my suggesting that his books might previously require to be looked over, he interrupted me by saying it was useless. 'You are the son of a ruined man.' I started. 'Yes, such have I been for the last twenty years! I have secured to you a thousand pounds, to finish your education -and that is all that calamity has left it in my power to bestow.' For some moments I was led to doubt his sanity.

'What, then, can be contained within those two massive chests, so carefully concealed?'—
'Old parchment copies of my mortgages. Your fortune has only changed in aspect; before you were in existence, the author of your being was a beggar! My credit alone has supported me. I have with difficulty been able to invest in the funds for your wants the paltry sum I mentioned. May you prosper better than your father, and the brightness of your day make up for the darkness of his closing scene. God's blessing ——.' His head sank on the pillow and falling into a comatose state he slept for four or five hours, when his transition from time to eternity was as gentle as it was unnoticed.

"For my part, I merely remain here till the last offices are performed. All his affairs will be committed to his solicitors, when the fortune and residence which I looked forward to enjoying as my own must be left to others."

"Courage, my dear fellow," said I, "there is no space too great to allow of the sun's rays enlivening it—neither is that heart in existence which hope may not inhabit."

The funeral was over, the mansions of his father relinquished, and St. Clare himself duly forgotten by his friends. The profession, which he before looked on as optional in its pursuit, was now to become his means of existence; and in order to pursue it with greafer comfort to ourselves, we took spacious rooms, which enabled us to live together, in — street, Borough, in the neighbourhood of our hospital. One morning, it so happened that I had something to detain me at home, and St. Clare proceeded by himself

<sup>\*</sup> Abercromble is the chief surgical writer on diseases of the brain.

to his studies. From the brilliant complexion and handsome countenance of a former day, his appearance had degenerated into the pale and consumptive look of one about to follow the friend for whom his "sable livery of woe was worn."

"Give me joy, Dudley! Joy, I say, for life is bright once more!" exclaimed St. Clare, returning late in the evening, while his face was beam-

ing with gladness.

"I rejoice to hear it," said I. "What has

happened?" I inquired.

St. Clare explained. He had met his unforgotten mistress of Dawlish; she had introduced him to her father, with whom she was walking, and whom he recognised as a Mr. Smith, an eccentric and wealthy acquaintance of his deceased parents. Mr. Smith invited him to dinner the next day. To cut short my story, St. Clare soon received permission to pay his addresses to the lady he had so long and secretly loved; and Mr. Smith, who had originally been in trade, and was at once saving and generous, promised £16,000 to the young couple, on the condition that St. Clare should follow up his profession. The marriage was to be concluded immediately after St. Clare had passed the College of Surgeons, which he expected to do in six months.

"Dudley, I have an engagement to-day, and shall not be at home till the evening," said St. Clare, returning from the Hospital one morning; "but as we must dissect the arteries of the neck somewhat more minutely before we go up for examination, I wish you would get a subject. I am told you can have one within two days, by applying to this man," giving me the card of an

exhumator in the Borough.

"Very well," I returned, setting off.

"Which will you have, Sir?" asked the trafficker in human clay, whose lineaments bespoke the total absence of every human feeling from his heart:—"a lady or a jemman?"

"Whichever you can procure with least trouble," I replied. "When can you bring it to my

lodgings?"

"The day after to-morrow, Sir."

" Good! What is your price?"

"Why, Sir, the market's very high just now, as there's a terrible rout about those things; so I must have twelve guineas."

"Well, then, at eleven, the evening after to-

morrow, I shall expect you."

The night passed on, no St. Clare appeared;
—the next, still he came not—and eleven on the following evening found him yet absent. Surrounded with books, bones, akulls, and other requisites for surgical study, midnight surprised me, when a gentle tap at the door put my reveries to flight.

"Tyo men in the street, Sir, wish to see you

there.

we'Very well," said I; and recollecting the appointment, I descended, and found the exhumator and another.

"We called you down, Sir, to get the woman ant of the wift; because, you know, these things

don't do to goesip about. Shall we take it up stairs?"

"Yes, and I will follow behind. Make as little

noise as possible."

"No, no, Sir, trust us for that—we're pretty well used to this sort of work. Jem, give the signal;" when the party addressed, stepping into the street, gave a low whistle on his fingers, and something advanced with a dull, rustling noise, which proved to be a wheelbarrow containing a sack. They had filled the gutter with straw, and over this driven the barrow. In an instant two of them seized the sack, and without making any more disturbance than if they had been simply walking up stairs, they carried it into my apartment, and the vehicle it was brought in was

rapidly wheeled off.

It is usual for students to carry on their dissections solely in the theatre to which they belong, but as there are many annoyances from the low and coarse set too often mixed up in these places, St. Clare and myself had determined to choose a lodging where we could pursue this necessary, but revolting, part of the profession in private. Within my bedroom was a dressing-closet, which, as it was well lighted, we devoted to this purpose. Having carried in their burden and laid it down, they returned to the sitting-room, through which was the only communication with the

other.

"Couldn't get ye a jemman, Sir; so we brought ve a lady this time," said the man.

"Very well. I hope the subject is a recent one, because I may not be able to make use of

the body for a day or two." "As to the time she has been buried, Sir, that's none to speak of;" while a grin of dark expresaion gathered round his mouth; and though ignorant of its meaning it made me recoil, from the air of additional horror it flung over features already so revolting in expression. I went into the closet to take a glance at the subject, fearing they might attempt to deceive me. They had lain it on the table, and a linen cloth swathed round was the only covering. I drew aside the corner which concealed the face, and started. for never till that instant had I seen aught that came so near to my most ideal picture of female loveliness; even though the last touches had been painted by the hand of Death. As the light of the candle fell on the shrouded figure before me, it composed the very scene that Rembrandt would have loved to paint, and, you, my reader, to have looked on. Her hair was loose and motionless, while its whole length, which had strayed over her neck and shoulders, nestled in a bosom white as snow, whose pure, warm tides were now at rest for ever! One thing struck me as singular-her rich, dark tresses still held within them a thin, alight comb. An oath of impatience from the men I had left in the next room drew me from my survey.

"Where did you get the subject, my men?"
I enquired, as I put the money into the man's hand.

"Oh. we hadn't it from a town churchyard.

Sir. It came up from the country, didn't it, Jem?"

"Yes," replied the man addressed, and both moved quickly to depart; while I returned to gaze on the beauteous object I had left, and which afforded me a pleasure, so mixed up with all that was horrid, that I sincerely hope it will never fall to my lot to have a second experience of the same feeling.

To me she was nothing, less than nothing; and though, from long habit, I had almost brought myself to meet with indifference the objects which are found on the dissecting-table, I could not gaze on one so young, so very fair, without feeling the springs of pity dissolve within me; and tears, fast and many, fell on those lips; I refrained not from kissing, notwithstanding Mortality had set its seal upon them; as yet—

"Before decay's effacing fingers
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Her eyes were closed beneath the long lashes. I lifted one lid; the orb beneath was large and blue -but "soul was wanting there." So great was the impression her beauty made upon me, that, stepping into the next room, I took my materials, and made a drawing of the placid and unconscious form so hushed and still. I look upon it at this moment, and fancy recalls the deep and unaccountable emotions that shook me as I made it. It must have been an instinctive -.... But to proceed, I saw but one figure in my sleep-the lovely, but unburied dead. I awoke-what could it be that felt so moist and cold against my face?-where was I?-what light was glimmering through the windows?-it was the break of day. Worn with fatigue, I had fallen asleep over my drawing, while the candle had burnt out in the socket, and my head was resting on the inanimate breast, which had been deprived too soon of existence to know the pure joy of pillowing a fellow-heart it loved. I arose, and retired to a sleepless couch. In the evening, while over my modicum of coffee, in came St. Clare. He appeared haggard and wild, whilst every now and then his eye would gaze on vacancy, and closing, seem to shut out some unpleasant thought, that haunted him in ideal reality.

"Well, St. Clare, what has detained you?"

"Death!" said he, solemnly. "The sole remaining relative to whom Nature has given any claim on my affections, is no more. A sudden despatch called me down to soothe the expiring hours of my mother's sister, and not a soul is left me now on earth to love, save Emily and my friend. I feel most unaccountably oppressed—a dread sense of ill pervades me; but let me hope that ill is past."

"Well, think of it no more," I replied, and changed the conversation. "I have procured a subject-female, beautiful and young; but I feel more inclined to let it rest and rot amidst its fellow-clods of clay, than bare so fair a bosom to the knife. It is well that the living hold a preoccupancy of my heart, or such a beauteous form of death—"

"This note has just been left for you, Sir, from

Mr. Smith, who requests an immediate answer," said my servant, entering. I read aloud its contents:—

"Though unknown to you, save by name and the mention of another, I call upon you, as the friend of one who was my friend, to assist me in unravelling this horrid mystery. On Tuesday, at two, my dearest Emily went out, with the intention of returning at four. Since that hour, I have been unable to obtain the slightest information respecting her. I have called in your absence for St. Clare twice; he was unexpectedly out. Surely I have not mistaken him! He cannot have filled up the measure of mankind's deceit, and abused the trust reposed in him! Let me pray you, for the love of Heaven! to give me the least clue you are possessed of that may lead to her discovery.

"I know not what I have written, but you can understand its meaning.

"Your's, &c.

"JOHN SMITH."

Starting from his seat with the air of a maniac, St. Clare abstractedly gazed on empty air, as if to wait conviction. Too soon it came, and seizing a light, he dashed towards the closet where he knew the body was to be. For the first time a dark suspicion flashed upon me, and taking the other candle I followed. The face had been again covered, and St. Clare, setting the light upon the table, stood transfixed—just as we feel the pressure of some night-mare-dream—without the power of drawing his eyes away, or by dashing aside the veil, to end this suspense of agony, in the certainty of despair.

Every muscle of his body shook, while his pale lips could only mutter—"It must be so! it must be so!" and his finger pointing to the shrouded corpse, silently bade me to disclose the truth: mute, motionless horror pervaded me throughout; when, springing from his trance, he tore away the linen from the features it concealed. One glance sufficed;—true, the last twenty-four hours had robbed them of much that was lovely, but they were cast in a mould of such sweet expression that once seen, was to be remembered for ever.

With indescribable wildness he flung himself upon the body, and embracing the pallid clay, seemed vainly trying to kiss it back to life. I watched his countenance till it became so pale, there was only one shade of difference between the two. In an instant, from the strained glare of his fixed glance, his eyes relaxed, and a lifeless, inanimate expression of nonentity succeeded their former tension, while with his hand still retaining the hair of the deceased in his grasp, he sunk upon the ground.

Assistance was called, and from a state of insensibility he passed into one of depression.

All our efforts to disentangle the locks he had so warmly loved from his fingers were in vain; the locks were, therefore, cut off from the head. Through all the anguish of his soul he never spoke; the last words to which his dips gave utterance, were these—"It must be so, it must be

so." For hours, he would stare at one object, and his look was to me so full of horror and reproach, I could not meet it. Suddenly he would turn to the hair, and fastening his lips upon it, murmur some inarticulate sounds, and weep with all the bitterness of infantine sorrow.

The reader will remember it so chanced, that I never was introduced to the heroine of my tale; but all doubt was now removed as to the identity of the subject for dissection with the unfortunate Emily Smith. How she came by her death was a mystery that nothing seemed likely to unravel.

Not the slightest marks of violence could be found about her person; the arms were certainly in an unnatural position, being bent with the palms upward, as if to support a weight; and seemed to have been somewhat pressed, but this might be accounted for by the packing of the body. All beside wore the appearance of quiescent death.

She was opened, and not the slightest trace of poison presented itself. Immediate search had been made for the men; they had absconded, and all apparent means of inquiry seemed hushed with the victim of science in its grave.

Some years passed—St. Clare was dead—the father of the unfortunate Emily was no more. Fortune had thriven with me, and being independent of practice, I had settled in the Westend of London, and married the object of my choice. I was soon occupied with the employments of my profession, and amongst the rest that of surgeon to the —— dispensary.

Seven years after my first commencement, I had to attend a poor man who was attacked with inflammation of the brain. The violence of the disease had been subdued, but some strange wanderings of delirium still haunted him. In a paroxysm of this sort he one day exclaimed to me, as I was feeling his pulse, "Cut it off! cut it off! it says so: off with it!" Paying no attention to this, I replaced his arm within the coverlid, but dashing it out, he seized mine and demanded, "Does it not say if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off?" "Yes, my man, but yours is a useful member; take my advice, and keep it on."

"I will not; it has offended me, ay, damned me to eternity. It is a murderous right hand!"
But I will not drag the reader through the incoherent ravings of guilty delirium; it suffices to say, that after some considerable pains I elicited the following story from him:—

"It's just ten years to-morrow (that's Tuesday) since I was discharged from four months imprisonment in the House of Correction. I was then just twenty. In the same place I met a gang of resurrection men, and they said what a jolly life they led, plenty of money, and all that, when one of 'em told the rest he knew a better way to get the rhino quickly than what they did, and if so be as they wouldn't split, he'd tell 'em. Well, after making me take an oath (I trembles now to think of it) that I wouldn't tell, they let

horns, that did't know their way about town, and carry them to a house the gang had in—alley, near Blackfriars, where they were to be suffocated, and sold to you doctors for cutting up. Well, it took a long time to bring my mind to such a thing, but they persuaded me we were all destined to go to heaven or hell, before we were born, and that our actions had nothing to do with it. So I agreed, when the time came round, to enter the gang.

"On the day we were let loose, there were four of us loitering near the coach stand in street. A gentleman was walking up and down before an inn, looking at his watch every now and then, and casting his eyes round to see if a coach was coming which he seemed to expect. Presently he met some one who knowed 'un, and I saw him take a letter and read it, and then say to the other, 'I can't come this instant, because I expect a friend in half an hour, and must wait for her; but stay, I can write a note, and put her off,' when he stepped inside the inn, and came out in ten minutes, with a note in his hand. One of us had been servant in a cutting-up house in the Borough, and knowed him afore; stepping up, he asked if he could carry the note for him? The other was in a hurry, and said 'yes,' giving him half-a-crown to take it into the Borough, then got into the coach and drove off. Instead of going with it, he had larnt to read, and breaking the note open, found some lady was coming to meet the gentleman by half-past two. 'I'll tell ye what, my boys,' says he, ' here's a fish come to our net without looking for it, so we'll have her first. Shortly after, up comes the coach with a lady in it; meanwhile one of our gang had got another coach belonging to us for the purpose, which was in waiting; so the villain tells her that the gentleman had been obliged to go somewhere else, but he was an old servant, and if she would get into his coach, he would drive her to the house where the gemman was waiting to receive her. She, never suspecting, got in, and was driven off to the slaughter house, as we called it. She entered by a back yard, and frightened by the dark, dirty way, and lonelylooking rooms, and not seeing him she expected, she attempted to run off, but that was of no use, and taking her to a room for the purpose, in the middle of the house, where no one could hear her screaming, she was locked up for the night. Well, I was uncommon struck with her beautiful looks, and begged very hard to let her go: they said it would not do, because as how they would all be found out. So die she must, the next order they had for a corpse. That very night came an order, and they swore I should have the killing of her, for being spooney enough to beg her life. I swore I would not do it; but they said if I didn't, they would send me instead, and, frightened at their threats, I agreed.

"In the room where she slept was a bed, with a sliding top to let down and smother the person who was lying beneath, while the chain which let it down was fastened in the room above. They had given her a small lamp in order to look

at her through a hole, that they might see what she was about. After locking the door inside, (for they left the key there to keep 'em easy, while it was bolted on the out,) and looking to see there was no one in the room nor any other door, she knelt by the bedside, said her prayers, and then laid down in her clothes. This was at tenthey watched her till twelve; she was sleeping soundly, but crying too, they said, when they took me up into the room above, and with a drawn knife at my throat, insisted on my letting go the chain which was to smother her beneath -I did it! oh, I did it!-hark!" starting up, "don't you hear that rustling of the clothes? a stifled cry? no, all is quiet! She is done fortake her and sell her!" and from that he fell into his old raving manner once more.

The next day he was again lucid, and pulling

from his bosom an old purse, he said, "I managed to get these things without their knowledge." It contained a ring with a locket engraven "E. S." and the silver plate of a dog's collar with the name of "Emily" on it; "that," he remarked, "came from a little spaniel which we sold."

I had made a finished miniature from the rough drawing taken on the first evening of my seeing Emily Smith. This had been set in the lid of a snuff-box, and anxious to see if he would recognize it, I brought it in my pocket. After looking an instant at the contents of the purse, I silently placed the snuff-box in his hand. His mind but barely took time to comprehend and know the face, when, flinging it from him, with a loud cry, his spirit took its flight to final judgment—and I vowed from that day a renunciation of the scalpel for ever.

Original.

## THE CLOSE OF LIFE

"The glittering meed is sought,
Battled for, but unworn;
Ere yet 'the prize be gained, the wreath
Entwines the victor brow of death."

Anon.

Few persons have reached that point of human existence, significantly termed middle life, without finding at times a feeling in their bosoms powerfully responding to that declaration in the volume of inspiration, " I would not live always." Life, at times, will be felt to be a burden-one they would most gladly lay down for a season, were taking it up again at pleasure, a contingent possibility. But the thought-to die, to sleep, to rot, and what is infinitely more than these-to be forgotten-comes unbidden over the mind of him who is hesitating on the verge, and half resolved to take the last irrevocable step, and drives him back to earth's hopes and fears, its fleeting gladness, and its fathomless griefs. Men cling to life with a grasp which the benumbing touch of death's icy fingers can alone unloose. to exchange the evils which we know for those of which we know nothing-there is a proud feeling of philosophy which enables us to buffet the torrent of calamity unshrinkingly-and there is a consciousness that to shun the ills of existence would be the mark of recreant cowardice, " or who could suffer being here below; -who would not, when assailed by evils which must pursue him till he hides from them in the grave, seek there an early and secure asylum? It is not the evils of life, however, which always causes this disinclination to live forever on earth. There are emotions the most high and godlikefeelings the most elevated that belong to our natures-aspirations which can only belong to the immortal mind, that prompt the expression of

such declarations. It is not surprising to me that the happiest, as well as the most miserable of men, should look with complacency on a change of existence. What is there on earth of which we do not tire?-what is there, independent of mind, which, however it may fascinate us at first, does not soon pall upon the sense?—and how readily is enjoyment converted into torture. It is a law of our natures that we shall not rest satisfied with the present. It is this principle which lifts us upwards in the glorious career of which man is made capable here and hereafter; and it is this, undirected by reason, which plunges the wretched victim of passion with tenfold rapidity, to the lowest abysses of misery and degradation. If we should change not, every thing would change around us, and in the midst of being, we should be forever alone. Friendship and affection, gladness and joy, are evanescent; the spring of our hopes, ere we are aware, is converted into the autumn of disappointment; even that master passion of the heart, the germ of which was planted by the Almighty in Paradise, and which still bears more of the impress of heaven, than aught else below-love itself, often becomes the source of the bitterest anguish, the most immedicable wounds. There is something in the aspirations, the unsatisfied longings of the mind, which plainly says, it would not be good to live always.

"Who that hath ever been, could bear to be no more?

Yet who would tread again the scene he red through life before!

On, with intense desire, man's spirit will move on;
It seems to die, yet like heaven's fire it is not quenched,
but gone."

What do we certainly know on earth? Let the most learned philosopher, the most profound thinker ask himself the question, and he would be startled at the answer, for it would come like a chill over the heart-literally nothing! Where is such a man, who has not at times felt that the discovery and establishment of a single positive truth, would be worth dying for; and who to enjoy the enviable privilege of saying, I can read and understand this single page in the dark and mysterious volume of nature, would not willingly have consented to shake off the fetters of mortality, and soared away to that region where the springs of knowledge have their unfailing source. What is there of the bright and beautiful of earth, that we can look upon, without experiencing an emotion of regret? Youth and beauty! -what are they?-bubbles, shadows! The proud superiority of manhood?—a dream—a glorious dream it is true, but still a dream. To the lover of nature, the person who delights in looking through nature up to nature's God, there are few things more enchanting, than the solitary grove, with its cloud of foliage, and the bright sunbeams darting through and sprinkling with drifting gold, the sweet flowers and green turf below. Oh, that this beauty could be eternal!—that the flowers, and foliage, and beautiful sky, and perfumed air, could last forever!-then, freed from care and pain, we might talk of Paradise, and dream of happiness here:-but scarcely can we pass these visions through the imagination, ere the flowers are crushed by the foot, the foliage withers in the north wind, clouds blot out the golden light, while miseries of every kind rudely awaken us to a certainty that such hopes are futile, that disappointment awaits us unceasingly, and demonstrates that an unchanging existence would be an intolerable burden.

It is well then to die. And it is well to be prepared to meet that which we cannot avoid, and to be able to look calmly and coolly at events, which, let us endeavour to avoid them as we may, are coming upon us with a giant's stride. There are things which sometimes precede death, far more terrible and bitter than death itself. I look around me, and see those who are suffering disease in its most unpitying form, or those whose stooping forms, white locks, and tottering gait, bear every impress of helpless old age; or those who are chained down to miseries of which death alone can free them, yet all strangely clinging to life, as the wrecked mariner clings to the plank which gives a bare hope of safety. God has in mercy thrown from the skies a lamp to guide us through this dark labyrinth of existence, and I would thankfully avail myself of it, not to make preparations for an eternal residence here, but to correct my observations as I pass along, and light with undying radiance the path that leads to the last inevitable change. There are many who affirm they have no choice as to the time or manner of their death;

all their anxiety is to protract life to the latest possible moment. Such I think are not my ideas and feelings. I would not survive usefulness-I would not outlive enjoyment. I would not from the mere desire of breathing, live to be a hopeless burden to those around me, and know by bitter experience what it must be to "wish for death, since others wish it too." No-when that writ, which is never returned non est, is issued in the high court of Hcaven, I would not plead a postponement of its execution; -when the dart of destiny is drawn from the quiver, I would have the blow as speedy, as the result is sure and inevitable. I would escape protracted disease and suffering; I would spare the prolonged anguish and tears of those I love; I would not witness the sword that is to slay me, drawn by hair breadths from its scabbard, or suspended for months over my devoted head; I would not see the extinction of my fond hopes one by one, or stand shivering on the brink of that grave which will furnish the body a welcome rest after a life of pain and suffering. Were the time of dissolution to be placed at my disposal, I would not choose the spring of the year; then every thing is bright, and pure, and glad: pain, sickness, and tears belong not to a season, when all around speaks of renewed life and happiness: but I would choose the days, when the fragrance of the last flowers is on the departing winds of summer-when the red leaves are slowly falling from the many coloured woods, and gently eddying down the streams-and ere the beautiful hue of the autumn sky has vanished, and the chill November rain with its clouds announces the approach of winter and its storms. It has long appeared to me that the death-bed was no place to gratify idle curiosity, or for speculation, or for the indulgence of show or theatrical parade. I would have no crowd assembled around mine, to watch the expiring agonies. There are moments too awful for the gaze of the world, and the moment of dissolution is one; and whenever the bolt may fall, I would have no prying or sympathising eye, to witness the surrendering of the immortal part, to the hand that made and bestowed.

I shall be deemed equally heterodox on the subject of burial. I never could read of the burning of the dead by the ancients, and the religious solemnity and grandeur with which they invested this manner of disposing of the dead, without feeling a desire, that on the funeral pyre, and amidst the flames of fragrant wood, reduced to ashes, I might find the Hydrotophia of other days. But I well know the age forbids-too many prejudices would be shocked—too many superstitions to overcome to render it practicable.—Why the inclination to introduce gregarious habits among the dead, should be so universally prevalent, I cannot conceive. To me there is something revolting in the idea of a churchyard with its clustering graves-the matted dust-the mouldering bones-and the grass made rank by festering mortality. There I would not lie-O no; is there not in the wide bosom of the earth a place suffi-

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cient for all her sons, that one need not be forced upon the privacy and repose of another? Give me a grave in some secluded quiet spot, where the "silver sand" has no taint of humanity, where no ringed earthworm bloated and fattened on mortality has yet found a home; and where the blue sky alone is over me, and the sweet wild flowers around me; where no curious eye, or careless foot, or hypocritical tear shall ever be known, let me sleep my last long sleep, and lie as I have lived, in the midst of the multitude—alone.

Such a spot I well know. It is in the midst of a wild and lone wood—a gentle eminence from which years ago the huge forest trees were removed, and their place is now supplied by a most luxuriant growth of evergreens, cedar and hemlock, whose dark tops meet over, and shadow, some of the richest, softest, moss-grown verdure I have ever seen. A clear, murmuring brook flows at one foot of the eminence; and the faint vestiges of an ancient road, now choked with masses of foliage, may be traced on the other. The ground is trod by no beasts, unless the wild fox may sometimes pass over it; but the partridge flutters

through the tangled boughs, broods her young on the fresh turf, and the song of the wild bird as he flits through its mid-day shadows, or sunset gloom, seems like the melodious breathings of some invisible being. Often have I stood and viewed this delightful spot, and thought how pleasant it would be when life's fever fit was over, to sleep there so calmly in the virgin earth-to have the green branches that shadowed my grave wet with the dew of heaven, or gilded by the flitting moonbeams. I would have no marble to tell where I lie-to flatter vanity with the hope of a prolonged remembrance:-those I love will not forget me, and by those alone would I be remembered; and when they go down to the grave, I am content to be forgotten. And should she, who has been to me the star of destiny-the rose that I beheld "unfolding its paradise of leaves." ever print with her light foot the pure and verdant moss of that secluded spot, she will remember that on a heart which will then be as cold as the clods of the valley can make it, her name was engraven, and that its last ebbing pulsations were mingled with aspirations for her happi-

#### THE LOST DARLING.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

SHE was my idol .- Night and day to scan The fine expansion of her form-and mark The unfolding mind like vernal rose-bud start To sudden beauty, was my chief delight-To find her fairy footsteps following me, Her hand upon my garments, or her lip Close scaled to mine-and in the watch of night The quiet breath of innocence to feel Soft on my cheek, was such a full content Of happiness, as none but mothers know, Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields To the slight-fingered breeze-and as it held Brief converse with her doll-or kindly soothed Her moaning kitten-or with patient care Conned o'er the alphabet-but most of all Its tender cadence in her evening prayer, Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone. Heard in sweet dreams. But now alone I sit. Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears The little robes that once with woman's pride I wrought-as if there were a need to deck A being formed so beautiful. I start, Half fancying from her empty crib there comes A restless sound, and breathe the accustomed words; " Hush, hush, Louisa, dearest !- then I weep, As though it were a sin to speak to one Whose home is with the angels. -Gone to God !-

And yet wish I had not seen the pang That wrung her features—nor the ghostly white Settling around her lips.—I would that Heaven Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower, In all its bloom and freshness.—

-Gone to God!-

Be still my heart !-What could a mother's prayer In all the wildest extacy of hope, Ask for its darling, like the bliss of Heaven.

#### THE WATERFALL.

BY THE REV. DR. RAFFLES.

I LOVE the roaring waterfall,
Within some deep, romantic glen;
'Mid desert wilds, remote from all
The gay and busy haunts of men;
For its loud thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

They tell of ages long gone by,
And beings that have past away,
Who sought perhaps with curious eye,
These rocks where now I love to stray;
And thus, its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

And, from the past, they seem to call
My spirits to the realms beyond
The ruin that must soon befall
These scenes where grandeur sits enthroned;
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

For I am on a torrent borne,
That whirls me rapidly away,
From morn to eve—from eve to morn—
From month to month—from day to day;
And all that live and breathe with me
Are hurrying to eternity.

This mighty cataract's thundering sound
In louder thunders soon must die;
And all these rugged mountains round,
Uprooted, must in ruin lie:
But that dread hour will prove to me
The dawning of eternity!

Eternity!—that vast unknown!
Who can that deep abyse explore?
Which swallows up the ages gone,
And rolls its billows evermore!
O, may I find that boundless sea,
A bright, a blest eternity!



THE ORRITHOLOGIST.

## THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

Accustomed as our reader must be to the beautiful forms and plumage of many varieties of birds, she will, doubtless, feel an inclination to acquire an idea of the natural history of so interesting a class of the animal kingdom, as that to which they belong.

Birds considerably exceed quadrupeds, in point of number, but fall short of them in size. The Ostrich, which is the largest bird known, is much less than many quadrupeds, and the smallest of these is larger than the Humming-bird. All birds are oviparous; they are very long-lived, and dispersed over the greater part of the earth. To man, birds are exceedingly useful, although but few species have been domesticated: the flesh of many of them affords us delicious food, and the plumage of others is rendered valuable by its application to a variety of purposes.

The bony frame in birds is much lighter than in quadrupeds; the cavities are larger, and it is altogether well calculated for the purpose of flight. The strong ridge down the middle of the breast bone is adapted for the attachment of those powerful muscles by which the wings are moved. The breast bone is very large; the neck long and flexible: and the spine immovable. The bones of the legs are analogous to those of the hind legs of quadrupeds, and those of the wings, to their anterior limbs: the former terminate usually in four toes-three of which are placed before, and one behind. Some birds have only three toes, and a few but two; and their position varies considerably in different individuals. The termination of the wings is in three joints only; the outer one of which is very short.

To whatever bird we may turn our attention, we shall find that it is furnished with a beak nicely adapted for its food and manner of feeding: and that there is often a marked affinity between the beak and the foot. The celebrated Cuvier states, that we never meet with the sharp talons of the Eagle accompanying the flattened beak of the Swan. The birds which are mounted upon long stilt-like legs, have either long beaks or long bills, and sometimes both, to enable them to reach their food without difficulty; -the powerful legs and claws of the Rapacious order, enable the birds to seize their prey and assist them in tearing it;—the claws of the Woodpecker, which, by means of its hard bill and long barbed tongue, is enabled to open clefts, and extract the insects which it eats, are so well adapted to its habits, that the young ones can climb up and down the trees before they are able to fly.

The sight of birds, especially those of the Rapacious kind, is very acute: they possess the power of accommodating the eye to the various distances of objects, so as to see clearly such as are a great way off, and also those which are close to them. They derive this power, it is supposed, from a singular arrangement of scales around the iris, which enables them to elongate

or shorten the axis of the eye, according to circumstances. It has been stated, on good authority, that within a short time after an animal has been killed, when not a speck was previously seen in the heavens, Vultures, in great numbers, have appeared approaching from immense distances towards the carcass, although not the least odour from putrefaction was perceptible. Similar facts are related, accompanied by such circumstances as have led authors to believe, that the powers of scent, in some Rapacious Birds, are even greater than those of vision.

Birds also possess the sense of hearing in great perfection. They have no external appendages to the ear, except feathers.—The organs of touch are more or less powerful in different birds.

It is worthy of remark, that the bills of Ducks, Geese, and others of similar habits, are covered with a delicate membrane, so abundantly supplied with nerves, as to enable the birds to discover the food they seek beneath the surface of the mud.

The plumage of birds is no less admirable for its nice adaptation to their necessities and manner of living, than for its richness and variety of colour. The feathers next the skin are furnished with a sort of down, which keeps the body of the bird warm; the exterior ones are neatly folded over each other, tending in the same direction, and calculated, by their formation, to insure speed, as well as to keep out the wet and cold. Certain glands upon the hinder part of the back afford a quantity of oil, which the bird presses out with its bill, and rubs over its plumage to smooth and render it capable of affording a greater resistance to water. The Aquatic Birds have a more bountiful supply of this oil than those which live on land. The exterior feathers have a series of filaments regularly arranged on each side, forming two beards;-the filaments of one being longer than those of the other; the edges on both sides are perfectly even, and neatly tapered off, by all the filaments decreasing to a point at their extremities.

The bones of a bird are hollow, and admit air from the lungs into their cavities; thus the specific gravity of the body is decreased, and the bird is better able to sustain itself on the wing. A number of air-bags, or cells, which communicate with the lungs, and run the whole length of the body, tend materially to the same effect: by means of these air-bags, which birds are enabled to fill or empty at pleasure, they can increase or diminish their specific gravity, more or less, as may be most expedient, in the various actions of diving (if water-birds,) soaring from the earth, or alighting upon it. Air-cells also extend along the muscles; and these, in such birds as are most remarkable for their power of flight, are particularly large. Even the barrels of the quills are hollow and contain air; so that a bird may be said to bear some resemblance to an inflated balloon. Its air-cells, &c. render it so buoyant, that the body is indebted for but little support to the wings, which are therefore left, in a great measure, free, to increase the speed or direct the course. The addition to its specific gravity, obtained by compressing the body, so as to expel the air from the cells, enables the bird, if Aquatic, to descend rapidly from the surface of the water; or, if Rapacious, to pounce with greater velocity from its usual elevation, upon its prey beneath. The wings are placed in the most advantageous situation for the purpose of flight; the pectoral muscles, which are chiefly concerned in putting them in motion, are much stronger than in other animals.

The power of the wings decreases, by almost |

imperceptible gradations, through different tribes, until at length the faculty of flying ceases altogether. While a few of the quadrupeds are endowed with wings which enable them to soar aloft from the earth, there are birds whose puny pinions will not support them for an instant in the air. Some possess the power of running with astonishing swiftness; others are capable of swimming with different degrees of facility; a few can neither run nor fly; -but to these, Nature has not been altogether a niggard; for where the Ostrich could not wade, nor the Eagle swim, the Penguin-whose feet Buffon describes as resembling two broad oars, so situated as to render the bird exceedingly well qualified for its manner of living-floats in perfect security.

### THE SACRIFICE.

### WRITTEN BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,

AUTHOR OF THE PRIZE TRAGEDY OF DE LARA, &c.

The events recorded in the following tale may be found in the annals of a reign, memorable for its splendour and oppression—the reign of Amurath, one of the most powerful Sultans of the East. The usurper and not the inheritor of another's throne, he ruled with iron despotism over the subjects to whose obedience he felt he had no legitimate claim. Yet while others crouched beneath the tyrant's frown, his own heart was a prey to secret disquietude and distrust.

There are no pangs more keen than those occasioned by a consciousness of crime, and a dread of its consequences. Amurath knew that he had been no common usurper, that the path which led to his present grandeur had been deluged with royal blood, and in the midst of all his magnificence a voice was ever sounding in his ear, that royal blood would one day cry aloud for vengeance, and be heard.

Superstition, which usually holds dark companionship with guilt, and which in that age and clime maintained a powerful sway over the purest minds, added to the depth and intensity of these emotions. One of those wild dwellers of the mountain, who believe themselves gifted with inspiration from heaven, or impose that belief on the credulity of others, had first kindled the fire of ambition in the cold breast of Amurath by clouded prophecies of his future greatness. The shade which dimmed the brilliant unveiling of his destiny was the asseveration of the prophet, that while the remotest branch of the royal family existed, his power was without base, and his life without security. He had exterminated, with remorseless cruelty, that ill-fated race, but the jewels with which he encircled his brow were as so many points of living fire to his brain. The fear that some scion from the ancient stock still flourished, protected from his power, flitted like a phantom in his path, and shadowed the possession of his glory.

He sat one evening in his magnificent divan, his countenance darkened with more than its wonted expression of care and apprehension. Selim, his favourite and prime minister, stood before him, holding in his hand an unfolded letter, whose contents he had just perused and upon which he still bent a stern and steadfast gaze. "Knowest thou, whose hand has traced these characters?" exclaimed the Sultan, breaking the ominous silence, in a voice which in vain endeavored to master its inquietude.—Selim lifted his head, from the bending position which it had assumed, and met the keen searching glance of the Sultan, with one, irresolute and troubled. At length his eye steadied, while it kindled into an expresssion of moral sublimity, and though his lip quivered with undefinable emotion, he answered in unfaultering accents, "I do." For a moment Amurath was silent, for there is a power in intellect, proudly resting on its own strength for support, unaided and alone, to whose sovereignty the haughtiest despot is compelled to bow. But the momentary awe was succeeded by a gust of stormy passion. "Ha! darest thou thus avow a league with treachery—thou whom I have taken into my bosom, whom I have drawn near my throne and exalted even to my right hand? Tell me the name of him, who has penned this seditious scrawl, or by the sword of the Prophet, every drop of thy false heart's blood shall be spilled to expiate thy crime." "I have formed no league with treason, exclaimed the undaunted Selim-"still true is my allegiance to my roval master; I boldly assert my right to that confidence which has never been violated. Drain the last drop, if it be thy sovereign will, from this faithful heart, and in my dying agonies, I will only remember that thou once were just to thyself and me." "I demand the proof of thy fidelity," repeated the Sultan in a calmer tone, his wrath beginning to yield to the o'ermastering influence of his favorite; "tell me the author of those fatal lines." Selim answered not, but bending one knee to the ground, bowed his head in the attitude of oriental submission-"Commander of the faithful! bid me not expose an unfortunate to the fate he merits. I once knew the misguided being who has thus clandestinely intruded himself on thy notice, but years have passed since we have met and every bond which once united us has long been broken. Believe me, Sire, it is not the discovery of an obscure individual, that can insure safety to thyself, or security to thy throne. There is a powerful existing party in favor of the fallen dynasty, and were it once known that an offspring of that race is still left behind it would be the signal of anarchy and blood. Destroy this letter,-its contents are safe in my bosom-my life shall be the pledge of my fidelity—it is in thy hands-but I will not redeem it, by the sacrifice of another, even to obey the mandate of my sovereign." "Take back thy pledge," replied the Sultan, "and hug thy secret to thy breast. But never shall thy nuptials be consummated with the beautiful daughter of Ibrahim, till thou hast unravelled this dark conspiracy and discovered the pretended offspring of that race, which was created only to serve at the foot-stool of my clory. The morrow was to have been gilded .by the pomp of thy union, but never shall that sun rise which is to illuminate the hymeneal rite, till thou hast rolled away this shadow from thy name and fulfilled the commands of thy insulted sovereign."

Selim found himself alone; but ere we penetrate into the recesses of his soul, agitated as it now is with contending passions, we will give an explanation of the preceding scene. Amurath had intercepted an anonymous letter to Selim, whose contents were calculated to awaken the strongest suspicions and darkest forebodings. The language of this epistle was bold and cloquent. It called upon Selim to unite himself to a band, which was leagued to redeem the ancient honors of the throne. It spoke of the existence of a Princess, a daughter of the murdered Sultan, who had been sheltered since infancy from the power of the usurper, and whom they had sworn to protect with their blood. Selim recognised in this daring appeal, the characters f his elder brother, who, scorning the restraints of the paternal roof, and obeying the impulses of his own wild spirit, had for many years, been an alien from his home. He had cherished for this Abrother an affection more than fraternal: it was remantic, enthusiastic and intense; and in proportion to the ardor of his attachment was the hitterness of sorrow which he felt for his desertion.

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No longer interested in the scenes of his youth, he sought the precincts of the court, and the favorite of nature soon became the idol of fortune. He obtained the unbounded confidence of the Sultan, the highest honors royal favor could bestow, and, more than all, the love of Zerah, the beautiful daughter of Ibrahim. He had that evening entered the presence of his sovereign rich in the possession of all that grandeur can impart, and the reversion of all that hope can offer. He now stood desolate and alone,-conscious of the abyss, which yawned before him; for he knew but too well that the wrath of sovereignty succeeding its smile, was terrible as the tempest, blackening in the sunbeam's ray. He might have denied all knowledge of the bold conspirator who had thus exposed him to peril and disgrace, but his truth-telling lips refused to sanction even an implied deceit. He had pledged his fidelity to Amurath—he was bound to him by every tie of gratitude and honor-ties indissolubly strong. He was united to his brother by the holy bonds of fraternity-to Zerah, the fair, the fond, the confiding, by all those hallowed and imperishable sympathies, which the God of nature has created and entwined with the lifechords of our existence. Could he throw off his allegiance to the ruthless usurper, yet liberal benefactor, and brand himself with the name of traitor and ingrate? Better to die with an unblemished name than live to bear a stigma so degrading. Could he sacrifice his brother to the excited vengeance of Amurath, who would search his kingdom to discover the place of his retreat were he once assured of his identity with the conspirator who had awakened his fears? Never-Nature would disown the monster who could violate her sacred laws. Could he persist in his present resolution, and wound by his desertion that tender and innocent heart, which beat but to adore him? To this there was but one reply, involving life or death. These reflections pursued him at the midnight hour, while wandering in a garden contiguous to the palace, which the liberality of nature and the splendour of art had embellished with every charm. Groves of orange trees, covered with their sweet, virginal blossoms, filled the air with that mild, delicious fragrance, which reminds one of all that is lovely in the moral and spiritual world. Fountains of the purest water tossed their silvery foam to the moon's glancing rays, or flowed on through marble channels, in low, murmuring melody, till their sound died on the ear. The moon shone with that pearl-like lustre, which is only known in oriental climes, while remote from the halo of light which surrounded her throne stars were scattered like so many living diamonds over the deep, dark blue of a midnight firmament, each shining distinctly in its own individual glory.

Selim felt for a moment calmed and solemnized before the majesty of creation. Who has not felt the influence of night? Grand, silent, religious night! It is invested with a veiled splendor, an approachable magnificence, a thousand

times more sublime than the insufferable blaze of day. We feel as if we had entered the inner temple of nature and shared in the mysteries of her repose. The soul, disturbed by earth-born cares, agonized by earthly conflicts, discards its cares and its conflicts before the altar of omnipotence, and conscious of its own immortality, identifies itself with the divinity around. Such thoughts as these awed the tempestuous passions which raged in the breast of Selim to repose. He threw himself upon a flight of marble steps and reclining his burning temples, against the cold, smooth surface, remained motionless as the statue carved from the same everlasting stone. He lay with his eyes, intensely fixed upon the illimitable vault above, uncon scious of aught else in the eternal world, when he perceived the light darkening around him, though no cloud swept over the etherial blue. Half-rising from his recumbent attitude, he beheld a majestic figure standing before him, in bold relief against the heavens, on which its lineaments were defined. Selim stood erect and grasping his scimitar with one hand repelled with the other the approach of the mysterious visitant.

"Selim," exclaimed the stranger, in the deep tones of suppressed emotion; and in an instant the hand which grasped the scimitar relaxed its hold. Time may dim the recollection of familiar features, or change the form whose traits are hoarded in the memory, but the voice -there is a magic in the voice -it steals over the soul, as the wind floats over the chords of some neglected harp; and the music of remembrance awakens as it breathes. The stranger opened his arms and Selim fell upon his brother's neck and wept. Forgotten were desertion and wrongs, danger and fear. Every other feeling was absorbed in that of fraternal love. He saw only the long estranged companion of his childhood, he felt only the tears of a brother, bedewing his cheek. But the tears of man are few; they are wrung from him only by extremity of feeling, and pride soon conquers the weakness of nature. Solyman, such was the name of the wanderer, unfolded to his brother, the purpose of his secret visit, adjured him to break the gilded chains which linked him to a tyrant's destiny, and assert the claims of the orphan Princess to loyalty and protection.

Selim was immoveable—he felt the galling weight of those gilded chains, but he vowed never to betray the master whom he had served, and who had till this moment leaned upon his faith, with undoubting trust. "But where," he cried, "is this unfortunate Princess, who survives the ruin of her race?" "The secret is locked in my bosom," replied Solyman, "close as the gems in the casket, which contains the testimonials of her birth. That casket was committed to my care, by the dying loyalist, who snatched her, when an infant, from destruction and sheltered her from the wrath of the destroyer. Even he who now fosters her in his arms, and shields her with parental care, knows not the treasure, he wears in his bosom. Selim, I have that in my power which thou wilt value more than all that Amurath, in the prodigality of favor can bestow. Join but our faithful and devoted band, aid us in protecting this last remnant of the kingly line, and thou shalt be rewarded by the possession of the royal beauty."

"Talk not of love and beauty," exclaimed Selim sternly, "thou knowest not what thou utterest." "I know not!" repeated the wanderer-" Thinkest thou that my heart, because it scorned the cold restraints of the world, is dead to human feeling. I roamed from scenes of heartless splendour, but another was the companion of my wanderings. An angel spirit in woman's form, has ever followed my devious path, smoothed its roughness and gilded its gloom. Go with me to you mountain cave, see the fair flower that hides its sweetness there, and then tell me, if thou canst, that I know nought of love and beauty." "Thou dost not read my meaning," replied Selim, with bitterness-"My dreams of bliss are vanished—the paradise of love will never cheer this isolated heart." He related to Solyman, the history of his betrothed, his anticipated marriage, and the fatal denunciation which had blasted his hopes. He trusted to the magnanimity of his brother and appealed to him, by all that was holy and awful, to relinquish a design which was not only endangering his own life, but destroying the happiness of a brother.

Solyman listened in breathless silence, but Selim marked with indignant surprise, that his eye kindled in the moonlight with a fierce delight, which seemed to mock the calm radiance it reflected. He gazed on the majestic features, which shone with a corresponding illumination, and almost imagined that some malignant demon had animated them. That Solyman should exult over the misery he had caused—the thought was inexplicable. "Fear not," exclaimed Solyman, "she shall yet be thine. No fraternal blood shall stain the hymeneal altar-Meet me to-morrow, when the day first dawns, at the foot of you mountain which stretches its dark outline on the right, and I will show the credentials, which shall prove the truth of my words." They parted, to meet again at the appointed hour. They met in stealth, at the foot of the mountain, whose summit was just gilded by the breaking

Selim earnestly perused his brother's face that he might penetrate into the depths of his soul, and learn its latent emotions, but he could not fathom them. He saw only the bold, unquiet eye, the proud, curling lip, and haughty mien, which had distinguished him in early years, and gained him the appellation of Solyman the proud. The spot which had been selected was one which nature had guarded from intrusion with the most jealous care. On one side, a cluster of trees, clothed in the densest foliage, presented a wall of living verdure, impenetrable to the eye; on the other a broad stream, darkened by the boughs, which overshadowed its banks, poured its tributary waters into the ocean waye. Selim

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impatiently demanded of his brother the credentials he had promised to deliver. Solyman drew the casket from his breast, and touching a secret spring, displayed its brilliant contents. It was filled with the richest gems, but there were papers concealed in the magnificent bed, which Selim gathered regardless of the splendour which surrounded them. From these he discovered that Zerah, his betrothed bride, the supposed daughter of Ibrahim, was that orphan Princess, who had been rescued from the power of Amurath. The loyalist, whose attachment to his murdered sovereign had led him to protect this lone blossom, from the storm which blasted the royal tree, placed her in the arms of Ibrahim's gentle wife, then watching the cradle of her own slumbering babe. Ibrahim was absent, but she vowed to cherish with a mother's tenderness, the innocent being committed to her care. In the mean time her own child sickened and died, and when Ibrahim, who proud and ambitious, had attached himself to the new dynasty, returned, he received to his bosom the offspring of another, unconscious of the deception which was imposed.

The wife of Ibrahim justly deemed that her husband would be secured from danger and solicitude if he remained ignorant of the hazardous charge she had received; and the inexplicable resemblance of the two infants favoured her design. She feared too the lofty ambition of Ibrahim, and in silence cherished the child of her adoption. The protectress of Zerah was no more—and they who stood, side by side in the solitude we have described, were the sole possessors of this interesting secret.

Selim grasped the casket as if it contained his salvation. "Mine be the bosom to guard these sacred relics-I dare not hazard them even in thy hands.-Should Amurath but dream of her identity with the subject of his vengeance, her life would be the instantaneous sacrifice. Even now, his emissaries are on the watch, sent to every part of his kingdom to discover the victim on whom he now unconsciously smiles." "No! let them be a pledge betwixt thee and me," cried Solyman. "Thou hast sworn not to betray me-but thou art human. My life and that of my brave band are in thy keeping. I have unveiled to thee our most secret resolves. What surety bast thou given? What, but the breath of thy mouth? Shouldst thou in some unguarded moment deliver us into the hands of him, by whom thou art enslaved, thy Zerah's life would be the forleit of thy broken faith. I brought thee hither to learn thee the secret of my strength, but I never will relinquish to the friend of tyranny, the treasure which expiring loyalty committed to my trust." He ceased and suddenly snatching the casket from the grasp of Selim, turned and plunged into the river that rolled near their feet. The action was so sudden and impetuous, that Selim was hardly aware of the deed, till he beheld his brother dividing the waters with one hand, while he held in the other his glittering prize. Soon springing upon the opposite bank, he waved a parting adieu and disappeared in the obscurity of the shades.

Selim gazed after this wild and singular being with feelings it would be difficult to define. The conviction that Solyman scorned that species of honor which bound him to Amurath, stung him to the soul. "He knows me not," he bitterly cried-but the recollection of Zerah, and the dangers which surrounded her, soon banished every other reflection. The sun was just beginning to curl the mist, that hung upon the mountain's brow-that sun which was to have gilded their nuptial vows. The fear, that Amurath might discover the secret of her birth, deepened to maddening certainty, as he thought of the almost illimitable power which Amurath exercised over the sordid minions who surrounded his throne. He could not admit the belief that the knowledge of so important a fact was confined to the bosom of an individual. He resolved to seek the dwelling of Ibrahim, warn him of some impending calamity, urge him immediately to leave the kingdom and flee with his daughter to some distant asylum, till the apprehended danger

Ibrahim beheld with astonishment the clouded brow and troubled mien of Selim. The pride of the father rose high in his heart, for his beautiful Zerah was the fariest flower of oriental climes, and he deemed her a gift richer than all the gems of the East. To Selim's impassioned representations of imminent peril which awaited them, and earnest entreaties for their immediate departure, he lent a doubting ear. He was one of the most powerful grandees of the kingdom, and he felt that he possessed sufficient power in himself to guard against external ills, and with the proud consciousness of integrity, he declared himself superior to all fear. Selim was prepared for this resistance, and he marked with anguish the suspicions which had entered the breast of Ibrahim. He dared not avow the secret which oppressed him. He could not prove by the necessary credentials the almost incredible tale, and he feared that ambition which held lordly sway over Ibrahim's minor passions, would lead him to sacrifice the innocence and beauty he had fostered, while unconscious of her imperial origin. Ibrahim summoned his daughter and commanding her to fathom the mystery of her lover's conduct or withdraw the pledge she had given, left the apartment.

Selim had not till this moment experienced the overwhelming embarrassment of his situation. He stood pale and disordered in the presence of her whom he was to have claimed that day as a triumphant bridegroom. The pride which sustained him before his fellow man, was now annihilated by a stronger emotion. He did not speak, but knelt in the prostration of agony at her feet, and buried his face in the foldings of her robe. And surely if aught in woman's form could justify the adoration of the heart, this daughter of a kingly line might vindicate the worship she inspired. With eyes of calestial glory, a brow on which the regularity of nature

was enthroned, a cheek on which the rich hue of the pomegranate was mellowed into the softness of virgin bloom, and tresses that wreathed in dark redundance, as they fell, a native veil around her, she moved amidst the maillens of that eastern land, fair and transcendant as the moon, when attended by her starry handmaids, she treads the halls of ether. The temple was worthy the divinity it enshrined. Thus clothed with the light of material, and spiritual loveliness, she seemed born to feel and to create a passion, refined from the grossness of mortality. Unlike the proud Ibrahim, she doubted not the faith of her lover-when, in broken accents, he told her of the interdiction to their nuptials, of the cloud which darkened their destiny, she wept over their blighted hopes, and instead of withdrawing, renewed her vows of fidelity and love. Oh! the deep, the trusting tenderness of woman's uncorrupted heart! A ray emanating from the fountain of all purity and light, shining on with unwavering brightness, undimmed by the gloom of sorrow, unextinguished by the darkness of despair. The heavier and closer the clouds gather around, the clearer and stronger its divine radiance—the sunshine resting on the brow of the tempest—the rainbow gilding its re-

Selim felt, in this moment, more than indemnified for all he had endured. The conviction of her unalterable love restored to him that energy and eloquence which had ever rendered him an irresistible pleader. Zerah yielded to the entreaties which the unbending Ibrahim had withstood, and ere they parted had consented to fly with him to some far and lone retreat, where, like the desert flower, which blooms unseen, save by the Omniscient eye, she would be content to live and die alone for him.

Selim sought the palace of the Sultan; he had one of the hardest offices for a noble mind to perform; he was compelled to mask his purpose and to appear with deep submission before that sovereign whose resentment he had incurred. The day must be devoted to the revolting task of dissimulation till the shades of night should favour their design. He was retracing with slow steps the path which led to the mountain stream, that he might avoid the guards of the Sultan; when he suddenly encountered Solyman, who was hurrying along with breathless speed, his countenance expressive of the most violent emotion. "Fly," exclaimed Solyman, in a voice, which sounded in Selim's startled ear, loud as the battle shout. "Fly, the minions of tyranny are abroad; they rushed upon me, cowards as they are; they wrested the casket from my unguarded hand; their scimetars were flashing around me; I fled, but not in. fear; I fled in search of vengeance. See," and he lifted his still bleeding hand, "for every drop a thousand streams shall flow; fly through yon secret path; intercept the wretch who robbed me of my treasure; he left his comrades far behind; fear not the power of Amurath; I swear to redeem thee or perish by thy side."

Like the lightning's flash he vanished, and

swift as the same red messenger of heaven, Selim pursued the path which Solyman indicated. That fatal casket! Had he ten thousand lives, he would have perilled them all for the possession of those priceless gems. Zerah, expiring under the hands of the assassin seemed embodied before his eyes; so powerful was the illusion, that when he caught a glimpse of a mantle fluttering through the trees, he called out with the energy of despair, "Save her, All-gracious Allah! save her!" It was the guard who was hastening to the Sultan with the treasure he had won. He turned at the sudden adjuration; the bold arm of Selim impeded his flight. He was a man of towering stature and athletic limbs, noted for physical strength, and one of the chosen guards of the Sultan. He met the stern embrace of Selim with one which might have crushed a feebler frame. They grappled close and fiercely, and it was only with the life-blood of his adversary that Selim redeemed the prize for which he would have freely poured out his own. He buried the casket in his bosom, and mantled over it the foldings of his robe; but the conviction of Zerah's safety was immediately followed by the consciousness of his own danger. He was surrounded by the guards, who had overtaken the flying steps of their comrade, and who had been sent as spies to watch the secret movements of Selim. He saw that it was in vain to contend with an armed band, but lifting his blade aloft, still dripping with the blood of his antagonist, with that majesty of look and gesture which always has such overawing influence on inferior minds, he commanded them to forbear. "Stand back," he cried; "what would ye dare to do? On to the royal palace, say to the Sultan ye saw me wing yon felon's soul to paradise. Aye, tell him, too, ye saw me cast into the oblivious waves what I would not barter for all the niches of his kingdom." Then opening his blood-stained vest he drew forth the casket of Zerah, and raising it high over their unsheathed scimetars, dashed it into the waters of the mountain stream. which there rushed impetuously towards the ocean, as if anxious to throw its wealth into the waves.

Selim drew a deep inspiration, as if his breast was relieved from some oppressive burden. The secret was now safe in the sanctuary of his heart, and no tyrant's power could penetrate its guarded recesses. Turning to the astonished guards, he signed them to advance. Accustomed to obey the princely Selim, they involuntarily followed his command, and though they marched on either side, with naked blades, precluding the possibility of escape, he had more the air of a sovereign with his attendant vassals, than a wictim to be arraigned before the throne. With a dauntless mien, and unfaltering steps, he entered the presence of Amurath. He knew the doom that awaited him; but as the barque, which is about to be swallowed by the ocean wave, is borne up over the stormy billows, rising with the rising tempest, his spirit elevated itself above the perils which threatened to overwhelm him.

He stood in immoveable silence, while the guards related the scene we have described; and met with an unquailing eye the withering glance of the Sultan.

The wrath of Amurath was at first too deep for words. In spite of his denunciations he had felt till this moment, a confidence in the fidelity of Selim, which he deemed it impossible to abandon. The conviction of his perfidy brought with it the most exquisite pangs. Selim was the only being whom he had really loved and trusted, and a tear actually gathered in his cold and haughty eye, as one by one he gathered up the proofs of his favourite's treachery. Selim marked that unwonted sign of human tenderness, and his pride melted at the sight. He saw once more the trusting friend, the lavish benefactor, and casting down his sword at the foot of the throne, he exclaimed, "Commander of the faithful! take back thy gifts; take even the life which Allah has given; but leave me yet the consciousness of my integrity. I am no traitor, though stained with the blood of thy subject. I am guiltless of treason, and with my expiring breath I will proclaim my innocence." "Prove then thy innocence," cried Amurath; "I swear by the sword and buckler of the Prophet, if thou wilt reveal the name of the supposed offspring of sovereignty and place her in our power, I will freely pardon thy past offences, restore thee thy forfeit honors, and give thee even this day thy plighted bride."

Selim folded his hands resolutely over his breast. "Her name is buried here and shall perish with me. No commands shall force, no tortures compel me to reveal it; I offer thee my life; thou mayest devote it to bondage or death; but thou hast not, canst not, have control o'er my free spirit's will." "Away then to the darkest dungeon; away till the traitor's death is prepared for thee. My slighted mercy shall turn to vengeance now. The hour of relenting is past. Thy fate shall tell to after ages, of the ingratitude of favourites, and the justice of kings."

Selim bent his head in token of submission. Amurath ordered him to be shackled in his presence, that the scene of his former grandeur might be also that of his present degradation. Then after a fresh ebullition of ungoverned rage, he commanded the guards to bear him to his cell.

A damp and noisome dungeon, feebly lighted by the rays which struggled through the grated walls, was now the abode of the late magnificent Selim; sad proof of the evanescent nature of all earthly glory. But there is a moral brightness, transcending the noonday's beams, which can throw the radiance of heaven over the darkest hour of human suffering. He, who is willing to sacrifice his existence for another, is supported by the spirit of martyrdom, and that spirit will bear him up, as with an angel's wings, ever the gloomy valley of death. That exaltation of feeling, however, which attends the performance of a magnanimous deed, and which sustains the sufferer in the moment of physical agony, gradually subsided, as he recalled the

appalling circumstances which accompanied the sacrifice of life. To lay down his life for Zerah, and leave behind him an unblemished name, a memory which the brave might honor, and the true-hearted mourn, would have seemed a triffing effort for a love like his. But to go down to the grave in ignominy and shame; to be branded with the name of traitor, that withering deathless curse: while even she for whom he died might learn to scorn his memory, and place another idol on the shrine where once his image dweltthe thought was maddening. He lifted up his shackled hands and prayed that Allah would send down the waters of oblivion, and obliterate the remembrance of the wretch whom he had created. He poured out the bitterness of his soul into the all-hearing ear of God, till in the stillness of awe, the troubled billows of human passion sunk to rest. At last, the feeble light of his cell darkened and disappeared. Conscious of the return of night, he wondered that Amurath had delayed the execution of his wrath. He felt that he must soon meet his summons, but he had wrestled with the indwelling enemy and came off victorious, and throwing himself on the cold floor of his dungeon, he slept more calm than Amurath on his bed of luxury. He slept, but his dreams assumed the dark colour of his destiny. He wandered in an interminable desert, trackless and fountless; parched with thirst, bewildered in the blackening waste; when suddenly, the gates of Paradise unfolded above and seat down a flood of light, annihilating the gloom. The dazzling contrast broke his slumbers; the dream was fled, but the illumination remained. A celestial figure, robed in white. bearing a lamp in one fair hand, while she veiled with the other her dazzled eyes, stood by the side of the slumbering victim. She stood, with pallid brow and dark resplendent locks, beautiful as the angel commissioned to bear the liberated soul to the bowers of immortality. But it was no spirit of heaven who thus severed the dungeon's gloom. It was a daughter of earth, young, loving and beloved, full of earth's warmest affections, sharing in earth's bitterest woes. It was Zerah, who bent over her doomed lover and met his waking glance. Almost doubting in what world he existed, Selim started from his inglorious couch, while the clanking of his chains sent a thrill of horror through that faithful bosom, which soon throbbed wildly against his own. She, who in the hour of prosperity and joy, repelled with bashful pride the caresses of her lover, as the flower shrinks from the sun's too ardent rays, now threw her pure arms around him and moistened his fetters with her tears.

"Hast thou come," he cried, "to travel with me to the entrance of the tomb? To receive once more from my dying lips the vows of imperishable love?" "I came," said Zerah, in low faltering accents, "as a messenger of mercy and pardon; I came, in Amurath's name, to bid thee live." "Live!" exclaimed Selim, and every drop of blood thrilled in his veins: "and live for thee?" Zerah paused, as if irresolute in what words to

utter the commission with which she was entrusted. Bending her head, till her brow was veiled by her heavy locks, she continued: "He demands the name of that unfortunate Princess who lives unknown to all but thee. It is his last offer of mercy. He has sent me hither, thy plighted bride, that love may move the heart which was steeled to the pleadings of royalty." "Would Zerah counsel dishonor?" cried Selim, almost sternly, his warm hopes chilled to ice as she spoke; "would she purchase my life with the blood of innocence?" "I would purchase thy life were it with the blood of thousands," she wildly exclaimed; and sinking on her knees before him, she locked her hands in the agony of supplication. "I pray thee but to live. What is the world to me? it is but a name be asks, and yet that simple word thou wilt refuse, e'en at the sacrifice of Zerah's life." "Zerah," he cried, "in Allah's name forbear. Thou knowest not what thou askest."

Zerah gazed earnestly for a moment on her lover's countenance, then rising from her kneeling attitude every feature of her face changed in its expression—the look of doubtful anguish was resolved into that of cold, settled despair. "The truth has entered my heart," she said, and her late faltering voice was firm and distinct. "Thou lovest this orphan daughter of a kingly race. Thou hast pledged thy false vows to Zerah, while thy heart is given to her, who dwells in thy secret bower. And I, insulted and betrayed, I have knelt at thy feet, for the name of her whom thou adorest, and for whom thou art offering up thy life." "Oh! cruel, and unjust," exclaimed Selim, in a burst of uncontrollable emotion, "Dear, unhappy Zerah! thou hast added the bitterest drop to my cup of misery! For thee to doubt my faith! Oh! mayest thou never know how fearfully this ill-requited faith is proved." The sound of footsteps was beard in the passage. "They come," cried Zerah, "to bear me from thy cell. The allotted moments are past. For the last time, inexorable Selim, wilt thou destroy thyself and me?" grating of the heavy bolts were heard. The paleness of death overspread her face, and the cold dew of mortal agony gathered on her brow.

Selim felt that the tortures which his supposed perfidy inflicted were keener than those which the cruelty of Amurath could invent. Must then the sacrifice be vain? While he deemed himself the instrument of her salvation, must she believe that his perfidious hand was stabbing with deliberate cruelty her too confiding heart? The guard had entered the cell. " All gracious Allah! let us die together!" The words of this deep prayer were the last which ever met the ear of Zerah from the lips of her ill-fated lover. The rough arms of the guard received her fainting form. Selim saw her borne from his sight. her long hair sweeping the dungeon's floor, her dark eyes closed, her cheeks white as the folds of her virgin robe. He heard the bolts redrawn. The roan which then burst from his tortured breast was the first and last which the vindictive Amurath had the power to extort from his victim.

There was the clashing of arms, the neighing of steeds, the shouts of a multitude heard that night near the royal palace. The tumult deepened as it approached. The name of Selim resounded through the midnight air and thrilled in the ear of Amurath, terrible as the notes of the arch-angel's trump. It was Solyman, at the head of the insurgent band. Thousands, who were groaning under the rod of despotism, yet waiting for the impulse of some master spirit, rushed forth with gleaming weapons, and joined the war-cry which thundered on the gale. Amurath was dragged from his palace and sacrificed to the fury of an exasperated mob; while Solyman, with some of his chosen followers, descended through the dark recesses of crime, till they reached the dungeon of Selim.

"Almighty Prophet, we have come too late," exclaimed Solyman, the glow of triumph, fading from his cheek, as he beheld his martyred brother, who was breathing out his life in those protracted sufferings which deliberate cruelty had invented, and inflicted upon its victim. Selim lifted his failing glance, and a gleam of joy pierced through the gathering mist of death. "Oh! could she know my truth!" The energies of exhausted nature seemed concentrated in these few, but emphatic words. Solyman understood their import. Zerah was brought to the cell, from which she had been so lately borne, but too fatally convinced of the strength of that faith which she had wronged. She threw herself by the side of her expiring lover. It was the last effort of a breaking heart. The prayer of Selim had reached the throne of the Eternal, and was answered in mercy now; THEY DIED TOGETHER.

#### LACE WORK.

An establishment, called the Rhode Island Lace School, has commenced at Newport. Notwithstanding its recent origin, no less than seven hundred females are actively employed by its proprietors. The style of lace work is said to be the most ingenious of its kind, and of that particular description with which the English dealers in lace have had to supply themselves in France, in consequence of the superior excellence of execution of their Gallic competitors. Several Englishmen are now settled in France, where they employ people to work upon lace for the American markets, and it is calculated that the people of this country pay foreigners in this way, not less than six or seven thousand dollars annually, for what can as well be performed by themselves. A regular and habitual occupation in these delicate fabrics must eventually lead to that beautiful state of perfection at which they have arrived in France, and some of the females engaged in the lace school have nearly attained a high degree of excellence.



THE SKOW STORM.

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## THE SNOW STORM.

BY THOMSON.

THE whirting tempest raves along the plain, And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof, Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base. Steep frighted flies, and round the rocking dome, For entrance eager, howis the savage blast.

. . .

The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun From all the livid East, or piercing North, Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb A vapoury deluge lies to snow congealed. Heavy they roll their fleecy world along, And the sky saddens with the gathered storm. Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends. At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day With a continual flow. The cherished fields Put on their winter robe of purest white: 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts Along the mazy current. Low the woods Bow their hoary head: and, ere the languid sun Faint from the West emits his evening ray, Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill, Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven, Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around The winnowing store, and claim the little boon Which Providence assigns them. One alone, The red-breast, sacred to the household gods, Wiselpregardful of th' embroiling sky, In joyless fields, and thorny thickets leaves His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first Against the window beats, then, brisk, alights On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor, Eyes all the smiling family askance, And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is! Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare. The' timerous of heart, and hard beset By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs, And more unpitying men, the garden seeks, Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth, With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispers'd, Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, Shepherds! to your helpless charge be kind; Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens With food at will; lodge them below the storm, And watch them strict; for from the bellowing East, In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks, Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills, The billowy tempest 'whelms, till, upward urg'd, The valley to a shining mountain swells, Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise, and foul, and flerce,
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving field the swain
Disastered stands, sees other hills ascend
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes
Of borrid prospect, ahag the trackless plain;
Nor fields the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formiess wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul! What black despair, what horror fills his heart! When for the dusky spot, which Fancy feign'd His tufted cottage fising thro' the snow, He meets the roughness of the middle waste. Far from the track and blest abode of man; While round him night resistless closes fast. And every tempest, howling o'er his head, Renders the savage wilderness more wild. Then throng the busy shapes into his mind, Of covered pits, unfathomably deep, A dire descent! beyond the power of frost; Of faithless bogs, of precipices huge, Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown. What water of the still unfrozen spring, In the loose marsh or solitary lake, Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils. These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift, Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death, Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man, His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. In vain for him the officious wife prepares The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm; In vain his little children, peeping out Into the mingling storm, demand their sire With tears of artless innocence. Alas! Nor wife, nor children, more shall be behold, Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense, And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold, Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse, Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud, Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround; They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth. And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; Ah! little think they, while they dance along, How many feel, this very moment, death, And all the sad variety of pain; How many sink in the devouring flood, Or more devouring flame! how many bleed, By shameful variance betwixt man and man! How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms, Shut from the common air, and common use Of their own limbs; how many drink the cup Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread Of misery! sore pierc'd by wintry winds, How many shrink into the sordid hut Of cheerless Poverty! how many shake With all the fiercer tortures of the mind, Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse, Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life. They furnish matter for the Tragic Muse! E'en in the vale where Wisdom loves to dwell, With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd. How many, racked with honest passions, droop In deep retir'd distress! how many stand Around the death-bed of their dearest friends, And point the parting anguish! Thought, fond man, Of these, and the thousand nameless ills That one incessant struggle, render life One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate, Vice in his high cureer would stand appail'd, And heedless rambling impulse learn to think; The conscious heart of Charity would warm, And her wide wish Benevolence dilate; The social tear would rise, the social sigh, And into clear perfection, gradual bliss, Refining still, the social passions work.

## HISTORY OF THE VIOLIN.

THE violin has been the result of a beautiful series of improvements in the art of producing musical sounds from strings. The rudest stringed instrument was the testudo or lyre; the sounds of which were produced by striking, with the finger, strings in a state of tension, the pitch of each sound being regulated by the length or thickness of the string. Sometimes the strings, instead of the finger, were struck with the plectrum, or piece of wood or other hard matter; but this we can hardly imagine to have been an improvement, as the tone of the modern mandoline, which is produced by means of a plectrum of quill, is not so agreeable as that of the guitar. A great improvement, however, was the introduction of a soundingboard; the tone of the instrument being thus produced by the vibration of the wood, instead of, as formerly, the mere vibration of the string, and being thus incomparably more full and resonant. This most probably constituted the difference between the testudo and the cithara, or harp, of the ancients. The next great improvement in stringed instruments consisted in giving them a neck, or finger-board, by means of which the same string, pressed by the fingers at different points, was enabled to give a series of notes. This improvement was first embodied in the instruments of the lute species. The lute is believed to have been originally an eastern instrument, and to have been imported by the Moors into Spain. The lute is, or rather was-for it has almost disappeared—an instrument of a most elegant form, with a beautifully turned convex back, tapering into its long neck, or fingerboard. It had generally eleven strings; and the finger-board was marked with frets, or divisions, at the points where the strings were pressed by the fingers. There were different species, differing in size and number of strings. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the lute was in its highest vogue. The preux chevalier and high born dame reckoned the art of singing to the lute one of their most elegant and indispensable accomplishments. The poetry of those times is full of it; and it makes the principal figure in the musical pictures of Titian and Rubens. The extreme difficulty, when music became more and more complex, of managing an instrument with so many strings, made the lute fall into disuse. The guitar, simpler in its construction than the lute, might seem to have been an improvement on that instrument; but this cannot, in fact, be said to have been the case, as the guitar has been known in Spain, France, and other countries for many centuries. It is now, if we except the mandoline, (a trifling instrument little used,) the only instrument of the lute species of which the practice is still kept up.

The invention of the bow was the next great step in the progress of stringed instruments. The period of this invention has been the subject of much learned debate, with which we shall not trouble our readers. An instrument called cruth, with strings raised on a bridge, and played with a bow, has existed in Wales from a remote

antiquity, and has been considered in this country as the father of the violin tribe. The old English term of crowder, for fiddler, seems to give countenance to this opinion. It appears, however, from a treatise on music, by Jerome of Moravia, in the thirteenth century, that instruments of this species, already known by the name of viol, existed on the continent. The different instruments which went under the general name of viol, were in the most common use during the sixteenth, and till about the middle of the seventeenth century. In construction they differed from each other only in size, as the modern violin, tenor, and violincello, differ from each other; but this produced a difference in the channer of playing them, and in their pitch. They were of three sizes; the treble-viol, tenor-viol, and bassviol. These had six strings, and a finger-beard marked with frets, like that of the lute or guitar. The last improvement was the change of the viol into the violin. The violin took its rise from the treble viol, by its being diminished in size, having its strings reduced from six to four, and its finger-board deprived of frets. The diminished number of strings made the execution of the passages which were now introduced into music, more easy; and the removal of the frets enabled the player to regulate the position of the fingers by a much better guide—the delicacy of his own ear. By the same process, the other instruments of the viol tribe were changed into the modern tenor, (which still retains its generic name of viola,) and violincello. The violin seems to have been in general use in France earlier than in Italy, Germany, or England. Its acute and sprightly tones were first used to accompany the dances of that merry nation; a circumstance which, with its puny appearance, made it to be looked on with some contempt when it appeared in these other countries. The first great violinplayer, however, on record, was Baltazarini, an Italian, who was brought into France by Catherine de Medicis, in 1577. The celebrated Arcangelo Corelli may be considered the father of the violin; and the Italians have maintained their pre-eminence upon it, from the days of Corelli down to those of Paganini.

## EQUALITY.

AFTER all that can be said about the advantage one man has over another, there is still a wonderful equality in human fortunes. If the rich have wealth, the poor have health; if the heiress has booty for her dower, the pennyless have beauty for their; if one man has cash, the other has credit; if one boasts of his income, the other can of his influence. No one is so miserable but that his neighbour wants something he possesses; and no one so mighty, but he wants another's aid. There is no fortune so good but it may be reversed; and none so bad but it may be bettered. The sun that rises in clouds may set in splendour; and that which rises in splendour may set in gloom.

#### MECHANIC ARTS IN CHINA.

THE perfection of the mechanic arts in China cannot be denied in certain instances; but this is evidently not the result of a regular combination of scientific improvements. It appears to be the effect of labored experience of ages, brought slowly and difficultly to a certain point, where it is stationary and cannot advance further, until science shall dispel the prejudices of habit and the clouds of ignorance. There is certainly a superiority in several of their silk manufactures, as it regards the gloss and the fixing of the colours; and the rendering them so bright and permanent; but this is not produced by any secret mordant process unknown to Europeans. I was once present at the dying of silks; and, on examination, found the process conducted in the simplest manner, with the commonest mordants used in England. They know very little of the chemical agents, the use of which has become so common in Europe; and the brightness and permanency of the colours must be derived from a very nice experience in the application of the mordants, the climate, and other favorable and concentring circumstances. Owing to the cheaplabor, a very large number of hands are played; therefore the work goes on with a reputity almost beyond conception, and the silks are hung out to dry during the prevalence of the north wind, called by them Pak Fung. Certainly, in any other climate, and under different management, more time would suffice to alter very much the appearance of the colors.

The Chinese never attempt to dve any fine silks with rich colours until Pak Fung commences, which generally happens towards the last of September, or beginning of October. wind is so remarkable in its effects, and so immediately felt, that should it begin at night, even when all the doors and windows are shut, the extreme dryness of the air penetrates into the house, and the furniture and floors begin to crack, with a noise almost as loud as the report of a pistol. If the floors have been laid down in the summer, when the air is damp, or if the planks be not exceedingly well seasoned, and secured with itsi Namps, they will open an inch at least when the northwest monsoon commences. Chinese will not even pack teas or silks for exportation in damp weather, that is to say, unless they are hurried to do it by the strangers who have business with them, and wish to get their ships away sooner than ordinary. I have known a ship detained three weeks longer than the captain wished, at Canton, because the security merchant would not pack the silks which formed part of the cargo until the weather became favorable. This will account in some measure, not only for the permanency and beauty of the dye, but likewise for the care that is taken to preserve it. The Chinese say, that if newly dyed silks be packed before they are perfectly weather, they will not only lose at the color, but will also become

They may have some secret in the

spinning and tissue of silks which we know nothing of, but certainly not in dying them.—Dobell's Travels.

#### ANCIENT RECIPE.

THERE is a class of persons who may be styled amateurs of recipes. By these, every scrap in the form of a short pithy direction to do any thing and every thing-whether in removing a stain from the carpet or a consumption from the lungs, is seized upon with avidity, and treasured up with the utmost care. The experience of the aged, the industry of the young, the columns of newspapers, and the pages of almanacs, are. put in requisition to augment their store of invaluable items. We have known one of these gatherers of useful directions, from whose reticule, album, and scrap book, might be culled at least fifty different and very dissimilar recipes for pickling cabbage, and double this number of certain cures for coughs, colds, and consumptions, or in fact any ailment which ever did, or ever can occur. Should any individuals of this class chance to be included among our numerous readers, we are persuaded they will be highly gratified by our inserting for their use, the following ancient recipe for improving the complexion. We can apply to it, with great truth, their own favourite recommendation:-If it fail in effecting the object proposed, no possible injury can result from its use.

Xenophon, in his Memorabilia Socratis, introduces Ischomachus, an Athenian of great riches and reputation, discoursing with Socrates concerning his family affairs. He told his wife that his main object in marrying her was to have a person in whose discretion he could confidewho would take proper care of his servants, and expend his money with economy. The distressed husband proceeds to complain, "that one day he observed her face painted, and that she wore high heeled shoes; that he chid her severely for such follies, and asked whether she could imagine to pass off such silly tricks on a krusband? If she wanted to have a better complexion, why not weave at her loom-standing upright, and in the open air? why not employ herself in baking, and in other family exercises, which would give her such a bloom as no paint could imitate?"

When the Athenian manners became more refined, it is proper to observe, that greater indulgence was given to their females in dress and ornaments. They then consumed the whole morning at the toilette, employing paint, and various drugs, under the vain pretext of cleaning and whitening the skin. Though previously prohibited the use of wine, this now, with various species of rich food, was served daily at their meals. We need not wonder at the remark which has been made, "that from the moment the Grecian females departed from their original simplicity of living, they degenerated in innocence, in beauty, and in health." Journal of Health.

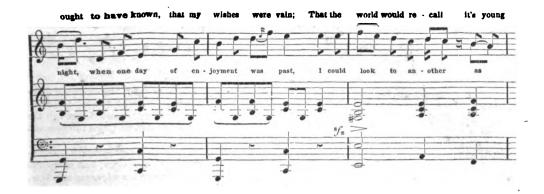
# IT IS THE LAST MEETING,

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION)

# TO QUEEN ADELAIDE,

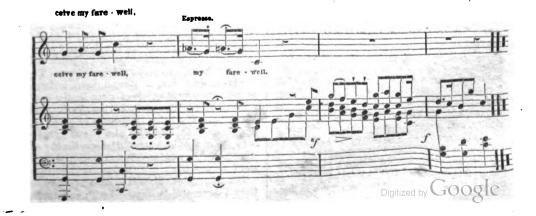
Written by Spomas Maynes Bayly, Bsq. Music Composed by Charles B. Morn.











## EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

The Campagna was gleaming under a burning sun when we emerged from the city boundaries through the Laurentian gate, on our way to the olive shades and cooling streams of Tivoli.—Even an Italian remarked that the atmosphere was singularly translucent. On pointing, as I thought, to a hawk flying near, my companion replied, "No, Sir, 'tis an eagle in the distance."

The lake of Tartarus, whose waters petrify every substance which comes in contact with them, first arrested our attention. A little further on we crossed a rapid stream of water, thick and white as milk, and having an offensive sulpherous smell. The lake whence it flows (though of confined superfices) is of immense depth; and the bituminous exhalations of its waters, incorporated with dust, leaves and rubbish, and cemented by a glutinous soil, have formed a number of small floating islands, and obtained for it the appellation of Lago del Isola Natanti.

The Ponte Lucano and Tomb of Plautius, not unfrequently appear on the common blue crockery of England. Their picturesque effect is not a little heightened by the Tiburtine groves and mountains in the back ground. At a moderate distance from the Plautian Tomb you ascend the approach to Tivoli.

The town is in itself abominable; the scenery about it deservedly famed; but we must not judge of the Sabinian Tibur by the present aspect of the modern Tivoli. At the window of the Sybyl inn, I was at once introduced to the grand cascade and an American officer. The thundering of the waters arrested our attention at the same moment. "'Tis a fine thing," said the captain, "but you should see the falls of Niagara!" We descended to the terrace at the back of the inn, where there is a general view of the surrounding grandeurs: a second cascade here presents itself, of less body but far greater fall, and, in the opinion of many, of superior beauty. "The first," said the captain, "is more in the style of Niagara."

It is rather the situation and character of the falls than their magnitude which charm the spectator; yet among all that is beautiful, two objects certainly reach the sublime. The one is Neptune's Grotto, where, in the darkness of a deep cavern, two falls are seen to meet in furious junction, thence rushing with great impetuosity into a lower basin, where they unite with the second of the leading cascades. Thus in its full "completion," the whole body of water rolls on to the other grand object, viz. the Grotto of the Syrens, which we entered with considerable difficulty, and some degree of danger. Standing within the mouth of the cavern we looked with dread upon the rushing waters as they shot by at our feet, and with terrific violence were precipitated into the black gulf or throat of the chasm pelow. "Gad!" said the captain, "this is fine, even to those who have seen the Falls of Niagara." Other cascades of great beauty are formed by a branch of the river carried through the town. These are best viewed from the opposite bank.

The Temple of vesta is a perfect gem, -singular in the dignity of its situation, and unique in its proportions and decorative character. Whether the capitals of its peristyle be Corinthian or Composite, is not so certain as the beauty of their aspect and the boldness of their execution. How often have Claude and Wilson gazed upon this pet of Art! How frequently has the former introduced it in his glowing pictures! No wonder-Though it had been measured and delineated a "thousand times," I could not resist the gratification of doing it myself: so the ladders were brought, and I kissed the ox-cheeks on its frieze for very joy, embraced the necks of its elegant columns, and nearly broke my own in so doing.

But this celebrated remain, however beautiful in itself, is perhaps, to the general observer, a still more pleasing object when viewed as an adjunct rather than principal, from the bed of the river in the vale below. Indeed, there are several points whence its appearance is so fascinating, that we are inclined to fall out with some painters of note, who, instead of presenting us with a strict resemblance of the scene as it stands, have opened themselves to the charge of presumption by "compositions," in which mere hints are adopted where facts should have been set down.

Let no visitor leave Tivoli without seeing the Grottos by torch-light, even though much trouble, some expense, wet feet, and rheumatic probabilities be the concomitants of the task.—The contrast of glittering foam and jet-black rock is here in full perfection. The captain forgot to speak of Niagara!"

Tivoli is a place of treble fascination, being equally distinguished by its artificial beauties, natural grandeurs, and poetical associations .-Kelsal alludes to it as the "Roman Richmond," the "favorite retreat of the opulent Romans both of ancient and modern times." It is said the Tiburtine Villas exceed thirty in number. Of these the proudest was that of Mæcenas, the ruins of which crown an aspiring rock on the southern side of the Anio. It was here Augustus sought the companionship of the patron of arts and letters, who preferred the charms of Tibur to the splendours of Roman pomp, and rejected the proffered offices of state for the converse of Virgil, Horace, Propertius, Varius, and Quintilius. The latter possessed a villa here of some magnitude. Catullus also is said to have been the near neighbour of Horace, the site of whose humble residence is now occupied by a small convent.

The ruins of a villa said to have belonged to Caius Cassius will be regarded with an interest

of more than common warmth. Brutus also had a retreat close by:—perhaps you tread the very scene of that conference which led to the fall of Cesar, the king! Augustus, as we learn, passed the closing years of his life in the villa of his deceased friend Mæcenas, and administered justice in the temple of Hercules, the site of which is now occupied by the cathedral church of Tivoli.

We passed the brick cell of an ancient temple, said to have been dedicated to the deity of coughs, possibly by some unfortunate sufferer from asthma, anxious to propitiate the malevolent author of his affliction. Passing on, we rambled awhile among the formalities of the Villa d'Este, whose lead flats command a vast expanse of campagna, with Rome in the western distance.

A chaos of ruins, extending over a vast space, and in number, variety, and magnitude, seeming rather to speak of a city than a private residence, indicates the imperial magnificence of Adrian. We hear of the villa boundaries having included epitomes of the Athenian Prytaneum, and of the Lyceum of Aristotle, the Academy of Plato, the Peccile of Zeno, &c. &c. The remains of two theatres are among the most distinct objects; but to the casual observer, the ruins in general bear little indication of their original purpose, although every cell and mass of brickwork has a name in the Guide-book or Cicerone's mouth.

Gratified in no unusual degree, with my Tiburtine excursion, I regained my lodgings in Nuemero 9, Via Frattina and slept to dream of Vestal loveliness and Mæcena's patronage.—Library of the Fine Arts.

#### THE PLEASURES OF MADNESS.

A REMARKABLE peculiarity in many cases of insanity, is a great rapidity of mind, and activity of conception—a tendency to seize rapidly upon incidental or practical relations of things, and often a fertility of imagination, which changes the character of the mind, sometimes without remarkably distorting it. The memory, in such cases, is entire, and even appears more ready than in health; and old associations are called up with a quickness quite unknown to the individual in his sound state of mind. A gentleman, mentioned by Dr. Willis, who was liable to periodical attacks of insanity, said that he expected the paroxysms with impatience, because he enjoyed, during them, a high degree of pleasure. " Every thing appeared easy to me-no obstacles presented themselves, either in theory or practice. My memory acquired, all of a sudden, a singular degree of perfection. Long passages of Latin authors occurred to my mind. In general, I have great difficulty in finding rhythmical terminations, but then I could write verses with as great facility as prose."-" I have often," says Penil, "stopped at the chamber door of a literary gentleman, who, during his paroxysms, appeared to soar above the mediocrity of intellect that was peculiar to him, solely to admire his newly-acquired powers of eloquence. He declaimed upon the subject of the revolution with all the force, the dignity, and the purity of language, that this very interesting subject could admit of. At other times he was a man of very ordinary abilities."—Dr. Abercrombie.

#### POWER OF REGULATING DREAMS.

DREAMS can be produced by whispering into the ears when a person is asleep. One of the most curious, as well as authentic examples of this kind has been referred to by several writers: I find the particulars in a paper by Dr. Gregory, and they were related to him by a gentleman who witnessed them. The subject of it was an officer in the expedition to Louisburg, in 1758, who had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at. his expense. They could produce in him any kind of dream, by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and, when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker, or bunker, in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so, with such force as to throw himself entirely from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his friends found him asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time, increased his fears by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dving; and when he asked, as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next himself in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprung from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was roused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tent ropes. A remarkable circumstance in this case was that, after these experiments, he had no distinct recollection, of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue; and used to tell his friend that he was sure that he was playing some trick upon him. A case entirely similar in its bearing, is related in Smellie's Natural History, the subject of which was a medical student at the University of Edinburgh.

A singular fact has often been observed in dreams which are excited by a noise, namely, that the same sound awakens the person, and produces a dream, which appears to him to occupy a considerable time. The following example of this has been related to me:—A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and, at last, led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had both produced the dream and awaked him. The same want of the notion of time is observed in dreams from other causes. Gregory mentions a gentleman who, after sleeping in a damp place, was for a long time liable to a feeling of suffocation whenever he slept in a lying posture, and this was always accompanied by a dream of a skeleton, which grasped him violently by the throat. He could sleep in a sitting posture without any uneasy feeling; and, after trying various experiments, he at last had a sentinel placed beside him, with orders to awake him whenever he sunk down. On one occasion he was attacked by the skeleton, and a severe and long struggle ensued before he awoke. On finding fault with his attendant for allowing him to lie so long in such a state of suffering, he was assured that he had not lain an instant, but had been awakened the moment he began to sink. The gentleman, after a considerable time, recovered from the affection.

#### ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

THESE are small globules, or pear-shaped bulbs, blown in thin glass, and each pierced with two opposite holes, by which it may be strung. They are afterwards prepared in such a manner as to greatly imitate the rounded and brilliant concretions, reflecting the irridiscent colours, which are found in certain bivalve shells, such as the pearl muscle, &c., and which bear the name of oriental pearls. We can perfectly imitate the brilliancy and reflection of these natural pearls, by means of a liquid termed essence of pearl, and which is prepared by throwing into liquid ammonia the brilliant particles which are separated by friction and washing, from the scales of a small river fish named the bleak. These pearly particles, thus suspended in the ammonia, can be applied to the whole interior of these glass bulbs, by blowing it into them, after which the ammonia is volatilised by gently heating them. It is said that some manufacturers do not employ the ammonia, but instead thereof suspend the pearly particles in a solution of isinglass well clarified, and which they drop into the bulbs, and then turn them in all directions, in order to spread it equally over their interior surfaces. There can be no doubt, that in this mode of applying the pearly mixture, the same success will be obtained as in the before-mentioned process, and that it will afford a layer of the same thinness and brilliancy. It is important, to succeed in the perfect imitation of pearls, that the glass bulbs or pears employed should be of a slight bluish tint, opalised, and be also very thin, and likewise that the glass should contain but little potash, or oxide of lead. In each manufactory of these artificial pearls there are workmen exclusively employed in the blowing of these glass bulbs, and which indeed requires a great skill and dexterity to succeed well therein—a dexterity indeed, which can only be acquired by long practice. The French manufacturers of these artificial pearls have at length attained a degree of perfection before unknown. We must add, that the bulbs are finally filled up with white wax.—Dict. Technologique.

#### WASHINGTON LOVED HIS MOTHER.

IMMEDIATELY after the organization of the present government, Gen. Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure to New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her:—

"The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of my office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and"—

Here the matron interrupted him.—"You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease that is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you: go, my son, and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessings be with you always."

The President was deeply affected.—His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly encircled his neck.—That brow on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman Senate, in its Fabrician day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory retracing scenes long past, carried him back to the paternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction, and discipline had prepared him to reach the topmost beight of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her, from whom wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more.

The matron's predictions were true. The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of eighty-five, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

## RANDOM THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

When is youth's gay heart the lightest?
When the torch of health burns brightest;
And the soul's fich banquet lies
In air, and ocean, earth and skies;
Till the honied cup of pleasure
Overflows with mental treasure.

When is love's sweet dream the sweetest?
When a kindrod heart thou meetest
Unpolluted with the strife,
The selfish aims that tarnish life;
Ere the scowl of care has faded
The shining chaplet fancy braided,
And emotions, pure and high,
Swell the heart and fill the eye;
Eich revealings of the mind,
Within a loving breast enshrined,
To thy own fond bosom plighted,
In affection's bonds united.
The sober joys of after years
Are nothing to those smiles and tears.

When is sorrow's sting the strongest?
When friends grow cold wc've loved the longest;
And the bankrupt heart would borrow;
Treacherous hopes to cheat the morrow;
Dreams of bliss by reason banished,
Early Joya which quickly vanished,
And the treasured past appears,
Only to augment our town
When within itself retreating,
The spirit owns earth's joys are fleeting,
Yet, rack'd with anxious doubts and fears,
Trusts, blindly trusts, to fitture years.

Oh! this is grief, the preacher saith,
The world's dark wore that worketh death;
Yet, oft beneath its influence bowed,
A beam of hope will burst the cloud,
And Heaven's celestial shore appears,
Slow rising o'er the tide of tears,
Guiding the spirit's darkling way,
Through thorny paths, to endless day,
Here the toils of life are done,
Then youth and age are both as one—
Sorrow never more can sting,
Neglect or pain, the bosom wring,
And the joys blest spirits prove,
Par exceed all earthly love.

#### THE SPECTRE SEER;

OR THE WARRIOR'S DESAM.

The prophet rose at dead of night, All on the burial hill, And "Up! my brethren, rise!" he cried, In accent deep and shrill.

He shook his wand and magic bones, •
He beat his dancing drum,
And "Ho! my brethren, rise!" he cried,
"The hour we hoped has come.

"Ho! warriors up, and seize your arms,
"For they are laid with ye,
"And let us to the war again,
"And battle to be free."

And from their graves the dreamless dead Arose, upon the strand; Each with war-signal on his head, And weapon in his hand.

Like gathering clouds the warriors stood,
A hundred thousand men;
A horrid front to look upon,
For blood was in no vein.

But banners waved, and lances shook, And frontlets seamed with red; And giant chiefs moved to and fro, An army of the dead.

And "Ho! my friends," the prophet cried,
"Now let us onward go;
"With shout and song—I give the cry,
"I lead you to the foe!"

And at that word, a hollow yell,
Broke out from every band;
That pealed across the distant vale,
And shook the solid land.

A moment more, and not one soul
Of all that fearful throng,
Was seen beneath the moon's pale beam,
Where late they rais'd the song.

Each to his own lone sepulchre, Slid back with viewless trace; And nought but rustling leaf disturb'd The silence of the place.

## THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakepeare

An accomplished man will shine more than a man of mere knowledge, as brass polished has more lustre than unpolished gold, although the latter is intrinsically so much the more valuable.

The first consideration with a knave, is how to help himself, and the second, how to do it with an appearance of helping you.

Sir F. Bacon observes, that men in great places are thrice servants; servants to the state,

servants to fame, and servants to business. "It is strange," says he, "that men will desire place to lose liberty; the rising into place is laborious; by pains, men come to greater pains; and by indignities to dignities."

It is a great misfortune not to have mind enough to speak well, nor judgment enough to keep silent. Hence the origin of every impertinence.

Formerly, it was the fashion to preach the Natural, now it is the Ideal. People too often forget that these things are profoundly compatible; that, in a beautiful work of imagination, the Natural should be ideal, and the Ideal, natural.

Flannel was first used to be worn next the skin by Lord Percy's regiment at Boston, 1774. It was hard work to get enough for the men. The celebrated Count Rumford afterwards published a pamphlet claiming the credit of the practice.

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade, Pants for the refuge of the rural shade, Where, all his long anxieties forgot, Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot, Or recollected only to gild o'er, And add a smile to what was sweet before; He may possess the joys he thinks he sees, Lay his old age upon the cup of ease, Improve the remnant of his wasted span, And having lived a trifler, die a man.

The glory of some men is to have written well, of others not to have written at all.

Some person asked Charles James Fox, what was the meaning of that passage in the Psalms, "He clothed himself with cursing, like as with a garment."—"The meaning!" said he, "I think it clear enough; the man had a bad habit of swearing."

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness: one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging—alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one, we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

The pleasures of science are greater than the pleasures of power—Archimedes felt more delights in his discovery of the component metals of Hiero's crown, than Hiero ever felt in wearing it.

A London paper speaks of the Queen's breakfasting lately at Chriswick at four o'clock, P. M. The Camden Journal thinks that in the course of a few years more, as high fashion travels forward, it will be extended to beyond midnight, and breakfast become what it was originally—a morning meal.

He who tells a lie, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must tell twenty more to maintain that one.

Should we, to destroy error, compel it to silence? No. How then? Let it talk on. Error, obscure in itself, is rejected by every sound understanding, when once perceived. If time has not given it credit, and it be not favoured by government, it cannot bear the eye of examination. Reason will ultimately direct wherever it be freely exercised.

Man has a right to speak all things, and write all things—but not to impose his opinions.

Amongst the Records in the Tower of Honour is one to the following effect:—"King John gave eral lands at Kipperton and Alterton, in Kent,

to Solomon Atlefield, to be held by this service, that as often as the King should please to cross the sea, the said Solomon or his heirs, should be obliged to go with him, to hold his Majesty's head, if there be occasion for it"—that is, should the King be sea-sick. And it appears by the Record, that this office of head-holding was accordingly performed afterwards in the reign of Edward the first.

Yourself with the opinion that your birth, Your beauty, or whatever false ground else You raise your pride upon, will stand against The censures of just men."

Of two brothers, one served the king, the other worked hard for his food. The former saying to the latter—"Why do you not serve the king, and get rid of your toil?" was answered, "Why do you not toil, and get rid of your slavery?"

#### RECIPES.

FOR SCOURING THICK COTTON; AS COUNTER-PANES, QUILTS, &C.

Cut a pound of mottled soap into thin slices; put it into a pan with a quarter of an ounce of potash, and one ounce of pearl-ash; then pour a pail of boiling water on it; let it stand till it is quite dissolved; then pour hot and cold water into your scouring tub, with a bowl of your solution of soap. Put in your counterpane, and beat it well out with a doll, often turning the counterpane over in the tub. When this is done, wring it across a gallows or a hook, which is done by turning the two opposite ends round each other, and putting a small clean stick between them. By this method you may wring it as dry as possible, the harder, without injuring it, the better. Having given it this first liquor, you may put in some old cottons or woollens, that the liquor may not be thrown away, and then give your counterpane a second liquor as before. Wring it out again, and rinse in clean cold water; then pour a sufficient quantity of boiling water into your tub, with a small quantity of the solution of soap, so that you will reduce it to a very thin lather. Put three tea spoonfuls of liquid blue into the tub, whence your goods were taken, and the acid of the liquid blue and the alkali of the pearl-ash and the soap ley will cause a slight fermentation or effervescence: stir this thin blue liquor with a stick, and put in your counterpane: beat it out with the doll about five minutes. which will colour the counterpane of a fine azure blue of the lightest shade; but as it dries in the wind, the blue mostly goes off, and leaves a brilliant white.

N. B. In some cases where the cottons are very brown and bad, it is necessary, instead of the last of these three liquors being poured into the tub, that it should be thrown into the copper, and the cottons put in and boiled an hour. When taken out, return them into the tub with some cold water, and add the before mentioned quantity of chemic blue; and dry the articles in the air.

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

## APRIL. 1889.

#### DEMI SAISON.

#### PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

MORNING DRESS.—Coat dress, gros de Berlin of celestial blue, with plaited bosom and falling collar—handkerchief sleeves. Green silk hat, with same coloused trimmings, lined with purple. Green shoes to match the bonnet and trimmings. Brooch and ornaments gold.

EVENING DRESS.—Rose coloured Charli with Berri sleeves. Blond pelarine—white Boa mirabou—sevigne across the forehead carnelion. Dark shoes tied with galloon of same colour.

# From the Lady's Magazine. LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS

FOR MARCH.

BONNETS.—Bibibs and cottage bonnets' are more numerous than ever; they are very slightly trimmed, and are usually finished with the plume frimalee, which is a novel and beautiful imitation of rime frost in feather-work, and which has been in vogue since the commencement of last month. These plumes form a variety with the Polish and Russian willow plumes, which are still the rage. Plush is frequently used in walking bonnets. Flowers are occasionally seen on the bibibs, and are so large that they seem to be chosen in order to form a contrast to these diminutive bonnets: the favorites are a large dahlia. camelia, rose, or poppy. Bonnets, not larger than boods, are now and then seen tied under the chin with a half handerchief; these are called a la marmotte, from their resemblance to the fur round the head of that animal. Plush is now much used.

HEAD-DRESSES.—The low Grecian arrangement of hair in the severe classic taste of the antique, is universally adopted by ladies whose outline will admit of this often most unbecoming style. Coronets of pearls, cameos, or flowers are worn very low on the brow. Gold beads or pearls are woven with the braided hair. The high gallery shell combs are now as vulgar as the Perronierc. In place of carved shell combs, gold combs, on which four or five classic cameos are arranged en couronne, are worn in full dress.

## From the Royal Lady's Magazine.

The last week has produced a novelty in evening dress—the adoption of natural flowers in the hair. Proper wires are made to support them invisibly. The flowers, which are not wreathed in the hair till the moment of departure for the ball or soiree, are found to retain their freshness during several hours. This fashion has been revived from the last century, when little vases were made on purpose to contain a few drops of water, and were hid among the hair, with the stalks of the flowers inserted in them.

BALL DRESS .- Hair braided with gold beads,

in Grecian bands, and a low coronet and large knot, ornamented with plumes or silver barley, a la Ceres. Dress of white gauze lisse, gathered in front of the corsage with full loose folds. Under dress of deep rose colored satin a la Reine. The epaulettes and the bottom of the lisse robe are cut into square dents. The upper dress is looped up on the left side to the knees, a la Taglioni, with boquets of gold barley. The rose colored satin skirt is finished with a border of full puffs at the feet. Long white kid gloves, fan embossed with gold; necklace of gold medallions.

DINNER DRESS.—Large dress cap of riband, and two deep aureoles of scolloped blonde. Canezou fichu of the same material: it is made with a falling collar and a deep point on each shoulder. Dress of gros de Tours, the skirt ornamented with a deop zigzag trimming of black embroidered velvet. Belt and wristlets of the same. The sleeves of the same material as the dress, cut plain to the elbow: the upper sleeves are extremely full.

EVENING DRESS .- The hair is banded a la Grecque; small knot on the crown, from which depend a number of ringlets a la Sevigne, is ornamented with a high crown of small field flowers; two half garlands of the same nearly meet on the brow. Dress of crape over a slip of satin a la Rheine; corsage a la Roxalane, over which fall a very pretty pointed revers, and epaulettes of satin. The skirt is ornamented with a wreath of cut ribands a la Taglioni, fastened on the right with a few large satin leaves and ends, and a bunch of minute field flowers like those in the hair. The berete sleeves are very large, and parted into puffs with bands of cut riband, to match the wreath on the skirt. Edging of thread lace in fine scollops at the bust and sleeves .-Necklace and bracelets, clusters of pearls; white kid gloves, with vandykes at the top. Blonde gauze scarf.

At dinner parties, a custom has lately been adopted of placing before each guest a glass wase of rose-water, in which a drop of the essence of mint has been infused; the extreme coolness which forms one of the properties of that herb leaves a pleasant freshness in the mouth during the rest of the evening.

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## THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

#### A LEGEND OF PALACE-YARD.

"Lord, what a wind, what a fire, what a motion and commotion of earth and air would there have been! I tremble even to think of it. Miserable desolation!"

Sir E. Coke, the King's Attorney, upon the Trial of Guy Faukes.

Numerous have been the "Histories" and " Memoirs" of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, and although many of them differ in trivial and unimportant points, yet they all agree in representing the one monarch as noble and merciful, saving that she was somewhat fiery and choleric, and the other at least inoffensive; yet none have described the restless and agitated state of this kingdom during their sway. In our infancy, the sovereign best remembered was "Good Queen Bess," and, until lately, we have been taught to believe that Elizabeth did more to uphold the splendour of her empire than any preceding monarch. Her reign has been called the "golden age," and she has upon all occasions been contrasted with her sister, but there are few now who do not consider that she was a remorseless fury, who sacrificed every thing to her insatiable ambition, which was only exceeded by her conceit and disgusting personal vanity. Her people had become habituated to acts of tyranny and bloodshed during the sway of her sanguinary and brutal father, and they suffered with more patience the violence and oppression of the succeeding monarchs, not because they were milder, but simply because they were not quite so terrible; but, when Elizabeth assumed the reins of government, the rack, the halter, the gibbet, and the knife, were again put in requisition. Heretofore, Catholic and Protestant alternately gained the ascendancy, and by turns remorselessly butchered each other; but when Elizabeth grasped the sceptre, the power of the former succumbed to the latter, and her agents hunted down the innocent and peaceable Catholic, whose only crime was his adherence to the religion of his fathers. The notorious corruption of the church of Rome certainly called aloud for a reformation; but why were the guiltless punished?—why was the phial of wrath emptied upon the heads of any but those, who, under the guise of sanctity and zeal for religion, struggled for temporal power?

These persecutions were carried on with scarcely any intermission until the death of Elizabeth, which happened in the year 1603. Perverse and obdurate in her dying moments, she quitted the world without naming her successor, thereby leaving the nation in a state of great uncertainty and anxiety, as to who should be chosen to fill that throne from which she had, for more than forty years, issued her cruel mandates. Many plots were contrived to destroy her, and several daring individuals singly attempted her life; but all the parties suffered for their temeri-

ty; even suspected persons were seized and condemned. At length a few desperate men conspired to overthrow her and her government; but, in the midst of their deliberations, the angel of death summoned their intended victim before the tribunal of Him, whose name and whose law she had so often wantonly profaned and violated. This event led the discontented to hope that a favourable change would take place, as all eyes were turned towards James the Sixth of Scotland, whose pusillanimous disposition sanctioned the belief that the bloody days of persecution were passed away. His accession was hailed with joy by the Catholics, both on account of his being a descendant of Mary, who was a rigid papist, and also from his having been inclined to that religion in his youth; but great was their surprise and rage to find him strictly executing those merciless laws which his predecessors had enacted against them. The peaceable and unambitious Catholic dreaded a renewal of Elizabeth's barbarities, while the more violent resolved to destroy the newly crowned king or perish in the attempt. James on his arrival in England was attended by a long train of his needy countrymen, all of them seeking for places and preferment, which they obtained to the exclusion of the English, who thus saw those whom they had been taught to believe-and whom, indeed, they had always found to be-their bitterest enemies, filling every post of emolument, and suing for places on behalf of their countrymen, who were daily inundating England, that country of which they had been the scourge for so many hundred years.

The individual who first determined to destroy the king and his minions, was Robert Catesbye, a gentleman of ancient family in Northamptonshire, and a descendant of that Catesbye, who so faithfully served his master, stern and cruel as he was, when all deserted him at Bosworth field. He it was who framed a plot which humanity shudders at, and which, although it cannot be justified, must allow of some degree of palliation when we reflect upon the abject state to which many families of high birth were reduced. The plot was not contrived by a few desperate wretches in the lower walks of life, but by men of family and consequence, who had considerable property at stake; and this fact goes to prove the miserable and degraded state to which the nation had been brought by James and his horde of needy countrymen. Catesbye was the originator of that conspiracy, in the particulars of which no two historians agree; which has been

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considered a mere fable by some, and which, for more than two hundred years, has been known by the name of the Gunpowder Plot.

"Can you show me the lodging of the English knight, Sir William Stanley?" inquired a stranger, in imperfect Dutch, of a boor whom he met in one of the streets in Ostend.

"Yaw, Mynheer," replied the fellow, taking his pipe from his mouth, "'tis you house hard

by de zign of de Goot Vrow."

"Thank ye, good fellow," said the Englishman, interrupting him, "here is a groat for your information, which is even better than your English;" and he passed on to the house pointed out to him by the boor, who acknowledged the gift with an awkward bow.

"I sall drinck your honour's goot helt," said the Hollander, resuming his pipe, and rolling to-

wards a bier-kroeg.

In the mean time, the stranger had arrived at the house of which he was in quest, and having knocked at the door, was instantly admitted, and shown into a small dark room, in which a man of sombre countenance was sitting, who, rising from his seat, greeted him with a warm grasp of the hand.

"Welcome, thrice welcome to Ostend, Master Wentour," said he, "for by your visit I see that the hour of vengeance is at hand. Say, how is my honoured friend and intimate, Master

Catesbve?"

"Well, excellent well, Sir William," replied Wentour, "and living in the hope that our enemies will, ere long, feel the vengeance we have in store for them. We have a few more fearless hearts joined with us—Master Catesbye has taken a commodious dwelling at Lambeth, and all is ready—we must lay in our munition without more delay."

"Tis already prepared," replied the knight, "thirty barrels of powder are on board the galliot, alongside the quay, and waiting for the first

fair wind."

"Truly you are a zealous worker in the good cause, Sir William; with such souls there can be no fear of a miscarriage—but where is the gentleman of whom our good friend Catesbye speaks so highly?"

"He has not overrated him," said the knight, whistling aloud. An attendant entered. "Bid Master Johnson attend us here, Jenkin."

The servant disappeared, and shortly after, a man of commanding stature entered the room. His aspect partook of that expression peculiar to the better class of the people of Yorkshire; his forehead was high and smooth; his nose somewhat aquiline and well-shaped; his eyes were grey, sharp, and piercing, and his whole countenance would have been prepossessing, but for the close and determined expression of the mouth and chin. A spade beard of a light brown colour descended over his doublet of buff leather, and his mustachios were well trimmed and turned upwards at the ends, after the Spanish fashion. A profusion of brown hair fell in curls over his

shoulders and down his back, and set off a countenance at once noble and commanding. The appearance of this man made a strong impression upon Wentour, who regarded him with fixed attention.

"This is the gentleman," said Sir William, who is willing to render all the assistance in his power to your great undertaking; trust me, I have ever found Master Faukes a man of courage and ready counsel."

Wentour extended his hand, which Faukes seized in his own, and with an oath exclaimed, in a northern accent, which his long residence

abroad had not destroyed:-

"By my beard, it glads my heart to find there are a few bold and resolute souls still left to avenge the wrongs of Old England!——Madre del—"

"Hold, Faukes!" cried Stanley, interrupting him, "you must forget that you have carried a spontoon here; none of your Spanish oaths, they will betray ye if ye use them in England."

"You are right, Sir William, I will take care to keep my acquaintance with the Spaniard a secret; my new name will protect me from re-

cognition."

"I trust so," said the knight, "and now let us have a flask of burgundy, and drink success to our undertaking. What, ho! glasses and a flask of the best!"

The wine having been brought, they sat down to discuss it, and arrange their plans. The midnight chimes had sounded ere they separated; Wentour retired to rest, rejoicing in this accession to their band, and deeply impressed with the firm and determined character of Faukes.

Early in the morning of the third day of Wentour's arrival, a message from the captain of the galliot informed them that the wind was fair for England. Wentour and Faukes were soon on board, and bidding farewell to Sir William Stanley, they set sail with their terrible cargo.

In the mean time, Catesbye had taken a house\* on the banks of the Thames at Lambeth, which he had entrusted to the care of one Robert Keys, whom he had received into the association. The lower rooms had been cleared out, and every thing prepared for the reception of the gunpowder, the arrival of which was hourly expected. It was a calm and beautiful evening, on which Catesbye, Keys, Percy, Rookewoode, and several others, sat in an apartment of this house, overlooking the river upon which the setting sun threw its last rays. Their conversation was carried on in a low tone, but it was not the less stern and terrible.

"Ye would not destroy all," queried Percy, fixing his eye upon the rigid features of Catesbye. "There are some who would rejoice to hear of our plot, must they perish too?"

"Ay, Tom, all; would ye, to save some half dozen shambling fools, run the risk of betraying us? If one spark of pity linger in your breast, think of the wrongs that thou thyself hast suffer-

<sup>\*</sup> This house has been for some time levelled to the ground.

ed; count over the fines thou hast paid to these villains; reckon up the broad acres thou hast lost by them, and-

"By heaven, you madden me!" cried Percy, "hold, I pray thee, good Catesbye; 'twere folly to think of the safety of a few, when a host of enemies are within our toils."

"Ay," said Keys, with a bitter smile, "and unconscious of it too-the cellar is cleared, and we have but to bestow the powder."

At this moment the arrival of two persons in a boat under the window interrupted the conversation, and Catesbye throwing open the casement, discovered that it was Faukes and Wentour. Mutual greetings followed, and Wentour informed his companions that the galliot with the powder on board, had anchored in the Thames.

"We must get part of it here without delay," said Catesbye: "we can then remove it to my house in Palace Yard at our leisure. You will assist us, Wentour?"

"Ay, when I return," replied Wentour, "but I must first take a journey to Huddington, and prepare my daughter for the event that is to follow, by placing her in the house of some friend."

Catesbye bent a stern and scrutinizing glance on his associate, which Wentour observed.

"Nay," said he, "look not so searchingly, I would rather feel thy dagger in my heart, than bear a look of mistrust."

"Forgive me, Wentour," said Catesbye, "I would not doubt thy zeal and fidelity for worlds; no, my good friend, I know thee too well to harbour a suspicion of so foul a thing. You will meet us on your return at our rendezvous?"

"Ay," replied Wentour, "I shall not tarry at Huddington; in a fortnight ye shall see me again; farewell for a short time. Gentlemen, brothers, · farewell."

He wrung the hand of each by turns, quitted the house, hurried to the water side, and taking a boat, ordered the waterman to row towards the city.

The next morning by sun rise, Wentour was on his way to Huddington, attended only by one man servant, whom he had left in London during his absence in Holland. On the evening of the third day he arrived in sight of his own dwelling, one of those commodious halls built in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Deeply ruminating on the probable result of the dreadful plot in which he was engaged, he did not perceive that a cavalier and a lady, who bore a small merlin in her hand, were walking their horses down the lane which led to his house, and conversing with great earnestness, while two spaniels gambolled round them, and jumped to lick the hand of the cavalier. It was not until he arrived at his own gate that he found the lady to be his daughter; who, upon perceiving him. jumped from her palfrey and flew into his arms. Without noticing the young man, Wentour strained his daughter in his embrace, and affectionately kissed her forchead and cheek.

"Amy," said he, placing her arm within his, and entering the house, "I have much to say to thec-thou must with me to London, for business of great weight calls me thither."

"Is it so pressing, dear father?"

"Ay, child, so pressing that we must needs be on our way by to-morrow morning."

"Indeed?"

"Ay, in good truth we must, therefore get thy apparel in order; and now leave me awhile. I will come to thee anon."

He released her arm, and turning to the young man who had followed them in, said:-

" Forgive mc, Master Fenton, for my seeming want of courtesy: my mind is filled with the business which has called me abroad; give me thy hand, Cyril, and come with me to my study, I have something for thy ear alone."

He led the way to a small apartment, into which the light was sparingly admitted through a narrow gothic window: some creeping plants had spread over the casement, and together with the arms of the Wentours, which were painted on the glass, almost obscured the view without. The sun was fast sinking in the west, and its rays streamed through the window and glared on the several objects in the room. On one side were ranged several rows of bulky volumes, each of which would now be a treasure to the Bibliopolist; and in a corner stood a suit of armour, of Milan steel, well scoured and polished. A portrait of an ancestor of Wentour, painted by Holbein, hung against the wall.

"Cyril Fenton," said Wentour, closing the door, " I know thy love for my daughter: but I have hitherto forbidden thee, aware that thy slender means would not enable thee to maintain the style and station of a gentleman, if a wife were added to thy cares; -nay, do not interrupt me, I will not besitate to let thee know my meaning:-Tell me, hast thou the will to serve me?-

thy country?-ay, thy God?"

"Your words are mysterious, good sir; what mean ye?"

"I mean," laying his hand on Fenton's shoulder, "that the hour of our deliverance is at handthat the wolf is within our toils—an awful doom awaits our enemies, the heretic band who have so long scourged us is doomed to destruction!"

Fenton's colour fled; he stared at Wentour with surprise, and the word "treason" fell. scarcely audible, from his lips.

"Nay, call it not treason," said Wentour, " is he who labours to free his country from the scourge of such hell-hounds, a traitor?—thine own heart tells thee no. Cyril, whose bloody law doomed thy father to the rack and the scaffold? was it not the daughter of that Herod who so long trampled on the necks of his wretched people and revelled in their blood? By him who died to save us, I am ashamed to see thee stand irresolute."

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"Oh, Master Wentour," said Fenton, "it grieves me to hear such words from you, who have been as a father to me. Say, what is the desperate undertaking? alas! I fear 'tis but a plot to entrap thee."

"Thou art a foolish boy," said Wentour, stern-Digitized by

ly.—"Tis a design framed by those who are by many years thy seniors; by men who, stung by persecution, have determined to break their chains and deliver England from the heretic scourge. Wilt thou join us?—let ay or no be the answer."

Cyril was for some moments incapable of reply. Fearing the issue of the meditated plot, which, in the event of its failure would inevitably entail disgrace, ruin, and death, upon all concerned in it; and dreading, on the other hand, to displease the father of his beloved Amy, his heart was torn by conflicting feelings, and sinking into a chair he covered his face with his hands, in an anguish of mind which even softened the heart of Wentour.

Cyril Fenton was the only child of a country gentleman, who participated in the plot contrived by Babington, to release from prison the unfortunate Queen of Scots in the reign of Elizabeth, and paid the forfeit with his blood. His estate being confiscated and seized by the crown, Cyril, then scarce five years old, having a few months before lost his mother, was thrown on the world without a friend or protector; when Wentour, taking compassion on his forlorn situation, received him under his roof, and reared him as his own child. Years passed away, and as his protege grew up to manhood, Wentour made him his steward. But he did not foresee the consequences of keeping a handsome and intelligent youth like Cyril, under the same roof with his lovely daughter; and ere he was aware of it, both were deeply enamoured of each other. When at length he became acquainted with their passion, he sharply rebuked Cyril for what he considered the youth's presumption and ingratitude; and extorted from him a promise that he would desist from his attentions to his child. Fearing that if he hesitated to comply with this request, he should be driven from the spot which contained all he loved in the world, Cyril pledged his word to obey this, to him, cruel injunction; but, alas! love had taken too deep a root in his bosom, and gave the lie to all his promises and assertions. Wentour loved him as his own child, and he was now deeply affected at his distress.

"Come, come," said he, "Cyril, look up and tell me thou wilt join in our glorious cause; the hand of Amy shall be yours, for it will place thee far above dependence."

The voice of Wentour, which had before seemed so stern to Cyril, now sounded as music to his ears. He rose from his seat, and seizing the hand of his benefactor, said, while tears dimmed his sight,

"Oh, Master Wentour, my best and only friend, I fear some dreadful calamity will befall you; but believe not that I ever thought of shrinking from you in the hour of danger; no, while life lasts, I will not quit your side."

"Spoken like a brave youth," said Wentour; and now, Cyril, I will unfold to you this great design." He described the nature of the conspiracy with great minuteness, painted in glowing terms the advantages that would accrue to

those who were concerned in it, and concluded by again promising that Amy should be his on their arrival in London, when their hands should be joined by Father Garnet, to whom he had unfolded the plot in his a nfession, previously to his leaving the metropolis.

Early on the following morning, Wentour, accompanied by his daughter and Cyril Fenton, set out for London, where they arrived after a tedious and fatiguing journey, and Cyril was immediately blessed with the hand of his lovely daughter. In the society of Amy, Cyril was the happiest of men, and each week that passed seemed but a day, though the time was fast approaching when the tremendous work should be accomplished, and the terrible mine, which was now in a complete state of preparation, should be fired by the daring hand of Faukes.

But the actions of the conspirators were closely watched, and their most secret doings were reported to the minister, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the son of that Burleigh who so well executed the commands of his odious mistress, Elizabeth.

It was on a dark and tempestuous night, a few evenings before the meeting of Parliament, that a figure, closely muffled in a large cloak, cautiously emerged from a postern door of Exeter House in the Strand, and proceeded in an easterly direction down the street. Within this palace sat Burleigh, at a table, upon which was strewed a number of books and papers, to which he occasionally referred; at length he rose from his seat, and after taking two or three turns up and down the apartment, he rung a small silver bell, which stood on the table, and a servant entered.

"Is Master Nightshade here to-night?" inquired the Earl.

"Yes, my Lord, he is in the Hall."

"Bid him attend me here, anon."

The domestic quitted the room, but shortly returned, and ushered in a man of diminutive size, whose physiognomy was as singular as it was disgusting. A high pale forehead, only exceeded in whiteness by the grey locks which shadowed it, had the full benefit of a contrast with a pair of eyes black and piercing, and expressive of great shrewdness and cunning. A hooked nose, and a mouth of hideous proportions, gave to his whole countenance the expression of a demon.

Bidding the servant quit the room, the Earl shut the door, first satisfying himself that no one was lurking on the stairs; then throwing himself into a chair, he fixed his eyes upon this singular being.

"Well, Master Brian Nightshade," said he, "you are punctual. I wish to talk to you upon a little business touching that wretched alave, Tresame. Say, have ye a drug that will make worms' food of your enemy in an hour?"

Brian grinned a ghastly smile. "I have many, my lord; and not a few that will kill in half that time. See you this little pouncet box?"—(He drew from his pouch a small silver box, not bigger than a nut-shell;) "It contains a poison

so deadly, that were a grain of it placed on the tongue of man or beast, in fifteen mortal seconds no leech's skill would avail; or, were it rubbed upon the point of a sword or knife, no chirurgeon would save from death the man who received the wound."

"'Tis well," said the Earl; "to be plain with thee, I would fain see how this subtle drug will work upon that knave, Francis Tresame."

"Francis Tresame!" echoed Brian, in a tone

"Aye," said the Earl, sternly; "why dost thou distend that malignant eye of thine? Art thou not a hater of thy species, and dost thou hesitate to destroy one whom I now place within thy clutch?"

•" Your pardon, my lord; I marvelled to hear your desire, for I thought he had proved of great

service to your lordship."

"Aye, Master Nightshade, but he now knows too much. To worm myself into his confidence—for he was faithful to his friends at first—I possessed him with some secrets, which, if now disclosed, would bring much evil upon the state;—he must die, but not yet. He has just left me must die, but not yet. He has just left me will cause the destruction of his friends and work his—"

A tap at the door of the room interrupted the remainder of Burleigh's speech, and on its being opened, a servant announced the return of Tresame. Brian Nightshade, by the command of the Earl, quitted the room by a secret door, while Tresame almost immediately entered by another.

On the evening of the 4th of November, the conspirators met in Catesbye's house in Palace Yard, and made every thing ready for the approaching catastrophe. Their solemn oath was renewed, and each swore to stand by his friend, "and abyde the uttermost tryal." At midnight they separated, and departed with all possible secrecy, leaving Faukes in care of the house, with every thing necessary for the firing of the train. Catesbye was the last who quitted the premises, and as he passed out, he bent a look so eloquent and impressive upon his bold associate, that it went to the soul of Faukes.

"Farewell," said Guy, "farewell, my honoured friend; doubt not my faith; but a few hours and a roar as of a thousand culverins, shall announce to you the destruction of our foes."

"Farewell for awhile," said Catesbye, "a boat shall be waiting for you at the stairs to-morrow; have a care that the train be well fired."

"Never fear that," replied Faukes, "'twill not be the first mine this hand has helped to spring. Give you good night, Master Catesbye."

"Good night," responded Catesbye, as he threw his cloak around him; "we shall meet to-morrow."

Faukes watched the receding figure of his daring leader, until it was lost in the gloom; he was then about to re-enter the house, when the heavy and measured tramp of feet was distinctly

heard above the moaning of the night wind. "What can this mean?" thought Guy, straining his eyes in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. The noise was familiar to one, the greater part of whose life had been spent in the long wars of the Low Countries; the sound to his quick ear, was that of the march of a troop of soldiers, and he was deliberating how to act, should his appearance create suspicion, when a band of men, some of them bearing torches, turning the corner of an adjoining house, immediately appeared in sight, and the leader called aloud to Faukes to "stand in the king's name!" But he had summoned one whose back was never turned to his enemies; and, though strengthened by numbers, his appearance did not intimidate Faukes, who suffered him to approach with his company.

"What is your name, my friend?" said the leader of the party, who was Sir Thomas Knyvet, "and why are ye abroad at this late hour?"

"My name," replied Guy, nothing daunted, is John Johnson, I am a servant of Master Percy's. As to my right to be here at this time, you have no authority to question it."

"Thou art a bold knave," said Sir Thomas; but we will know what keeps you from your bed at this late hour. Here, Serjeant Warren, bring your flambeau a little nearer."

The Serjeant advanced, and held his torch so as to show the figure of Faukes, who was enveloped in a large dark cloak, and booted and spurred. His countenance, at all times stern and commanding, now grew black as night, and the light which flashed upon his features added to their determined and awful expression; but, checking his wrath, he affected to treat their inspection with disdain.

"Well," said he, with a sarcastic smile, "what do you discover? I should judge ye to be barbers, if it were not for your military garments, for ye seem taken with the cut of my beard."

"Seize and bind the villain!" cried Sir Thomas, and the Serjeant attempted to obey him, when Faukes tripped up his heels, then stepped back a few paces, cast his cloak from him, and in an instant his sword was bared, and a long petrionel appeared grasped in his left hand.

"What, are ye all afraid of one man?" cried the knight, perceiving that the soldiers discovered no inclination to rush upon Guy, "then I must lead ye on—surrender, thou traitorous ruffian, or die a dog's death!"

"Never!" shouted Faukes. "Come on? here will stand until this body is no longer capable of resistance; come on, I say, ye who fear not steel nor lead!"

He drew the trigger of his petrionel as he spoke, and had it not hung fire, so true was his aim, the Knight would not have assisted in his capture.

This failure evidently disconcerted Guy, who hurled the petrionel with great violence, and with a bitter curse, at the head of the foremost soldier, who honoured the salute with the lowest possible prostration. But in doing this, Faukes

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had neglected his guard, and the rest of the party, rushing forward, disarmed and secured him, after a desperate struggle. By command of the Knight, he was conveyed into the house, which the whole party entered; and it was not long ere they descended to the large vault, where they commenced a strict search.

"Pull off those fagots there," cried Sir Thomas. His commands were quickly obeyed, and a barrel was discovered beneath them—another, and another appeared, and the Knight, turning to Faukes, said:—

"Tell me, vile slave, what do these tubs contain?"

Fankes looked at him with the eyes of a tiger that has been robbed of its prey—he drew up his tall and athletic figure to its utmost height, and in a voice of thunder, which rang through the vault, in prolonged echoes, cried—

"Powder! sir Knight! Had I received your visit here, I would ha' fired my petrionel into that cask, and sent your tools and you a-riding on the

night air!"

"Then heaven be praised for this prevention of thy murderous design," exclaimed the Knight; "lead him away, close up the house, and guard him well. I will hasten to the council and inform them of his capture."

Early on the morning of the third day of his apprehension, Faukes, who had been confined in the Tower, in one of the dungeons in which state prisoners were usually immured, was aroused from his slumbers by the heavy fall of the bar and the withdrawing of the bolts which secured the door of his prison. He started from his straw bed, and beheld the gaoler standing over him. In answer to his question why he was disturbed, be was informed that be must attend the council, who were then sitting in the White Tower. Gathering up his fetters, Guy, though weak from mental and bodily suffering, walked with a firm step to the council-room, where he beheld the noblemen who were to examine him. As he entered this gloomy apartment, his eye glanced on the rack which stood near the door, and his wan cheek assumed a livid hue; but it was only momentary; he raised his head, and viewed the assembly with an undaunted glance.

"He is as gallant a figure as one would wish to behold," whispered Nightshade to the executioner, who stood leaning against the rack with his doublet off, and his arms bare to the elbows.

"He is not so proper a man, though, as Harry Vaughan, whom I assisted in his journey to a better world some two years since, come Candlemas," replied the man of death.

One of the council now addressed Faukes, and demanded his name.

" John Johnson," was the reply.

"Have ye not gone by other names?"

" No."

"Who are your associates in this hellish plot?"

"If I thought that threats or torture would make me confess, I would, like the Egyptian of old, pluck out my tongue and cast it before ye." "You have companions then? What fiend tempted ye to contrive so bloody a conspiracy?"

Faukes smiled bitterly.

"Ye shall know," said he. "There are bounds to the patience and submission of the most abject slaves, and such, alas! have been too many of my countrymen. I and my fellows, have seen the broad lands, which our fathers possessed, grasped by the hands of men who have overturned that religion which has for so many hundred years flourished like a fair vine in this once happy country. We have seen the gems which once decked the shrines of saints and martyrs, glittering in the crown of a tyrant. We have beheld the gold and silver ornaments of the altar melted down into coin; and, oh! wretched land! whole bands have been hired with it to combat those who still hold to the good faith. We have seen the boldest and the proudest in England writhing on the rack or swinging on gibbets, because they held fast to that holy faith in which their forefathers lived and died. To crown all, we now behold this country swarming with needy foreigners-with those vile Scotch, who have so long been our deadly foes. 'Twas to revenge these injuries that I would have fired that dreadful mine, and blown those needy vagrants back to their native mountains!"

Here one of the council rose, and sternly bade Faukes disclose the name of his associates.

"Prisoner," said he, "we have heard enough of your treason to satisfy us that you have many of your friends in this devilish plot. You have lied in giving us the name of Johnson—you have gone by another; confess it, or you will be ordered to the rack without delay. Do you heart tate?—Then take the consequences of your stubbornness. Executioner, to the rack with him."

In spite of his powerful struggles, Guy was placed on the horrible engine. The second turn of the wheel extorted a deep hollow groan from the prisoner, who cried out in anguish—

"For the love of him who died for us all, have

mercy; my name is Faukes!"

"Ha," said Burleigh, who presided at the examination, "you have served in the Low Countries?"

"I have," replied the sufferer, shaking back his long hair.

"In the Spanish army!"

"Yes."

"Who are your associates?"

"Away with ye," cried Faukes, turning his haggard and blood-shot eye upon the questioner, "do your worst; 1 will not betray my friends."

Another turn of the wheel was ordered, when the already distended sinews and muscles of the prisoner cracked loudly, and he fainted from excess of pain. Nightshade then approached, and grasping the clammy hand of the prisoner, felt the throb of his feverish pulse.

"He will not bear much more," said he; "but

I will try the effect of this."

He applied a small chased bottle to the nostrils

of Faukes, who slowly revived. The question was again put to him—

"Who are your partners in this conspiracy?"
Still suffering the most excruciating tortures,
Faukes persevered in his resolution, and the horrible torment was renewed; but it proved fruitless—the prisoner uttering a suppressed groan,
sunk under it, and lay on the rack, to all appearance dead. In vain Nightshade applied his restoratives, in vain he bathed with vinegar the livid
brow of the sufferer: Faukes was borne back to
his prison in a most pitcous state, and totally insensible.

We must now return to Wentour and his family, who had, upon their arrival in London, taken lodgings in the Strand. Amy knew not of the dreadful conspiracy in which her father was engaged, and in the society of her husband there was only one alloy to her happiness; this was the moody and reserved state of her parent, whose changed demeanour she viewed with disquiet and even alarm. Wentour had arranged his plans, and was prepared to meet the result of the plot, whichever way the scale might turn. Should it prove abortive, he had resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible in the cause of his friends: for he had already provided a protector for his daughter in the person of Cyril Fenton, whom he had not introduced to his confederates on that ac-

On the eve of the memorable Fifth of November, Wentour, after affectionately embracing his daughter, quitted his lodgings, saying that he should not return until the morning. Cyril witnessed his departure with a sigh, for he well knew the dreadful business which engaged his father-in-law, who had solemnly enjoined him to discharge the sacred trust he had confided to him. The caresses of his lovely bride in some degree soothed the anguish of Fenton; but when he tried to drown in sleep the horrible fears which haunted him, the most ghastly visions succeeded. He beheld a spacious building totter to its base, while loud shricks issued from within. A black cloud obscured the whole, and a crash louder than the discharge of a thousand cannon, followed. He awoke with terror, and found that it was a dream. Again composing himself to sleep, he saw the gory head of Wentour roll on the scaffold, while the shouts of an assembled multitude cheered the dexterity of the headsman. He leapt from his bed, and rushing to the window drew aside the curtain. The morning sun shone brightly into the apartment; all was serene and quiet; the sparrows chirped on the roof, and the sky looked clear and cloudless. How different the scene to the awful visions that had haunted him! He turned to his bride, on whose lids sleep still sat, while the hue of the rose tinged her cheek; her lips lay apart, and disclosed a row of teeth, small, even, and rivalling the pearl in whiteness.

"Heaven shield thee, dearest," ejaculated he, as he kissed her forehead; "thy sleep is as calm and unbroken as the unweaned child: sleep on,

for, alas! I fear thou wilt wake to bear ill tidings."

Amy awoke at this moment, and Cyril evaded her questions by speaking of their return to Huddington, though his unusual paleness and sunken eye, too plainly told what was passing within him.

A place was reserved for Wentour at the breakfast table, but he appeared not to partake of their morning's meal. Fenton remained in a state of harrowing suspense, every moment expecting to hear the horrible announcement of the catastrophe, which would inevitably take place, if the conspirators remained true to each other. The clock of St. Clement's church at length chimed the hour of ten, and ere the sound had died away, the noise of horses' hoofs was heard in the street, and the next moment Wentour entered the room, the perspiration streaming from every pore.

"Amy—Cyril—my children," he cried, "away from this place! All is lost! our enemies triumph—Faukes is taken, and the whole is discovered; Cyril, look to my child—ay, I know thou wilt.—Amy, farewell, perhaps for ever!" Amy fainted in the arms of her husband, while Wentour continued, "at Fresh Wharf, near Belings Gate, a vessel sails for Ostend at eleven."

"You will accompany us?" said Cyril.

"Oh, no, no, no; my word is pledged to my friends. Look to thy sweet charge, I conjure thee. Farewell, Cyril, for ever—there is as much gold there," pointing to a box which stood in a corner of the room, "as will maintain ye in comfort as long as ye live."

Wentour kissed the cheek of his daughter, and his tears fell fast on her face, but she still remained insensible of her father's agony. He then rushed from the house, and mounting his horse, instantly rode off at full gallop.

Our tale now draws to a close. Cyril and his bride bade a last adieu to the land of their birth, and arrived safely at Ostend. Wentour was one of those who held out Holbeach House against the Sheriff of Worcester, who there surrounded the conspirators. The particulars of this attack are too well known to require repetition here; some were slain outright, some were taken alive, and of the latter, Wentour was one. He suffered with his daring companions, (Faukes, Rookewood, and Keys,) in Palace Yard, and in sight of that building they sought to overthrow.

Tresame, after being committed to the Tower, was found dead in his prison. History tells us, that he died of a stranguary, but posterity will judge of the truth or falsehood of this assertion. Certain it is, that a just and speedy vengeance followed the betrayal of his friends.

A tessellated Roman pavement has recently been discovered in Leicester, England. It measures twenty feet by seventeen. The tessellæ are very small, and exhibit a regular pattern, divided into octagonal compartments, richly embroidered with wreaths, &c., within which are devices of great variety and beauty.

### STANZAS.

I LOVE to roam at dawn of day,
When light appears, through shadows gleaming,
Ere yet the clouds of sober grey
Unveil the sun in splendour streaming.
'Tis then I sigh o'er days gone by,
When first my heart's best vows were plighted;
And oh! the pain to sigh in vain,
For him I lov'd, my love has slighted!

I love to see the orb of night
Reflect her beams in streamlets flowing,
To watch her course serene and bright,
While breezes soft around are blowing.
'Tis then I feel love's power will steal
Amidst the calm repose of nature;
Fondly I trace the false one's face,
And dwell on every graceful feature!

No more I'll seek the rising sun,
Or watch the light o'er earth diffusing,
Bright, like his course, life's race-I'll run,
Nor waste the hours in lonely musing.
Adieu! false love—no more I'll prove
Thy wiles, and smiles, and fond caressing;
But, ah! I try in vain to fly
From love—life's sweetest, dearest blessing!

#### FARE THEE WELL.

FAREWELL, dearest !—fare thee well,
May blessings with thee go,
May sunshine stream upon thy path,
And flow'rs around thee grow.
For thou wert kind when all the world
From off my fortunes fell;
Thou'st soothed with smiles my troubled heart;
Then dearest—Fare thee well!

Farewell, dearest!—may those smiles
That o'er all hearts have shone,
Now turn and throw their blessed power
Like sunlight on thine own.
And may the joy which thou hast given
For ever with thee dwell;
Sweet thoughts, and pleasing dreams be thine,
And dearest—Fare thee well!

Farewell, dearest!—still I stay
And yet I know not why—
To hear the magic of thy voice
The murmur of thy sigh.
Once more thy lips are pressed to mine,
Again I feel their spell;
Give me once more that sunny smile,
Then dearest—Fare thee well!

## THE SPIRIT-SEEKER.

AFTER I had left school, I recollect being much attracted by certain representations of European troops plundering some Asiatic soldiers of their costly ornaments. This print, which then adorned all the dead walls of the metropolis, I have gazed at for hours; and at night I could dream of nothing but pagodas and rupees, sashmeres, hookahs, and Damascus blades! The East Indies appeared to me to be an El Dorado, where the gifts of fortune were showered upon all who sought them. It presented the same temptations to me as the golden shores of the Pacific offered to the Spaniards and Portuguese, after Columbus had given his glowing descriptions of their wealth and fertility. I was a tall youth, above the height required for recruits; so finding my desires grow stronger every day, and a soldier's life appearing to my young fancy the gayest under the sun, I took the king's bounty, and enlisted in a regiment which was on the point of proceeding to Calcutta.

It was not long before I found out how much I had been deceived, but as I saw there was little use in repentance, I resolved to make the best of my situation. My attention to my duties rose me from the ranks, and by volunteering in every situation of danger, I gained continual promotion. I saw a great deal of hard service, for I lost no opportunity of distinguishing myself, and by embarking all my gains in mercautile speculations, I found, in the course of fifteen years, that I had realized a very handsome independence for life. My yearnings after home then became very powerful, and as there was no occasion for my staying longer in India, I sold out, for the

purpose of returning home, to learn how many of my friends were dead, and to find out those who remained above ground.

I took my passage in a fine ship, well rigged and manned, and powerfully armed; it was the time of war, which made the masters of our merchant vessels careful in providing for emergencies. She carried but few passengers, none of them particularly deserving of remark save one. He was evidently a person of some consequence, from the attentions paid him by the captain. He was a tall and well-formed man, of dark features, whose expression I did not always admire. No one knew him-no one held companionship with him, for his fellow passengers seemed to shrink from him with a feeling of dread. He would walk for hours upon the deck with an abstracted air, as if unconscious of all around; and would frequently start in the middle of his walk, as if alarmed,-would mutter some unconnected words, and then continue his solitary prome-

I felt a desire to know something about so strange a being, and endeavoured to get some intelligence from the captain—a brave, blunt fellow, with whom I was frequently in the habit of conversing.

"Why, Sir," said he, putting his finger on his broad forehead, "he's a little bit heady, or so."

It struck me that I had observed a wild restlessness about his gaze, which gave me some doubts of his sanity, but I did not like to rest upon mere suspicion; I resolved, therefore, to pay great attention to his conduct, as I thought his strange behaviour might be the result of eccentricity. 1 wished to learn something of his history, but gained nothing by my inquiries.

We proceeded on our voyage without any remarkable incident, till one morning the man at the mast-head oried out "a sail!" and in an instant all the telescopes in the ship were in requisition. I discovered, after a long search a speck in the distant horizon, which gradually enlarged till it bore the figure of a ship. It was soon discovered to be a Frenchman, of superior force, bearing down upon us with all her canvass set.

The captain caught up a speaking trumpet, and shouted forth to the crew a quick succession of orders, which were as promptly executed. The officers bestirred themselves in very direction, all was bustle and activity. In what appeared to me an incredible short space of time, the decks were cleared, the port-holes opened,

and the sails furled for action.

I offered my services to the captain, who shook me by the hand with all the frankness of a sailor and led me to his cabin. There he thanked me, and declared he expected to need the help of all who were ready to fight for their lives, for the enemy had much the superiority in point of force, and shewed a determination of attacking. It was his intention, he said, of defending the ship to the last, as she contained a valuable cargo; then pointing to the arms, which lay in all directions, he asked me to choose for myself. I was soon equipped with pistols and cutlass, and determined to use them with as much effect as I possibly could.

I ascended again on deck, to see how things were going on. I found the men rigged, and strongly armed. Some in groups, eyeing the approach of the enemy; others attending to the guns, or busied in the rigging. Loblolly-boys were running about with powder for the gunners, gliding from the gun-room to the deck, like so many imps of darkness. The boatswain sat on the breach of a gun, for which he seemed to feel a particular affection, and was holding forth to a group of attentive listeners; occasionally stopping in his discourse to pay attention to a capacious can of grog, that was placed within his reach. I viewed the scene with much interest, for although I had seen a good share of service on land, this was the first sea-fight I had ever had an opportunity of witnessing. It was new to me, and, I must say, I felt in a strong degree the general excitement.

The privatcer, for such she proved to be, was a beautiful ship, and cut through the water like a swan. Her decks appeared to be covered with men, and she carried many more guns than we did. Our sailors viewed her with evident interest. They praised her sailing, and watched her with the eyes of experienced judges, while she was manœuvering to get the wind of us. When she was within shot, she tacked, took down most of her canvass, and fired two guns. The shot came hopping along the water, but passed us without doing any damage.

"A roll o' pig-tail to a can o' grog," exclaimed the boatswain to his grinning auditors, "them 'ere Frenchmen as fired them shot, got out o' their hammocks this morning with their nightcaps on."

"Brown!" shouted the captain, from the quarter-deck, "bring your gun to bear!"

In an instant the boatswain obeyed orders, adjusted the gun with the precision of a finished marksman, and fired. Splinters were seen flying about the deck of the enemy's vessel, and the gunner exclaimed, with an appearance of much satisfaction, "Aye! aye! I arn't been at sea man and boy for nothing!" Orders were given to continue firing, which was done with good effect, while the guns of the privateer seemed to be badly served, for their shot passed over us, or only divided a few ropes of very trifling importance. The enemy were getting the worst of it, which probably they themselves thought, for they bore down upon us with a design of coming to closer quarters.

"Now, my boys," exclaimed the captain to his men, "stand to your guns, and give it 'em, for the honour of the Craft!" He was answered by three cheers, as universal as ever came from any vessel preparing for action. Their shot came flying thick, but ours were reserved for a more favourable opportunity. As soon as the ship's sides were parallel, we poured in broadside after broadside, with the most complete effect, sweeping off her men from the deck by dozens. An obstinate engagement ensued, but we avoided most of the danger arising from her superiority of guns, by a series of skilful evolutions. Our men, except those actively employed, lay down on the decks, and the fire of the enemy did comparatively little mischief among them. The fight was kept up with great bravery on both sides; at last the privateer closed in upon us; her great object was now in boarding, her strength of men giving her still an advantage. The ships were lashed together, under a heavy fire of musketry, and the boarders came on sword in hand, where they were met by our own brave men, and a desperate struggle ensued. They fought hand to hand and foot to foot, without either giving an inch of ground. The hurrahs and shouts of the combatants, mingling with the continual discharge of fire-arms, were truly deafening. The enemy at last gave way before our determined resistance, and the galling fire which was kept upon their decks by our top-men. This was an important crisis, and our men rushed on to the charge with renewed vigour. Then I saw the strange being, whom I have before noticed as my fellow-passenger, mingling in the thickest of the fight, and bewing down like blades of grass all who opposed him. I followed in his wake, and soon found myself on the deck of the privateer, where the conflict was raging in its greatest fury. There our captain, though wounded, was fighting like a lion, and urging his men, both by voice and action, to follow his example. The stranger and 1 fought side by side. Their resistance seemed to grow fainter, except in one spot, where a group of brave fellows were fighting round their commander, a man of gigantic size and immense strength. We were soon among them, and I saw the sword of my companion cleave the Frenchman's skull, and the strong man sunk dead at his feet. After his death, the resistance ceased. She struck, and became our prize.

Our captain, after the engagement had terminated, came up and thanked us for the assistance we had rendered him. The stranger seemed to avoid all conversation, and what he said was spoken hurriedly, as if anxious to conclude the subject.

The prize we found of little service. A number of shot had taken her between wind and water, her sails were reduced to shreds, and her masts were most of them shattered to splinters. The carnage on board was dreadful; of nearly two hundred men, scarcely fifty remained alive, and most of them were wounded. We therefore secured the men and valuables, and dearly for our victory, for many were the brave but unfortunate men, I saw lashed to the grating and consigned to the bowels of the deep.

Little took place during the remainder of the voyage worth noticing. There seemed to be some deep mystery in my fellow-passenger, which, at any risk, I was determined to fathom. I endeavoured to get into his confidence. For that purpose, I did him many little offices of kindness. They were at first rather unfavourably received, but as I persevered, his unsociableness wore off, and he seemed at last to take a pleasure in my society. When we arrived at our place of destination, I visited him frequently. One day, after some preliminary conversation, in which I endeavoured to make him talk of his own affairs, he said to me, "You have been kind, and I will confide in you. Listen, and you shall hear a tale which nothing you have ever heard, or read of, seemed half so strange." I listened attentively, and he continued:-

"From a boy upwards, I have longed for an intercourse with the unembodied shadows of the departed, whose existence I had often heard well authenticated in the nursery and in the hall. I had strange desires from my birth. I loved to be alone. I was fond of darkness. I would sit up in the depths of midnight, in 'hopes of high talk with the departed dead.' I yearned for the things that dwell not in the earth, and yet are on it. Church-yards and cemeteries were to me as familiar as my father's hearth. I loved the most savage sports, and the most unfrequented places of the wild and mountainous country in which I was born; and when I heard from the superstitious peasantry that such a ruin, or such a dell, or such a wood, was the haunt of supernatural visitors, there would I make my dwelling; and, night and day, I called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead-but they came not!

"I loved the sound of the thunder when it seemed to shake the heaven on which I gazed, and the earth on which I stood. I courted the gaze of the vivid lightning, and my eagle eye shrunk not at its burning glance. I stood by the

sands of the sea-shore, and drank in with delighted ears the music of the storm. I climbed to the tops of mountains; I descended into the depths of vaults and caves; I crossed the fathomless ocean, and penetrated into the parched deserts of the torrid zone. I heard the famished hyena howling for her food among unburied skeletons; and I saw the lion crunching the bones of many a luckless victim, as he roared exultingly in his wrath. I stood in the night surrounded by the ghastly fragments of those who had endeavoured to penetrate its inhospitable regions; the moon shone upon their bleached skeletons with a sickly light; the hot breath of the simoom gave a sense of suffocation, which had made many a weary traveller lay down and die; and there was no sound stirring in the desert, save the scream of the jackal. In the stillness of the deep night, I called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead-but they came not!

"I went on a pilgrimage to the idol Juggernaut,\* whose thirst is quenched with blood, and whose hunger is appeased with human flesh. I saw thousands rush under his massive chariot wheels, to obtain the glory of being crushed to death; a martyrdom which was accounted the very highest honour. The streets were paved with carcasses, and the gutters streamed with blood. I passed on to the field of skulls, where the vultures and the dogs were disputing over a living banquet of quivering flesh. I stood in the middle of the festering carcasses of the worshippers of the deity, when there was not a star visible in the heavens, and the moon had veiled her glory from the earth; and I called with a loud voice upon the Spirits of the Dead—but they came not!

"I heard the plague was raging afar off. I journeyed over mountains, I crossed streams, I swam cataracts, and I forded rivers, with a feverish impatience that hurried me on like lightning to airrve at the place where I knew death was busy. I came. The air gathered in my nostrils with the putrid steam which came from the dead, who lay around me mouldering and festering in heaps. The dead-carts passed by; but those who had loaded them had become part of the load. The graves lay open—those who had dug them became the first occupiers of a dwelling which they expected others to tenant. The poor loaded themselves with riches, and died before they could make use of their plunder. The rich flew from their dwellings, but perished before they had arrived beyond the influence of the pestilence. Thousands and thousands sickened daily, and all shunned each other. The lover left his mistress, and the mother deserted her children, and the friend of many years stood afar off from the brother of his heart. They diedfalling like autumn-leaves, when a strong wind shakes the trees of the forest. Days passedweeks passed-months passed-and still they died. At last I stood the only living thing in a

<sup>\*</sup> The January Number of the Lady's Book contains an engraving and description of this Idol.

wast and once-populous city. All was still as the grave. Not a leaf stirred—not a stream flowed—not a wind whispered: for all the trees were leaf-less trunks, and all the waters were stagnant pools. There was not a breath stirring in the air, and the red sun glared in the sky with an evil look, as if to curse the gazer with the quenchless fire of his moveless eye. Solitary I stood in the high-places, as if the world had been hushed into an everlasting sleep. Then I raised my voice, and called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead—the echoes died sullenly away. Again I called—but they came not!

"I fled from the blace in fear and loathing, and afterwards entered a fortified town while it was being besieged by the enemy. Famine raged within its walls, gnawing the gaunt frames of its brave defenders; but their bony hands still held the sword, and their almost fleshless limbs still defended their impregnable city. I saw a rich man offer all his wealth to a beggar, for a piece of putrid meat which he was devouring voraciously—the beggar looked at the gold, and cast it from him with scorn. A miser saved a loaf, though the rest had given up theirs for the common good: he sold it in pieces for double their weight in silver, and soon afterwards died of starvation. Soon there was nothing left. Many died raving mad, screaming for water to cool their burning tongues, and in a short time there remained not enough to man the wall. Then the remnant of the brave bands came to a resolution to perish by each other's hands. I saw them expose their naked breasts to the sword, and they died breathing defiance on their enemies. I stood upon the prostrate bodies of the slain, and the fleshless skeletons of thousands lay around me. I called upon the Spirits of the Dead with a voice that might have awoke them from their sleep-but they came not!

"I have been on the field of battle after a bloody carnage, when friend and foe were heaped together in the slaughter; and I have entered conquered cities after a massacre, where the old and young, the guilty and the innocent, the poor and the rich, the deformed and the beautiful, were all butchered indiscriminately. I have been in all places where I thought the Spirits of the Dead were most numerous, and at all times and all seasons when I thought it most probable they would appear to human ken; and I have lifted up my voice in solitary places, calling upon them to appear—but they came not!

"Then I applied to those who were said to have communion with them, and I journeyed to far off lands in hopes of knowing their secrets. I saw withered sybils and hoary magicians, I knew studious monks and learned Jews, and I became familiar with the most famous scholars of all raligions, and the wisest priests of all religions; I asked them to impart their knowledge to one who would use it well. I offered them gold and much treasure; they accepted my gifts, and I became their pupil. But I soon found, after a short sojourn with them all, that their knowledge was that of a fool, and their learning that of a

child. They were liars, impostors, and cheats, who lived upon the credulity of the human race; and I cursed them in the bitterness of my heart, as I shook off the dust from my feet in leaving the secret places in which they dwell.—Now, said I, do I know of a verity, that all men are fools—a superstitious race, who for two thousand years and more have lived in a vain fear and a foolish belief.

"Do we not die, and are buried, or rot on the face of the earth, while the wind dries and the sun bleaches our bones till they are calcined into dust, and we mingle again with the earth from which we came? Are we not born more helpless than the worm we crush beneath our feet; and those who are so unfortunate as to last to an old age-do they not live more miserable than the vilest thing on earth? continually complaining with unnatural peevishness, and yet not possessing sufficient resolution to rid themselves of a burthen they have not the courage to bear resignedly. Do we not perish like the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air? and in a few short years our names are obliterated from the earth, that none may know of what fashion we were born.—Such is our being and existence, and such our dissolution.

"When we die, we die utterly and everlastingly. The fire passes from the clay which it warmed, and the mass crumbles away into utter nothingness; and yet for many generations, there have been those to assert, and others to believe, that the senseless dust possesses a revivifying power which shall start again into being at some indefinite period-that the spark which animated the living frame, continues to reside in the ashes, which is the residue of the crucible of existence; and that this spirit, is an untangible and incorporeal form, wanders about the earth, occasionally visible to the fear-struck gaze of the living, or may be commanded to appear by those who are sufficiently fearless to invoke them in solitary places-

> "—— where graves give up their dead, And church-yards yawn."

"Ob! degenerate race! so credulous and easily deceived—of what use is that reason which you vaunt; where is that intellect of which you are so proud! The beasts that toil in the field expect not an Eden of rest when the butcher has led them to the shambles, and the savage ones of the forest dream not of a Paradise beyond their green savannahs and the liquid clearness of their refreshing streams. Wherefore should'st thou, O man! puff thyself up with a vain-glory, and hug to thy breast a cloud for an imperishable hope? Wherefore should'st thou carve for thyself immortality, and sentence all nature to be cast in the unfathomable ocean of oblivion? O, manman! obdurate and proud of heart, there shall come a time when thou shalt awake from thy sleep, and see through the darkness which hath enveloped thy soul in its misty folds for so many

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"I left their dwelling, after discovering how vain was the search in which I had been em-

ployed, and took ship with a determination to return to my own country. We left port with a fair wind, and the ship rode proudly on the bosom of the ocean. I felt a strange delight when I found myself proceeding towards my native land, after, so long an absence, and in fancy I often thought I could discern its snowy cliffs peering through the fog, although we were many thousand miles from its nearest coast. The vessel in which I sailed was a pirate, the crew a set of lawless villains of all nations; but I loved their society from the spirit of freedom which seemed to animate them all. They were daring as young lions, and crafty as serpents; yet each seemed to possess a high feeling of honeur which scorned all meanness. I found myself at home among them, for they respected my humours, and allowed me to conduct myself as I pleased. They declared war against all governments, and set up the black flag in opposition even to free states. The captain was a man of considerable muscular strength, and great bravery—one as much feared as loved by those whom he commanded. Although he never failed to distinguish any of his men who had made themselves conspicuous by acts of daring or good seamanship, yet his anger was fatal, and few among such a reckless set would have chosen to risk it.

"I loved to pace the deck after the sun had gone down, and watch the stars come forth by twos and threes in all their beauty from their hiding places. Night after night have I gazed as they shot from their spheres into darkness, till I became as familiar with the heavens as with an open book, and the stars became unto me as the faces I had known in fancy.

"One night as I was taking my usual walk on the deck, the watch was set, and I was wrapt up in meditations of the bright things above me. All was hushed as a maiden's sleep; and we lay becalmed upon the silent waters. I was startled from my reverie by a loud cry of fire, and in an instant the ship was in one immense blaze. There was either no time to get out the boats, or all were rendered stupified by the extent of the danger. They leapt from their hammocks, and fled about the vessel as if bewildered. Some ran to the spirit-room, and soon rendered themselves incapable of providing for their own safety;others, in their frenzy, leapt overboard, and the waters overwhelmed them;—a few, with more presence of mind, got out the long-boat. As soon as it was lowered they jumped in-numbers fol-Lowed, till it was unable to hold its burthen;they were endeavouring to put off when she sunk, , and all went to the bottom.

"In a short time, the captain and myself were the only persons left on board. I attempted to persuade him to jump into the sea, and save himself by clinging to some of the planks which were floating about. But he silenced me by saying, that he and the ship should perish together. I compitted myself to the ways, and som swam beyont the reach of the little for the silence of time the same symmetry of the same symmetry.

powder. As fast as the flames reached the guns, they were discharged, and scattered the messengers of death in all directions.

"I lashed myself to a large plank, and then turned to take a last look at the ship. For an instant I saw the form of the intrepid captain red in the surrounding flames—the fire reached the powder magazine—one shriek, and all was over.

"The flames ceased, and I was left in imperiotrable darkness, in a strange sea, I knew not how far from land. Yet even then the thirst that lay at my heart for communion with the shadows of the past, did not desert me. In that hour of peril and solitude, the longing that had filled my breast so long came upon me with all its original force, and I felt a strange sensation that roused every sense within me to exertion. In that scene of horror I lifted up my voice, though the tones seemed to fall with a cold weight upon my heart, and I called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead-I heard a voice answer, 'Here!'-then a million of feeble voices caught up the sound, and the faint echoes fell upon my ear and chilled my brow with the cold dew of death.—Just then the expiring ship sent up one bright flame of vivid light, and I saw -

Here he looked upon me with an expression I shall never forget. A shadow of deep agony shrouded his features—his eyes were starting from their sockets, gleaming with unnatural light—his strong frame shook with fear—he seemed labouring under an effect of terror of the most dreadful nature.

"I saw," he continued, as he caught bold of me by the arm, "a sight that made my blood run cold with fear—that curdled the marrow in my bones—that made my flesh quiver convulsively, and that filled my heart with a feeling of incurable pain, and my brain with a quenchless, burning, corroding flame, that tortures my senses into madness.

"I see it now!" he cried in a voice of thrilling agony, pointing with extended arms to places where I could see nothing. "There!-there!see how they stare upon me with their sightless orbs-how they point at me with their fleshless hands! Hear you not a laugh like the bubbling of blood—the red light of the burning ship dwells upon their skulls—I press my hand over my brows and over my ears, but though both eyes and ears are closed, still I hear and still I see.-Avaunt! avaunt! ye horrible fiends!—avaunt, and mock me not! Oh! look not upon me with the blue light of those empty sockets. It sinks into my soul, it burns my heart to ashes. Away! away!-to the fathomless ocean from whence ye came! Down, into the depths of the dark sea, away!-Oh, God!-Oh, God!"

He sunk upon the floor, senseless. I rendered him immediate assistance, but it was long before he became perfectly sensible. At last he recovered. He looked round the room, with a wild, unsettled gaze, and said, "Where am I?—methought I was upon the deep ocean, and darkness was around me, and"—a strong convulsive shudder passed

over his whole body—"but," he continued, "it was all a dream."

I endeavoured to compose his mind, by leading it to other topics, and it was some time before I allowed him to conclude his extraordinary narrative.

"I know not," said he," what passed for many hours after the ship had been engulphed by the waves. The sight had frozen up the current of life, and I lay upon the bosom of the dark waters without sense or motion. When I recovered I found myself lying on a bed, enclosed by curtains of a light and elegant fabric. I drew them aside, and was surprised at the splendour of the room in which I lay. I observed a black female, in an oriental dress, who as soon she noticed me, left the room. I had not been long engaged in making observations on the costly luxuries with which I was surrounded, when I perceived her return, and with her a lady of most graceful shape. I softly laid myself down, and closed my eyes. I heard some one advance on tip-toe, and draw aside the curtains with a gentle hand. I looked, and I beheld a youthful face, of a most bewitching beauty, gazing upon me with an expression of intense interest. Her features were dark, approaching to a brown; but the hue of the rose lay glowing on her cheek, and threw over it a warmth and richness I had never before seen equalled. Her eyes were of the blackest hue, and of a sparkling brightness that outshone the sunbeam. A few folds of fine muslin enveloped her head, from which two or three glossy curls, as dark as the raven's plume, were allowed to stray. Her dress was light and graceful, ornamented with curious designs, and her slim waist was bound with a belt studded with jewels, on which was traced figures of an Indian character.

"She blushed slightly, as I gazed on her, inquired in the most winning accents after my health, and hoped that I was better, as her father would be so happy to hear of my recovery. I began asking her numerous questions as to where I was and how I came there; but she commanded silence; for, she said that talking would be injurious to my health, and that in a few days her father was expected, who would tell me all. She then wished me better, and left me to my own reflections.

"I afterwards learnt that I had been picked up by a ship belonging to her father, which had discovered the burning vessel at a distance, and had crouded all sail in hopes of picking up some of the sufferers. None had been found but myself, whom at first they thought dead, for I remained in a state of torpitude for several days, during which I was carried into port, and taken to the merchant's country-house, where I then lay. They found by some papers about me who I was, and I was treated with the greatest kindness by the old gentleman as soon as he heard of my situation.

"He was an East India merchant, and had married the daughter of a native prince. She died a few years after they had been united, leaving a helpless infant to his care and protection. In that child he had centered all his hopes of happiness. As she grew up his affection increased, and every gratification that riches could procure were purchased for her enjoyment. All those accomplishments which render a female more fascinating and extend the circle of her influence, had been taught her by the best masters that could be found. When I saw her she had almost completed her fifteenth year, yet appeared in the full bloom of womanhood.

"I could have loved her, with more than earthly love, but a shadow dwelt upon my heart, which shut out with a veil of darkness all that was fair and bright; and I was as desolate as the first murderer. I improved, and recovered; but though I possessed haleness of body, I have never since been blessed with health of mind. In the society of my kind friends, I might have enjoyed every earthly happiness, but though they did all that friendship could do, still I was miserable, I felt a secret consciousness of some impending evil, hanging over me like an everlasting shadow, and throwing a gloom over all around me. In my hours of gaiety, it did not leave me, and I became abstracted and thoughtful on all occasions. I have seen and heard sights and sounds, which I dare not tell of, things which would congeal the blood to ice, and turn the heart to stone. They were always near me, go where I would. If I plunged into dissipation, they were still before me in all their hideousness. In the banquet I have sat down surrounded by noisy revellers, but I could hear a fearful whispering above the shouts of the rioters; the faces of those around, turned to demon forms, and the wine-cup seemed to change its contents from the sparkling juice of the grape, to the dark and awful hue of human blood. I could not endure this eternal horror, it made me mad. I often attempted to destroy myself, but some unknown power held my hand, and the weapon dropt harmlessly from my grasp.

"I determined to return to the home of my fathers, and I informed my friends of my resolution. They attempted to dissuade me, but without success. Every temptation was thrown in my way, to make me give up my object, but I adhered to my determination. They then made every arrangement for my convenience, and I parted with them. I took with me their good wishes, and entered immediately upon my voyage.

"I paid little attention to what was going forward in the ship; I was wrapt up in my own reveries. The same torture I suffered on board, as I had endured on land. It seemed as if a demon had possessed me; for the same sights blasted my gaze, and the same voices tortured my ear. I have rushed to plunge myself in the wave that was roaring beneath me, but an invisible hand held me back, and I had not the power to move. When I heard we were going to be attacked, and when I saw the preparations we were making for defence, I was in great joy: for now said I, I shall surely die. I went and prepared myself for the conflict with a light heart; for I

expected soon to throw off the torture that had so long been gnawing at my brain. I listened to the roar of the guns, and the clashing of weapons, and the groans of the wounded, and shouts of the combatants, as to the sweetest music; but above the roar, and the clash, and the groan, and the shout, was the whispering of unearthly voices. It tortured me to madness, and I could endure it no longer.' I caught up the steel, and rushed into the thickest of the fight. I struck down all that opposed me; their blows fell upon me like the pattering of summer rain on the tall grass; and the bullets whistled by my ears, but I minded them not more than the hail in a thunderstorm. Wherever I came, they fled; I singled out the bravest of those who remained, and cleft him down with a stroke of my sword. Soon all was over. I retired from the fray unburt, and I now live!-live to endure an agony no medicine can alleviate, a pain no art can cure. My brain burns with a scorching heat, that all the tears the saints have shed, for the sins of the wicked, could not cool. My heart is as a withered treethe lightning has scorched it to the core. Night and day, the dark and horrible shadows are around me, and a chorus of feeble voices are eternally babbling in my ear unutterable things, that make my soul sick at the sound. Among crowds, I am in a solitude. I see not, hear not, think not of what is passing around me—I dare not think; for a curse is on my brain, and a blight is on my heart, which makes me see things that others see not, and hear things that others may not hear; and never till the grave separates this restless spirit from its corporeal frame, and the dark shadows of oblivion blot out the light from my throbbing eye-balls, may I hope to find that peace—

'Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.'"

Such was his story. I had occasion to leave him for a few days, and when I returned, I heard—but, as the reader may imagine, without surprise—that he had shown such strong evidence of insanity, as to make it a matter of necessity to place him in confinement.

## THAMAR, THE JEWESS OF FEZ.

THE beauty of the Hebrew women of Barbary has not escaped the observation of travellers. Female loveliness must create a deep impression on the mind, in whatever land it is found; but in the vicinity of the stupendous Atlas, where human nature is wild and rugged as the mountain scenery, to meet with these beauteous children of the desert, is an unlooked for pleasure. Here the Jewish women possess all the primeval charms, which the imagination pictures to itself, as having belonged to our first mother. Here are seen the large, soft melting eyes, fringed by the long silken lash; the jet black hair shading the cheek of jessamine and roses. Nor is the oriental dress, here preserved, the gold-embroidered jillick and robe, the gemmed tiara, and anklet of pliant gold, at all calculated to diminish the lustre of their appearance. Yet is the existence of these daughters of Israel marked only by their beauty and their sorrow; they are subject to all the indignation of a tyrannical government, and are the slaves of time-darkened superstitions. Those who "know what 'tis to pity and be pitied," may find some interest in the tale of Thamar, a daughter of this oppressed race. Her personal beauty and gentle manners had deeply interested me. I became a frequent visitor at her house, where I was always welcomed with pleasure. I had often conversed with her on the difficulties under which her nation laboured in Barbary, and asked her if she would not find herself much happier in Europe. where females enjoyed even greater privileges than men. A look of inexpressible sweetness, and a deep-drawn sigh, was my only answer.

My influence with the Bashaw of Fex enabled me to show how far I sympathized with this lovely creature. The custom to which the Jewish women were subjected, of taking off their slippers, and exposing their naked feet to the rough soil, on passing a mosque, had struck me as a peculiar cruelty. I represented this circumstance to the Bashaw, and asked him if it was not in his power to abolish it; he answered me, "that it would require more money than all their tribe was worth to purchase an exemption from such a long-established custom." I, however, found means to succeed in getting Thamar excepted from the general rule, and one morning presented her with an order I had obtained from the Bashaw to that effect. This favour had been as unsolicited as unlooked for on her part, and kissing both my hands, she thanked me for my kindness, with an emotion that nearly overpowered her. Her brilliant dark eye filled with tears. I fancied I yet saw something within them that she was labouring to express, but wanted courage to tell. Pressed by my solicitations, she at last said, "I think I may confide in you, you are so generous; but not now, I hear footsteps approach, return to-morrow at this bour and I will tell you all."

My impatience could scarcely brook the prescribed delay. I was punctual to my appointment. "Your kindness," said she, "has had the effect I imagined; I am forbidden to receive you any more."

I was not aware that any one had the right to regulate my visits, and was disposed to be angry. "Control your feelings," said she, "and listen to me." I seated myself beside Thamar, on a Moorish carpet which occupied the centre of the room. In a slightly agitated tone, she commenced:—"The person you have often met here is my destined husband, and he is jealous of your visits."

"I thought him your father, Thamar."

"And well," continued she, "might you so imagine, for he is near fifty years of age, though I am but just eighteen. While yet a child in the cradle, I was affianced to this man, who was a friend of my father's. When I grew up, I foolishly ratified the contract my parents had made, which places me entirely at his mercy. Yet my heart refuses the sacrifice I am bound to make; I must escape the unhappy lot that awaits me, or die. My parents, in the persuasion that I could have no other choice but that which they had made for me, left this country some few years back, to reside in Portugal. They confided me to the care of my aunt Zipporah, who, in her zeal for my happiness, confided my dislike to my destined husband to the Rabbi Benatar, one of the most revered of our priesthood. This subtle hypocrite won my confidence by his seeming sympathy in my grief, but he had no sooner heard the secret of my aversion to my lover, and my desire to escape the proposed union with him, than he suddenly endeavoured to convert the disclosure to his own advantage. On condition that I would become his wife, he promised to annul the contract existing with Benhadi, and when I turned with the repugnance I could not hide from his proposal, he threatened me with his vengeance if I betrayed his secret, or avoided his addresses. From that hour this wicked priest has never ceased to persecute me with his passion, and now declares, with most violent threats, if 1 do not decide in his favour, to pursue me to my undoing. Complain I dare not, for surrounded as I am by power which can be bribed to any act of injustice, I must become the victim of one of two lovers whom I equally dislike. The generosity you have displayed towards me, induces me to consult you in my distress, how I shall evade the cruel destiny that awaits me?"

I seized Thamar's hand, and pressed it to my bosom; with offended pride she drew it back. "My unhappiness," said she, "is of too serious a nature for trifling; I must beg you to abstain from these passionate effusions, if you are really desirous to assist me."

"For the future," said I, "I only breathe to serve you," and drew back respectfully. "Confide yourself fearlessly to my honour, and I pro-

mise you the means of escape."

"I will rely on you," said she; "if you free me, then shall the prayers and gratitude of the Jewess be yours; but recollect your only reward will be that of having relieved a fellow-creature from wretchedness."

"Enough!" cried I; "all I ask is to please the beauteous Thamar; you shall hear from me soon. I took my leave, ruminating on the means of carrying my intention into execution. The danger of carrying off a Jewess was great, even

with her own consent, the Bashaw being entitled to a heavy duty on every one who leaves the country, the payment of which would have exposed Thamar's intended flight to the rival lovers, and thus in all probability have foiled her escape; yet, in spite of every obstacle, I determined on fulfilling her wishes. The festival of Purim was at hand, an epoch which the Jews of Barbary celebrate with great rejoicings. This period is one of continued masquerading; the doors of every house are thrown open, and every one is at liberty to partake of the hospitality which prevails on these occasions. My return to Thamar's house being forbidden, I profited from the opportunity this festival afforded, and procured a splendid female costume, which with some little pains, formed a complete disguise. I stained my hands and feet with henna, adjusted a neat mask to my face, and at the approach of evening sallied forth and joined the first group of maskers that passed by. I patiently accompanied them in all their rambles, till we arrived at the house of My elegant appearance, however, caused me more difficulties than I anticipated; I became the object of general attraction. My fellow masqueraders (being now divested of my large el-haicke, or shawl) wished to know who I was, and invited me to unmask, or partake of some refreshment; all their requests I refused except that of dancing, which I could not well avoid. Beside the noise of the zambomba,\* and the gargualast of the old women, rather favoured my project of conveying to Thamar the means I had devised for her flight. I therefore joined in the dance, and pressing her hand with fervour, soon made her understand who I was. I informed her that before the end of the festival I should depart for Europe, that I had planned every thing for her accompanying me in the disguise of a Moorish servant, for whose embarkation I had procured an order from the Bashaw. I promised to return several nights in different costumes, to convey to her the dress which she was to wear. She seconded my arrangements, and at a few subsequent visits I conveyed every thing necessary for her equipment. At my last interview I informed her of the vessel's readiness, at Mogadore, to put to sea, and that on the following evening, a little previous to the locking up of the Juderia, a Jew quarter of the city, I would meet her at the gate with a mule ready to convey her forward on her journey.

At the appointed hour I proceeded to the place of rendezvous; but, to my great surprise, the gates of the Juderia were closed. I thought I had mistaken the hour, and again looked at my watch, but the time had not yet elapsed at which I had made the appointment. I felt perfectly confounded at this unexpected inci-

<sup>\*</sup> The zambomba is a flower-pot, over the top of which a piece of parchment is tightly fastened; a cane is then drawn backwards and forwards through a small aperture in the middle of the parchment, which produces a rude inharmonious sound.

<sup>†</sup> Gargualas is music produced by the throat, totally inexplicable, and inimitable by any other people.

dent, and inquired the reason of the Juderia's being closed at so early an hour, but received no satisfactory answer. I therefore returned to the house I had previously occupied, determined to defer my journey till this mystery should be cleared up. I passed a truly restless night, and rose early the next morning to gain some intelligence of Thamar, when, breathless and agitated, the aunt Zipporah entered my apartment.

"She is ruined—she is lost!" shricked the old woman, "and your unpardonable folly is the occasion of it."

"She is then dead!" cried I, with scarcely courage to listen to the reply, but not a word could be got from the old woman, who continued to sob and weep. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake," cried I, "what has happened?"

"Imprisoned in a dungeon! Shut out from the light of day! In the hands of the Rabbi Benatar, her bitterest enemy! Who will deliver her now from her persecutors? Oh! my poor mistress, I never shall behold thee more!"

"She yet lives; then is there some hope.—Quick, tell me where she is confined, that I may fly to her rescue."

"Alas!" cried Zipporah, "if I knew that, I should not stand here weeping; all I can tell you, is, that the Rabbi Benatar, that sombre, malicious priest, struck by the splendour of a mask that entered my house, and its close conversation with Thamar, traced its residence here. His suspicions subsequently led him to discover its return to my house in different disguises. Last night this wicked man caused the gates of the Juderia to be closed at an early hour, and search to be made throughout our quarter of the city. when the trembling Thamar, amidst the hootings and execrations of a vile rabble, was detected in a male dress, and conveyed before the elders of our people, where, accused of flagrant crimes, they have ordered her a solemn trial, and placed her in solitary confinement. All communication with the prisoner is denied."

"That shall not be!" cried I, "whilst I have voice or influence left. I will straight to the elders of your people, and if they do not deliver up Thamar, I will exert my influence to get them all punished."

"You will ruin Thamar entirely by such a step," said Zipporah. "Your interference will but augment their enmity against her. You will be considered the favoured lover of the accused; she will be banished as an outcast from our people."

Embarrassed by the just representations of Zipporah, I at last determined on another course, that of propitiating the Bashaw to protect Thamar's innocence. By great industry I discovered that she had been conveyed to a vault beneath some uninhabited and ruinous houses in an abandoned part of the town, where the Jews generally met to consult on any affair they wished to keep secret from authority, or to carry into effect any measures which interfered with the power of their masters the Moors.

Thamar was here put upon her trial. Every

offence that the wounded vanity and disappointed passion of the priest could suggest, was laid to her charge. The ostensible persecutor was the lover Benhadi, but Benatar, who possessed his private reasons for so doing, alleged that the Jewish religion had been insulted by her conduct, and incensed her judges to the highest pitch of exasperation against her. The principal crime laid to her charge, was a violation of her engagement with Benatar, by her intimacy with a stranger, a disregard of her holy religion, and an attempt to fly her country in disguise. The document of the promise of marriage, the Moorish dress, the verbal testimony of numerous suborned witnesses, were brought in fearful array against the Jewish maiden. It did not suit the Rabbi's plan to proceed to a definitive sentence at once; he found sufficient pretexts to delay the proceedings, and having succeeded in somewhat appalling the mind of Thamar, which, in fact, his art might have accomplished against a more skilful adversary, he remanded her back to her dungeon.

Overwhelmed with sorrow, the lovely Thamar lay on her straw bed, in her damp and gloomy prison-house, when she was aroused from her solitude by the entrance of the Rabbi Benatar.

"Transgressor of our laws," said he, "arise! Does thy humbled pride yet relent? where is thy fancied security now? dost thou not yet see the extent of my influence and power?" He proceeded to paint to Thamar, in glowing colours, the proofs of guilt that could be brought against her, and hinted that he alone could save her from her impending fate. He bade her reflect on the folly of trifling with his feelings, and to choose between his love and the punishment the law could award.

The hypocrisy and impudence of the Rabbi but tended to increase Thamar's hatred of his proposals. She was tempted to threaten to denounce him to the assembled elders when next she appeared before them, but when she recollected that she had no witnesses of his misconduct, nought but her unsupported word to set up against the Rabbi's life of seeming piety and religious austerity; no proofs which would not be branded as the last efforts of despairing criminality, her heart sank within her, she preserved the silence of despair. The frightful presentiment took possession of her mind, that she must become the victim of his machinations. She tore the hair that veiled her streaming eyes, and cursed the fatal beauty that inspired such cupi-Benatar pressed her acceptance of his offer. Her grief changed to the utmost indignation. "Sooner than become the victim of your hateful passion," said she, " shall this hand free me from bondage! Proceed, dissimulating priest, to blind the eyes of superstitious followers, and make fresh sacrifices to your duplicity, but remember I yet am mistress of myself!"

The priest wondering at her resolution, and exasperated at her defiance of his power, a guilty and irresistible passion reigning within his breast, now thought but of vengeance. "Tremble.

Digitized by GOOS

proud woman," said he, "at your resolve; none ever yet offended me with impunity;" and in a paroxysm of rage and disappointment, he quitted the dungeon.

The second sitting of Thamar's judges now approached. Like the cedar of Lebanon, she stood unmoved, in the splendour of her youth and beauty, before this self-constituted tribunal. To the hearts of any other judges her looks alone would have carried conviction of her innocence, but on their prejudiced minds the voice of an angel could scarcely have made an impression. With no hope, save that derived from a consciousness of her own rectitude of conduct, she combated all the accusations prompted by the Rabbi Benatar's disappointed hopes.

The old bridegroom and the priest were at once advocates and accusers; the former urged his right of still claiming the hand of Thamar, in case she should be proved innocent, whilst at the same time (a tool in the hands of the designing priest) he laboured hard to prove her guilt. Their evidence was again resumed; the affected solemnity and religious awe of the priest had its weight on the assembly in every thing brought against Thamar, whose crime consisted partly in the superiority of her mind over the rest of her tribe. In answer to some questions respecting her opinions and pursuits, she boldly said-" I will not deny that my imagination has been filled with illusions, and that I have, spite of your general customs, striven to cultivate my mind by means of books, that in the vast wilderness of error which surrounds me, I might find some relief from the ignorance in which we are plunged. If to aspire to knowledge be an offence, then am I guilty! If to detest an union, in which my heart could have no share, be a crime, then am I punishable! If to spurn the oppressions of bigotry, which weigh down my nation, be an error, then have I done wrong! But I will cede to none in the purity of my life and manners; and, therefore, I ask to be emancipated from the sentence of a tribunal, at which, circumstances render it impossible I should find an impartial hearing."

"Woman!" said the Rabbi Benatar, with severe voice, "you need not thus violently defend yourself. Words are the weapons of your sex. We shall rest the case of outraged virtue on a severer proof than your own assertions."

The patient and meek Thamar was enraged at these expressions. "Priest," said she, "I will spare you such answer, as I am privileged to make. I will only say, that no one on earth can be better convinced of the purity of my life than yourself."

The Rabbi was confused. "Thamar," said he, "your judges do not arrogate to themselves the power of reading the human heart; circumstances are certainly sufficiently strong against you to warrant extreme severity, but the Lord, who alone can judge rightly of human transactions, will decide: to him we have resolved to refer the question of your guilt or innocence. My brother judges have agreed with me upon

the proper course to be pursued in this affair. Hold yourself ready to drink of the water of purity.

This was a liquid the Rabbi had persuaded his brethren was brought from the Holy Land, and possessed the power of exhibiting truth in the most unequivocal light. 'Twas one of the numerous superstitious customs which had obtained in former times, and which the crafty Jewish priesthood had practised for the purpose of destroying those they wished to get rid of. The Rabbi Benatar, who was well versed in the mysteries of the cabala, had no difficulty in persuading his brethren that he possessed the secrets of life and death, of good and evil, which their forefathers were reported to have held. therefore easily persuaded his colleagues to concur in the ordeal he proposed for putting the innocence of Thamar to the test. This fiend, under the pretext of asserting the rights of the bridegroom, for whom he pretended the greatest friendship, and as the champion of a religion, whose true precepts he was at that moment trampling under foot, only sought to fill the measure of his own revenge. He had determined, if he could not possess Thamar himself, to prevent her from falling into the hands of any one else, although her life should be thereby sacrificed; he had therefore prepared a poisonous liquid, which he pretended was pure water; this he sanctified by many mock mysterious ceremonies, and by some sentences which he first wrote on parchment and afterwards scraped off and mixed with the drink.

The ingenuous Thamar, who dreamt not of the extent of the priest's villany, but who, at the same time mistrusted the efficacy of miracles, cheerfully consented to the ordeal her judge proposed. Her guileless soul could not conceive the extent of the priest's malicious jealousy.

Benatar muttered the final prayer; he then handed the goblet, in which the drink had been prepared, to the bridegroom, and commanded him to present the draught to Thamar. The condiding girl, secure in the irreproachable tenor of her life, first raised a look to Heaven, and implored her God to protect her innocence, then seized the goblet and raised it to her lips.

At this moment a crash like "echoing thunder" burst the doors of the secret assembly. A turbaned host, with flashing yatagans, poured into the vault, and in a moment seized and manacled every member of this dark tribunal. Shrieks of despair fell from their quivering lips, the elders called upon the God of Israel to deliver them from the violent death which they already saw in anticipation prepared for them. Some fell on their knees, others offered all their worldly possessions to be allowed to escape: big drops of perspiration stood on their pale foreheads.

The Bashaw of Fez, whom I had accompanied, and had stirred up to this act of justice, stood in the midst of the affrighted assembly.

"Wretches!" said he, in a voice at which they had been long accustomed to tremble, "since when have ye dared to usurp the power which

belongs alone to the Sultan, or to me his deputed representative? Speak, or I will blot ye all from the books of creation. Say, Jewess," exclaimed he, turning to Thamar, "why stand you here a prisoner, and what is the meaning of that goblet you hold in your hand?"

Thamar, in softened colours, related the history of her confinement and trial, and, in conclusion, explained how the Rabbi Benatar had merely required her to drink the contents of the goblet she held in her hand, in order to manifest her guilt or innocence, a command with which she was perfectly ready to comply; she implored the Bashaw, as they had consented to so mild an expedient, to pardon their offence, and allow her to satisfy her people, by undergoing the prescribed ordeal. She here again raised the goblet to her lips, about to drink off its contents.

"Hold your rash hand, Thamar, for Heaven's sake!" cried 1, and whispered a few words to the Bashaw.

The eyes of the Bashaw flashed fire. "Give me the cup!" said he to Thamar, and took the goblet from her hand. "Come forth, thou meddling priest!" cried he to Benatar. The trembling Rabbi, with bent body, crept towards the Bashaw, and kissed the skirt of his garment. "I fear much," continued the Bashaw, "that this liquid contains some poisonous mixture; speak, reptile, are my surmises well founded or not?"

"Most noble Bashaw!" exclaimed the Rabbi, "I swear it contains nothing injurious to the innocent, it can only affect the guilty."

"Why, then, have ye sought to hide your proceedings beneath the ruins of this abandoned quarter of the city? why, like owls, do ye shun the day-light?"

"By the life of Sultan Muley Abderachman, whom God preserve a thousand years, we meant no harm; it only proceeded from a wish to follow up all our ancient ceremonies in a sort of trial which has long been discontinued amongst us, and at which the bold Mussulman would be apt to scoff."

"You are convinced that the beverage can only hurt the criminal?"

" None else, my lord."

"Then immediately swallow every drop of it, or by my beard, by the grave of my fathers, and by the life of the Sultan I serve, your head shall be severed from your body on the spot."

A groan of despair escaped the trembling Rabbi. He threw himself on his knees, and begged the Bashaw to immure him in the deepest dungeon of the city, to take his gold, any thing but make him drink of the cup he had prepared."

The Bashaw beckoned four of his black slaves, strong muscular men. "Bear the Rabbi hence," said he, "and hurl him up into the air till the falls have broken his neck; then fling his body into the ditch of lions by the eastern wall."

This order would have been as promptly executed as uttered; the Rabbi knew it well, and demanded the goblet. He drank off its contents.

"Curses on ye all," said he, "and may your lives prove bitterer to you than this draught to me; may ye live till—" convulsions here seized the Rabbi's frame, and paralyzed his speech. A livid hue usurped his face: he foamed at the mouth, reeled along the pavement, and expired.

Thamar beheld the catastrophe with eyes filled with tears. She now saw, for the first time, the danger to which she had been exposed, and was overcome by the conflict of her feelings. The faithful Zipporah ran to support her, and when she came to herself pointed me out as her deliverer. The beautiful Thamar overwhelmed me with manifestations of her gratitude. I begged her to bestow her thanks on the Bashaw, which she equally did. This excellent Moslem redeemed his former government from a load of reproach, by his noble conduct towards Thamar. He annulled the contract of marriage which Benhadi held, by making his renunciation of her hand the condition of his pardon, for the share he had taken in the crimes of the conspirators; the rest he liberated on payment of very heavy sums of money, and granted Thamar uncontrolled permission to leave the country whenever she pleased, and a freedom from all responsibility to the jurisdiction of the Jews, as long as she wished to remain.

#### GOSSAMER SPIDER.

THERE is a substance called gossamer, which at some seasons, particularly in autumn, is seen floating in the air, in long threads, sometimes attached to a branch or blades of grass by one end, and sometimes entangled in long skeins through the branches. It was doubted what had produced these light and beautiful films, but now it is known that they are the production of a spider. He is a most ingenious artist, and not only makes a habitation to reside in and supply him with provision, but he also forms for himself a flying chariot, by which, though he has no wings, he can transport himself through the air, and obtain a living in the higher regions when he cannot on the earth.-When the spider, either from choice or necessity, wishes to change his place, he projects forward a number of these detached films, which are so light that they are freely borne along with the wind; and attaching himself to an extremity, he is carried along as easily as an aeronaut in his balloon, which, in fact, he guides with more safety than such enterprising voyager, for there he sits secure; and he has been compared to a sculler on the Delaware, looking one way and rowing another.

These flying spiders are sometimes seen above the spires of steeples, moving along with their filmy chariots, and when the sun glances upon them, they look no less beautiful than curious, resembling so many tiny comets moving through the blue sky, with their shining train blazing around them.

For the Lady's Book.

#### ON WOMAN.

When half creation's works were done, Just form'd the stars, the glowing sun, And sofily blushing skies; And wide across earth's dewy lawn Gleamed the first glances of the dawn, And flowers began to rise—

Clad in her robe of tender green, Nature delighted, view'd the scene, Pleased with each novel form; And from each sweetly op'ning flower, From hill and vale and shady bower, She cull'd some lovely charm.

Soft o'er the lilly's glowing white, Tinged with the trembling ray of light, She shed the rose's flush; Just as the first-born morning gale, Light-breathing o'er the spicy vale, Deepened its virgin blush.

She drew the diamond from the mine,
And lustre from the stars that shine,
Amid the cloudless sky;
And purest pearls, obscurely spread,
In ocean's dark and gloomy bed,
Remote from mortal eye.

She took the balmy vi'let's blue,
The sweet carnation's mellow hue,
Rich with the tear of night:
Though the young beam of rising day
Had melted half that tear away,
In the first stream of light.

And now in elegance arrayed,
Her last, her fairest work she made,
Almost a seraph's frame;
To animate this form was given
A gentle spirit sent from heaven,
And Woman was her name.

Then on her softly-smiling face
She lavished every winning grace,
And every charm was there;
Upon her eye the vi'let's blue,
Upon her cheek the rose's hue,
The lily every where

Yes, on that eye was seen to play
The lustre of the stellar ray,
The diamond's humid glow!
She threw, to form her bosom's globe,
Life's tender flush and beauty's robe,
On wreaths of virgin snow.

Then Woman's lips in smiles withdrew
Their veils of rich carnation hue,
And pearls appeared beneath;
And blest Arabia seemed to pour
The perfumes of its spicy store,
To mingle with her breath.

Hark! hark, she speaks, and silver strains Melodious floating o'er the plains, And nameless joy impart! The Nightingale hath caught the tone, And made that melting voice his own, That vibrates on the heart.

Fond nature cast her glance around
The glowing sky, the flow'ry ground,
The day diffusing sun;
On Woman last, her darling child,
Sne gazed, and said, with accent mild,
"Creation's work is done."
Uarlisle, Pa. 1832.

Z. Y. X.

#### WE RETURN NO MORE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

When I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Came forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought, to all she could not bring.
CHILDE HAROLD.

"WE return—we return—we return no more!" -- So comes the song to the mountain shore, From those that are leaving their Highland home, For a world far over the blue sea's foam: "We return no more!" and through cave and dell Mournfully wanders that wild Farewell.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—So breathes sad voices our spirits o'er,
Murmuring up from the depths of the heart,
When lovely things with their light depart;
And the inborn sound hath a prophet's tone,
And we feel that a joy is forever gone.

"We return—we return—we return no more!"
—Is it heard when the days of flowers are o'er?
When the passionate soul of the night-bird's bay
Hath died from the summer woods awa?
When the glory from sunset's robe hath pass'd,
Or the leaves are borne on the rushing blast?

No! it is not the rose that returns no more,
A breath of spring shall its bloom restore;
And it is not the voice that o'erflows the flowers
With a stream of love through the starry hours,
Nor is it the crimson of sunset hues,
Nor the frail flushed leaves which the wild wind strews.

"We return—we return no more!"
—Doth the bird sing thus from a brighter shore?
Those wings, that follow the southern breeze,
Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas?
Yes! from the lands of the vine and palm,
They come with the sunshine, when waves grow calm.

"But we—we return—we return no more!"
The heart's young dreams when their spring is o'er;
The love it hath pour'd so freely forth,
The boundless trust in ideal worth;
The faith in affection—deep, fond, yet vain—
—These are the lost that return not again!

\* "Ha til—ha til—ha til mit ulldle".—We return—we return—we return no more—the burden of the Highland song of emigration.

## THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH.

THERE is not a spot in this wide peopled earth
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth:
'Tis the home of our childhood! the beautiful spot
Which mem'ry retains when all else is forgot.
May the blessings of God

Ever hallow the sod,

And its valleys and hills by our children be trod.

Can the language of strangers in accents unknown, Send a thrill to our bosom like that of our own? The face may be fair, and the smile may be bland, But it breathes not the tones of our dear native land?

There's no spot on earth
Like the land of our birth,
Where heroes keep guard o'er the altar and hearth!

How sweet is the language which taught us to blend The dear names of parent, of husband, and friend; Which taught us to lisp on our Mother's soft breast, The ballads she sung as she rock'd us to rest.

May the blessings of God
Ever hallow the sod,
And its valleys and bills by our children be troo!

## A UTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HARP.

BY A POPULAR AUTHOR.

" Ad mortem fidelis."

"INTENDED for a birth-day gift, a pure and chasical taste presided over the formation of the instrument with which, from the moment of its construction, I was associated, as are the spirit and the material substance; and I am justified in asserting that graceful in form, and unrivalled in tone, I issued from Erard's a perfect specimen

of skill.

"Conveyed to a superb mansion in ---, I was carefully inspected by a gentleman, who, attaching to me a billet inscribed 'A Father's Gift to his Daughter,' directed me to be carried into a drawing-room furnished with the luxurious attributes of fortune, and apparently prepared for the reception of guests. Placed in a corner, and left to my own reflections, I had a full opportunity of dwelling upon the scene destined to mark my entrance into life. Drapery of azure silk, fringed with silver, and looped up with large tassels of the same material, decorated the walls of the apartment, in which alternate recesses were occupied by some of the most exquisite and costly specimens of art, while vases of porcelain, filled with odoriferous flowers, stood in the angles of the room, and superb chandeliers depended from the ceiling.

"In the midst of my inquisitive survey I was interrupted by the entrance of a young ladv. who, perceiving me, approached with an evident sensation of surprise. While the colour rose and deepened upon a cheek pale as the water-lily, a tear glistened in her eye as she regarded me, and the words 'dear, dear father!' issued from her lips. These artless indications of her sensibility increased the favourable impression made upon me by the sylph-like and elegant appearance of

this fair girl.

"I call her fair, for human eye never rested upon a fairer or a sweeter. I have already said that she was pale, monumental marble could be scarcely paler; a form of extreme youthfulness and gracility; a head of Grecian dignity, with a profusion of ringlets shadowy and auburn; an intellectual forehead; a brow calm and meditative, such as the spirit of Leonardo would have loved to linger on; an eye which, neither light nor dark, captivated by the charm of its melancholy tenderness, with a full, rich lip, that wore a seraph's smile, presented an entire almost ideal in loveliness.

"Beautiful in character, although not coldly beautiful in feature, she seemed as she bent over me a bright creation, unfitted for a pilgrimage of tears—something too fragile, too visionary for earth. Reared in the home of luxury and ease, and as yet in the infancy of life, the blight of sorrow could not have fastened upon her heart, yet in her mien there was an air of pensiveness, a shade of sadness, a something so bordering upon grief, that one unable to dive into the inexplicable mysteries of the spirit might have presumed that the canker-worm of care was busy within. The common-place, the admirers of mere red and white, blindly insensible to the beauties of expression, would, perhaps, have beheld her without emotion, for as a diamond in the hands of the unskilful, or some fair volume written in a mystic tongue, she was not to be estimated or understood by the ordinary mind; yet even such must have been interested by the early graces of a figure, which the muse of poetry and painting would have gazed upon with delight.

"A dress of pale green silk, with loose white sleeves, fastened at the wrist by bracelets of gold and emeralds, and confined at the waist by a band of white satin; with a twisted necklace of oriental pearls, and pendants of the same, gleaming through the classic ringlets that fell in superb masses upon her neck, completed the attire

of the young stranger.

"I dwell thus minutely upon my description, because I afterwards loved her with an intensity of which I once believed myself incapable; and they who have given up the affections of their heart, well know how sweet it is to linger around the image of their idol. Years have rolled into oblivion since I beheld her, silence and desolation have hung upon my chords, yet every feature, every trait, every varying light and shade of her angelic countenance, is impressed upon remembrance, never to be forgotten until time or accident shall leave but the memory of my being."

The silvery tones which in the last sentences had faltered, through agitation, now died away like the summer breeze when it murmurs amid the leaves of the forest; the spirit of the harp was mute, and some moments elapsed ere she\* resumed the narration of her adventures: it was then with renewed energy she recommenced. "The party which assembled to celebrate the natal anniversary of my youthful possessor was numerous and brilliant. As might be expected, I was displayed and honoured with eulogium; and while the light as well as awkward hand swept across my chords, the ready tone of admiration burst from every lip. 'Beautiful,' 'in-

<sup>\*</sup> In ascribing the fair, and, of course, feminine gender to the harp, I am not only swayed by the propriety of deciding that to be famining, which is so exquisitely sweet and harmonious, but I presume to guarantee my judgment by refer. monious, put 1 presume a splivating instrument as sabled by the poet in his beautiful melody to the air of "Gage Fane." What lady will dispute my scures !

comparable,' 'superb,' resounded through the room; but my triumph was incomplete, till, at general request, Emma diffidently, seated herself beside me, and with all the delicate mastery of art, mingled with the witchery of feeling, drew forth the richest volume of harmony. No frigid adherence to rule, no dashing display, no sacrifice of sentiment to bravura, no seizure of admiration by storm, depreciated her style; all was genuine and exquisite taste, genius wedded to science; and while her parents listened, enraptured, to the applause which she excited, her manner deprecated its warmth.

"And there was another in the room, who, with her father, gloried in the consciousness of her superiority, and to whom her eyes timidly retreated when withdrawn from the paternal gaze; he was stationed at her side, and when the company were loud in their panegyrics, an eloquent glance, and a whisper in her ear as he bent forward, apparently to arrange her music, convey-

ed the treasured meed of his approval.

"The only surviving branch of a once noble family, Edward Cavendish was the pride, the hope and solace of his venerable grandmother, who in the stripling youth, committed by a departing daughter to her charge, beheld the last descendant of her race, and the sacred bequest of her widowed and broken-hearted child. The son of a soldier, he inherited from his intrepid father a portion of military ardour, which was in no small degree animated by the pride of ancestry; and at the time of my first beholding him he held a Captaincy in the -- regiment. The army was thus adopted as the path of his profession, but the fire of inspiration, had been kindled by nature in his bosom, and from early boyhood he had been an abstracted student, a woer of the muse, and a worshipper at the eternal shrine of art. Burning with the nameless susceptibilities and imaginings of genius, fervid and impetuous, yet ever guided by the dictates of reason and principle, he was worthy of the fair and noble minded girl by whom he stood; and it is but truth to affirm that he regarded her with that absorbing devotedness, that idolatrous intensity of affection, which the young and the stainless nourish amidst the blights, the chills, and perfidies of a cold and artificial world.

"His thought by day, his dream by night, Emma was to him the load-star of existence, nor was his attachment unrequited; for with all the tenderness and constancy of woman's love, Emma had resigned to him her heart, parental concurrence had been obtained, and the union of this youthful and highly-gifted pair was to be celebrated on the completion of Edward's majority. A head marked by an air of patrician grandeur, a countenance of absorbing interest, and a slender, but nervous figure, formed the outlines of his features and person. But why need I enter into detail? like the heroic Korner, he was a poet and a soldier, the envy of many and the ad-

miration of all.

\* \* \* \* \* " The birth-day festivities concluded with a ball, and the company waved their

adieux at an early hour in the morning. Returning to its usual pursuits, the family of Mr. Lascelles afforded me an opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with its members. Edward was a daily visitor, and perhaps nothing could be more delightful than to watch the interchange of sentiment between the youthful pair. A small but beautiful garden, assiduously cultivated, lay behind the house, and, in the summer evenings, was all sunshine and verdure, fragrance and flowers. At the bottom of this fairy retreat, protected by poplar trees, a bower of clematis, intermingled with roses, sweet-briar, and jessamine, was fancifully constructed; and here, canopied by green leaves, with poetry and music. amidst the wild humming of bees, the floating of natural perfume, and the soft tinkling of the silver rivulet, that bubbled over a bed of shining pebbles, Edward and Emma were wont to pass the noontide and the twilight hour. I was their frequent companion; and at such periods I strove to give forth the whole essence of my harmony, and, as it were, identify myself with the happiness of the lovers.

"I must hasten in my narrative. At the date of my introduction to the family of Mr. Lascelles, Edward had just entered his twenty-first year; and the lapse of a few months only was required previous to the celebration of the nuptial ceremony; but, alas! how unsubstantial is all earthly felicity! how baseless and unreal all human ex-

pectation!

"Roused into resistance by the ambition of Napoleon, Europe had risen in arms against the conqueror, and England, the scourge of despots, and the deliverer of nations, leagued herself with the tremendous powers opposed to the energies of France. The regiment to which Edward belonged was ordered upon duty; three days were allowed for his arrangements, and, at their expiration, with a beating heart he prepared to tear himself from the arms of his parent, and to take an impassioned and a solemn farewell of his adored girl, ere he hurried to the field of glory. The parting was all that love, the fondest and the purest, could dictate in a moment when, alas! it had every thing to fear. I remember, for the memory of such though bitter, is yet sweet-I remember it was on a mellow and luxuriant twilight, that Edward, habited in regimentals, came to breathe his final adieu. The ardour of the soldier had vielded to the feelings of the lover. and as he pressed his mistress to his bosom, and vowed eternal fidelity upon her lip, the tear that glistened in his eye, the deep yet stifled accents of his voice, the unutterable intensity and lingering tenderness of his gaze, told what was passing in the still chambers of his heart. They stood beneath the shade of that bower in which they had so often held sweet converse; all around them was calm and exquisite in loveliness; the moon shone brightly in the vaulted sky; the breath of flowers stole upon the soft summer gale; the poplars waved pensively in the breeze; and the little river made pleasant melody as it passed; trifles as they were, these aided the solemnity of the 'farewell,' but nothing could deprive it of its weight. Tears rapidly chased each other down the pale face of Emma, as with a darkened spirit she listened to the vows and assurances of her Edward. He spoke of glory, of the soldier's fame; she thought of mortal scathe and peril, of a blood-red field, and an ensanguined grave; and when he told of faith and love that could know no change, she beheld the ruins of a blighted and a broken heart. Alas! alas! her bodings were too true. They separated;—and death might have been mercy to the pain.

"From the time of Edward's departure the tone of Emma's spirits saddened, and the shade upon her fair brow became deeper and deeper; an extreme delicacy of constitution had attended her from infancy, but reared like some costly exotic, and watched over with ceaseless solicitude, she seemed to acquire strength as she grew up, and gave promise of a blooming meridian. Still to shield her from the storms and roughnesses which ruder forms and spirits might encounter without peril, was the aim of all around her.

"It was now the most beautiful season of the year; June was about to tread in the flowery step of her sweet sister May, and the heart's-ease, the rose, and the lily of the valley, welcome her approach. News from the continent was received; and in a letter from Brussels, Edward gave intelligence of having joined the army in safety. His epistle was fraught with the fondest expressions of affection, the sweetest assurances of faith; and he alluded to the approaching conflict, merely to hang upon the picture of re-union with all the buoyancy of youthful emotion. In a letter to his grandmother, written at the same time, he, however, spoke of the risks of his profession, and besought her to sustain and console 'his Emma,' in the issue of his fall. They were the last communications which he ever penned. The Gazette announced the brilliant victory of Waterloo, and dwelt in proud and triumphant strains upon the glories of the day; to the statesman and the politician it might have appeared blazoned in gold, but to the widowed and the childless, the desolate and the orphan, it teemed with characters of blood. Edward had fallen in the field; the tidings of his disease came wedded with the voice of victory; and from that fatal hour Emma drooped and faded like a flower which has neither sun nor moisture. In vain her distracted parents strove to wean her from her melancholy; despair, quiet but certain despair, had fixed upon the delicate springs of her existence; 'her thoughts and her memories lay too deep for tears,' and, silent and uncomplaining, she appeared passing to the 'green pastures and still waters' of the blessed. Music became her principal solace; and it is to me a mournful pleasure to imagine, that as the sharer of her solitude, I sometimes soothed her into a momentary oblivion of her sorrows.

"Upon Lord Henry F\*\*\*\*, Edward's companion in arms, devolved the responsible office of conveying to Emma some memorials from Edward, confided to him on the field of battle, when the vital stream was fast ebbing to a close, and these were accompanied with the last assurances of his love. This melancholy duty was performed with respect and manly tenderness by Lord Henry, who, labouring under the effect of a severe sabre-wound in the shoulder, weak, pale, and attenuated, presented a spectacle of harrowing interest to the family. The interview was painfully distressing, but supported by the chief sufferer with a fortitude that surpassed the expectation of her friends. She endeavoured to look calm, while it was evident that her heart was bursting: no shriek-no idle tear escaped her; and the hysterical sob which at length broke from her surcharged bosom, was scarcely deeper than that with which Lord Henry, concluding his narration, put into her hands a lock of hair, once bright and auburn, but now faded and discoloured with a sanguine hue. It was her own-her own-the ringlet which she had given her Edward—and which he had worn as a talisman, and kissed a thousand and a thousand times while gazing upon each golden hair. And that stain—that deep and horrid stain!—could it be mistaken?—Oh! no—his heart's blood had dyed and consecrated that fair tress. Her eyes closed, and pitying nature suspended the consciousness of woe. \*

"Having discharged his mission, the gallant nobleman withdrew; but the impression made upon him by the appearance of Emma was too serious to be erased. His calls were repeated; and Mr. Lascelles, hoping to wean his child from her strong agony of thought, fostered his visits of etiquette, till they ripened into those of friendship. The prepossession in favour of the young mourner, thus matured into passion the most ardent, the most delicate and sincere, and Lord Henry waited but for an opportunity of declaring his affection, and flinging himself, his title, and his dazzling possessions at her feet.

"With its deep and mellow livery, its splendid and glowing sunset, and its rich and shadowy twilight, the autumn came and went; the winter also passed away; and the sweet notes of the throstle and the wood-lark hailed the arrival of the spring. Nature, reviving, assumed the aspect of gladness; and the iris, the pansey, the violet and the primrose peeped out from their concealment. But Emma was unaffected by the beauties of the season. It is true that, for her parent's sake, she prayed for resignation-but, alas! her heart was in the tomb; and when her noble wooer, trembling with agitation, revealed the nature of his sentiments towards her, a cold shuddering crept over her, and with averted eyes she motioned him away, while the ashy hues of her countenance, the convulsive movement of her lip, and the inflexion of her sweet brow, told him too plainly that he had made shipwreck of his love. Pale as she had ever been, she soon became paler, and the rare graces of her figure faded into the traces of premature decay. The worm lay buried at the root, and the fall of this fair flower was inevitable. Symptoms of pulmonary decline made themselves visible in the increased lustre of her eye, the fitful hectic of her cheek, and in excess of apprehension, Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles summoned additional advice; the physicians of royalty obeyed the call; but when the blight is at the core, man's art availeth nought; and thus, cre the summer waned away, it shed its brightest blossoms upon the grave of Emma. Fair and stainless being, unfitted for a world of sin and sorrow, the first rude touch of trial severed a chain, the links of which had long been dissolving, and gave back her pure spirit to the Creator who endowed it.

"The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, but its radiance still burned upon the west, when, turning her eyes, for the last time, upon that glowing sky, and then fixing them upon her parents with unutterable tenderness and solemnity, Emma grasped a hand of each, and pressed it to that poor heart whose pulses were fast nastening to decay. It was a trying and an awful moment, and strong as was the hallowed hope of re-union within her breast, it was evident that the frailty of nature wrestled with her spirit-for though no murmur escaped her lips, tears swam in her pure eyes, as steadfastly, sweetly, and mournfully she continued to gaze upon the objects of her filial affection, so soon to be left desolate and childless. \* \* \* \*

"A quivering of the under-lip, a tremor of the closing eye-lids, and a 'long-drawn, struggling sigh,' were the termination of the conflict!

"Left, as she had placed me, in the window of her own apartment, I was converted into the witness of her forlorn mother's anguish, and the sad inmate of the chamber of death. How shall I describe my emotion, as I beheld all that remained of the being whom I adored? Beautiful in dissolution, she reposed upon that couch from which she was doomed to rise no more: those eyes, which I had so often dwelt upon with joy, were then closed for ever-their lids were sealed, and the golden lashes with which they were fringed lay like a soft shadow upon a cheek paler than the mountain-snow. The bloom of vitality had passed from that enchanting lip-but still the traces of a radiant smile hung round it, and told how divinely sweet it must have been in life; while upon her guileless brow sat a calm and hallowed serenity, blended with the gentler traits suffering and sorrow. Unshorn, and unshrouded by the ceral band, the long auburn ringlets which had so often swept over me like wreaths of silk, now receding from her temples formed a mellow contrast with the marble hues of that transparent face. \* \*

"The evening wore away, and the noiseless—the mysterious night came on. A rustling in the room excited my attention;—the mother had stolen from her attendants to watch, and weep, and mourn over the relics of her angel-child; and now that there was no eye—no ear to hear her save his, she abandoned herself to the deep and attrring agony of a mother's woe.

" And was it for this, she exclaimed, was it for this, my Emma, that I cherished thee at my bosom—that I nursed thee in the cradle—that I

tended thee by day, and hung over thee by night? Was it for this, my fair and only one? Was it, alas! for this sad and weary scene?' She could say no more, but, bending over the corpse, imprinted a thousand yearning kisses upon the clay-cold lip of her idolized; and her tears—a woman's and a mother's tears—fell fast upon the tintless cheek and brow. \* \*

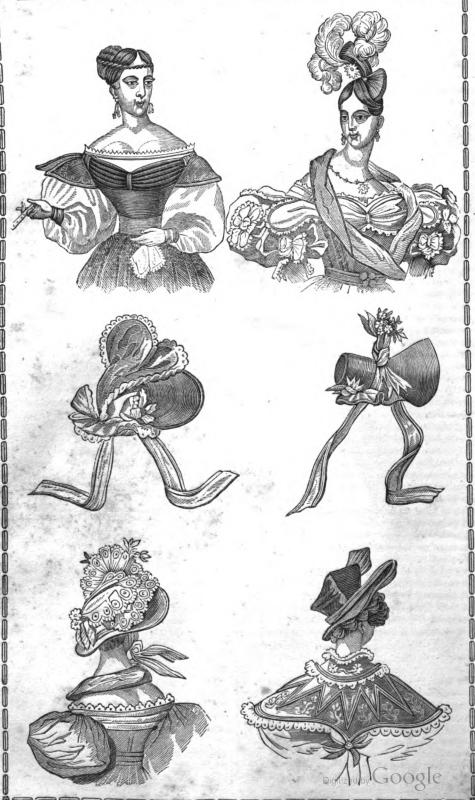
"The funeral shortly took place. The brief and ceremonious visits of the man of sables—his hollow sympathy-his trembling voice, but tearless eye—with the cold, mechanical scrutiny of his assistants, shocked and disgusted me. But, alas! what could my feelings—the feelings of an unknown and stranger inmate—what could they be? Bound by an imperious chain of silence, I could neither sooth nor be soothed; and voiceless and visionary, I beheld and shared in that affliction, for the mitigation of which I would have sacrificed my mysterious existence. At length the dreadful, the harrowing day of interment arrived; and the coffin—the dull and envious coffin -was screwed down. How can I paint the mute, the wild, the despairing anguish of the mother, as, for the last-ay, the last time, she pressed the faded lip of her angelic child! How can I pourtray the solemn suffering of the father, as, with all the parent at his heart, he sought to yield to the partner of his life that consolation which he no less required! Let me draw the veil over a picture too full of sadness to be contemplated without pain. Suffice it to say, that, consecrated by prayer and benediction-by unbought tears and sighs-my beloved, my idolized, my Emma was borne to her final resting-place upon earth; and dimmed was every eye as the white plumes upon her hearse glanced and nodded through the bright green trees that shaded the pathway to the tomb of her ancestors.

"She reposes beneath a marble sepulchre, surrounded by the trophies of greatness and the blazonry of wealth; while he, for whom she died, sleeps in the far-off grave of a soldier—in the field where, though conquering, he fell; and the tall grass that waves fitfully over the turf is the only memorial of the spot.

"In change of scene and hurry of engagement, Lord Henry endeavoured to lose the sense of his disappointment and his grief. In part he succeeded; for the constancy of man is but as the reed when compared with that of woman: but although the shade of sorrow vanished from but brow, the double memorial of love and friendship—the blood-stained tress—was never discarded from his breast."

Plutarch tells a story of a Lacedemonian who had killed his father, and escaped discovery. Some time after, when in company, he darted his spear into a nest of swallows. When asked the reason of that unaccountable action, his answer was, "that he thought that those swallows were reproaching him with his father's death." The strangeness of this answer begat suspicion, discovery, conviction and pupishment.

LATEST FASHIONS FOR CAPS AND BONNETS.



## GAMES OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

AT a very early period we find the games of the Romans regulated with great order and method. Under the republic, the consuls and pretors presided over the Circensian, Apollinarian, and Secular Games; the plebeian ediles had the direction of the Plebeian Games; the curule ediles, or the pretor, superintended the festivals dedicated to Jupiter, Ceres, Apollo, Cybele, and other chief Gods. These latter celebrations, which continued during three days, were originally termed Ludi Magni; but upon the term being extended to four days by a decree of the senate, they took the name of Ludi Maximi. Games were instituted by the Romans, not only in honour of the celestial deities of all nations. but even to propitiate those who presided over the infernal regions; while the Feralia was afestival established in honour of deceased mor-Thus were Heaven, Tartarus, and the tale. grave, all laid under contribution for holidays, by a religion which may be literally termed jovial, whether in the ancient or modern acceptation of that word. The Feralia continued for eleven days, during which time presents were carried to the graves of the dead, whose manes, it was universally believed, came and hovered over their tombs, and feasted upon the provisions which had been placed there by the hand of piety and affection. It was also believed that during this period they enjoyed rest and liberty, and a suspension from their punishment in the infernal regions.

The Scenic Games, adopted from those of Greece, consisted of tragedies, comedies, and satires, represented at the theatre in honour of Bacchus, Venus and Apollo. To render these exhibitions more attractive to the common people, they were accompanied by rope-dancing, tumbling, and similar performances. Afterwards were introduced the pantomimes and buffoons, to which the Romans, like the degenerate Greeks, became so passionately attached, when the public taste and manners had become equally corrupt, that they superseded the more regular drama. There was no fixed time for these exhibitions, any more than for those amphitheatrical shows which were given by the consuls and emperors to acquire popularity, and which consisted in the combats of men and animals. So numerous, however, were the games of stated occurrence, that we can do no more than briefly recapitulate the names of the most celebrated.

The Actian Games, consecrated to Apollo in commemoration of the victory of Augustus over Mark Antony at Actium, were held every third or fifth year, with great pomp, in the Roman stadium, and consisted of gymnastic sports, musical competitions, and horse-racing. In the reign of Tiberius were established the Ludi Augustales, in honour of Augustus, the first representation of which was disturbed by the break-

ing out of the quarrel between the comedians and the buffoons, where rival factions so often subsequently embroiled the theatrical representations. Livia established, in honour of the same emperor, the Palatine Games, to which the Romans were perhaps more indebted than to any other, since their celebration afforded an opportunity for the destruction of the monster Cali-The Certamina Neronia were literary competitions, established by the tyrant from whom they were named, who affected to be a patron as well as an adept in all the liberal arts. Among other prizes there was one for music, by which we are to understand poetry, since we are expressly told by Suetonius, that Nero himself won the crown of poetry and elequence; none of his antagonists, probably, choosing to surpass so formidable an antagonist. Games, upon various models, were also founded in commemoration of Commodus, Adrian, Antoninus, and many other illustrious and famous individuals; while all the leading and many of the subordinate deities in the mythological army of the pagans were honoured, at stated periods, by festivals and sacrifices; so that one almost wonders how the people could snatch sufficient time from the business of pleasure and the public shows, to attend to the diurnal cares and pursuits of life.

Besides these numerous festivities—for, though many of them professed to be religious ceremonies, they were essentially merry-makings, and revels-there were the Secular Games, revived by Augustus, and celebrated only once in a hundred years. Every thing appertaining to these games were calculated to impress the superstitious mind with deep and solemn reverence. From the long interval between the celebrations, none could have seen them before, none could ever hope to behold them again. Slaves and strangers were excluded from any participation in this great national festival; the mystic sacrifices to Pluto and Proserpine, to the Fates, and to the earth, were performed at night on the banks of the Tiber; the Campus Martius, which was illuminated with innumerable lamps and torches, resounded with music and dancing, and the temples with the choral hymns of youths and virgins imploring the gods to preserve the virtue. the felicity, and the empire of the Roman people. While these supplications were tendered the statues of the deities were placed on cushions, where they were served with the most exquisite dainties. During the three days of the festival three different pieces of music were performed, the scene being changed as well as the form of the entertainment. On the first the people assembled in the Campus Martius; on the second in the Capitol; the third upon Mount Palatine. A full and beautiful description of these games is furnished by the Carmen Seculare of Horace. who was appointed the laureate to celebrate their revival by Augustus, and whose Ode, like

those of Pindar upon the Olympic Games, is all that remains to us of the great and gorgeous spectacle that it commemorates.

When the Romans became masters of the world they accorded the right of stated public shows to such cities as required it; the names of which places are preserved in the Arundel marbles, and other ancient inscriptions. Games of all sorts—floral, funeral, Compitalian, and many

others, as well as the numerous festivals in honour of deities, heroes, and men, were held in most of the provincial towns as well as in Rome itself. These closely resembled the religious ceremonies of the Greeks, from whom indeed they were chiefly borrowed; but none of them equalled in celebrity or magnificence the Olympic Games, of which we have already given a description.

#### THE SPANISH MAID.

W. A. ALLSTON.

Five weary months sweet Inex number'd From that unfading bitter day When last she heard the trumpet bray That called her Isidor away— That never to her heart has slumber'd;

She hears it now, and sees far bending
Along the mountain's misty side,
His plumed troop, that, waving wide,
Seems like a rippling feathery tide,
Now bright, now with the dim abore blending;

She hears the cannon's deadly rattle— And fancy hurries on to strife, And hears the drum and screaming fife, Mix with the last sad cry of life. Oh, should he—should he fail in battle!

Yet still his name would live in story, And every gallant bard in Spain Would fight his battles o'er again. And would not she for such a strain, Resign him to her country's glory?

Thus Inez thought, and pluck'd the flower That grew upon the very bank Where first her ear bewilder'd drank The plighted vow—where last she sank In that too bitter parting hour.

But now the sun is westward sinking, And soon amid the purple haze, The showers from his sianting rays; A thousand Loves there meet her gaze, To change her high heroic thinking.

Then hope, with all its crowd of fancies, Before her filts and fills the air; And, deck'd with Vict'ry's glorious gear, In vision Isidor is there.

Then how her heart mid sadness dances!

Yet little thought she, thus forestalling The coming joy, that in that hour, The Future, like the colour'd shower That seems to arch the ocean o'er, Was in the living Present failing.

The Foe is slain. His sable charger
All fleck'd with foam comes bounding on:
The wild Morena rings anon,
And on its brow the gallant Don
And gallant steed grow larger, larger

And now he nears the mountain-hollow;
The flow'ry bank and little lake
Now on his startled vision break—
And Inez there.—He's not awake—
Yet bow he'll love this dream to morrow!

But no—he surely is not dreaming; Another minute makes it clear; A scream; a rush, a burning tear From Inex's cheek, dispel the fear That bliss like his is only seeming.

#### THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.\*

BY JOSEPH C. CALLANAW.

THE evening star rose beauteous above the fading day, As to the lone and solemn beach the Virgin came to pray, And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall,

But the bank of green where Mary knelt was the brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters a gallant bark appeared, And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to the land she near'd:

To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a swan, And her wings of snow, o'er the waves below, in pride and beauty shone.

The master saw "our lady" as he stood upon the prow, And mark'd the whiteness of her robe and the radiance of her brow:

Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast, And her eyes look'd up amongst the stars to Him her soul lov'd best.

He show'd her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a cheer, And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and jeer, And madly swore a form so fair they never saw before, And they curs'd the faint lagging breeze that kept them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen, And up his wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen; And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,

And the scoffing crew beheld no more the lady on the strand.

Out burst the growling thunder, and the lightning leap'd about,

And rushing with its watery war the tempest gave a shout, And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with thund'ring shock,

And her timbers flew, like scatter'd spray, on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and

But the angry surge swept over them and hush'd their gurgling cry;

And, with a hourse exulting tone, the tempest passed away, And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunmore,

Full many a mangled corpee was seen on Inchidony's shore; And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank,

And still he calls that billock green, the Virgin Mary's Bank.

\* These very beautiful verses are founded on an existing popular tradition in the county of Cork. There is not a fisherman, we believe, who visits the bay of Cloghnakilty but can show the green hillock, known as the Very in Mary's Bank.

# THE WIFE OF SEVEN HUSBANDS:

A LEGEND OF LONDON.

In the beginning of the reign of Edward the First, of long-limbed memory, there lived upon Corne-hille, over against the spot where the water-tonne was a few years afterwards built, a certain blithe and buxome widow, very wealthy, and as fair withal as she was wealthy: she was only in her twenty-eighth year, of a tall and stately shape and bearing, and with commanding and yet right modest features: her face was oval, her hair and eyes of bright black; her forehead high; her eyebrows arched, almost into semicircles; her nose slightly aquiline; her cheeks high coloured, and yet delicately so; her lips small, and prettily bent; her teeth white and regular; her chin rather forward and dimpled; and her complexion dark though not swarthy: so that upon the whole she had rather a Jewish cast of countenance, and yet there was no rightful reason to suspect that there was even a drop of Israelitish blood in her veins, for her father, and his fathers before him, for many generations back, had been rich and respectable goldworkers, citizens of London, and had always married among their equals and friends. Busy tongues, however, there were that whispered something or other to this effect—that the maternal grandmother of Mrs. Alice (my young and pretty widow,) during the absence of her husband, who was a merchant, had become pretty intimately acquainted with a young Hebrew, at that time staying in London; and that, when her husband returned, he was, for some reason or other, so angry with his wife, that he put her away from him, and would never after see her, though he provided for her during life, and himself educated the children she had borne up to the period of their parting. Now, though the latter part of this story is undoubtedly true, I would nevertheless caution my readers, gentle and simple, not to put too much trust in the former part thereof; remembering that husbands are husbands, and, from the beginning of the world to the present day, have been, and are, a jealous and wayward race; and, moreover, that the breath of slander will at times sully the brightest reputations; and besides, that conclusions are too frequently drawn which the premises will by no fair means justify.

But be this as it may, Mistress Alice was a very handsome woman, and, as has been before said, very wealthy, for her father always petted her, and although he had two other children, sons, he quarrelled with them both and turned them out of doors, and very solemnly vowed he would disinherit them, and there is little doubt he would have kept his vow, but that they prevented him, the eldest, by being drowned in the Fleet river, and the other by getting murdered in an affray with the city watch. At the old man's death, therefore, he left all his property, real and personal, to his "deare daughter Alice," who

was the twenty-one years old, and had lately been married for the first time in her life. She has been already introduced to the reader as a widow, and if he was tempted to be surprised at her being so young a one, what will he think when he reads that she was a widow for the fifth time?—ay, and was now on the eve of being married to her sixth husband—this was a Master Simon Shard, a draper of Corne-hill, who had a well-filled purse, a rather corpulent figure, a round and ruddy face, and was about two and thirty years of age. It was said he had been enamoured of the fair Alice previously to her three last marriages, but that he had not had courage enough to break his mind to her till some time after the death of her fourth husband, and when he did so he found she was unfortunately engaged to his immediate forerunner, at whose death he again pressed his suit-was accepted, and they were married. After living for about six months on the most seemingly loving and comfortable terms. Master Shard was one morning found dead in his bed, without any previous illness or indisposition: this was very strange, at least strange it will probably seem to the reader, though it was not so to Mrs. Alice's neighbours, for, wonderful to relate, all her other husbands had died in the same way, and under the same circumstances. There had been from time to time many various opinions affoat upon this subject, and they had become more prevalent, stronger, and of longer lasting upon the successive deaths of each of her husbands. The most moderate had merely observed, that " for certes Mrs. Alice was a very unlucky, or a very lucky woman," according to the speaker's appreciation of wedlock: others looked very wise, and seemed to think a good deal, but said very little, generally contenting themselves with observing-"That it really was very odd;" but again there were others, who—especially on the death of Mr. Shard's predecessor-declared that "such things were clean out of the common run of nature, and that either Mrs. Alice, or some one not to be named among Christians, must have bewitched her husbands," (and here the speaker and listeners, especially if females, would devoutly cross themselves) " or else some thing or other" (also it seemed not to be named among Christians) " had carried them off in a very odd way, to say the least of it;" and to this cautious and mysterious opinion the generality of the last mentioned sect of gossips, with additional selfcrossings, assented. Still however, Mrs. Alice's conduct was so, not only unobjectionable, but praiseworthy; she was so pious and charitable a woman, so good a neighbour, so kind a friend, and in short, both publicly and privately fulfilled all the domestic relations of life, in so exemplary a manner, that even the tongues of those who secretly envied her wealth, her beauty, and may

be her luck, had not as yet dared to wag in open scandal against her; but a sixth recurrence of so extraordinary an event, it would seem gave sudden loose to their hitherto confined scruples and tongues; or, perhaps the reason why they more freely vented their suspicions or their spite on the present occasion might be that Master Shard had been a man of great influence in the city—his connexions stood high in the eyes of men, and he had a cousin who was sheriff at the time of his death, and who declared when he heard it, "by his father's beard, he would see into the matter that very moment," and accordingly next morning, for he was just going to sit down to dinner when he made the above declaration, he presented himself with a posse comitatus at Mrs. Alice's door-and then the neigbourhood, as with one voice, spoke out against her; for their long held opinion of her (at least they said it had been long held), now found the countenance of power-her piety had been hypocrisy, and they had thought so all along-her charity, ostentation-her goodness and kindness, even those that had benefited by them, now found some hole to pick in, and in plain and pithy English they called her a murderess.

While this was going on without Mrs. Alice's doors, another kind of scene was taking place within. The sheriff had been readily admitted, and was followed not only by the posse of the county, but by a posse of the venue (to use, I believe, a strictly lawful phrase,) consisting of all sorts of people, who either had, or thought they had, or thought they should like to have some concern in the business. They found the widow by the bedside of her departed husband: she not only did not fly from, but courted investigation, and accordingly the body was investigated, but not the slightest sign of violence was found upon it; no trace of steel or poison-all was as right and as unaccountable as it ought to have been. There were some present who pretended to a great knowledge of human nature, and who strictly watched Mrs. Alice during the whole transaction, and their evidence went still further to clear her from the imputation it was sought to affix upon her: for they said her conduct was so thoroughly natural—she seemed struggling between indignation at the charge brought against her, and grief for the cause thereof; and yet there was no overacting in her grief, it seemed just what she would be likely to feel for the loss of such a husband, and to be rather sorrow for the spell that appeared to be upon her, than for the man himself. The sheriff and his friends therefore, whatever they might have thought or wished, found themselves forced to declare her guiltless; and after partaking of a slight refection, consisting of boiled beef, suet puddings, sausages and ale, left the widow to her solitude. His declaration of her guiltlessness was soon known among her neighbours, almost all of whom without any delay or difficulty returned to their former good opinion of her, greatly pitying her for the trouble she had been put to, and much wondering how folks could be so spiteful

as tell such wicked stories. In a few days orders were given for the burial of the late Master Shard in Mrs. Alice's family vault, which was in St. Michael's church, and which vault, though one of considerable extent, Mrs. Alice seemed in a fair way of filling choak full with her hushards.

St. Michael's church stood at the period of this tale, and for anght the teller knows to the contrary, stands to this day at the eastern end of Cornhill, and about midway between this church and Mrs. Alice's house there was a pot-house or tavern, known by the sign of the "Sevenne Starres:" in the tap-room of this tavern, upon the afternoon when Mr. Shard was to be carried to his long home, there was assembled a very merry company of some dozen worthy citizens, who were getting full of good things and gratitude towards the giver of the feast, Master Martyn Lessomour, a young merchant, whose safe return from a long and successful voyage in the Mediterranean they were met to celebrate. Master Lessomour was not yet thirty, though hard upon it; tall, strongly and well-built; his face was handsome and manly, and his large blue eyes looked like mirrors of his frank heart; his complexion was naturally fair, but exposure to sun and storm had given it a healthy tan, as they had also yet more bleached his light hair, which he wore long and curling down his neck and shoulders; in short, he was altogether a comely young man to look upon, and the rogue knew it too, for it was particularly observed of him that his carriage, which was at all times free and easy, would assume a little bit of a swagger when he either met in the streets, or passed under windows where were sitting any young and pretty city damsels. In his merry moods he was playful as a month-old kitten, as very a galliard as the best among them; but when business required it, he was as staid and sober as if an idle jest or an extra cup of canary had never passed his lips, so that he was equally well thought of among the grave and the gay; some of the oldest and wealthiest of the citizens would nod to him in passing, and some even went so far as to declare upon 'Change, "they believed young Master Lessomour would be a man well to do in the world, if," for they generally added a reservation, "if he only took care of himself and had good luck." They might indeed have been a little influenced in the formation of this good opinion, by the fact of his being the only heir and great favourite of a very rich and very old uncle. On the afternoon in question, he and his boon companions were at the height of their merriment, when one who was sitting in the bay window, that jutted out into the street, observed the funeral of Master Shard approaching, and gave notice thereof to the others. The passing of a dead body being a solemn event, and they being orthodox Christians (according to the orthodoxy of those times) their merriment was therefore suspended, and I will not undertake to say there was not a share of curiosity mixed up with this religious feeling, for they rose, one and all, and huddled into the window recess, in order to have a fair view of the funeral procession, which as matters went then-a-days was a very sumptuous one. Most of the party present being acquainted with the circumstances of the case, at once recognized whose funeral it was, and the ignorant and anxious ears of Master Lessomour were greedily drinking in sundry marvellous tales of the rich widow of Corne-hille, when she herself passed immediately by the window, looking becomingly downcast and sorrowful.

"Be she what she may," exclaimed my young merchant, "by the pillars of St. Hercules, she is a lovely wench, and steps out like an empera-

trice."

"A witch, Master Martyn," replied one, the oldest of his companions, "a wicked witch is she, take an honest man's word for it, who should

know something about such things."

"He is married to a shrew," said another, in an audible under tone, which produced a hearty laugh against the former speaker: in this, however, Master Lessomour did not join, nor with his companions who resumed their places round the well stored table, but drawing a stool into the window recess, and taking a tankard of ale with him, he sat him down, intending, he said, to have another glimpse of the fair widow as she should return from the church; meanwhile, he requested the company to tell him something more about her as they seemed to know so much, and he nothing, having been so long away from bome—and accordingly, Master Andrews (he who had boasted of his knowledge of such things, and was indeed reputed the most garrulous gossip in the parish) with the assistance and interruption of his companions, when they thought he had not made enough of a good point, went through a relation of Mrs. Alice's life and adventures; and, which relation, divested of a considerable share of fiction, with which Master Andrews had ladened it, and put together, it is humbly hoped, in something of a more coherent manner, corresponded very nearly with that which has been already laid before the reader. During all this while, Martyn Lessomour spoke not a word, and, when at length the narration was ended, he slapped his hand lustily on the window sill, and cried out, " By the seven stars, and they are ruling ones now," casting up his eyes to the sign over the door, "but it is a strange tale-and whether true or false I will soon know-for if the mind of man hold good within me four-andtwenty hours, I will somehow or other scrape knowledge with this said witching widow."

At this observation, there was a general outcry, some declaring he would not do as he said, others that he could not; and some, presuming on long intimacy with him, or on their greater advance in years, vowed he should not.

"And we'll see that, my merry masters, in an eye-twinkle," cried Lessomour, "for here comes the dame back as if to my wish;" and with that, to the no small wonderment of his friends, he started from his seat, and clapping his cap upon one side of his head, hurried out of the door, and

posted himself on the middle of the path, whereon Dame Alice with a few attendants was returning: he staid there, till she came within two or three paces of him, and then drew back to make way for her-she looked up, and their eyes met, and, bowing as gracefully as he could, which was not indifferently, he drew back still farther. Mrs. Alice turned with the intent to cross the road, but some horsemen riding by at the moment prevented her from doing so; whereupon Master Lessomour, stepping to her side, said, "Fair dame, will you let a stranger do his poor duty here, and see you safe over." She curtsied, and accepted the arm he offered her; and after escorting her across the road, where they again exchanged courtesies, he left her, and joined his companions, who from the window had beheld with astonishment his bold gallantry. They conspired to attack him with a good deal of bantering and raillery upon his exploit; but he was in such high spirits at the good success of it, and so well pleased with the way in which he had acquitted himself, that he fairly turned the tables upon them; or if, literally speaking, he did not do that, they pretty nearly did it for themselves; for in the course of two hours there was not one of the party, with the exception of Master Lessomour, who was too merry to get drunk, and of Master Andrews, on whom liquor had no more effect than on a sponge, only making him heavy: with these exceptions, there was not one who did not turn himself under the table.

Martyn dreamed all night of the lovely widow. and rose next morning at the first break of dawn. He proceeded immediately to rummage over all his mails, a process he went through three or four times before he could fix upon what suit of clothes he should array himself in. Having at last chosen one, which he thought the handsomest, and the best calculated to show off his figure to advantage, he began to dress himself therein; but before he had got half through his toilet, it occurred to him that the suit he had chosen being a very gaudy one, was not the most suitable for the visit he intended to make; he therefore picked out one of a more sober cast, in which he finally clothed himself to his heart's content. It consisted of a sad coloured doublet, breeches and hosen; the greater part of which, except the sleeves of the former, were concealed by a long cloth coat or robe, of a deep claret hue, hanging down nearly to his heels: this outer garment was open up the front, and fastened at the top with three silver buttons; there were no sleeves in it, but large apertures to let the arms through, which, together with the bottom, front and neck, were trimmed with a broadish border of silver lace: upon his head he wore a high peaked hood, with a long and full tail hanging from it, of the same materials and colour of his robe; and a pair of pointed shoes completed his dress. He then selected a few pieces of black and grey bombacyne, as the species of silk then chiefly manufactured in Sicily was termed, which he had himself brought home on his last voyage, and tied them up with a silken cord-and having

broken his fast, he sallied forth from his lodging in Ship-alley, near Tower Hille, with his parcel under one arm, and his hands tucked into the arm-holes of his robe to keep him warm, for although it was May, it was a real English, and not a mere poetical one. He arrived at Mrs. Alice's door and was admitted into her presence. In the most picked language he could master he excused his intrusion, relying upon the slight courtesy he had happily been enabled to show her the preceding day; while she was lavish in her thanks for that courtesy, and seemed quite as willing to overrate, as he was to lessen it: after a good long interchange of such civilities, he respectfully requested her examination of the contents of his parcel, at the same time, letting her know as much as he with propriety could of his situation and prospects in life: and when she had chosen two pieces of the bombacyne, and begged to know at what price they were to be purchased, he gallantly entreated her to receive them as a trifling token of the great esteem wherein he held her: this gave rise again to a great many very pretty speeches, and at last Mrs. Alice very graciously vouchsafed to accept his handsome present—and they parted mutually pleased with each other.

He visited her, however, again and again, and their liking of each other seemed to increase with each meeting; for if he was charmed by her, with her modesty, and her beauty, she was decidedly as much taken with his good looks, his open-heartedness, and his conversation:-she would sit for hours and hours together, listening to the strange history of his adventures upon the high seas, of his being chased by, and escaping from the pirates of the Atlantic and Mediterranean; of the wonders he had seen in Spain and Italy; of his visits to Venezia and Genoa; and, finding what interest she took in such relations, he undoubtedly did a little amplify the truth now and then, making as much of an uncommon circumstance as he consistently could; though he never outraged veracity or her common sense so far as to talk of Anthropophagi, or of men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders. In fine, so agreeable did they find each other, that as soon as decency would permit, they married; neither it would seem, at all deterred by the fate that had attended all Mrs. Alice's former husbands. The preparations on this occasion were as splendid and expensive as possible, every citizen of any importance that was at all known to either of the parties, graced the ceremony with their august presence, bringing with them too a host of wives, sons and daughters, kinsfolk, friends and acquaintance. The bride wore upon her head a small cap of cloth of gold, wrapped about with silken cords and stringed pearls; her gown was of green silk, embroidered round the neck with jewels, as was also her broad silver girdle; and over all she bore a long mantle of white cloth, richly trimmed and figured with silver, fastened round her neck with thick silver cords, and lined throughout with white fur; her shoes were also of white cloth, with long points

something turned up. The bridegroom was arrayed in a pair of peach coloured hosen of fine cloth, serving the double purpose of stockings and pantaloons, and a short cointoise, or robe of crimson silk, lined with white persan, open at the front, and fastened with golden buttons, set upon a broad border of dark blue velvet, and this trimming also ornamented with similar buttons, ran round the skirts, and wristbands of the robe; his waist was cinctured by a golden girdle; a small dagger hung from it, the ivory handle and yellow velvet sheath of which were richly ornamented with precious stones: over this cointoise he wore a long mantle similar to his bride's, only of dark blue cloth, lined with white person, and clasped at top by a large sapphire, set in chased silver; behind his back there hung a hood of the same colour and material as his robe, worked all over with golden sprigs, and buttoned under his chin; on his feet he had a pair of yellow Spanish leather crackowes, or shoes, with long pointed toes, the ends of which were fastened to his knees with silver-gilt-chains: gloves also he had, and so indeed had the bride, though I forgot to mention it; they were alike of fine white kid leather; hers, embroidered with gold; and his, with a large emerald set in the back of each one, gauntlet-shaped, and edged with golden buttons. If all that has not been told, would have been irksome and tedious in the telling, much more so, nay, quite impossible would it be to tell of all the feasting and mummeries that had place in Mrs. Alice's house on that day of the quantities of roast, boiled, grilled and fried-of mortries, pies and tarts, that appeared and disappeared—of the oceans of liquors and wines too-French and Greek-of Ypocras, and Pyment—of Rumney, Malaspine, Vernage, Mountrese, Algrade and Garnarde, the very names whereof are lost in this degenerate age. Let the reader only rest assured, that this was better than any common feast, inasmuch as there was more than enough.

This day seemed to have been the beginning of a new life for Mrs. Alice; she became from that time a gayer woman, and mingled more in company than ever she had done before; for, with all her good qualities, she had lived hitherto rather a retired life: and yet she certainly did not fly to society, as I am afraid some modern housewives do, to escape from the fellowship of her husband; but rather, as it seemed, to give her a greater zest therein-for she loved him almost to devotion, and he was equally attached to her. They had been married for nearly four months, and not yet a cross word or look had passed between them: their mutual affection, indeed, seemed on the increase, which is not always the case with a new-married couple, especially after the honey-moon; but, as Master Lessomour took care to exact from his wife nothing either unreasonable, or what she thought so, he found her all duty and obedience. - Many people, indeed, whispered that all this would not last long; for they had not forgotten her other husbands, though it might almost seem that Master

Lessomour and Mrs. Alice herself had done

It chanced, however, that, as they were sitting together silently one evening upon a low stool or settle (in shape something like a modern settee, only with quaintly carved frame and elbows,) gazing upon the dying embers of a wood-fire, that had been piled up between the brazen dogs on the brick hearth, that Mrs. Alice fetched a sigh.

"Why dost sigh, sweetheart?" said her hus-

band: " art not happy?"

" I knew not that I sighed, dear Martyn," she said. "Certes, it was not for lack of happiness,

for I am right happy."

" I am glad to hear thee say so, and think thou sayest sooth-if I may at all judge from mine own heart-for I am happier than I ever yet have been."

"And so, in truth, am I, Martyn-for I am happy now; and, indeed, I never knew happiness till I knew thee."

" Nay, now thou art surely cajoling me, sweetest. Meanest thou, thou wert never happy ere now?"

"I say, till I knew thee, never-never!" As she said this with great stress on the word never, Martyn, whose arm was girdling her, felt her shudder strongly, and he shook too.

After a short pause he resumed, "Didst thou, then, not love thy other husbands, Alice?"

" Love them! No, Martyn-no; I hated them -hated them with a deadly hate." And at these words her face grew lividly pale, and her eyes fixed on her husband's with a strange and snakelike glistening, that his marrow thrilled again, and his heart beat thick. He spoke to her, however, in a meek voice, and said-

"Why didst thou hate them so, Alice?"

"By cause that they were drunkards and faithless, Martyn; and, therefore, I hated them so; and, therefore, were it possible thou shouldst be such, I should even so hate thee, much, very much as I do now love thee." She uttered these words in a tone of deep tenderness, and fell weeping on his neck.

He strove, both by caresses and assurances, to soothe her; but it was some time before he could do so. The conversation was not resumed, and they retired to bed. But Martyn's mind continued very restless, and he lay awake long after his wife had gone to sleep; he could not dismiss her words from his brain, nor efface the impression they had made thereon; and, after turning the matter over a great many times, he came to the resolution that he would see a little into the matter. At last he fell asleep, but it was only to wake soon from a wild dream. He thought he and his wife were still sitting on the low settle, as they had been that evening; and that their faces were lit up, as they then had been, by the fitful glimmering of the dying embers—that her's wore the same livid hue, and her eyes glistened in the same snake-like manner, that had then so frightened him; and that they were fixed, as then, upon his, and, though her look was most

shocking, that he was fascinated by it, and could not move away his glance from her's; and her face kept growing paler and paler; and her eyes brighter and brighter, and more and more terrible; and he grew sick and sicker at heart, and felt a reeling in his brain, and a choking in his throat; and still he could not turn his eyes from her. And, behold! her long black curls, that hung about her neck and shoulders, seemed of a sudden, and yet slowly, to become instinct with life; and, one by one, they uncurled themselves-some moving their ends to and fro, and up and down, as he had seen leeches do in a vase when they sought to fix their heads somewhere-others, again, twined themselves round the carved rail-work of the settle-while others, arching and stretching themselves out, twisted round his neck so tightly that they nearly throttled him. He woke up in alarm and agony, and found his wife's long hair, indeed, around his neck-and her arms, too; and her head was lying on his chest, and she was sobbing violently. He asked her what ailed her; and she said she had had a dreadful dream, all of which that she could recollect was that she had seen him murdered.

Martyn slept no more that night; and, the next morning, he rose betimes, and, pretending business, he went out at an early hour. Business, however, he had none. He walked forth at the Cripplegate, and strolled through the Finsburie fields, and so away into the country, without any fixed determination or even knowledge of whither he was going. It was a drizzly day, too; but he seemed unconscious of it, though he was soon drenched to the skin. But he kept walking about, thinking over the scene of the last evening, and all the stories he remembered to have heard of his wife from the day he first saw her, and all other stories he could remember ever to have heard of witches and their cunning, till he began to hold his wife for one in real earnest; or, if she was not a witch, she certainly was something else of an unusual nature, but what he could not just then bring himself to decide. Still he felt that he was not, somehow or other, safe with her, in spite of all her fondness for him; and reflecting upon her expressions of deep hate for her former husbands, and the cause whereto she had ascribed that hate, he conceived a design to try her love, which he determined upon carrying into immediate execution. It was long after sunset when he returned home, and he went straight to bed, pleading cold and weariness. The next day, he sat all the forenoon with his wife; but, in spite of her kindness and attentions, he could not overcome the disagreeable feeling that was upon him. He remained reserved, and almost sullen; and, at last, Mrs. Alice seemed infected with the same manner. At noon he left his house, and went straightways to Master Andrews, who lived not far off, with the purpose of inducing from him a recital of some of those marvellous tales wherewith he had, on a former occasion, regaled him. His purpose was, how ever, so far forestalled; for when he came there, he found he had some friends with him, and, of

course, he was not anxious to make his wife's conduct matter of public talk. He sat, therefore, the whole evening nearly in silence; for which, however, they made full amends by their boisterous and drunken noise. He sat as late as any, and left them with the full determination of putting his plan into effect that very night. On his way home, he trod casually upon a piece of apple-rind lying in the path, and, slipping, fell in the mire; for it had been raining all that day too. At first he was not a little put out; but, after a little reflection, remembering that this very mischance might be made serviceable to his scheme, with disordered dress, bending knees, drooping mouth and half-closed eyes (assuming, as much as he could, the bearing of a drunken man,) he presented himself at his door. His wife, although it was now late in the night, had sent the servants to bed, and had herself sat up for him-a mark of attention that some very loving wives do at times pay their husbands, often more to their annoyance than comfort. In the present instance, however, nothing could have happened more to The moment his wife saw Lessomour's wish. him, her face flushed even to darkness, and her large black eyes widened to a greater size, as she said in a tone half of anger, half of dread, "Why, Martyn, what is this? what has befallen

"I've been with some friends, my love," he

replied, speaking thickly.

"Martyn! Martyn!" she answered, and bit her lip, and shook her head, "a-get thee to thy

bed; I will follow quickly."

He went accordingly; but it was some time before she did follow him, and she lay down by his side without speaking a word to him. He pretended to be asleep, though he did not really sleep all that night; nor more, he thought, did she-for she tossed about, and seemed very restless, now and then muttering to herself; and as soon as morning broke, she rose, and dressed herself, and left the room. The whole of that day he staid at home, feigning to have a bad head-ache. She was very attentive to him, but in no way hinted at his conduct of the foregoing evening. In two or three days he repeated the experiment, and with nearly the same success, saving that Mrs. Alice seemed a little more gloomy the following day. He tried it a third time, and a fourth, and that night she did not come to his bed at all. The next morning she spoke to him, for the first time, upon the subject; she expressed more sorrow than anger-talked kindly to him-said she had hoped once, twice, and even thrice, that his coming home full of liquor might have been a mishap; but she now felt forced to fear that drunkenness was becoming an usage with him; and she begged him, with tears in her eyes, as he prized her happiness, to stop in good time, ere it did in truth become an usage. He was moved by her earnestness, and promised her, and, at the time, himself determined to disquiet her no farther on this head; but an impulse, which somehow he could not resist, urged him in a few days to break his word.

Twice more his conduct called forth pressing entreaties from his wife—the last time, indeed, they were mingled with some reproaches: but it all was of no effect upon Lessomour, he continued in the career he had begun. The day after he had returned home, for the seventh time, in a pretended state of drunkenness, his wife said to him, "Martyn, I have prayed thee till I am weary: I now warn thee—take heed. As my husband, I owe thee love and duty; but I can pay neither to a drunkard. Heed my warning,

or woe upon us both!"

And did Martyn still go on with the pursuit of his experiment?-He did. Although he saw it was losing him his wife's love, and winning him her anger-her hate-he went on, with an unswerving resolution, which, in such a cause, seemed obstinacy, or madness, or worse. In the present enlightened age, I should not like to say he was bewitched, or to attribute to any supernatural influence the strong impulse which led him on to do as he was doing, in spite of his better sense and better feeling-in spite of the love he had unquestionably borne his wife-in spite of the danger which he felt he was thrusting himself into and feared; and yet I equally dislike to suppose that he was tempted to this severe trial of his wife's love and duty either by too great faith in them, or a want of it; though something, perhaps, of a similar nature was the trial to which Henry put his Emma, and Posthumus his Imogene: in neither case, indeed, so severe a one, nor, for his personal safety, may be, so dangerous; but, whatever might have been his motive, it certainly to himself was as inexplica ble as he owned it to be irresistible. Again, therefore, he transgressed, and was again threatened: again he reiterated his offence; and then his wife said to him the next day, "Goest thou forth to-day, Martyn?"

"I must, indeed, Alice," he answered; "I

have weighty business to do to-day."

"Then mark me, Martyn. I am not going to pray thee; but I have warned thee once, and I have warned thee twice, and I now warn thee for the third and for the last time. Go at thy risk, and see thou heed this warning better than thou hast done mine others. Go not forth today, Martyn; or, going, come not back to me as thou hast been wont of late to come. Better that thou stay from me altogether; but better yet that thou stay with me altogether, Martyn."

" Nay, nay, I needs must go, Alice."

"There needs no plea, Martyn, but thine own will—thine own stubborn will—that will not bend to thy wife's prayer. Ay! I said I would not pray thee, but I do now. Look! see, Martyn! I am on my knees here to thee—and there are tears in mine eyes!—and, kneeling and weeping thus, I pray thee go not forth to-day. I have had dreams of late—dreams of bad foretoken, Martyn; and only last night I did truly dream that—" [Here she gulped, as if for breath.]
"Thou wilt lose thy life, an thou go forth to-day,

But Martin Lessomour, like Julius Cresar,

was not to be frightened from a fixed purpose by a wife's dreams; and he answered her—

"Wife, wife, thou art a fearful woman, and makest me fear thee; but, natheless, I shall go." "Go then," she said, and rose and left him;

and he shortly after went from the house-he returned in the evening in the same assumed state as before, and went to bed. For the last two days that he had played this part, since his wife had begun to use threats, he had gone when he left his own house, either to a friend's or a tavern, where he slept away all the time he was absent, in order that he might lie awake during the night, to watch what his wife would do; but during this day he had not, for disquietude of mind, been able to sleep at all; but now that he was in bed, such a drowsiness came over him, that in spite of all his endeavours he soon fell into a sound sleep. From this he was aroused by his wife's getting out of bed; yet, although he at once started into thorough wakefulness, he had the presence of mind to pretend to be still asleep, and lay still and watched her. She had thrown a night gown around her-but her hair was loose, and hung straggling about her neck, and as she passed the foot of the bed, the light from a lamp that was burning on a table, fell through her locks upon her face, and Martyn saw that it was of that livid paleness, and that ber eyes were brightened by that hateful snakelike look, which he had only once before beheld in reality, though in memory, thousands and thousands of times: he saw too that she held a small knife in one hand. Slowly and stilly, like a ghost, she glided on-but away from him; and going up to the place where she had hung her gown up when she undressed, she took it down, and ripped open one of the sleeves of it, and took something out: she then went to the hearth, where there was a fire burning, for it was winter, and having laid the knife and whatever else she held in her hand, beside the lamp upon the table, she seemed searching for something about the hearth. At last Martyn heard her mutter, " Not here—how foolish—heedless of me—I must go and fetch it from below." She moved towards the door-Martyn's heart beat high within him, as he thought the moment she should be gone, he would leap from the bed and rush past her down the stairs, and out of the house—for he strangely felt to be alone would be more dreadful than to be in her most dreaded presence. She stopped, however, at the door—laid hold of the latch, but did not raise it—and continued in a low mutter, "Not here; mayhap it was for some good end that I forgot it—mayhap that I should give him one more trial yet—shall I? I shall—one more trial I will give thee, dear Martyn, dear still, though lost, I dread-one more-one more;" and saying this, she hurried back to her bed, and leaning her head upon Martyn's shoulder, sighed and sobbed, not loudly indeed, but as if her heart were cracking—and he—he lay deadly still by her side, for he really feared to speak to her, even though it were to speak comfort; or when he thought of doing so, the remembrance of her word, "one trial more" stifled him—she seemed soon after to doze. In the morning he took care to rise before her, and woke her in so doing—he went up, as if by accident, to the table—and saw that beside the knife there lay a smallish round dump of lead.

"What is this for Alice?" he said, in a careless tone—for he knew she was watching him.

"What is it?" she replied. He took it to her bedside. "That," she continued, "is a weight from the sleeve of my gown; I cut it out last night, to put in a smaller, for I find it too heavy."

Martyn laid it down, and presently left the room. It was some time before his wife joined him below stairs, and when she did at last come, her eyes looked so swollen and red, that Martyn was pretty sure she had been weeping; he said nothing about it, however, but in a few minutes rose, and took down his cap, and said, "I am bidden forth to dinner again to-day, Alice."-"Good bye then, Martyn, good bye," was all her answer, and that was said in a low, very solemn, and yet kind tone of voice. He lingered in the room for a moment or two, in the hope she would say something more to him, for he felt less inclined to pursue his fraud that day than he had ever felt before; perhaps it was from a return of love he felt this, perhaps from fear-she said, however, nothing more, indeed, did not seem to notice his presence; so after saying, "Well, good bye, Alice," he withdrew. He went at once to his next door neighbour's, and requested them to hold themselves in readiness, in case he should want for their assistance in the night, for he had some idea, he said, that there would be an attempt to rob, or perhaps to murder him that night. This greatly alarmed his neighbours, and they promised to do what he requested, and the moment he had left them they sent for a reinforcement of their friends, and also begged of the fitting authorities that there might be an additional watch set in their neighbourhood that

Lessomour returned earlier by some hours than usual, and to his wonder, found his door was not fastened within. He entered, and called, but no one answered—he fastened the door, and went up to his bed-room, where he found his wife already in bed, and seemingly fast asleep: -this was the first time she had not sat up for him. He made a great noise, overturning stools and boxes, and sundry other things, and then cursing at them, after the manner of drunken men-but his wife still seemed to sleep soundly; he spake to her, but she made no answer. Really believing she was asleep, he got into bed, and pretended himself to sleep, and to snore-still she lay quiet. For two hours after he got into bed she never moved; but then she quickly but silently slipped from the bed, hurried, but still without noise, to a stool near the fire, took from under one of the cushions a small iron ladle, and, what Martyn knew again for the leaden weight he had seen in the morning—this she put into the ladle, and kneeling upon one knee, set it upon

the fire; in about a minute she turned her face to the bed, and then raised it up, and Martyn saw that though her features were frightfully writhen with bad passions, there were tears in her eyes that bespoke an inward struggle. She rose notwithstanding, and whispered-" Nowno flinching"-and walked up to the bed, with the ladle containing the molten lead in her right hand; and just as she brought this forward so as to pour it into her husband's ear, he started up with a loud outcry, seized ber hand, and jumped out of bed, at the same time saying, "Shameless assassin! have I caught thee? Help, ho! help, neighbours! Help-murder!" Alice did not scream-nor start even-but stared in her husband's face, and with a strong effort freed her hand, flung the ladle into the fire, sank on a stool behind her, and hid her face in her hands. Lessomour continued calling for help, which call his neighbours, to do them justice, were not slow to obey-but to the number of two score and odd, well armed, they forced the outer door, and were hastening up the stairs. As they were close upon the bed-room door, Alice took her hands from her face, and with a hollow voice said-" Martyn Lessomour, before the ever living God, I am glad this hath so happened." Before he could reply, his neighbours and the watch were in the room, and, upon his charge, seized his wife.

The next day the coffins of her former husbands were all opened, and in the skulls of each was found a quantity of lead, which had plainly been poured in through one of the ears. Mrs. Alice was soon after tried upon the evidence of her living husband, and that of her dead ones, which though mute was no less strong. would say nothing in her defence; indeed, after the words she spoke to her husband in their bedroom on the night of her apprehension, she never uttered another: only, in the court, during her trial, when Lessomour was bearing witness that he had pretended drunkenness to try what effect it would have upon her-when he swore to this, Alice, whose back had hitherto been towards him, turned rapidly round, fixed her glazing eye upon his, and uttering a shriek of piercing anguish, would have fallen, but that her jailer caught her in his arms; and that look and that sound Martyn Lessomour never forgot to his dying day. His wife was found guilty of petit treason, and was burnt to death in Smithfield, according to the law of the land.

And so great a noise did this story make, that in the course of that year a statute was passed, more determinately to settle the office of Coroner, and the powers and duties of him and the jury he should summon to the Inquest.

Martyn Lessomour lived to be a very old, and, as had been foretold of him, a very rich man—but he never was a happy one.

While we can easily defend our character, we are no more disturbed by an accusation, than we are alarmed by an enemy whom we are sure to onquer; and whose attack, therefore, will bring honour without danger.

#### A CHINESE DINNER PARTY.

WHEN a Chinese invites to a ceremonious dinner, a large red paper is sent several days before the time. On this is written the invitation, in the politest terms of the language. On the day before a feast, another invitation is sent to the guests, on rose-coloured paper, to remind them of it, and to ascertain whether they are coming. Again on the next day, a short time before the hour appointed, the invitation is repeated to inform them that the feast is prepared and awaits them. When the guests are assembled, the first thing presented is warm almond milk, in large cups. Every table is served with exactly the same food, and the same number of dishes, at one and the same moment. (Only four or five or six persons sit at each table. In very fashionable houses, not more than two or three.) The tables are mostly of polished ebony, or Surat black wood, and are double; for, as they use no table-cloths, the upper table is removed, with all that is on it, at the end of the first course, to give place to the second. For the first course, the tables are laid out with chop-stick, wine-cups, china-ware, or enamelled spoons and stands, and two little plates with fruits, nuts, &c. Several small cold dishes, such as dry salted fish, shred fine, and made into a salad with mushrooms, &c. are spread over the board, only leaving room in the centre for a cup, about the size of a breakfast-cup. The dinner now commences, and all the wine cups are filled with sew-heng-tsow, (a weak acidulated liquor, distilled from millet-seed, and always drunk hot,) and the master of the feast rises, as well as all the guests; he holds the wine-cup in both his hands, saluting them with it, after which they all drink together, and sit down again. A cup with hot food is now served in the centre of every table. After the first course the upper table is removed, and the table remaining is spread with spoons, wine-cups, chop-sticks, vinegar, soy, and sweet sauce, with some plates of sliced radishes, pears, oranges, and various other fruits and vegetables, placed before each person; and all the large fruits are sliced, as well as the vegetables. While the second course is preparing, those who are tired of sitting, rise and walk about the room. The second table being prepared, the guests are all seated again, when bird's-nest soup, the most expensive and the greatest delicacy a Chinese can offer, is served up, with pigeon's or plever's eggs floating upon it, to each person. entertaining any of the high constituted authorities, the master puts the first dish of the second course on every table himself, as it is brought in by the servants. After all, tea is served up in covered cups, as before described; on the leaves, and without milk or sugar; and thus closes the entertainment. On the day following the feast, the host sends a large red paper to each of the guests, apologising for the badness of the dinner; and they answer him on the same sort of paper, expressing in the most exalted and extravagant terms the pleasure and unbounded satisfaction his feast has afforded them by

#### THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart,
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

SHELLEY.

Must the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream,
Unto the faint wind sigh'd melodiously,
And where the sculpture of a broken shrine
Sent out, through shadowy grass and thick wild flowers,
Dim alabaster gleams—a lonely swan
Warbled his death-thant, and a peet stood
Listening to that strange music, as it shook
The lilies on the wave; and made the pines,
And all the laurels of the haunted shore,
Thrill to its passion. Oh! the tones were sweet,
E'en painfully—as with the sweetness wrung
From parting love; and to the poet's thought
This was their language.

"Summer, I depart!
O light and laughing Summer, fare thee well!
No song the less through thy rich woods shall swell,
For one, one broken heart!

"And fare ye well, young flowers;
Ye will not mourn! Ye will shed odours still,
And wave in glory, colouring every rill
Kaown to my youth's fresh hours.

"And ye, bright founts, that lie Far in the whispering forest, lone and deep, My wing no more shall stir your lovely sleep— Sweet water, I must die!

"Will ye not send one tone
Of sorrow through the shades? one murmur low?
Shall not the green leaves from your voices know,
That I, your child, am gone?

" No! ever glad and free!
Te have no sounds a tale of death to tell;
Waves, joyous waves, flow on, and faro ye well!
Ye will not mourn for me.

"But thou, sweet boon, too late
Four'd on my parting breath, vain gift of song!
Why comest thou thus, o'ermastering, rich, and strong,
In the dark hour of fate?

"Only to wake the sighs
Of echo-veices from their sparry cell;
Oaly to say—O sunshine and blue skies!
O life and love, farewell!"

Thus flow'd the death-chant on; while mournfully soft winds and waves made answer, and the tones Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream, Bocks and dim caverns of old prophecy, Woke to respond: and all the air was fill'd With that one sighing sound—"Farewell, farewell!" Fill'd with that sound! high in the calm blue heavens E'en then a skylark sung; soft summer clouds. Were floating round him, all transpierced with light, And midst that pearly radiance his dark wings. Quiver'd with song, such free triumphant song, As if tears were not—as if breaking hearts Had not a place below—as if the tomb Were of another world; and thus that strain Spoke to the poet's heart exultingly.

"The summer is come; she hath said, 'Rejoice!'"
The wild woods thrill to her merry voice;
Her sweet breath is wandering around on high;
Sing, sing, through the echoing sky!

"There is a joy in the mountains; the bright waves leap. Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep; Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along;
Let the heavens ring with song!

"There is joy in the forest; the bird of night
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight;
But mine is the glory to sunshine given;
Sing, sing, through the laughing heaven!

" Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
Mine the free gales with the day-spring born!
Only young rapture can mount so high;
Sing, sing, through the echoing sky!"

### CARROLL O'DALY AND ECHO.

Carrell. SPRAK, playful echo, speak me well—
For thou know'st all our care;
Thou sweet responding Sibyl, tell,
Who works this strange affair?

Echo. A—fair?

A fair—no, no, I've felt the pain That but from love can flow; And never can my heart again That magic thraidom know. Echo. No.

Ah! then, if envy's eye has ceased To mar my earthly bliss—
Speak consolation to my breast,
If remedy there is.

Echo. There is.

Gay, witty spirit of the air,
If such relief be nigh,
At once the secret spell declare,
To lull my wasted eye.

Echo. To die.

To die! and if it be my lot,
It comes in hour of need;
Death wears no terror but in thought—
'Tis innocent in deed.

Echo (surprised). Indeed!

Indeed, 'tis welcame to my woes,
Thou airy voice of fate;
But, ah! to none on earth disclose
What you prognosticate.
Echo (playfully). To Kate.

To Kate?—the devil's on your tongue,
To scare me with such thoughts;
To her, oh! could I hazard wrong,
Who never knew her faults.

Ecks. You are false.

If thy Narcissus could awake
Such doubts, he were an ass
If he did not prefer the lake,
To humouring such a lass.

Echo. Alas!

A thousand sighs and rites of wo Attend thee in the air; What mighty grief can feed thee so In wearliest despair? Ecks. Despair.

Despair—not for Narcissus' lot,
Who once was thy delight;
Another'th his place you've got.
If our report is right.
Ecke. 'Tis right.

Dear little sorceress, farewell—
I feel thou told'st me true;
But as thou'st many a tale to tell,
I bid thee now adlett.

Eche. Adlett: | by

## YOUNG MASTER BEN.

BY MISS MITFORD.

It was about seven o'clock one evening in the last Christmas week, that I was sitting alone in our little parlour, with my feet on the fender, my dog Dash reclining against my knee (I beg Dash's pardon for having reckoned him as nobody,) a glowing fire before me, and an apple roasting on the hob—doing nothing, unless occasionally turning the apple or patting Dash's beautiful head may be accounted doings,—and entirely immersed in that perfection of lazy comfort—that piece of dreamy delight yclept a reverse.

There was, too, that additional zest to the enjoyment of in-door warmth and comfort which is derived from the effect of strong contrast without. The weather was what is usually and most expressively termed—bitter. Snow lay deep on the ground, and the dark cloudy sky gave token that the first interval of calm would produce another fall. At the moment of which I speak, the wind was too high even for a snow-storm; the fierce north-east howled amain, and the icy bushes in the hedge-rows rattled and crackled in the tempest, whilst the large boughs of the trees creaked like the masts of a ship at sea. It is strange that these noises, betokening so much misery to the poor wretches doomed to wander abroad, should add to the sense of snugness and security at home;-but so it is! The selfishness, however unamiable, is too general to be ashamed of, or even to lament over; and perhaps a silent thankfulness for one's own superior comforts may tend to throw into the feeling that portion of good which will generally be found in the inward meditations of every human being not absolutely wicked; for the thoughts of an hour, as well as the actions of a life, are of mingled yarn; none, I fear, all virtuous,—few, I trust utterly wicked.

My enjoyment of that blessed state the "far' niente" was, however, much too dreamy and vague to permit me to analyse my own sensations. And yet my reverie was not wholly pleasurable either. We lived in the midst of the disturbed districts; my father was at B., attending his duty (a very painful one on this occasion) as chairman of the bench; and though I had every reason to believe that the evil spirit was subsiding, and that he was at that instant sitting as quietly and as snugly as myself, with his friend the high sheriff and his brother magistrates in a warm, comfortable, elegant room at the Crown Inn (for happen what may, justices must dine!) or at the worst, seated by a large fire taking examinations in the council chamber at B., still no one who lived within reach of the armed peasantry, or of the exaggerated and still more frightful rumours that preceded their approach, or who had witnessed as I had done the terrific blaze of the almost nightly conflagrations, could get rid of the vague idea of danger which might arrive at any moment, especially to one notoriously and actively engaged in putting down the mischief. Our parish had remained, it is true, happily free from the contagion; still it raged all around, east, west, north, and south; we were on a well-frequented highway, almost at the very point where four roads met, and the mobs travelled so far and so fast, that there was no telling at what hour or from what point of the compass our quiet village might be invaded.

Just as thoughts like these were beginning to traverse the blissful thoughtlessness of my reverie, a noise of shouting voices and rushing feet from the end of the street struck my ear. Dash started up instantly, and I was preparing to ring the bell and be frightened, when a sound, well known to each of us, pacified us both. Dash, who is a superb old English spaniel, gave his magnificent ears a mighty shake; and making his accustomed three turns on the hearth-rug, lay down before the fire; and I, with a strangely modified feeling, alarm subsiding into amazed curiosity, proceeded to the door to examine into the cause of the uproar.

The sound which produced this consolntory effect was the well-known and peculiar whistle of Master Ben Emery,—a sound which, while it gave token of every variety of boyish mischief, was yet a most comfortable assurance against any thing worse.

Young Master Ben was one of those truly English personages, who, even in boyhood, shew token of the character that is to be-a humourist in embryo, an oddity, a wag. His father was a better sort of labourer, a kind of bailiff or upper man in the service of a neighbouring farmer, and had brought up a large family honestly and creditably. All of these were now happily out of the way,-some at service, some in business, some married, and some dead,—with the exception of Benjamin, the youngest born, his mother's darling and plague. Ben was not as a mother's darling often is—a beauty. His carrotty locks forbade any claim to that title, though he had the lively blue eye and pleasant smile which so often accompany that complexion, and cause a general resemblance, a kind of family likeness between red-haired people. In person he was a thin, stunted, dwarfish boy of fourteen, small and light enough to pass for ten, who made use of his actual age to evade a longer attendance at the charity school, the master of which, a dull personage no way fit to cope with Ben's biting jests, acquiescing in the young gentleman's own account of his scholarship purely to ged rid of him; whilst his smallness of size and look of youth and debility he turned to account in another way, pleading his deficiency in bulk and stature, and general weakness and delicacy, as a region for net going to work at the farm with his lie

whose master had consented to employ him to drive the team. He weakly! Why in play or in mischief it was a pocket Hercules! has beaten big Bob the blacksmith at quoits; and thrown Titus Penwin, the Cornish boy, in wrestling. Delicate! why if the sun or the world would but have stood still for the time, there is no doubt but he could have played at cricket for eight and forty hours running, without requiring more pauses than the usual fifteen minutes between the innings. No exercise that bore the name of sport was too much for him; sheer labour was another matter.

Not only did he plead weakness and delicacy to escape the promotion of plough-boy at farmer Brooke's, but when hired by his father to keep Master Simmon's sheep,—an employment that seemed made for him, inasmuch as there was, forten hours in the day, nothing to do but to lie on a bank and practise a certain pastoral flageolet with which he used to go too-tooing through the village,—he contrived to get dismissed in three days for incapacity and contumacy; and even when proffered by his mother to look after her croney dame Welles's Welch cow, (an animal facoous for getting out of bounds,) not for the bacre of gain, but simply, as she expressed it, to keep both the creatures out of mischief, his services were rejected by the prudent dame with the observation, that 'obstropolous and wild as her beast might be, Ben was incomparably the most unmanageable of the two'-a proof of bad reputation which so enraged his father, that he only escaped a sound flogging by climbing up a tree like a squirrel, and sleeping all night in the coppice amidst the fern and the bushes.

It was the very day after this misadventure, that Ben contrived to attach himself to our little establishment as a sort of help to our boy John. How he managed nobody can tell, for all the house knew him and his character, and every body in it held him for the very incarnation of mischief: but here he is, in prime favour with every one, not regularly paid and hired to be sure, but receiving sufficient and comfortable wages in the shape of pretty constant dinners and suppers, frequent largesses of sixpences and shillings, occasional doles of wearing apparel. I question whether he be not more expensive to our small household than that model of a boy John himself. Having said this, it is but right to add that he is nearly as useful in his own wild way; will do any thing on earth that he thinks can serve or please, especially if he be not ordered to do it (for he has a Sir-John-Falstaff-like aversion to compulsion;) makes himself in one way or other agreeable to the whole family—always excepting a certain under-maid called Betsy, against whom he has a spite; and although renowned all over the parish for story-telling, a peccadillo, which I really believe he cannot help, never takes any of us in (for we know him so well that we never dream of believing him,) unless now and then when he happens to speak truth, which has the same effect in deceiving his hearers as falsehood from other people.

We keep Ben because we like him. Why he came to us heaven knows! Perhaps for the same reason; perhaps to avoid the flogging which roosting in the coppice had delayed, but not averted; perhaps attracted by a clever jay of mine now, alas! no more—a bird of great accomplishment. and almost as saucy as himself; perhaps for the chance of handling a certain gun which he had seen John cleaning, an implement of noise and mischief that just suits his fancy, and which he brandishes of a night about the garden, pretending to hear thieves; perhaps to ride a fine young horse of our's which nobody else can ride, for he is an excellent horseman, and with his quick wit and light weight, seems born for a jeckey; perhaps, and this is the likeliest cause of all, to have opportunity for playing tricks on poor Betsy, whom neither I nor my maid Anne, and I believe she tries all in her power, can protect from his elvish machinations. But that very day had he spoilt my dinner (most unintentionally as far as his design went) by throwing a snow-ball at her as she stood by the kitchen fire, which, from her suddenly starting aside to avoid the missile, alighted on the back of a fowl in the act of being roasted, which was thereby rendered tetally uneatable. This feat had of course brought him into great disgrace in the lower regions; and since half past five, when the misadventure took place, nothing has been seen or heard of the young gentleman till now that his repeated and well-known whistle gave token of his vicinity.

Immediately after Ben's whistle, another sound was heard in the melee, rising from amidst the tramp of feet bounding along the frosty path from which the snow had been swept, the shouts and cries of children escaping and punished, and the distant tunkling of a bell, another well-known sound—the loud, gruff, angry voice of Master Clarke, the parish beadle.

This worthy functionary was a person who, an enemy to mischievous boys, by virtue of his office, had centrived to render his post and his person peculiarly obnoxious to that small rabble of the village, of whom Ben might be considered the ring-leader, by a sour stern severity of aspect and character, an unrelenting aversion to frolic or pastime of any sort, and an alacrity in pursuing and punishing the unhappy culprits, which came in strong contrast with his usual stolid slowness of act and word. Of course Master Clarke could not fail to be unpopular; and the mingled noise of his voice and of the bell reminded me that that very morning he had been to our house to inform his Worship that every night, as soon as he sat down to supper, his shop-bell had been rung and rung and rung, not by profitable customers, but by some invisible enemies, boys of course, whom he was determined to catch, if catch he could, and to punish with all the severity of his rod of office. His Worship, an indulgent and kindly personage, heard his complaints, and smiled and shook his head, and even threw away upon him a little of that unprofitable commodity called good advice!

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"Boys will be boys, Master Clarke," said he; "you were one once, and so was I. Better leave the bell unanswered for a night or two; take no notice, and depend on it they'll soon tire of their frolic."

This recollection, which came across me as I passed from the door of the parlour to the door of the hall, completely enlightened me as to the cause of the uproar; and I was prepared to see, by the pale cold dim snow-light, Master Clarke, with a screaming struggling urchin in either hand, little Dick Wilson, poor fellow! who has but just donned the doublet and hose, and Sam Sewell, who is still in petticoats, in full chase of the larger fry who were flying before his fury, whilst Master Ben was laying perdu in a corner. of our court, under shadow of the wall which he had contrived to leap or to scramble over. The sound of the distant ringing seemed to augment with every stride that Master Clark took, who, half maddened with that noise, and with a sudden whistle which Ben again sent forth from his hiding-place under the wall suddenly abandoned his pursuit, and was making for our gate, when all at once the man-one of the largest proportions, colossal, gigantic!-seemed pulled back with a mighty jerk by some invisible cause and was laid prostrate and sprawling in the snowy kennel. Ben jumped on the wall, the better to survey and laugh at him, as Puck might do to Bottom, and the rest of the crew dancing with shouts of triumph round their fallen enemy, like the make-believe fairies round Falstaff in the guise of Herne the Hunter. The cause of this downfall was soon discovered to be a strong cord tied at one end to Master Clark's coat, at the other to the bell at his shop door-but how fastened, or by whom, this deponent saith not. Betsy, indeed, avers, that the cord much resembles one which she herself missed that very evening from John and Ben's bedstead; and the beadle hath his own suspicions; but as no certain proof could be obtained, Master Ben hath escaped scot-free!

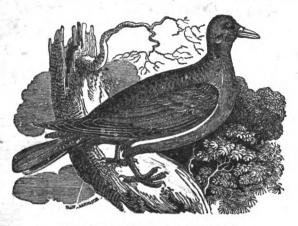
#### PLANETARY ATMOSPHERES.

Or the existence of an atmosphere about each of the planets, no doubt can now be entertained. The author observes, that the presence of this atmosphere is proved by the spots and belts that are observed on the disc of the planets. "These spots," observes Mrs. Somerville, "appear like clouds driven by the winds, especially in Jupiter. The existence of an atmosphere round Venus is indicated by the progressive diffusion of the sun's rays over her disc. Schroeter measured the extension of light beyond the semi-circle, when she appeared like a thin crescent, and found the zone that was illuminated by twilight to be at least four degrees in breadth, whence he inferred that her atmosphere must be much more dense than that of the earth. A small star hid by Mars was observed to become fainter before its appulse to the body of the planet, which must have been occasioned by his atmosphere. Saturn and his rings are surrounded by a dense atmosphere, the refraction of which may account for the irregularity apparent in his form; his seventh satellite has been observed to hang on his disc more than twenty minutes before its occultation, giving by computation a refraction of two seconds, a result confirmed by observation of the other satellites. An atmosphere so dense must have the effect of preventing the radiation of the heat from the surface of the planet and consequently of mitigating the intensity of cold that would otherwise prevail, owing to its vast distance from the sun. Schroeter observed a small twilight in the moon, such as would be occasioned by an atmosphere capable of reflecting the sun's rays at the height of about a mile. Had a dense atmosphere surrounded that satellite, it would have been discovered by the duration of the occultation of the fixed stars being less than it ought to be, because its refraction would have rendered the stars visible for a short time after they were actually behind the moon, in the same manner as the refraction of the earth's atmosphere enables us to see celestial objects for some minutes after they have sunk below our horizon, and after they have risen above it, or distant objects are hid by the curvature of the earth. A friend of the author's was astonished one day on the plain of Hindostan, to behold the chain of the Himela mountains suddenly start into view after a heavy shower of rain in hot weather. The Bishop of Cloyne says, that the duration of the occultations of stars by the moon is never lessened by eight seconds, so that the horizontal refraction at the moon must be less than two; if, therefore, a lunar atmosphere exists, it must be one thousand times rarer than the atmosphere at the surface of the earth, where the horizontal refraction is nearly two thousand. Possibly the moon's atmosphere may have been withdrawn from it by the attraction of the earth. The radiation of the heat occasioned by the sun's rays must be rapid and constant, and must cause intense cold and sterility in that cheerless satellite. Mrs. Somerville on the Mechanism of the Heavens.

#### JEALOUSY.

HIPPOCRATES, the father of medicine, had a smack of this disease; for when he visited Abdera, and some other remote cities of Greece, he wrote to his friend Dionysius to oversee his wife in his absence, although she lived in his house, with her father and mother, who he knew would have a care of her; yet that would not satisfy his jealousy, he would have his especial friend, Dionysius to dwell in his house with her all the time of his peregrination, and to observe her behaviour, how she carried herself in her husband's absence: "for a woman had need to have an overseer," saith he, " to keep her honest; they are bad by nature, and lightly given, and if not curbed in time, as an unpruned tree, they will be full of wild branches."

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THE TURTLE DOVE.

THE Turtle Dove is about twelve inches only in length; the greater part of its plumage is of an ash colour, mixed with brown; there is a spot of black feathers, tipped with white, on each side of the neck; the breast and front of the neck are of a fine light purple, dashed with red; the lower parts of the body are white; the eyes are yellow, and encompassed with a circle of crimson. Turtle Doves are often kept in cages. They build their nests in the most retired parts of woods, on the tops of high trees; and their young are strong enough to accompany them when they depart from our shores to pass the winter in a warmer region.



# THE HUMMING BIRD.

This is a very beautiful and interesting species. The characters are—a remarkably fine beak, longer than the head, and terminating in a delicate tube; the upper forming a sort of case for the lower mandible; the tongue formed of two threads, tubular and filiform; and the feet ambulatory.

Humming Birds are very numerous: many of them are no larger than humble-bees; and they have been described as hovering "from morn till dewy eve," about the flowers, and extracting their sweet juices without ever settling upon them. This statement is, however, erroneous; for birds have scarcely any power of suction. Wilson, the author of the Ornithology, has frequently found insects in the crop of the Trochilus colubris; and the experienced Waterton positively asserts, that Humming Birds feed on insects. In the warm regions they live in the fields the whole year round: in the colder climates they remain torpid during the winter. The nest of the Humming Bird is elegant, and delicate as its fairy architect: the materials of which it is composed, are chiefly small vegetable fibres, and fine moss; it is lined neatly, and suspended from the bough of the citron, the orange, or the pomegranate-tree. The eggs of the smallest of these magnificent little beauties, are about the size of a small pea. The Humming Bird does not derive its name from its note, which is a low chirrup, interrupted, and rather unpleasing, but from the humming noise produced by the quick motion of its wings. No general description could impart an idea of the plumage of these birds—they differ so widely in their hues: the breasts of some of the species display all the colours of the rainbow, visibly united, but so finely blended, that it is impossible to fix the boundaries of either.

# OH FOR SHAME LITTLE CUPID 'TWAS YOU!

WRITTEN BY MRS. C. R. HUXLEY,

Composed for the Plano Forte,

BY J. C. TAWS.





You are sly and deceitful, you know,
As are some of the victims you make,
You amuse, while you level your bow,
Such amusement you'll never forsake.

I would ask if you know, who with steps faint and slow, For the widow's compassion did sue, Pleading hunger and cold, to betray I am told, Oh! for shame, little Cupid, 'twas you!

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#### Original.

#### THE SHIPWRECK.

Hark to their cry o'er the wide spread sea, As the shrill wind whistles past; On their longing eyes breaks the land of the free, And they heed not the roaring blast.

The barque presses onward—her white sails wave, And the song of the sailor is gay; The billows gleam bright as they gently lave The tall ship on her homeward way.

The dangers that threatened, the trials they bore
Fly far from their thoughts, are remembered no more;
The dark clouds of sorrow no longer appear,
But the bright star of hope is their glad ploneer.

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Hark to the sound that booms slow on the ear, In the howl of the tempest it comes; Instant on instant more loud and more near, Echo the startling signal guns.

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Dark, dark is the ocean, and sullen its roar,
The angel of death hovers near;
Loud rattles his quiver—the wild torrents pour,
And the mariners shrick with fear.

But the lightning glares bright on the white foaming surge,
Reveals the dark shroud that envelops their grave;
The hoarse roar of thunder re-echoes their dirge—
The dirge of the dauntless, the noble, the brave.

On each heart is the cold icy hand of despair, All nerveless each arm, and distracted their air; Pale visions of horror flit ghastly before them— A low gurgling shriek, and the billows close o'er them.

The blithe songs of mirth are now silent and still,
The cry of the sea-mew is piercing and shrill;
Dark and sullen the billows roll ceaselessly on,
Their wrath sunk to slumber, their raging is gone.

#### THE SNOW-DROP.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The snow-drop! 'tis an English flower,
And grows beneath our garden trees;
For every heart it has a dower
Of old and dear remembrances.
All look upon it, and straightway
Recall their youth like yesterday;
Their sunny years when forth they went
Wandering in weariless content;
Their little plot of garden ground,
The pleasant orchard's quiet bound;
Their father's home so free from care,
And the familiar faces there.

The household veices kind and sweet,
That knew no feigning—hushed and gone!
The mother that was sure to greet
Their coming with a welcome tone;
The brothers that were children then,
Now anxious, thoughtful, tolling men;
And the kind sisters, whose glad mirth
Was like a sunshine on the earth;—
These come back to the heart supine,
Flower of our youth! at look of thine;
And thou among the dimmed and gone,
Art an unaltered thing alone!

Unchanged—unchanged—the very flower
That grew in Eden droopingly,
Which now beside the peasant's door
A wakes his merry children's glee,
Even as it filled his heart with joy
Beside his mothet's door—a boy;
The same, and to his heart it brings
The freahness of those vanished springs.
Bloom, then, fair flower! in sun and ahade,
For deep thought in thy cup is laid,
And careless children, in their glee,
A sacred memory make of thee.

Original

# REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

MO. 4.

THE next case that I find on my notes was one that in its time excited very considerable interest, and affords me even now a hearty laugh when I recur to certain gestures, and tones, and peculiarities of manner of my very eccentric client. If my reader in perusing the following tale should see but little cause for this involuntary merriment on my part, I pray him to recollect the impossibility of embodying in words the events of his own life, in connexion with the exact shade of feeling and the precise point of view in which they affected his mind at the time of their occurrence. He who for the first time sees the cataract of Niagara, with its magnificent accompaniments of sight and sound, feels the utter impossibility of conveying by pen or language the indistinct but majestic emotions that oppress his soul, and (to leap the gulf between the sublime and the ridiculous), is there one who has not, at one time or other, burst into obstreperous mirth, in despite of decency and decorum, as some comic idea has flashed on a sudden upon his fancy, all incommunicable by tongue, pencil, or pen-Thus much aving been premised as a salvo, should that which "made a great laugh at the time," be "weary, stale, and unprofitable" in the narration, I proceed to the facts of the case. One morning a gentleman for whom I had transacted business, called on me to introduce his "friend Mr. Robinson"—and such a friend! On being named to me his first motion was to seize my hand with both his, and gaze into my face with that eager expression of countenance, with which a dog regards the morsel that his tantalizing master holds above his head, at the same time kicking out his left leg backward in the manner so prevalent on the stage among the whole genus "bumpkin."—" I'm yours, Sir, I'm yours," was the vocal accompaniment to this gesticulation, uttered in a tone of anxious sincerity that would have forced conviction on the most incredulous. During this scene his friend's

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countenance exhibited so queer a mixture of risibility and vexation, that I felt the utmost difficulty in restraining the expression of my own feelings. The ceremony of introduction over, 1 requested my odd client to be seated, and prepared paper for the leading facts of his case. His person is describable only by negatives; he was not tall, so much so at least as to be remarkable, nor was he corpulent-if in company with the board of Aldermen-his dress was not old, nor could it be pronounced new, but it had that wonderful air of being "tossed on with a pitchfork" that gave the whole suit an uneasy appearance; when examined, the materials were fine, the cut fashionable, but there was at first glance an eccentricity in the coat, an oddity in the vest, and a queerness in the remainder of the habiliments that seemed singularly accordant with the afterward developed character of the wearer .- "Well, Mr. S-," began he, "they tell me you're a great lawyer, eh?"-" They do me much honour," meekly replied I. "Umph! honour-do you know, Mr. S-, that I've been most dishonourably treated-shamefully, Sir."-Here, rolling his eyes round he espied my sandbox, and hitching his chair nearer to the table he laid hold of the article, and alternately lifted it from the table, gazed at it and replaced it, all the while continuing his story-" Shamefully I say-promised her marriage! now, Sir, the truth is that I did go to old Marston's, and the girls, to be sure, were very, v-e-r-y"-(during the pronunciation of this word he raised the sand-box, and seemed lost in admiration of it, letting his "v-e-r-y" slip out very slowly and as it were involuntarily)-" Allow me, Sir," suddenly snatching my paper from before me as I finished the page, and dashing the sand on it with such energy that a quantity spread over the green cloth of my table, and a modicum into my eyes. Smarting with pain and wholly unprepared for these novel incidents in a consultation, I sprang from my chair with an ejaculation rather suited to the tone of my feelings than to the gravity of the professional character. After bathing my irritated optics, I resumed my seat, secretly amused with the oddity of the circumstances, and was overwhelmed with apologies delivered in a tone and manner creditable to the best bred gentleman of the day. The incident seemed so to shock his sense of propriety that the rest of the interview passed in the most rational and business like manner, and the facts were detailed as clearly as I could myself have stated them. It appeared, then, that my client, who was an opulent man of leisure, had fallen into the habit of visiting at the house of a Mr. Marston, whose daughters he had met somewhere or other, and being captivated with their manner or beauty, had almost domesticated himself at their home. Mercenary and grasping, the family conceived the chance of so rich a connexion was not to be neglected, and the whole armory of female wiles was employed to secure so valuable a prey. His every movement was noted and each word listened to with a purpose of future utility, so that

if the main object-marriage, should be unaccomplished, a compensation for their trouble and ingenuity might at the worst be made sure. Mr. Robinson did not, of course, give me this history of the affair, but from the circumstances he narrated, I felt no doubt as to the true state of the matter. Having in full security of success strained too rudely the line, the half-hooked prey was effectually frightened from the tempting bait, and the designing Marstons, "since better mote not be," had appealed to the laws for consolation for the wounded spirit of Miss Janette. and writs and pleadings soon succeeded billetsdoux and honeyed whispers. My preliminary advice to my client, or rather to his friend Mr. Tarlton, was to sound those who visited and had frequent intercourse with the Marston family, trusting with some confidence that some who envied Miss Janette her anticipated success, might have observed the manœuvres put in practice to appropriate this valuable prize. My advice was followed with much skill and with such results, that I felt pretty secure of a favourable termination of the case; what our defence was, the reader will find at a more advanced stage of the tale. The suit in due course was at last ready for trial, and, as cases of this kind are universally interesting, the court was crowded with ladies, sympathizing perhaps with the lacerated feelings of the fair plaintiff, or it may be, secretly gratified that so desirable a match might vet fall to their own lot. I cry mercy of the ladies for the mere thought that so mundane a motive could have place in the bosom of their enchanting sex-but, alas! the rude blasts of experience have painfully dissipated the rosy halo that surrounded many a bright fancy of earlier years, and I have wept to see the frostwork of imagination melting in the too excessive radiance of reality. The opening counsel for the plaintiff, as usual, was eloquent on a subject that affords so fine a scope to the orator, and when managed with reasonable skill, enlists on the side of deserted beauty the generous feelings of every male auditor. The present speaker, unfortunately for himself, pourtrayed a picture altogether too deplorable for the facts, talked of "nipping the blossom of her young beauty,"-"the pale livery of sorrow," and "the pining victim of man's fickleness."—Glancing at the plaintiff, who was in court, I noted a reply to these morceaux of sentiment; certainly the lady showed no outward indication either in face or person of pining or pallor, whatever mental distress she might have endured. Her figure tended decidedly to the embonpoint, her very pretty face boasted the bloom of a peony, and her bright eyes retained no traces of excessive sorrow. The witnesses for the plaintiff consisted chiefly of her sisters and mother, who had evidently resolved that the case should not fail for lack of circumstances; so minute and so chronological were they in their testimony, that I really began to suspect that immediately after each visit of Mr. Robinson, they had minuted on paper his most unimportant words and actions. The mother was the first witness called, and to believe her, the attentions of the defendant were very assiduous, and some very affectionate interviews took place, not in the sacred solitude so congenial to true lovers, but amid the general bustle of the house, scarcely interrupted by the household duties of the servants. The Scylla and Charybdis of prepared testimony are the proving too much or too little, and into the former of these predicaments fell the plaintiff's witnesses on this occasion. Upon cross examination the colouring of the case altered considerably; it then appeared that the eccentricity of the defendant had been frequently the subject of mirth among the family, and that the eagerness and impetuosity of his character were productive of several comic scenes, in the laughter arising from which no one more unrestrainedly indulged than Miss Janette herself. It moreover appeared that the attentions so sedulously paid were by no means confined to Janette, but that Marianne, Lucy and Caroline participated largely in the demonstrations both of his gallantry and his generosity.

Q. "You mention a party on the river, Mrs. Marston; who accompanied Janette and Mr. Robinson on that occasion?"

W. "Why Sir, the rest of the girls went with them."

Q. "On the evening when the party was formed for the Theatre, do you know to whom the invitation was first given by Mr. Robinson?"

W. "To Janette, to be sure."

Q. "Recollect, Madam," said 1, "Janette did not return from her aunt's in the country till the next day—is it not so?"

W. "Yes, I believe she did not, but the party was made for her."

Q. "What! when she was not expected for a week."

It would be taxing too severely the patience of my readers, to detail in the form of question and answer the whole evidence in our favour, so reluctantly wrung from the mother and sisters; suffice it to say, that the merit of being the sole object of his devotion could not be claimed by Janette, with any regard to the contending pretensions of her sisters. Another point on which I strongly urged the witnesses, was the frequent and apparently welcome visits of a dashing buck, (but not "of the first head,") named Melton; but from any revelations on this subject they one and all edged off with an anxiety that assured me that here was the tender ground of their case. In all these parties of pleasure the presence of this man was always unacknowledged, and when pushed on this circumstance, a penchant for Lucy was rather suggested than asserted as a reason. Another thing was remarkable, that no application had been made for consent or sanction, to the parents of the lady. She was to be sure of age, and consequently under no legal obligation to consult their pleasure or obtain their approbation; but in all families the virtuous and well educated female

will refer a suitor to her parental guardians before she finally accepts his addresses.

It was proved that the defendant had talked of the alterations he would make in his house, and asked the opinion of Janette as to the expediency of some contemplated purchase of a country residence, offered to select her bridal wardrobe, if she would remember him in the distribution of bride cake, and many other of the clumsy civilities of the unpolished, upon which the family had too sanguinely relied to establish that most dangerous of all indiscretions, a promise of marriage. At one time, according to the testimony of one of the young ladies, he walked into the parlour while the relics of the breakfast still encumbered the table, and seizing the coffee-pot, with the poetic quotation, "O that for me some home like this might smile," performed the honours of the meal to the fair Janette, who had lingered longer than the rest in her chamber. Beyond these and a few similar freaks, the evidence when subjected to careful inspection, established nothing but the fact that a freedom of intercourse more unrestrained than suited the delicacy of the female character was permitted to take place between Mr. Robinson and the daughters of Mr. Marston. In opening for the defendant, after adverting to the insufficiency of the evidence adduced, "Gentlemen," said I, "you have heard much of the 'pining victim of man's fickleness,' of 'nipping the blossom of her young beauty,' with many other rhetorical gems, highly creditable to the fancy and classic lore of my learned opponent, but lamentably inapplicable to the facts of the present suit. Such of you, gentlemen, as have permitted your eyes to rest on the features of the fair inconsolable, have not, I think, seen there the seared furrows of sorrow, nor the blanched cheek and haggard visage that mark the desolation of the heart; they have gazed enraptured on blooming youth, on eyes undimmed by a tear, on a face and figure that may vie with the fairest of this galaxy of beauty, that grace with their presence our professional investigation. But with regret we announce to you that we shall develop plans and sentiments, alas, unworthy of the soul that should animate so fair a form. We are prepared to establish, beyond confutation, a scheme laid by this politic family, to entrap into a most disadvantageous connexion, a wealthy, an amiable, but an eccentric individual, on the ardour and impetuosity of whose modes of feeling and action, they have sought to establish an ill-assorted match, or in case of failure, to found a claim for pecuniary compensation. Their manœuvres were so palpable, and their wiles so apparent, that every one but their intended victim, saw, ridiculed and despised them. By investigations commenced since the opening of the court this morning, (the results of which have just been communicated to me,) we shall show you that at the very time while these proceedings were in progress, at the very time when this promise is alleged to have been made, the plaintiff was engaged and under promise of marriage to this Mr. Melton. If we succeed in Digitized by

this, it needs no prophet's eye to foresee your decision." Our first witness was then called, at whose appearance the plaintiff evidently started. This was a female servant of the Marstons, who had resided with them at the time of the visits of Mr. Robinson, and for some time before the commencement of his intimacy there. Her testimony was that the defendant, although a very frequent visitor at the house, was not more pointedly attentive to Janette than to either of her sisters, and that in their conversations respecting his assiduities (which frequently occurred while she, the witness, was present) they themselves were doubtful as to whom the merit of winning Mr. Robinson properly belonged. If a pearl necklace were presented to one, a diamond ring, or rich pendants, or some other splendid offering was always made to the others. Upon one occasion, a wish having been expressed to attend the benefit of some celebrated tragedian, Robinson entered on the following day, with a hat with half a brim, a coat ripped from one shoulder to the opposite hip, and a face purple with exertion, he having personally mingled in the crowd as it rushed to the box office, and secured the best box in the house. Ungenerous as was the present suit, the further testimony of this girl exhibited it in a still more odious light. According to her evidence the young ladies, even while arraying themselves in the magnificent presents of the ill-used suitor, ridiculed his manners and eccentricities; when in company with him they artfally turned the conversation on such excursions and amusements as they wished to enjoy, perfectly certain that the noble hearted youth required no more than a hint of their wishes to arrange a party of pleasure for their gratification. It was moreover fully and freely talked of in the family, that Miss Janette was and had been the betrothed of the fop Melton, before the acquaintance with Robinson took place, and the witness had frequently seen a drawer filled with bridal attire, acknowledged to be the property of the plaintiff. Much as the unfortunate defendant had done to purchase golden opinions from this family, he was not exempt from those exhibitions of female caprice, which the sex consider as the "experimentum crucis," to determine both the reality and the ardour of a lover's affection. One night at a ball, after having danced successively with all the Marstons, he stood up with a beautiful girl of higher rank in life, and, with his usual gaiety and sprightliness performed the duties of a partner. On his calling on the Marstons the next morning, the servant was directed to deny the family although his own eyes had testified to the presence of two of the ladies, and his ear had caught the order for his exclusion, (even through the panel of the street does, as it was vociferated from the top of the stairs. with that heavenly summiness of soul, that, like charity, "thinketh no ill of its neighbour," he early occurion when he met the family the reason of conduct so the unmerited insult awoke the self respect which lay hid under his external singularity, and the acquaintance was dropped at once. . The Marstons finding the unexpected result of their plan of action, immediately, by means of mutual friends, and marked and most gracious recognition in public, endeavoured to repair the error in their tactics, but the gentleman though respectful, was distant. As a next step, a brother called " to request an explanation," &c. but finding the threatened saltpetre and lead inefficient, and his bullying encountered by the cool courage of a perfect man of the world, he retired "re infecta" (as Mr. Randolph might say) to report progress to the family government. All hopes of a restoration of the "status quo ante bellum" having been abandoned, and the party being impregnable to smiles or threats, Themis was invoked to do a deed for which both Venus and Mars were insufficient. Such were the facts detailed in the course of the case, and thus the jury received it. The court, as was proper, left facts to the proper judges of them, giving the few and simple matters of law bearing on the matter. After a short whispering interchange of sentiment, a verdict for the defendant was recorded, amid the congratulations of friends, and the sneers of enemies. My own gratification was enhanced by the sunny smiles of my fair friends in the gallery of the court-room, who, with the generosity of their sex, scorned the mercenary and disgraceful conduct of the defeated plaintiff and her family.

#### I HAVE NO TIME FOR STUDY.

THE idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time, in the midst of all his labours, to dive to the hidden recesses of philosophy, and to explore an untrodden path of science. The great Frederick, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve of battles which were to decide the fate of his kingdom, found time to revel in all the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasures. Buonaparte, with all Europe at his disposal; with kings in his anti-chamber begging for vacant thrones; with thousands of men, whose destinies were suspended on the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasure, had time to converse with books. Cæsar, when he had curbed the spirits of the Roman people, and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdoms, found time for intellectual cultivation. Every man has time, if he is careful to improve it; and if he does improve it as well as he might, he can reap a threefold reward. Let mechanics, then, make use of the hours at their disposal, if they want to obtain a proper influence in society. They are the lifeblood of the community; they can, if they please, hold in their hands the destinies of our republic; they are numerous, respectable, and powerful; and they have only to be educated half as well as other professions, to make laws for the nation.

# THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles." Shakspeare.

POVERTY is accounted disgraceful; but how notable the defect in him who boasts of high descent.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

Germans are serious in society, their comedies are serious, their satire is serious, their criticisms are serious, their whole polite literature is serious. Is the comic alone always unconscious and involuntary in this people?

I hate all people who want to found sects. It is not error, but sectarian error—nay, and even sectarian truth, which cause the unhappiness of mankind.

M. Lichental, a piano-forte maker, of Ghent, has invented a new instrument, called pianoviole, in which, with all the execution of the piano-forte, the sounds of the violincello may be obtained with the same degree of continuity. The chords are played upon with a bow moved by the keys.

"——'Twas a weakness
To measure by your own integrity,
The purposes of others."

None are so fond of secrets, as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money for the purpose of circulation.

There are ideal trains of events which run parallel with the real ones. Seldom do they coincide. Men and accidents commonly modify every ideal event or train of events, so that it appears imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus it was with the Reformation—instead of Protestantism, arose Luneranism.

It is a singular fact, that at Sidon, (the Tyre and Sidon of Scripture,) to which tradition assigns the discovery of the manufacture of glass, nothing is now known of it, either in the manufacture or the use.

To marry a widow, in good French, signifies to make one's fortune; but it does not always happen that this meaning is correct.

Hypocrisy assumes a virtue if she has it not, and carries the dagger of hatred under the mantle of professed love. Her example may be salutary to others, though her pretensions to piety are wickedness in his eyes, who trieth the heart and reins.

The immortal Wilson, in his Essay on the Liberty of Unlicenced Printing, has this remarkable passage:—" As good almost kill a man as kill a book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable crea-

ture—God's own image—but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye and understanding too. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth—but a good book is a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

—A winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests, and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod, as hard as bricks: and when
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold;
Alas! then for the homeless beggar old.

There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy, according to Aristotle, purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration. There are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, of England, no less than seventy-two thousand criminals were executed.

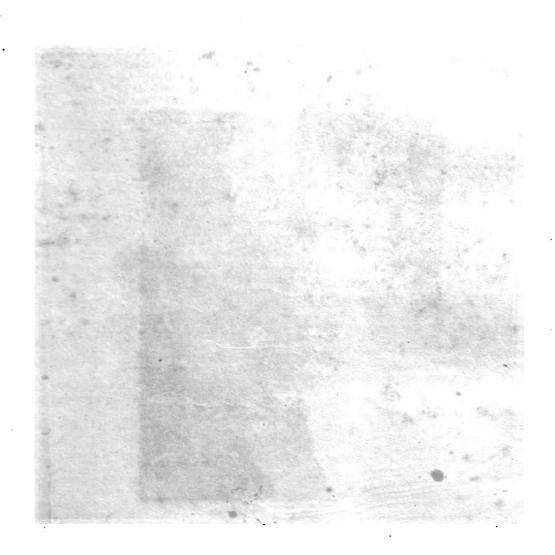
Is there so much goodness, fidelity and equity among men, that we should place such confidence in them, as not to desire, at least, that there was a God, to whom we might appeal from their injustice, and who might protect us from their persecutions and treacheries?

What excesses will not men be transported to by their zeal for religion, which yet they are as far from believing, as from practising?

#### RECIPE.

FOR CLEANING THIN COTTONS, AS GOWNS, &c.

INSTEAD of rubbing the soap on the cotton, as is the custom with laundresses, make a solution of soap, and put in your goods; then wash them as a washerwoman would. The benefit resulting from this difference of procedure is, that the cottons are cleaned all over in an equal degree, which is not the case when the soap is rubbed on the body of the cotton; for then we often find much soap in the pores of the cotton, which prevents such parts from receiving the dye, or appearing clear: whereas the solution, if made as described for quilts, &c. will extract all impurities, and do it evenly. It often happens in coloured cottons, where greens, reds, &c. are used, that the colour will run; in such case some acid, as lemon juice, vinegar, oil of vitriol, or any other, should be infused into the rinsing water, to preserve the colours, especially in Scotch Digitized by





# THE LADY'S BOOK.

MAY, 1589.

# THE INDIAN BRIDE.

My dear Atterley, you little know the strength of woman's love.

VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

The plate we have chosen for our present number represents an imposing view of those great natural curiosities the Rocky Mountains. The following story, the scene of which is laid partly in these romantic regions, will be read with great interest. It forms a sufficient illustration of the engraving.

THE funeral mounds, scattered over the fertile plains lying upon the tributaries of the Mississippi, that majestic parent of waters, have, for two centuries, attracted the eye of the solitary hunter, and awakened the sympathies of the humane and contemplative traveller. Within the limits of the state which bears the name of that dark and angry flood, they are usually discovered upon the beautiful levels irrigated by streams, every where intersecting a region of undying verdure, once the dominion and peaceful home of the free-born Indian. Now they exhibit no vestige of his race, save these green and solitary tumuli, at once the monuments of his power and instability. They are, nevertheless, the sepulchres of brave, generous, and gentle beings. The warrior lies here, whose daring deeds once struck dismay to the soul of the invader; the maiden, whose only monitor was the impulse of a guileless bosom; the matron, whose native virtue and open-handed hospitality cherished unfeeling men, who were ready, even at her fireside, for deeds of violence; and the innocent babe who only averted its eye from her bosom, to sport with the dazzling instrument of merciless slaughter.

Their blood has sunk into the earth, the very echoes sigh out the tale of desolation, silence sits in their solitary places, and corruption awaits the summons which will invest it with immortality, and bid the oppressor and the victim to the awful tribunal of their common God!

But little of the history of this exterminated people is now known; even what remains, comes through the perishable medium of tradition, unstable as the race of which it is a memorial; but it yet furnishes many a tale of high daring, stormy passion and consuming vengeance, of true magnanimity, matchless fidelity and ardent affection—possessing fearful and engrossing interest. One of these traditions is the foundation and material of the present narrative.

About the year 1800, a surveyor of the Natchez district was employed to compromise the differ-

ences existing between the landed proprietors, by the re-survey of certain conflicting lines, which produced feuds and collisions fraught with agitation to the community. These lands embraced a large portion of the beautiful plains of Second Creek, as highly esteemed by the aboriginal, as they now are by the civilized occupant. During the progress of the survey, the chainbearers paused at the foot of a mound, over which the compass directed their course. It was similar in appearance to those ordinarily seen, but of much smaller dimensions, and encircled by trees so disposed as to preclude the supposition that such an arrangement was the result of accident. The mound formed nearly a sharp cone; and from its centre rose the stately shaft of a magnificent oak, whose towering head, wrapped in a cloud of verdure, shaded the entire circumference. The spot was on the extremity of a peninsula, formed by the meanders of the creek, and offered a place of repose so attractive, calm and secluded, that the party halted for refresh-

The eye of the practised surveyor is extremely acute; his curiosity was on this occasion much excited; and, after a careful examination, he declared to his companions his belief, that the earth had been raised to mark an important corner.

"If," said he, "it were larger, I should pronounce the mound to be a place of burial: but the Indians didn't do these matters in so small a way; they were never over fond of hard work, and instead of digging graves, to save labour, they piled the bodies in layers, you see, one over another, until the height became distressing, and then began again. This little hill would hardly hold a pair."

"It can't be a Spanish corner," said one of his companions, "for this oak grew here long before a Spaniard ever trod the soil; its size speaks it above a hundred years old, and, more than that, it's a planted tree."

"Aye, aye," rejoined the surveyor; "but it may have been set in French times."

"Hardly," exclaimed the third; "the Frenchmen, God knows, took as little care of lines and corners as their copper-faced friends. Land was too plenty, in their day, to make them particular about boundaries, even if the lazy devils had been disposed to drive a plough, which they never

were. Niggers now, Indians then. The Natchez were the cooks and bottle-washers for Mounseer; and the fattest turkey, the best quarter of venison, and first choice of women always fell to number one!"

"Spanish or French," now shouted the sur-

veyor triumphantly, "here's the mark."

His companions hastened to the tree; but though they examined with interested eyes, they could not discover what professional experience so easily distinguished and eagerly pointed out.

"Nothing but the scar of a sore shin," said one, "from a flash of lightning or a falling tree."

"Or the marks of a red-headed ivory bill, or the practising of a January buck," said the other.

"Neither bark, nor bird, nor buck, nor yet a thunderbolt," replied the surveyor, "but the work of man, and done with steel. But hand a

hatchet, and the story is soon told."

The axemen were forthwith called, and a chip of large dimensions, running well towards the centre of the tree, was detached, and exposed to view the rude representation of a Roman cross. At this denouement the man of the compass was exceedingly puzzled.

"It was done by the hand of man," said he, "as I told you; but it is no corner. A St. Andrew," he continued very gravely, "would have settled the matter; but a Roman cross was never

a surveyor's sign-manual."

Here the investigation ceased; the chain-bearers recommenced their labour, and the whole party proceeded to matters having for them higher interest and greater attraction. Since that period an aged Indian has related the fragment of a tradition leading to the history of the oak, and of the mound on which it grew. It was intended, as our friend the umpire remarked, only for "a pair;" and a hapless pair were they who slumbered in that green and silent valley.

The close of the seventeenth century found the adventurous Frenchmen, who penetrated the wilderness of the Mississippi, in great favour with the Natchez nation. The politeness, so proverbial of this versatile people, and the ease with which they assimilate themselves to the strangers among whom they may be thrown, give them advantages among savage tribes over all other nations. As regards the unfortunate Natchez, the French did not properly appreciate their motives: and the honest effusions of native benevolence were ascribed to duplicity or cowardice.

It is not now intended to detail the wrongs of that race, who were distinguished above every other within the limits of northern America, for the refinement of their manners, the ardour of their affections, the chivalric character of their courage, and the unsuspecting hospitality which resulted from this felicitous combination of moral virtues. It is sufficient to allude to the infliction of heartless insult and notorious oppression by the French, and the vindictive spirit which the fery Indians, driven to desperation, would naturally exhibit.

A young man, whose father bore a commission in the service of the French king, had accompanied him to the Mississippi, at a period when the best intelligence existed between the natives and the emigrant strangers. The youth, though scarcely seventeen, possessed talents of a high order, a sound judgment, and a most ingenuous disposition. His form was just assuming the finest proportions and graces of manhood; and, though withdrawn at this early age from the discipline of the schools, he was deeply imbued with the love of virtue and a thirst after knowledge: indeed, his whole character presented a striking contrast to the reckless spirits by whom he was surrounded. On his arrival in the western world, he became soon charmed with the brave and adventurous character of the natives; he loved to unite in their expeditions in pursuit of game; and, urged on by a spirit of curiosity and enterprise, he roamed far and wide over those vast prairies which spread across the centre of our continent, and whose western limits are only fixed by the pointed summits of the Rocky Mountains, which dart high into the blue atmosphere, and reigned then, as they yet reign, over vast regions scarcely tributary to man. Settling at length among the Natchez, his kindness and suavity speedily rendered him a favourite. He engaged in their pursuits, and joined in their pastimes: no difficulty subdued his enterprize, no danger repelled his intrepidity. The hunter extolled the keenness of his glance and the fleetness of his foot; the warrior contemplated, with admiration, the calmness of his courage and his self-possession in the hour of peril. Mild and engaging in his manners, as he was dauntless of soul, the children thronged tumultuously around him, and in the warmth of their artless affection they named him "the good Frenchman." He climbed the trees for the grape and the peccan; distributed among them the simple ornaments which they admired; gathered wild flowers for their hair, and selected for them the most beautiful feathers from the spotless heron and rosecoloured flamingo. But beyond the mere desire of pleasing, he aimed at being useful; and he instructed this docile people, so far as they came within his influence, in those domestic arts most calculated to prove beneficial. To the elder he taught agriculture and the manual occupations adapted to their capacities; to the younger, the literature of his native land; and to all he held out, in their grandeur and sublimity, the bright promises of that religion which influenced his own actions and exalted his virtues.

Among the pupils of St. Pierre was the daughter of a chief, in whose family he maintained the most friendly intercourse. She was, at this period, but twelve years of age, and in his estimation, as well as in fact, a child. She listened with delight to his instructions, and her attentive manners and entire confidence won his affections, while her expanding intellect promised the most gratifying success in the cultivation of her mind. This result became daily more evident; his exertions were redoubled, and, in the lapse of four

years, the native genius of the interesting Natchez shone forth in intellectual beauty.

She was named, in the figurative language of her race, "the Morning Star." St. Pierre, in playfulness, or for the sake of brevity, called her Etoile. They at length became inseparable; they walked together through the boundless forests, which bloomed in their native beauty around them; together, they trod the margin of that stream whose living waters, even at that early day, bore upon their bosom the silver strains of melody, and which now, in the holy calm of a summer sunset, or beneath the glittering serenity of a mellow moon, are unsurpassed in brightness; together they admired the sublime works of the Creator-distant and resplendent worlds wheeling in their immensity, their silent majesty, and their unapproachable magnificence; and together they knelt in adoration of the Almighty Author, amidst the stupendous works of his hands and the evidences of his omnipotence.

Is it necessary to ask, if hearts thus in unison had imbibed other sentiments than those which characterized their earlier intercourse; or whether the enthusiasm of the instructor, and the emulation of the pupil had not been exchanged for mutual admiration and deep and ardent affection? At the age of twenty-one, manly grace distinguished the stately form of St. Pierre; and sixteen summers had unfolded the beauties and matured the attractions of this child of the wilderness, whom he now loved beyond all the world beside.

At this period of our narrative, the encroachments of the French had attained a point which became intolerable to the Natchez, and every circumstance unequivocally proved that opportunity alone was wanting to bring down retributive vengeance on the aggressors. Intercourse had gradually decreased, mistrust took possession of the minds of the French, and they resumed, in appearance at least, the discipline of a military post. St. Pierre had witnessed these indications with regret, and saw the approach of a storm, ominous in its aspect, and destined, at no distant period, to burst with unexampled fury.

The stern warrior, who had heretofore regarded the intimacy of the Christian youth and his daughter with the indifference of a barbarian, was unsuspicious of that league of the heart which united them. He announced to them that their intercourse must terminate. To St. Pierre he declared that faith and truce with his nation were at an end, and that his person would be unsafe among the Indians; for the Natchez warriors were sworn to immutable hate and deadly vengeance.

"I have no crime to allege against St. Pierre," said the chief, "but that he is a Frenchman. Go again across the great lake, over which your nation have come to the distress and ruin of an unoffending people. You are now safe; when we meet again, which I hope we may not, it must be as enemies, in battle. The spirits of my slaughtered children, from the deep gloom of our forests, cry aloud for blood."

Arguments were lost on the inexorable warriors. St. Pierre urged with impassioned eloquence every motive by which he hoped to attain his purpose. As a friend to the Natchez and a Frenchman, he proposed a mediation between the exasperated parties, and hinted at a new and permanent compact.

"We have sworn by our God," said the old man, pointing to the sun, whose setting beams seemed to linger among his white locks as if to listen, "we have sworn by our God, and the oath is irrevocable."

But when the unhappy lovers confessed the nature of their attachment, the glance which met the submissive look of the trembling girl, too plainly indicated the high displeasure of her father. He upbraided her as one unworthy of her lineage and nation, who could consent to mingle her blood with the enemies of her race. He spurned the idea with scorn; and bade her prepare for a union with a warrior of her own tribe.

This sentence Etoile and St. Pierre knew to They contrived, however, to be irrevocable. arrange, during the hasty interview, a mode and place of meeting, should opportunity permit; they renewed their pledges of unalterable attachment, and resigned themselves to their fate, anticipating more auspicious days. Weeks elapsed, but the obstacles presented to a meeting, in the increased vigilance of the hostile parties, were almost insurmountable. Circumstances now transpired, rendering action indispensable, without regard to consequences. Etoile was informed by her father that the period of her marriage with a warrior of the Natchez was fixed, and that the young and brave of the nation were to signalize the occasion by a hunting party, such as had not been witnessed in their generation. She betrayed no emotion, seemed to acquiesce in the wishes of her father, but determined to avoid, at any hazard, a fate to her more awful than death.

By the promise of a great reward, she induced a young Indian to bind himself to her service; she instructed him to proceed by night to the French encampment, cautiously to approach the chain of sentinels, and to send an arrow, which she had prepared, within the lines. To it she attached a small piece of paper, on which was inscribed, in emblematic characters, the intelligence she was desirous of communicating to St. Pierre. She informed him that at the rising of the moon, on the night appointed for her marriage, she would meet him at a place designated by her, that they might fly from scenes which, to them both, were fraught with peril. communication, being firmly fixed to the arrow, was given to the messenger, who faithfully performed his engagement. The missile was picked up in the morning by one of the soldiers; curiosity, surmises and suspicions were excited, but no explanation could be made of what was called " the Indian picture." It circulated among the officers, day after day, until all excitement ceased, and the incident was forgotten. To St. Pierre it presented no mystery; and he silently and joyfully prepared to obey the summons. The eventful moment at length arrived. Etoile appeared calm and even happy. Arrayed in the picturesque costume of her nation, heightened in effect by her own exquisite taste, she never looked more beautiful or seemed more tranquil. Suspicion was thus disarmed, and she was left to the exercise of her own inclination.

The young warriors had accompanied their companion, whose singular good fortune was that day to be completed in the possession of the most lovely maiden of her tribe, upon an expedition which her father had represented to her as one of hunting, in honour of her bridal. The party was to return at night and the marriage to be solemnized amidst general rejoicing. Towards the close of the day Etoile wandered off, as if accidentally, from her unsuspecting companions; and pursuing her object with great rapidity, a few hours brought her to the place of meeting, agreed upon with St. Pierre. The latter had arrived before her, and they were once more in each other's arms. No time was to be lost; the night was advancing, and they knew that the absence of the intended bride must soon be discovered. They therefore turned their steps towards the French camp as a place of present refuge, resolved to remain there until opportunity should enable them to reach a seaport. whence they might embark for Europe.

But what a scene awaited them! They were surprised on reaching the lines, to find their approach undiscovered and unobstructed. challenge of the sentinel, the hum of the camp, the roll of the evening drum were unheard; and the solitude of the desert, only broken by the ominous shriek of the owl, fell heavily upon their hearts. They reached what had once been the encampment of the French, where a smouldering heap of ruins, and the ghastly spectacle of mangled and consuming carcasses, too surely indicated the fate of the ill-starred garrison. So secret had been the plan of the Natchez, and so fatal their expedition, which, under the disguise of a hunting party, was intended against the French, that they fell upon them at sunset and massacred them to a man. This was the chase destined to distinguish the marriage pageant of a warrior's daughter, and was emphatically called by the Indians "the hunt of the French

The onset was made and the catastrophe accomplished, during the time occupied by St. Pierre and Etoile in reaching the place agreed upon for an interview. To describe their sensations were a hopeless attempt, nor had they leisure for the indulgence of unavailing sorrow, danger pressed sharply upon them; for they well knew that pursuit would be speedy.

At the distance of thirty miles, on the route to the next French post, there lived, in safety and seclusion, a venerable priest of the Roman Catholic order; he had retired from the irreligion and depravity which latterly degraded the French, and undisturbed by the Indians, who respected him for his humanity and spotless life,

devoted his days to prayer and contemplation. To the hospitality of this holy man they therefore resolved to commit themselves, in order to solicit his services in the solemnization of their marriage; after which, it was their determination to seek the sea-board and sail for France. In the prosecution of these intentions, they entered the wilderness, and on the following evening reached the residence of the priest. He received them with kindness, and heard the sad fate of his countrymen with undissembled grief: but well knowing the vigilance, sagacity, and matchless perseverance of the Indians, the good man urged them to prosecute their flight without unnecessary delay. He first confirmed their vows in the holy sacrament of marriage, and pronounced their indissoluble union. A hasty repast was provided by their host, a blessing pronounced, and again they sought the depths of the forest. The moon rose in cloudless majesty, seeming, by the cold serenity which sat upon her changeless disk, to mock the thousand emotions which alternately agitated the wanderers-St. Pierre, well versed in the habits of the Indians, pursued his path through the most intricate woods and defiles. On reaching a stream, the fugitives would plunge into the water and follow its meanders a long distance, that their trace might be lost to their pursuers. In the practice of these and similar stratagems, they passed the night. On the ensuing morning the sun shone out in splendour, the forest resounded with the gush of music, hope held out bright prospects for the future, and their spirits seemed to react under these reflections and the vivifying beauties of the coming day. Exhausted nature, however, after such exertions, required repose; and the sun had passed the zenith before the wearied youth awoke from the false visions which transported him, with that beloved one, to home and kindred, far from persecution and danger, among the green hills and sunny glades of his own vine-clad land. Etoile was yet slumbering by his side, and he most unwillingly dispersed the fair dreams which seemed to impart to her repose unbroken serenity. They now arose: the evening was delightful, the sky was unobscured by a cloud, and a balmy and refreshing breeze, with almost a conviction of safety, inspired the travellers with renewed vigour. Apprehension, though thus allayed, was not banished from their minds. The anxious and vigilant St. Pierre had paused frequently within an hour, as if in the attitude of listening: he climbed a tree to the topmost branch, and again descending, pressed his ear closely to the earth.

"My fears are groundless," said he, "it is but the moaning of the forest wind."

"But hark! Again? Pshaw! It is the cry of the wolf; he is early on the chase; some straggling deer has passed his den, and the savage is roused by the scent of blood."

And now at briefer intervals there came upon the breeze, low and broken, but not unmelodious sounds, like the closing ring of a distant guitar, or the parting wail of an Æolian harp now for a moment passing, as if in doubt and perplexity, and again bursting forth in the ecstacy of triumph. The strain came booming on, the deep notes swelled out to their fullest scope, and pealed sullenly among the drowsy echoes of these deathlike solitudes.

"It is not the cry of the wolf," resumed the agitated St. Pierre; "nor yet the yell of the panther; and dogs, there are none in this wilderness."

The wild sounds, now opening from the highlands and approaching the valley where the travellers stood, fell coldly on the heart of the terrified girl: for it was beyond a doubt, that a foot, unerring as death, hung like destiny on their flight. Etoile flung back her luxuriant hair, turned her ear towards the quarter whence the sounds proceeded, and a fixed look of speechless amazement too truly told the sequel.

"It is the bay of Sanglant," at length she exclaimed; "we are lost, for ever lost! My father's blood-hound is out, and when this cry is heard, death—death is on the wind. Faith herself may now abandon hope."

With but sufficient strength to utter these words, the agonized wife sunk into the arms of her husband.

They proved too true. The Indians, unexpectedly baffled by the stratagems of the fugitives, had well nigh abandoned pursuit. At this juncture it was fatally proposed to dispatch a runner for the favourite deg of the chief. He was of an illustrious stock, but unfavourably known in the cruel history of the early emigrants to Cuba; celebrated for staunchness and indomitable courage, for great vigour of limb, incredible powers of scent, and of matchless endurance in the chase. His sagacity upon this occasion had not been too highly appreciated, and his cry, which never deceived, was hailed by the Natchez with a shout of savage exultation. St. Pierre, convinced that flight or resistance would prove equally desperate and unavailing, submitted in silence and with unshaken fortitude; but his disconsolate companion, overcome by the various emotions which had so rapidly agitated her soul, lay helplessly in his arms. They were thus made captives by the triumphant Indians.

The prisoners were reconducted to the village: the good father, who knew well the fate prepared for St. Pierre, saw the party on their return, and accompanied them, in order to afford to the condemned these consolations which Christianity always confers in mortal extremity. In a solemn council of the nation the unfortunate Frenchman was condemned to the stake, amidst the lamentation of women and the heart-rending cries of children, to all of whom he was endeared by a thousand tender recollections. The preliminaries to such an execution are too well known to require description; they are such at least as humanity shrinks from centemplating.

The hour arrived, and the victim, serene and undismayed, was bound to the tree. Over his head hung a gorgeous mage of the sun; as if the sacrifice, then to be offered, would prove accept-

able to that divinity. It might have been affixed there in derision of the holy faith of the sufferer. In many circles of great height, increasing from the centre, were disposed the combustibles destined to terminate this awful tragedy.

Etoile, the bride—the wife, was there too; and she viewed the preparations with the calm and steady eye of an indifferent spectator. Not a tear dimmed her dark eye, not an intercession escaped her lips; for tears and prayers, she well knew, could hope for no sympathy among the fierce and relentless spirits of her nation. She was attired in her bridal dress, disposed with the utmost regard to elegance and taste; at her belt, almost concealed by the folds of the tunic, hung a small hatchet, and, pressed to her bosom, she bore a silver cross, presented by her husband in days of peace and happiness. Through the top was drilled an opening, in which was inserted a strong and sharp bone either of fish or fowl. Little regard was paid to her, in the engrossing interest which attached all eyes to the pile, now bursting into a blaze. The smoke and flame wreathed up into wild and fearful eddies. Etoile suddenly sprang forward into the line of fire, which repelled the near approach of the executioners.

"I come, my love," she exclaimed, "I come. In life or death I am for ever thine. Neither the cruelty of man nor the terrors of the grave shall sever us! The emblem under which we die, assures us of another and a happier home!"

At the same instant she struck the image of the sun from the stake, and with a single blow of her hatchet planted the cross in its place; then, embracing the sinking form of her husband, she yielded up her noble spirit.

The aged priest collected their ashes, raised the nound in which they were deposited, and encircled it with the most lovely trees of the forest. He planted the oak which has been described, and engraved upon it the sign of the cross, a simple memorial of Christian faith and mortal suffering.

#### SYNONIMOUS SOUNDS.

THERE are three different articles of nearly similar sound in speech, but very distinctly different in the countries to which they belong. Cocoa is the name of the root and the palm tree upon which it grows, and of an oil produced from it; now this is not the article intended in the law or the report, which is not subject to any duty.-Cacao is the name of a fruit and tree, and of the shells of the kernels of the fruit; and it is from this fruit that chocolate is manufactured: this is the article intended by the law.—The third article is written and spoken Coco, and does not enter into our commerce; it is the name of a creeping plant about the size and shape of the leaf of the kidney bean; it has an aromatic flavour, and is used in South America and in Hindoostan, in combination with other ingredients, as a luxury. Digitized by GOOGLE

Original.

#### TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

#### BY LUCIA AMELIA BROWNELL.

'Trs a sweet, pensive hour—to me it seems
Best fitted for all holy, tender things:
For tranquil musing, and the blissful dreams,
Which faithful mem'ry to the bosom brings.
Now doth the spirit, like a dove, take wings,
And hover o'er the forms we hold most dear;
And not on this dell earth alone—it springs
To those beloved ones, no longer here,
Whom fondly hope pourtrays, in Heav'n's own blessed
sphere.

'Tis not sad thoughts alone these eyelids steep— Tears are not all of grief, remoree or pain: Intense, unmingled mis'ry, cannot weep— There is no gountain in the burning brain. Some hope, some sympathy must still remain, Some touch of tenderness the rock to melt; Even now, the thought that I may meet again Those dear ones, where my best affections dwelt, Exerts a soothing pow'r, in darker hours unfekt.

'Twere pleasant, if the spirit for awhile Far from the thraldom of the flesh could flee, Could once escape life's drudgery and toil, And unencumber'd rove o'er earth and sea. And full of sweet sensations would it be When lingering in the sun's departing rays, O'er Greece, erst country of the brave and free, While rich and melting in the golden haze Lay all her classic hills, and lovely capes and bays. Strange, dreamy joy 'twould be at this dim hour, To glide 'midst reliques on Egyptian cands; Where many a giant monument of pow's, In silent, melancholy grandeur stands: To trace the chisel'd warriors, wrought by hands, That long, long ages since, have ceas'd to be. Oh! who can think on all these countless bands, With passiess, hopes, affections—even as we nn mood, on human destiny ?

How various are the feelings and the scenes
That twilight sheds its soft ning light upon!
Now o'er the tossing bark the ship-boy leans,
Fond'ring on that dear home, whence he hath gone—
His mother weeping for her absent son—
Till to his eyes the tears unconscious start;
While sounding waves continuous dashing on,
Friendly to contemplation, soothe his heart,
And do, to all his thoughts, a mournful charm impart.

And now the weary mother lulls to sleep
Her wayward babe, while through the dark'ning room
She casts her eyes—and half inclined to weep,
Surveys the mingling cheerfulness and gloom.
And now do mem'ry's sweetest visions come,
And all her soul with tender musings fill;
Of earliest youth—of times long past—friend—home—
Light form, light foot, and lighter spirit still,
Bounding, unclogg'd by care, o'er rock, and field, and hill.

I always thought (though chance perhaps it may, So little vers'd, I do not deem aright)
That hearts grew softer with the closing day,
And lips and eyes look'd milder by the light
Of sunset skies—for day is all too bright
For such disclosures as the twilight bears.
Thou gentle union of the day and night,
Blest be thy mellow tints and balmy airs,
And blest thy influence sweet, on thousand happy pairs.

Bright are the wreaths that Love's fair temples bind-

But of all joys that thrill the mortal breast,
Friendship, strong sympathy of mind with mind,
Highest to me thou seem'st—purest and best.
What are earth's pomps and pow'rs, thee unpossest.
All passions and all pleasures else are poor,
Imperfect, evanescent.—Heav'n's behest!
Thou, only thou art worthy to endure,
Eternal as the soul, in brighter lands more pure!
East Hartford. Conn.

Original

# RÉMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

MO. 5.

#### THE DESTROYED WILL.

THERE has been, lately, a class of writers on political economy, who divide the community into two great classes, "the productive" and "the non-productive," the former of which they consider as consisting of the bees of the general hive, and the latter as composed only of those whom they unequivocally and unceremoniously call "drones."-If constant labour for the good of others, if busy days, thoughtful nights, early rising, and curtailed slumbers can exalt the Priests of Themis to the rank of the useful, the classification of these authors is inaccurate, when "gamblers, spendthrifts and criminals," are asso-Ciated in the second class with "lawyers." So far as my own experience has enlightened me on this subject, there is scarcely an individual se much the slave of the public as the diligent and

conscientious lawyer, nor one to whom his avocations leave so little time for relaxation or amusement. In the earlier years of my career, I had leisure enough, but as practice increased, the various cares and anxieties attendant on the charge of the most important interests of my clients, left me scarcely the hardihood to indulge in any recreation. In the afternoons of those fine days in summer when the level rays seem to smile on the green earth so benignantly, I did occasionally snatch time enough for a ride on horseback, to exchange the heat and dust of the city for the groves and fields of the quiet country. One afternoon, while pacing leisurely through a shady wood that bordered and embosomed the rural lane that I had selected, my attention was attracted by a rustling and crashing, apparently

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at no great distance, the cause of which I was unable to discover-spurring on, I perceived at a little distance a head, a thicket of laurel, agitated in a very singular manner, and giving vent to a combination of noises entirely indescribable. Approaching still nearer, the crashing increased, above it rose a torrent of abuse, much more sincere than edifying, and in the midst of all, out dashed from the heart of the thicket the cause of all this disturbance, in the shape of a noble black horse, almost white with foam, and his rider who resembled the ragged sentinel of a corn-field more than any thing human. In his violent passage through the thicket, the thin summer coat that he wore had diminished one half in the quantity of its material, and the remaining moiety fluttered in the most degaje style from his person. The hat that I suppose he once boasted had been left somewhere among the laurel in his trajet through it, "in perpetuam rei memoriam." Descending in my survey of his outward man, I smiled to see the havor that the various twigs and brambles had made on his white jean trowsers, penetrating, in some instances, to the limbs that they once covered, if any guess could be founded upon the streaks of red that diversified the remains of that portion of his dress. Emerging into the road, this unlucky horseman reined up, full as much surprised as pleased at having a witness to his singular dishabille. "Ha, Mr. S." cried he, "is this you?" I did not of course deny my identity, although entirely unable to make out that of the querist. "Don't know me, eh? well," glancing at his person, " no wonderby Jove, I do not know myself-humph! a sweet pickle I'm in to be sure!" then reaching his right hand round the left side in search for that half of the breast of his coat, absent without leave, "the devil," cried he, "why I'm quite undressed." Such was his angry surprise at discovering his situation, that, although I supposed myself an utter stranger to him, I could scarce keep my saddle from overwhelming risibility, in which, after another glance at his disattire, he heartily joined. When he had washed his face in a rill that crossed the road, I at last recognised him as a Mr. Herman, a very respectable and opulent man of leisure, resident in the city, with whom I had that kind of street acquaintance that so naturally takes place among individuals who frequently meet in transactions of business. While we were riding toward a farm house near, occupied by a man whom I knew, for the purpose of procuring some decent clothing, he explained the cause of the singular predicament in which I found him. He had been riding along another lane that traversed the same piece of woods in which our rencontre took place, when his horse started at some object in the thicket above mentioned. With the hot-headed impatience of opposition which I had heard was characteristic of the man, he immediately set about forcing the animal through the obstacle from which he had recoiled; the beast resisted, the rider whipped and spurred, and the results were the disturbance that had attracted my attention, and the dilapi-

dated state of my friend's wardrobe. This was the beginning of my acquaintance with Mr. Herman, in the course of which I was on many occasions his confidential legal adviser. His family consisted of an only son and an orphan niece whom he had always treated as a daughter, who repaid by her devoted attachment to her benefactor, the kindness which he lavished upon her. The son, however, was of a disposition entirely dissimilar; brought up without the judicious restraints of parental authority, and indulged in every fancy by his opulent father, it was scarcely possible that he should practice a self-denial, not inculcated either by precept or example. Supplied with money far beyond the reasonable requisitions even of a gay and fashionable youth, the pernicious habits of gambling which he had acquired, exhausted even his princely allowance, and his impetuous father, irritated by the presentation of a bill for the discharge of which he had shortly before been supplied with funds, reproached him with so little judgment, that the interview ended with the exclusion of the imprudent young man from the roof of his parent. Presuming on my intimacy with Mr. Herman, I seized the earliest opportunity of representing the dangerous consequences of such a step, and its fatal effects upon a youth already embarrassed by debt, and totally unaccustomed to the profitable application of his powers to any useful end. The remonstrance, however, was ill-timed; the angry feelings excited in their last interview had not subsided, and many months elapsed before natural affection resumed its holy sway in the bosom of the incensed parent. Having at last received a reluctant permission to recal the exiled boy, I with much difficulty traced him as the marker to a billiard table, in a neighbouring city, and after much argument and more persuasion, so far tamed his father's spirit in him as to induce him to accept the olive branch held out to him. The mischief, however, had been done-the desperation of feeling produced by what he considered the tyranny of his father, and the slow relenting of heart that succeeded his expulsion. severed forever the silver cord of filial love, and if still a union subsisted it was the tie of habit, or the galling bond of hopeless and helpless dependence. The freshness, the generosity, the accessibility of youth was gone, and a sullen sense (perhaps involuntary) of injuries suffered, poisoned the source of every kindly affection, while the vicious associates among whom his necessities had thrown him, had degraded his mind by a low debauchery inappreciable and inconceivable to the refined roue. Such being the unhappy situation of affairs, my friend one day called on me with a draft of his wishes as to the testamentary disposition of his property. After some munificent bequests to individuals and to public institutions, he had divided the mighty residuum into two portions, of which he wished to constitute a friend of his and myself trustees, of the one half for his niece, and of the other for his son, in such manner as that only such a portion of the income of the son's moiety as the trustees might think

proper, should be devoted to his maintenance. Shortly before this visit, Mr. Herman had sent his iron chest to one of the city banks for safe keeping, during an intended journey, and the key of it he afterwards requested me to take charge of in case any of the papers it contained should be required during his absence. The will, however, he took with him, and accompanied by his son and niece, set out on his usual summer excursion to one of the fashionable watering places. The journey was his last! with his usual impetuosity, he persisted in pushing on through a sudden and violent storm, and the consequence was a fever, that in three days closed his career. On the arrival of the corpse, (which, by his special desire, on his death-bed, was brought home,) I as executor, of course, attended to render the last sad offices to the deceased, to restore to original dust the wonderful structure of which it was the primal element. A few days afterwards Philip Herman, the son of the deceased, entered my office, to enquire if I knew whether his father had left a will. There was an eagerness, a restlessness, a nervous agitation in his manner, that struck me as peculiar, and a strange lightning of the eye, as if in triumph, when I answered that, at his father's request, I had prepared a will, immediately before he undertook this last sad journey. His next question was if I knew where it was. I answered that his father, after having signed it, had declared his intention of taking it with him. He then assured me that diligent search had been made for the instrument, but without success, and requested that I would search with him the repositories of the deceased. Startled at the consequence to his lovely niece, I immediately accompanied Philip Herman, and after a most careful search, was convinced that no will was to be found-at the moment I had come to this disheartening conclusion, I recollected the key of the deposited iron chest, and immediately hurried off my companion to the bank, where, in presence of several of the officers of the institution, the chest was opened. Above was layer upon layer of certificates of stocks and loans, title deeds of whole blocks of houses, bonds, notes, and mortgages. At the sides were bags of gold and silver coin of foreign nations, and in secret drawers, packets of uncut gems of immense value, and with them a paper sealed and docketted, "MY WILL AND TESTAMENT." At first sight, a throb of satisfaction shot through my mind at this discovery, but the date below-"June 23, 18-" convinced me that it could not be the will which I had prepared but a month before; -a glance at my companion showed him pale and haggard, while his lip pressed firmly between his teeth to repress its convulsive quivering and wounded by their spasmodic contraction, denoted the powerful emotion of some kind under which he was trembling. I requested the president of the institution, who was present, to break the seal, and to read the important instrument. It was a paper conceived in the fury of a father's anger, and its effects were terrific.

The whole of his princely estate the testator had given to his niece-charged only with the payment of "One Thousand dollars to my worthless son, Philip Herman, on the 10th of June, in every year-and when he receives it let him remember the scene on that day in my study." The accursed instrument was written throughout in the testator's own hand, and duly executed before two merchants of the first eminence, who had regularly witnessed it, but of course, without knowing the contents. The particulars of that interview no man but the father and son ever knew, but something there occurred that should seem to have changed the current of paternal affection into a tide of molten lava. The horrible allusion to that scene, and the device of fiendish ingenuity to revive forever its recollection in the mind of his victim, were no sooner pronounced than with a shrick that rang through the vaulted halls of the bank like the yells of a lost spirit, the miserable son sprang from the floor and fell back senseless. Carefully replacing the rich contents of the chest, I requested the president to take charge of the fatal will, at the same time expressing my full conviction that the other one of later date prepared by me, would be found. A delirium followed the awful scene in the bank, and the unhappy son in the incoherency of his ravings, reproached himself with the destruction of the later paper by the side of his parent's corpse, thus constituting himself sole heir to his immense estate. But little credit can be given to the confessions of the insane, or to the wild fancies of a disordered brain, but the later will never was found, and Philip Herman escaped the jaws of death only to suffer the more dreadful fate of utter and incurable idiocy. The bright torch of intellect was extinguished, and mere animal existence, and animal joys and sorrows alone remained during the sad residue of his life. These melancholy facts could not be long concealed from Miss Herman, and the disclosure was most affecting. Earnestly did she press upon me her own informal projects to reinstate the latter will, and so " to minister to a mind diseased." If reason had returned, her hapless cousin would have been forced to share the fortune of her uncle, and even then I was compelled by her importunity, to prepare a conveyance to trustees of one half of her vast possessions for her unfortunate relative, should he ever recover the faculties of his mind. A few months however closed his existence without the dawn of even a momentary return of intellect, and the approving witness of her own mind and the admiration and esteem of those who heard her noble conduct were her sole reward.

He that abuses his own profession, will not patiently bear with any one else that does so. And this is one of our most subtle operations of self-love. For when we abuse our own profession, we tacitly except ourselves; but when another abuses it, we are far from being certain that this is the case.

#### ON MUSIC.

Swarr voice of music! I have owned thy power In the wild breeze, and in the water's roar; And I have loved thee at the twilight hour, When distant vespers died along the shore. Of have I listened to the soothing strain Till hope returned, and life seemed young again.

And I have loved thee in the festive bower,
When the light step scarca echoed to thy sound;
When beauty smiled, and bright eyes felt their power
O'er fettered hearts in willing bondage bound.
The dance is done—the music is forgot,
And they who vow to love, remember not.

Great is thy power, oh music! o'er the soul
That sickens with despair, or hopelessness,
And shrinks within itself. Thou canst control
The breaking heart, and make its suff'ring less.
'Tis thine to raise the mind to heaven in prayer,
While man, enduring, murmurg "Hope is there!"

#### THE DEPARTED ONE.

Sur in whose smile Elysium reigned,
From whose sweet tongue soft music fell;
She whom I prized with love unfeigned,
Loved more than human speech can tell,
Now sleeps beneath a tablet rude,
For the cold earth-worm princely food.

She whose sweet thraidom swayed my breast,
On whose seraphic form I've gazed—
Gazed till, as an immortal blest,
My soul, enrapt, to Heaven was raised—
Now slumbers in the silent grave
O'er which the cypress loves to wave.

I may no longer breathe on earth,
The only charm of life is gone,
For ever fled have smiles, and mirth,
With Mary my beloved one.
I'll wander where her relies lie,
And there yield up my latest sigh.

# THE PROCRASTINATOR.

"Time—only regarded in music and dancing."

Cunningham's Fushionable World Displayed.

Procrastination may be unfortunately considered as the predominant habit of many of the inhabitants of all countries under the sun; but as it is one of the national characteristics of our sister land-" the green and flourishing island," I trust the warm-hearted inhabitants of that verdant country will forgive me for presenting an Irish procrastinator, as the procrastinator, par excellence. The portrait will be recognized by some, who can doubtless even now remember the original; but the principle must be admitted by all who have been acquainted with Irish habits during the past century. A more active spirit is now, I believe, alive amongst them; and, in a very few years, this, and other sketches of a similar character, will be looked upon as the records of a past race. Let us hope, however, that their virtues will survive their vices, and that they may never be numbered among the cold-blooded nations of Europe.

"Thunder an' ages! Molly Maggs, Katty Purcel, Tim Cleary! sure you won't answer if I bawled myself black in the face, and skinned my throat for ye'r sakes. Mistress Molly Maggs! oh! it's yourself that's the pathron of a house-keeper," continued the old steward, sarcastically, at the same time elevating his candlestick, that was simply a scooped raw potatoe, and contained nothing more distinguished than a farthing candle, which he held, so that its flickerings fell upon sundry dilapidated chairs, where the moth and the worm securely revelled amid destruction. Shaking his grey head, he repeated, as he passed from the anti-chamber into the great hall—"It's ye'rself that's the pathron of a house-

keeper, Molly Machree! to see the dirty dust upon thim illegant chairs. Katty Purcel! sure. thin, you're a beautiful housemaid. Tim-Timmy Cleary; I'd take an even bet he's as drunk as Moses at this blessed minute—I'll just ring the 'larum bell; och, bother! here's the string broke, and sorra a word it 'ill spake. Bat Beetle-ah, there you are, Batty, my boy, run agra, run, and tell every one o' them that here's a letter we should have got ten days ago, only 'cause of the delay; and masther's married—to a foreigner for any thing I know-an' he an' the new misthress 'ill be here to night, as sure as ye'r name's Bat—that's a gay gossoon! well, ye'r a nimble boy, I'll say that for ye, it's a sin and a shame to put such feet as your's into brogues at all."

Bat's intelligence was, as might well be supposed, of an alarming nature. Soon the passage leading to the great hall echoed a scuffling and shuffling of bare and slip-shod feet, and presently the members of the kitchen household of Castle Mount Doyne crowded around the eccentric but faithful old steward, Morty Mac Murragh.

"Och, ye'r come, are ye!" he exclaimed, without heeding their vociferous demands for news—"ye'r come, and a purty figure you'll cut before the foreign lady. You, Mistress Maggs, as a housekeeper with a blue bed-gown, and—but I don't want to say any thing offensive—only it 'ill take ye a month o' Sundays to hinder the clothes from falling off, if ye walk ever so easy; and you, Katty, though y'er a clean sistened girl, ye might as well be a negre, for any thing I could tell, by this blessed light, to the differ. Tim—Tim—there's no use in life in my setting myself

as a pathron to ye—ye'r a sinner, Tim—I'd say nothing to ye'r taking a mornin', or two or three dacently stiff tumblers after dinner, or may be a sup to keep the could out o' ye'r stemach of a winter's night, but to be always drink—drink—drinkking, like a frog or a fish! Tim, I'm ashamed of ye, I am indeed. The Lord look down upon ye, ye poor sinner. Go to bed."

Tim did not seem at all inclined to obey the old man's directions; but he stumbled as far as the door, and holding by it, maintained a tolerably erect position; while "Mister Morty," as he was called, scolded, directed, and re-directed the ill assorted servants, who had been deemed sufficient to keep the dwelling of Castle Mount Doyne from damp and decay. At last they ran off in different directions to make some—they hardly knew what—preparation; but the house-keeper paused in the middle of the hall, turned to the all-important steward, and inquired—

"What time was it the masther fixed did you say, Mister Morty?"

"His honor says that he'll be surely here by Thursday, that's the Thursday that's past."

"Dear me! then he'll hardly come to-night. Bless his sweet face! When he was a boy, we always gave him a week's law; and it 'tis'n't the fashion of the family to mend as they grow older."

"Something strikes me they'll be here to night, any way," replied the old man; "and I must insist on all being ready."

"Very well," rejoined the housekeeper, "you need not be so high about it, Mister Morty, I've lived most as long as ye'rself in the family, counting my mother into the time, which is all one; and though it is not natural to like a young misthress over the head, yet I'm sure my heart bates double joy at the thought o' seeing the baby I've so often nursed on my knee, a married man." · She then departed, and, although persisting in < her belief that her master would not arrive that night, because it was too near the time he had appointed, thought there could be no harm in "making herself dacent;" and having quickly accomplished her toilet, she despatched Bat to the nearest cottage to say, that "masther was coming home that night with a new illigant wife, and that they must all come to help her to get ready;" then Bat had to post on to "Corney Phelan's, general dealer," for candles and salt, a quire of brown paper, some nails, and whatever " bits o' boords" he could spare, to make glass of, to mend the broken "windys, cause the lady was tender maybe, and might catch could;" besides, he was commissioned to bring twine, and butter, and pepper, and a score of things, the most necessary portion of which he, of course, forgot, and, in his zeal, rendered the other half ineffective, particularly by suffering the untied paper-bag of salt to fall into a stream, and mixing the rusty nails with the flour.

All was confusion at the castle; Tim had contrived to get on an antiquated tarnished livery; and Morty, who, to do him justice, was the pattern of neatness, was arrayed as befitted what he considered his elevated rank in the establish, ment. Some poultry were sacrificed, to make welcomet he master and his lady; and if a great deal was not accomplished, there was, nevertheless, a greater bustle than if ten times as much had been actually done.

The night waned on-it was clear, cold, and frosty; the candles approached the sockets of the rich old silver candelabres, that stood in solitary dignity at either corner of the dining chamber, contrasting strangely in their brightness with the worn damask, which was still agitated by the north winds blustering through the broken panes, that Morty had not yet stopped up, though he toiled, and hammered, and pasted, with indefatigable industry. At the opposite end of the room rose a huge black marble chimney-piece, and from beneath its distended arch, a fire, of mingled wood and turf, threw the dense and towering mass into strong shade; as it gloomed heavily over the blazing embers, a little imagination might induce the belief that it was a deep cavern, in whose interior was sheltered a burning crater-so hot, and darkly red streamed the fire from within. There was a strange blending of poverty and profusion in the garniture of the table-the plate was rich, the linen poor, and all that belonged to the olden time told of prosperity -but it was the prosperity of the past century; all that was modern was mean, and showed that the careful eye and hand of a mistress had been long wanting. To be sure, the abode of a bachelor, even in modern times, is comfortless enough. Tables, and chairs, and carpets, and curtains, there certainly are, but that is all-none of those little elegancies, those sweet and tasteful solacers of existence, those Penates of household life, which vary and embellish domestic-did I say domestic?-poor, miserable mortals! 1 should have remembered all you can know of that sweet word is its sound-its feeling is far from ye; though ye be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, yet are there none to whom you can praise, even the beauty and fragrance of a flower, with the consciousness that one heart echoes not only your words, but your feelings.

One would have thought that Morty had some undefined notion of the sort, and of the necessity there was "to make things more comfortable" when a lady was expected, by his wandering from place to place, now wafering a slip of brown paper on a "slit" in the window-frame, then casting an eye for the twentieth time over the table, to see that, according to his ideas of propriety, nothing was wanting. He had drawn two arm-chairs under the shadow of the chimney, and placed a small inlaid table, that had belonged to his former mistress, between them, thinking, to repeat his muttered phrase, "that it would be handy for masther's tumbler, out of the could," and again repaired to the window, to reduce an obstinate board to obedience, which the wind had blown into open rebellion. When he had at length succeeded, he seated himself on the expansive window seat which overlooked the court-yard; and presently he saw, distinctly, in the moonlight, the figure of his master's old nurse, Milly Eldred, creeping along the wall, and stooping every now and then to cull some particular flower or plant that struck her fancy. His former lady was a native of Scotland, and much discontent had been expressed by the dwellers in Castle Mount Doyne at her importing a Scottish nurse to attend on the only child she ever had. Notwithstanding this, Milly remained at the castle; and in her age and feebleness was paid much attention. It might be more from fear than love, for divers things were whispered relative to her skill in various ways, which blanched many a rosy cheek in the adjoining village. She was, in truth, very old-mid-way in her dotage, and cankered in her temper; these-added to the advantages which a Scotch education gives over an Irish one-rendered her an object of respect and mistrust. She soon passed from Morty's sight, and while he was yet wondering what she could be gathering at that hour, the old creature entered the dining-room, with an almost noiseless step. Her clean white apron was nearly filled with grass and tangled weeds; and her eye. still clear and blue, had in it more of light than it usually possessed. "Said ye na'," she commenced, " said ye na', Morty, that a bonny bride was coming hame this bra' winter's night; and did ye na' think to pu' the flowers to mak' her welcome; ken ye na' the song?

The primrose I will pu' the firstling o' the year, And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear, For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer, And a' to be a posle to my ain dear May.'"

"Whisht with ye'r ballads, agra!" interrupted the steward; "it's ill in such an ould crathur as you to be tuning up love songs—it's like sunbeams sparkling on skulls and cross bones, Lord save us! So be off to ye'r prayers, Milly, honey. Sure there are no flowers now growing at all, machree!" The sibyl heeded him not, but seating herself in one of the arm-chairs near the fire, continued chaunting snatches of old ballads, and apparently arranging the offering she deemed it right to make to her nursling's bride. Morty had just determined upon a gentle method of dislodging her, when the clatter of horses, and the sound of carriage-wheels, called him and the other domestics to the steps of Castle Mount Doyne.

Mr. Mount Doyne had experienced no mischance on his journey until he arrived nearly at the termination of his own avenue. Morty, we have already seen, did not deserve to be numbered amongst unfaithful stewards; but yet, "somehow," it never occurred to him that the old trees, which had been felled for fire-wood, could impede the progress of his master's carriage, although they had fallen directly across the road, where, of course, they would remain to be used when wanted by the servants—or indeed the neighbors, and neighbors' childer, who might feel inclined to cut them up for the purpose; over these trees, nevertheless, the carriage upset, and Mr. Doyne, in no very gentle temper,

carried his young and lovely wife, almost in a state of insensibility, into the hall, where she again ran the risk of her life, and narrowly escaped suffocation from the smell of burnt feathers and whisky.

"Blessings upon her sweet face;" "Long life and prosperity to the both—sure they're a beautiful pair;" "Long may they live to reign over us;" "May their bed be made soft in heaven yet, I pray God;" "May they never know sin or sorrow;" "May God's fresh blessing be about them," were a few of the warm and affectionate salutations which awaited Mr. Mount Doyne and his bride; and from many glad hearts and cheerful voices did the wishes proceed; night though it was, all the peasantry, who had heard the rumor of his arrival, had crowded down to the hall, in anticipation of seeing "the young masther." But where was Milly Eldred?

When Mrs. Doyne was completely restored, her husband led her into the dining-room; there the old nurse met them, and flinging her long withered arms round "her darling's neck," mingled tears and smiles of affection of imbecility together.

"I ha' naething to gie ye'r bonny bride," she exclaimed, looking at the young and fair creature, who, surrounded by so wild-looking a group, showed more surpassing in her loveliness; "naething but these wild flowers, that I pu'd in the night dew. See here is

' A buddin' rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
Por it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonny mou.' "

The bride took the gift, but her eyes were fixed on the donor.

"The lify it is pure, and the lify it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'li place the lify there."

Again she accepted the flower, without looking at it.
"The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near.

And the diamond draps o' dew, shall be her een sae clear." .

Her small white hand was extended for the third time, when she shrieked, and the leaves quivered in her fingers.

"Roses—lilies—woodbines, Milly," exclaimed Mount Doyne, angrily; "why here is nought but wormwood, rue, and nettles."

"Heck, Sirs!" replied the nurse, "if the Lord has turned my winsome flo'res into sic like, his will be done." She folded her arms on her breast, and noiselessly withdrew.

"And that odd, wild woman was really your nurse, Charles," said Mrs. Mount Doyne the next morning; "I trust, my love, you are not infected by her madness; I hope you will not give me the rue and nettles instead of the happiness you so often promised."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the lover-husband; and then he swore after the most approved fashion, and truly with real sincerity of purpose, to devote his existence—his fortune—his time, to promote her happiness;—and she believed him!

Six months passed as rapidly as if only ax

weeks had elapsed, and though Caroline loved her husband as much as ever, she had discovered his besetting sin. "My love," said the lady, "there is no possibility of crossing the courtyard, the weeds are so rampant, and the stones that tumble from the castle parapet, so numerous, that I cannot now pick my steps to the little flower-garden, which your only effective servant, Old Morty Mac Murragh, keeps in such nice order for my gratification."

"Well, faith, it is too bad, and 1 will, indeed, send to the workmen who are engaged clamping

turf, to clear the rubbish away."

"And as you have masons in this part of the world, let them be employed to take down or secure those battlements—they are positively dangerous in their present state."

"Certainly, my love."

"Yes, you say 'certainly'—but of any thing being done there is no certainty."

" I declare that I will see to it."

" Now ?"

"How can l attend to it now—don't you see l'm not shaved."

"But you ought to be—let me ring for Morty, and he will heed your directions: forgive me, but you seem strangely infatuated by a habit of procrastinating."

"Why, yes, but 1 can't help it—it's a family failing. But what's the matter with your cheek—it is dreadfully swollen?"

"Only the tooth-ache."

"How could you possibly get the tooth-ache?"

"Rather, how could I avoid it? there is not, I do believe, an entire pane of glass in the castle."

"My dearest love, I am distressed beyond all measure—and as soon as I am dressed—presently—I'll send a man and horse off to Ballytrane for glazier, mason, and every tradesman, who can by any possibility be wanted to set every thing in order."

He went so far with this resolve as to ring for his valet, but instead of the valet came his withered nurse, bearing in her arms Fido, his favorite dog, in the agonies of death.

"Good heavens, Milly-how came this?"

"The puir beast went into Mad Ronald's stall, and the animal as ye see, jist kict the life out o' him!" The uncomplaining but suffering dog crawled to his master's feet, and looked piteously in his face.

"My poor Fido—my faithful old friend," murmured Mount Doyne, kindly, while he examined injuries which he saw it would be in vain to attempt to heal; "but how is this—I always understood that Ronald was kept in a separate stable his vicious tricks are known of old?"

"Heck, ye may say that! but what's to hinder any livin' thing from ganging into his stall—the door has no hinges, ye ken, and winna stay shut?"

"It is a cruel case," said Mount Doyne, "that amongst the household nothing of the sort is attended to."

"My bairn, my bairn," replied the crone,

"ye attend to naething y'er ain sell; and the house ainly follows y'er example."

"My poor Fido!" continued his master, "I never past that stable-door, without intending—"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the nurse, laying her skinny finger on her lip; heard ye ne'er that 'Hell is paved wi' good intentions?"—Y'er winsome wife is aye too young; she canna be expected to ken the care o' sich matters; but for her sake, e'en more than y'er ain, see, an' act ere it be ow'r late. The gloaming is o'er ye now, but beware o' the night."

Mount Doyne heard little, and heeded less the old woman's advice, for he was witnessing, without the power of alleviating, the dying agonies of his poor favorite; his gentle wife shared in his feelings, and when Fido's expiring effort was to lick the fair hand which had so often caressed and ministered to its wants, she turned silently away, unwilling that even her husband should witness the emotion which she could not suppress.

More than four years had passed into the gulph of time. On the whole, matters at Castle Doyne were rather worse than better. To those acquainted with how things were managed in what were most falsely termed "good old establishments," in the sister country, a true picture of coarse, yet lavish expenditure, has been often presented—a house filled with guests, from the garret to the kitchen-some of them, it is true, of high and honorable distinction—but the majority consisting of poor and idle relatives, too proud to work-but not too proud to partake of the "bit and the sup," and the cast-off raiment of those who had it to bestow. "His honor, God bless him, 'ill never miss it," was echoed in the kitchen and acted upon in the parlor. And, as from hour to hour-from day to day-from week to week-and from month to month-the amiable, but indolent, Mount Doyne, put off every thing where investigation was concerned, he was, it may easily be believed, in as fair a way to be ruined as any gentleman could possibly desire. He knew that his agent was any thing but an honest man, and yet his habits prevented his looking into accounts, where fraud could have been detected by the simplest school-boy-he felt that he was surrounded by a nest of sycophants, who slandered the very bread they consumed, and daily resolved that "on the morrow" he would get rid " of some Tom this, or Jack that, or Paddy the other," who was preying upon him, without drawing a veil even over his mal practices. But no "morrow" ever dawns on a genuine procrastinator. His wife's delicacy of constitution could ill support the noisy company and late hours of an Irish house at the period of our story, and she shrank from what she could not save, into a somewhat solitary turret of the rackrent castle; she had now also the duties of a mother to perform, and felt a sweet and holy tranquillity in watching her lovely infant, in whom a mother's fondness daily discovered incrossed boauty. Tou de not smile as cheerfully to night un

usual, darling," said Mount Doyne, at the same time pressing his wife to his bosom, and parting her golden-curls on a brow that might rival the snow in its mountain purity; "and yet I never saw our little Charles look so beautiful."

"He is beautiful," she replied, "to you I may surely say so; I can almost see the blood circulating on his cheek as it presses the soft down pillow, and those blue veins, marbling his noble brow, which is so like your's, dearest; and now as he lays, his cherub lips just parted, look at his small teeth, shining like pearls encased in richest coral. My blessed boy," she continued, with all the earnestness of truth, "I often think, when I behold you thus, that God will take back to himself so fair, so bright a creature!"

"Silly, silly girl—and can such folly make you

sad to-night? for shame."

"It is not that exactly: I have had a letter from Dublin—and that situation is gone."

"D—n it!" muttered Mount Doyne, bitterly.
"Had your application been sent in one day sooner, you might have had it—and you know—"

"Hold your tongue," he interrupted, angrily;
"I know I am a most unlucky fellow. Who could have imagined it would have been snapt up in that way? but I suppose you will set that down also to my procrastination, as you call it."

His wife made no reply, but busied herself in adjusting some portion of the drapery of her

child's couch. Again he spoke-

"It is a greater disappointment than you dream of; and one I can ill bear—for to confess the truth my rent-roll has become unprofitable, and I cannot exactly tell how to lessen my expenditure."

"If the latter is necessary, nothing is more easy. Why, out of the twenty servants employed, five only are effective."

" I could not turn off the old servants and leave

them to starve."

"God forbid you should leave them to starve—pension them off, that is the best, the only way."

"Easily said. How could I pension them off, when I find it impossible to command ready money to pay even the tradesmen?"

"Pray, when does Mr. Sheffield Shuffleton

mean to take his departure?"
"When I can pay him fifteen hundred good

English pounds, value received."

"My dear, Mr. Shuffleton, his servant, and two horses, have been here during the last five months—he has made good interest at all events."

"You women pretend to know every thing. What was I to do? he came for his money—I had it not to give—so of course I asked him to remain, which, don't you see, has been a great accommodation to me."

Mrs. Mount Doyne shook her head. "You forget the immense additional expenditure it has occasioned—he is what you call a regular five hottle man."

"Indeed, Caroline, it shocks me to see the note you take of such matters—there is something dreadfully mean in observing what people eat and drink."

"I would not have my husband mean—I would only have him just," she replied, with much firmness. "I would have him calculate his income, and live within it; I would have him discard an agent whom he knows to be worthless and dishonest—"

"Stop—in mercy stop!" exclaimed Mount Doyne, in a tone of sad but earnest entreaty; "would to Heaven I could do so!—but that man has me within a charmed circle, which seems hourly closing. I am so dreadfully in his power—I have suffered him to get hold on my property, bit by bit, in exchange for paltry sums lent from time to time to supply present necessities, and which, after all, were useless. If I had only obtained this situation, I should then have had an excuse for living part of the year, at all events, away from this destroying gulph."

His gentle wife uttered no reproach-no aggravated word escaped her lips. She might have told how frequently, and how earnestly, she had implored him to use his influence for that very object-and how he had procrastinated. She might have said how constantly her energies had been exerted to urge and save the being she so loved, not only from others, but from himself; but though she reproached not, she advised-implored-entreated, that, cost what it would, he would shake off that one slothful, destroying principle, and stand forth—even if poor—independent; enjoying the glorious privilege which, of all the Almighty's gifts, is the most valuable. Then she pointed to their sleeping child: she appealed to his feelings as a father, whether he could bear the reflection—if ever it should come -of seeing that dear one want-of being the means of bringing a creature into the world, endowed with beauty-enriched by a living spirithallowed by the finest affections the human heart is capable of feeling-born as the inheritor of name and fortune—and yet despoiled, degraded in the scale of society, by the carelessness of the being appointed by nature as his protector.

Mount Doyne was touched—convinced—promised—declared—and—persisted in his old habits.

Exactly a month after the above conversation occurred, there was deep and bitter mourning in the castle of Mount Doyne. The blooming, healthy infant—the joy of his mother's heart—the pride of his father's eyes—was a blurred, a disfigured corpse—a thing that it was offensive to look upon, and loathsome to approach. Yet one sat by his little cot; and though the apartment, in conformity with the outre, yet affectionate custom of the country, was crowded by the retainers of the family, and the peasants of the neighbouring villages and hills-yet she heeded them not-but, ever and anon, would wipe its discoloured lips, where her kisses had often dwelt with all the fervour and tenderness of a mother's love-then pressing the little hands between her own, she would rest her burning brow upon the simple pall, and pray for the relief of tears. They put him in his coffin—yet still, she was by its side. Then, when the deep wail and the cry arose, "lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning," and the father entered to take the last look of what he, too, had dearly loved, the feelings of the wife were overwhelmed by those of the mother; and she bitterly reproached him, as the cause of her boy's death. "Did you not promise, day after day, that the surgeon should come to inoculate him? But he is dead—and I have now no child!"

This lesson, it may well be supposed, sank deeper into Mount Doyne's heart than any other; but he said it came too late. It might be so for him—though my belief is, that, in worldly as well as in spiritual things, there is hope, even at the eleventh hour—nay, more than hope—certainty, if the mind so will it. It was well said by Napoleon, that "impossible is the adjective of fools." Nothing weds us so closely to immortahity as habitual firmness. A resolved man can be, if it so pleases him, another Alexander.

"You might well give me rue, and wormwood, and nettles, Milly, as a wedding dowry," murmured the lady of Castle Mount Doyne, one bleak December night, as the old nurse was fanning with her apron the uncertain blaze of a wood fire in her solitary chamber. "How the noise below distracts my poor head!—they have seized every thing."

"Auld Morty told me that master might have got off the sheriff's sale—only somehow he forgot to sign something.—But eh! sure it was the way of the family, they say. It is not sae in my ain country."

The lady smiled—but with such sadness, one would rather she had wept.

"Keep a good heart, lady-dear," said the old steward, kindly; "master's friends will never desert him—tisn't in an Irish heart to look could on the unfortunate. Och! they know too much of that same to think easy of it. Sure it's himself that has the grand friends in Dublin. Why not?—an' he of such an ould, ancient family—and the sheriff and all the people's gone now?"

"Taste a morsel of this, Misthress, honey," chimed in our former acquaintance, Molly Maggs; "it's as nate a hare as iver was snared. Bat Beetle caught it a purpose for ye—knowing I had the thrue Frinch way o' dressing it; he thought it nourishin'-like, and that it might rise ye'r heart."

"Thrue for ye, Mistress Maggs," said Morty, as he followed the housekeeper out of the room; "and it 'ill go hard if I can't find a drop o' the rale sort (wine I mean) to keep the life in the craythur—though the devil of an agent thought he swept the cellar, as well as every thing else, clane out."

"My bitter curse light on him with the light of heaven, every hour he sees it!" responded the housekeeper; "it was a pity the masther wasn't more sharper-like; I only hope she'll last till he comes back."

"Oh! the doctor, God bless him, said she

might hould for a week yet; and he was to be back to-morrow."

The woman smiled.—"Morty, ye'r as bad as a natural. Who ever thought of heedin' what the poor masther said as to that. What did he ever know in regard of time, except that it past, bad luck to it, like a thief as it is, and, by the same token, took every thing along with it. There's one comfort left. If the things are all cleared out, the people are cleared too: there's none stayed out of the housefull, that gathered when there was full and plenty for them;—but, Morty, ye'r a knowledgeable man, and have read a dale o' doctor's books in ye'r time; did ye ever find if there was much in the differ betwixt the heart of a poor, and the heart of a rich body—I mean in the size?"

"1 can't say I ever did," answered Morty, after a pause.

"Well, then, upon my soul, that's quarer still," observed the house-keeper. "I wonder if the priest could tell what makes the differ in people, if it is'nt the size of the heart?"

"Where's the good o' botherin' ye'rself with the like o' that, in ye'r ould age, woman a-live? Don't go to ask the priest any sich questions; it would be like wantin' to pick the confessions out o' him; so be easy."

"Well, God help us! we live in a dark world, where all is wonderful;" and thus, having unknowingly echoed the sentiment of our best philosophers, Molly accompanied Morty in search of the cordial-wine, for "the misthress," whom they, at all events, had not deserted in her adversity.

The same evening, on a soiled sheet of coarse letter paper, by the light of a miserable candle, Mrs. Mount Doyne wrote to her husband.

"Charles—first and last object of my earnest love—come to me, for I am dying. You said you would return by to-morrow; yet I fear-forgive me, dearest-but I do fear you may procrastinate, and that you may not be here to receive my last breath, and with it my parting blessing. I have, also, my husband, to request your forgiveness for having often perhaps given you pain, though I meant it for your own good. Once-and bitter is the remembrance—once I was cruel; it was when our child lay dead; then, indeed, I was unkind—and unkind to you, too—to you who loved me so dearly. I will not attempt to refer to the past—it is past for us; but for you, in this world there is a future, though not for me. Let me, therefore, conjure you, by every beloved and holy tie, to-

The unhappy lady did not finish the sentence; and the letter was dispatched, a few hours after it was written, with a postscript from the faithful Morty, stating that his poor mistress had expired a few moments after the pen had dropped from her hand.

Some weeks after this, an advertisement appeared in the county papers, announcing the sale of the estate of Castle Mount Doyne; and on the warp day when the purchase was con-

cluded, and the estate of his ancestors passed into the hands of strangers, Mount Doyne left his native country for ever.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Some said he entered into foreign service; and this idea was confirmed by a French officer's stating that there was a brave Irish gentleman in his regiment, who was universally beloved, and would have been respected but for a prevailing indulgence in a habit of indecision, which induced him to "put off" everything that could be delayed, and that eventually blighted his prospects. He described him as being singularly handsome, but of a melancholy aspect—deficient in energy every where but in the battle-field. He was never in time on parade; and the officers

used to distinguish him as the "late Lieutenant Doyne." The termination of his career was at least characteristic. He was rallied by his comrades, the night before an anticipated battle, on his well-known failing.

"I will be in time for once," he replied gravely, "for procrastination has cost me already too much." He was in time, and he was the first man who fell. "You see," he said to a companion in arms, "that I have gained my death by being in time. I speak sincerely; death is a gain to me—for there is nothing I would live for." A miniature was found on his bosom, evidently the counterpart of the portrait of a female that had been sold among the decorations of Castle Mount Doyne.

## MY PORTRAIT.

### BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

What a source of deliberation, vexation, consultation, hesitation, agitation, examination, disapprobation, and tergiversation, is the choice of an attitude and costume for a portrait! To be sure, all the foregoing long words (or, as L. E. L. aptly says, "dictionary words") might be avoided, if we were content to appear in our every-day position, and dressed (like the Irish national vegetable) au naturel: but I cannot help thinking an apparent contempt of "scenery, dresses, and decorations," originates in "the subject's" supposing his or her all-powerful personal attractions are perfect beyond improvement; and if I were a professional artist, I should be inclined to value the modesty of a person who said, " make my portrait better looking than myself," more highly than one who said, "I wish for an exact likeness, by no means flattering."

The first and last time I encountered the troubles of sitting for a portrait, was in order to surprise my kind godfather who lived abroad, and frequently made inquiries respecting the sort of creature for whose sinful deeds he was responsible: his letters usually contained some money for the especial use of his young charge, which sums I always kept for one purpose; and my happiness may be conceived, when I found myself ("aged thirteen years") rich enough to sit to a "grand gentleman from London," who visited our part of the country, and who included "a complete love" of a frame in the bargain.

The dear old Vicar of Wakefield (my guide in many matters of a more serious nature) warned me against being drawn as an imitation shepherdess, Venus, or Amazon; neither would he permit me to hold an orange; while Lady Morgan—another of my early idols—cautioned me against "an Italian greyhound and a missal," which might be wilfully mistaken for "a cat and a piece of gingerbread;" and although in private

the two latter possessed a tolerable share of my liking, still, like many an older person of the other sex I was ashamed publicly to acknowledge the humble objects of my regard.

Having thus ascertained how I would not sit, 1 applied to all my friends-I fancied I had half a hundred—for their opinions as to the great question, and always found myself ready to coincide with the last speaker. The broad foreheads advised bandeaux; the narrow foreheads, les cheveux crepes: the short faces patronized ringlets and giraffes; the lengthy visages loved the flat Grecian: the romantic recommended that my dishevelled tresses should float on the breeze; and the beauties who were un peu passees, advocated the Medea-like charm of the crop en Titue, as it made a face look always youthful. As I could not follow every one of these plans, we agreed to leave the coiffure for the painter's decision, and to proceed to the important choice of a costume.

I scarcely think that Proteus himself could have undergone so many transformations as I did at this period: I was Queen Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, a Suisesse, a flower-girl, Thalia, Comedy with a mask in my hand-nay (having composed some horribly original valses) one rather partial friend talked of St. Cecilia, scraping away on the violincello! But I still remember the indignation I felt when an old gentleman proposed I should wear a plain white frock and blue ribbon, which would appear "childish and innocent." Odious words to a damsel of thirteen! Why I would gladly have worn grandmamma's large red turban-with her frown also-and even have powdered my hair, to escape the degrading fate of looking either one or the other!

There was a certain stiff black velvet gown, of course "a world too wide," in which I would have liked to bury myself, and this being refused

tears. They put him in 1 was by its side. Then, w the cry arose, "lamental great mourning," and the the last look of what he the feelings of the wife those of the mother; and him, as the cause of her not promise, day after should come to inoculate and I have now no child This lesson, it may deeper into Mount Doyn but he said it came too him-though my belief is as in spiritual things, the eleventh hour-nay, mo-

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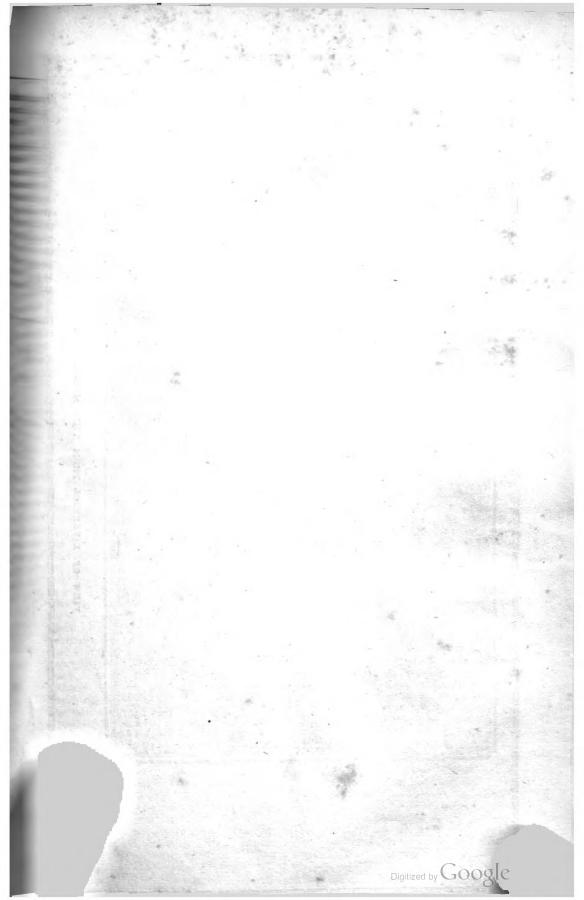
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"Taste a morse chimed in our Maggs; "it's as Bat Beetle caugh I had the thrue thought it nouris ve'r heart." "Th

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—with peals of unmannerly laughter, which I considered very much misplaced—I applied for a purple velvet and ermine cloak, which I had often tried on during grandmamma's absence, and thought it extremely womanly and splendid. This was also refused, and the owner added, "she could not see the use of a baby being drawn in any way." Baby indeed! I glanced at her juvenile self over the fire-place, and saying, "Why not with high-heeled shoes, fly-cap, and a lamb at one's feet larger than the pink-coated shepherd?" I left the room, and slammed the door in a magnificent rage.

I need not enumerate the different attitudes which were proposed, chosen, and again rejected, before we were satisfied; however, our deliberations, like all earthly matters, had an end, and having made our selection, mamma and I proceeded to the artist's residence. Here a new difficulty arose, of which I had not before had time to think: viz. I was so terrified at the idea of having my features examined by "a strange gentleman, who must be a good judge." that I was ready to cry with alarm. The artist's bright penetrating eyes did not tend much to reassure me, and when he placed me in a great chair, with a magic ray of light just falling where he pleased, I trembled, and turned so pale, that 1 thought I should have fainted.

I was greatly relieved by the painter saying he was not quite ready to commence the outline, and at the same time he gave me an album to examine, containing numerous comic designs: I have always felt, even from a very early period, an intense degree of pleasure in seeing a witty design well executed, and I soon became completely engrossed with the pictures, laughing with the artist, and expressing my delight, quite regardless of the directions a friend had given me as to the most becoming number of teeth to be displayed by "a gentle smile."

With the last page of the album all my terrors returned, for I saw the artist putting away the materials he had been using; so now, of course, my turn was come. I could scarcely think I understood him, when he said, "that will do for to-day, my dear!" at the same time showing me a sketch of myself, in the full enjoyment of a book of merry pictures.

After a few more sittings, the portrait, in its deep frame, was given into my possession, and the artist took his departure, carrying with him the whole amount of my savings. Every one was satisfied with his efforts; yes, even mamma allowed it was like her only child, so it certainly must have been a "wonderful picture." I was most delighted by the little white hands, and taper ivory fingers; and although I cast many a sorrowful glance at the originals, which were welted with harp and guitar blisters, stained with inks and varnishes, and tolerably well scratched by rose-trees and kittens, still I comforted myself by thinking they might have been like the picture, if I were as quiet and idle as the damsel in the frame.

The painter had desired me to gather a bou-

quet of all my favourite flowers, which he had grouped in a vase in the picture: after his departure, however, there was a flower in blossom which we had raised from seed sent home by my godfather, and I was most anxious to have this in the bouquet also. What was to be done? the artist was far away, so I was obliged to trust to my own skill; and taking the picture from the frame, I gathered the Indian blossom, placed it in water, and diligently began sketching it on the ivory. I was interrupted, however-1 am almost ashamed to confess the cause-by a dragoon regiment marching past our house, with the bugles playing, and I scampered up to my own room, to enjoy this favourite and splendid sight. They passed, and I returned to my work with that sobered sort of feeling, which music fading in the distance generally causes. One of the servants stood near the table, crying and wringing her hands-the Indian flower lay trodden on the ground, and the glass in which I had placed it was broken.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"Oh! Miss Louiser, that Corporal Black-oh dear, oh."

I hesitated between my disinclination to inquire, and my wish to hear a tale of unrequited love; the latter predominated, and I said in the patronizing tone of a little lady expecting a confession, "Pray, my good girl, is he going to embark, and leave you?"

"Oh, I don't mind him, Miss—oh—only I thought as nobody was here, I'd just see him ride past—oh—for the last time—oh—so I pushed between the table and the window, and throwed down the water all over the picture.—Oh, oh, oh dear!"

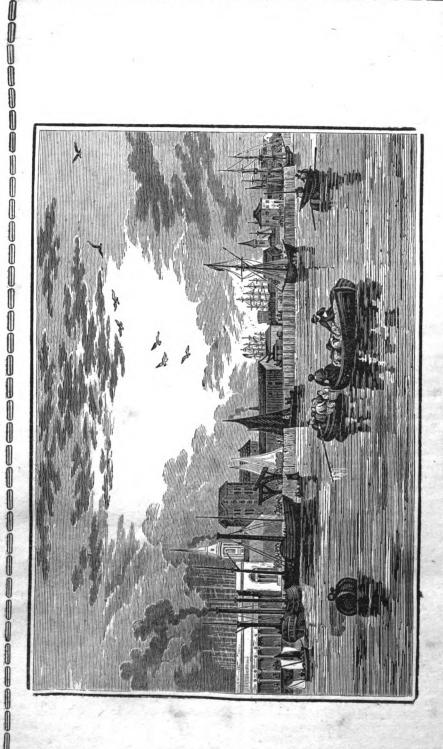
"Let me see it!" I exclaimed in an agony."

"I thought—oh—I could have wiped it, Miss, and so I did, in your nice soft cambric handker-chief—oh—but the whole picture comed off, and left nothing but this plain white bit of bone. Oh dear—oh dear—I ax your pardon, Miss Louiser, for ever and ever."

Here she fell on her knees: but I was too angry to trust myself with one word, so I locked myself in my own room, paced up and down for half an hour, threw myself on the bed, and cried till I fell asleep; thus terminating the adventure of my first and last sitting.

Egotistical as my subject is, I should have hesitated to give it publicity; but having been requested to send "a sketch" for your magazine, I felt (in compliance) I could not do less than send a PORTRAIT!

THE fogs of England have been at all times the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, on being asked by some person about returning to Spain if he had any commands, replied, "Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England." Carracioli, the Neapolitan minister, used to say that the only ripe fruit he had seen in England were roasted apples, and that he preferred the moon of Naples to the sun of England.



VIEW OF LIVERPOOL FROM THE MERSEY.

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#### OF THE BETRAYED; THE HOME

OR, THE ITALIAN PEASANT GIRL.

" Oh! when wilt thou return To thy spirit's early loves-To the freshness of the morn, To the stillness of the groves? Still at thy father's board, There is kept a place for thee; And, by thy smile restored, Joy round the hearth shall be!"

MRS. HEMANS:

In the perils of existence, the beautiful and the young are sure to suffer most. From the hour when they first bloom into notice and admiration, snares are laid around them, and danger lurks concealed in every path they tread. Sympathy frequently is deceitful, friendship faithless, the voice of affection breathes only to betray, and guilt dwells in the heart that appears devoted to their innocence. Happy are they who are enabled to pass through the pilgrimage of existence unsulfied and uninjured; and who, having surmounted the perils of the world, can look back upon the past, and, with a proud consciousness of innocence, survey their conduct with pleasure and content. Italy, the land of romance and love, is replete with illustrations of female worth, as well as of female degradation; of the most honourable results of affection, as well as of its worst effects. There, the impulses of woman throb with all their intensity; with a power that neither force nor persuasion can destroy. Julie was the pride of the village; young and lovely, all her companions did homage to her superior attractions; the girls envying and the young men almost adoring her. Happy did they consider would that one be who could succeed in inspiring her affections; but Julie seemed insensible to love, and, with the step of a fawn, bounded lightly and joyously over the green hills, and through the bright gem-studded vineyards of her village, untrammelled by any fetters of affection, and laughing at those who had been caught in a snare which she affected to despise. It may have been, that Julie was too proud; elated by the encomiums upon her beauty that continually met her ear, she, perhaps disdained her village associates; certain it is, that the devotion and affection of Guiseppe, a young man every way worthy of the village coquet, was treated by her with scorn. All the ridicale, even the contempt of Julie, could not destroy the tenderness of her lover; but rather inspired fresh exertions, fresh energies, to remove her prejudices, and awaken her heart to similar feelings to those which glowed in his own. But his devotion was ineffectual; the love of Guiseppe merely afforded Julie a subject for the exertion of her wit, and she delighted in exhibiting her own pleasantries by holding up her lover to the ridicule of all her village acquaintance.

At this period, a troop of brigands were com-

mitting depredations in the vicinity of the village and perpetrating the most savage barbarities; the peasantry themselves had armed, and made head against the ruffians, but they were completely overpowered by the superior force and ingenuity of their oppressors, and compelled to behold their ravages without being able to prevent them. A party of the military, however, were dispatched after the brigands, and they arrived at the village at the very moment when the peasantry, expecting an immediate attack, were prepared for a fierce encounter. At the appearance of the military, however, the brigands would not risk an engagement, but endeavoured to retreat; they were pursued by the troops, and forced to fight or perish; the conflict was short, for the brigand chief was killed at the onset, and the remainder either fell beneath the swords of their opponents, or succeeded in effecting their retreat.

The military returned to the village, and were received with frantic demonstrations of joy; the peasantry hailed them as their deliverers, and each one endeavoured to prove his gratitude. A festival was concerted to celebrate the happy event, and the youths and the maidens displayed their energies to render the entertainment worthy of the occasion. Julie, the beautiful Julie, was the queen of the festival, and her best looks were called forth by the dignity of the guests. The loveliness of the gay coquette could not fail of attracting the notice of the strangers, and one of the young officers appeared particularly attentive to her during the festival. No one knew the nature of the conversation between them, but from the happy looks of Julie it was evident she was gratified. The next day Guiseppe continued his attentions, but Julie, who before had only laughed at him, now commanded him to speak no more upon the subject: her tone was haughty and imperious, her eyes shot forth their fires, and although the rose bloomed brightly upon her cheek, and she endeavoured to appear gay as heretofore, there was evidently something upon her heart that she wished not to reveal.

In a word, the heart of the village beauty had been caught by the young Count Florian; he had succeeded in effecting, in a few short hours, what the peasant Guiseppe had laboured for many years, and Julie loved him-To her romantic heart, the difference between the Count's

situation and her own presented no impediment; she believed all that he said to her, and trusted to become his wife. Heated to enthusiasm by his fond devotion, she trusted implicitly to all his asseverations, and, in a moment of passionate feeling, forsook father, friends, home-all that was dear to her, save the one object who accompanied her flight-all by whom she was truly loved! In the stillness of the night she passed from the spot of her innocence, her happinessand was speedily in the travelling carriage of the Count, and on her way to Rome.

The love of Julie was real; inspired in a moment it was still intense and faithful; guilt dwelt in the heart of her betrayer, but her own was pure. The carriage passed rapidly on its route, through the embowering woods and vineyards, silent and still in the moonlight, unruffled even by a single breeze; and they had arrived at a dark and narrow portion of the road, when a shrill whistle was distinctly heard, which was immediately answered. "The brigands!" cried the Count; but the driver needed not the intimation, for lashing the horses, they flew along the road; but the brigands were too nigh them, and their progress was arrested, and the carriage stopped.

"Make the best terms you can with them," cried the Count to his servants; "and by no means let them know who I am.'

The admonition was needless; for one of the brigands, upon opening the carriage door, immediately recognised the Count's person, and, cocking his carbine, exclaimed, "Count Florian, by the Holy Virgin!"

"Revenge-revenge!" cried the brigands simultaneously, and the whole of them rushed towards the carriage door. The Count, finding himself discovered, called upon his servants to assist, and preparing for a fierce encounter, desired Julie to fear nothing, as he would soon put the brigands to flight. A bullet, at that instant, passed between them; Florian passed through the opposite door, and joined his servants, who were fighting with the robbers. The contest was fierce and long-the Count and his servants had the best at the onset, but, ultimately, the brigands were prevailing. The affrighted Julie heard the rejoicing shouts of the latter, and, unable to remain longer in the agony of suspense. ventured to look from the vehicle; the Count had, at that instant, fallen beneath the demoniac fury of a brigand, whose weapon was already upraised to give the death-blow to his victim, when Julie, shricking at the sight, snatched a pistol from the carriage, and levelling it at the head of the brigand, shot him dead, at the very instant he was about to terminate the existence of the Count, and his body fell with a dull heavy sound upon the earth.

Julie, overcome by her own heroism, fainted in the carriage; when she recovered, she was in the arms of her lover, the Count. The brigands had been overcome, and the carriage was now rapidly progressing towards its destination. The Count pressed his lovely preserver to his bosom,

whilst she, almost unconscious of what she had, in the fervour of her affection, accomplished, clung fondly to her lover, listened to his passionate praises, and believing herself as truly loved, conceived that she had only done her duty.

And now Julie was introduced to a splendid palace at Rome. Pleasure administered to her wants, and she was the mistress of all that a magnificent fortune could command. She was arrayed in costly gem-adorned robes, the richest perfumes enriched the air she breathed, and the sweetest tones of melody greeted her enraptured ear .- But she was not the wife of Florian.

Was Julie happy? Alas, no! The enchantments of the varied scene into which she was introduced by the Count bewildered her soulher thoughts were confused and wild-she trod a Paradise, in her own imagination-and awakened only from her dream of felicity to find herself a victim!

The fascinations of jewels, gold, incense, and music then lost their effect; the air of novelty soon faded, and Julie looked upon every thing around her without pleasure, without happiness. -That had fled for ever. The truth of her situation began to appear, and in proportion as it became acknowledged, her heart felt sick and heavy; then the jewelled robes she wore spoke only a language of reprobation—then the magnificent apartments, contrasted with the humble cottage of her fond father, presented an aspect of terror, and music only inspired her tears. What was the village beauty then! She was in the possession of every thing that wealth could command-numerous attendants waited upon her-her wants were anticipated-and every pleasure administered to beguile her wandering thoughts; but, even in the midst of felicity, a still, small voice whispered terror into her ear, and she would then shrink from her own reflections, and bury her face upon the bosom of her betrayer.

She at length conjured him to remove the weight of anguish from her heart; the Count evaded the unpleasant theme, and strove to divert her thoughts .- She implored him to make her his wife!

A look of mingled reproof and scorn was the

only reply to her agonised appeal.

She fell upon her knees before her betrayerbathed them with her tears-pictured the hours of innocence, when all her companions loved her for her beauty and her virtue; when her aged father clasped her to his bosom, and returned thanks to heaven for giving him such a child -so good, so innocent! She contrasted that time with the present, when every object upon which she gazed, seemed to upbraid her crime, and even the language of consolation appeared a mockery and reproof; the happiness of her humble home had been forsaken for the misery of a splendid palace, and in the place of a doating father returning thanks to the Omnipotent, and with tears of joy embracing his affectionate child-that child was supplicating upon her knees, bending in agony before her betrayer, who now, that his triumph had been achieved,

despised and scorned her!

"Julie!" exclaimed the Count, "I thought that the splendours which attend you here, would have prevented those frantic exclamations.—Since you prove ungrateful for my kindness, upbraid me, too, for administering to your happiness, and seem even to abhor me, I will not again offend by appearing in your presence.—Farewell!"

"Good God!" cried the agonised girl, "Florian, for heaven's sake—Florian, you will not desert me!"

"Until you have learned to be grateful!" haughtily exclaimed the Count, and immediately

quitted the apartment.

Julie threw herself upon a couch, and endeavoured to relieve her sufferings by tears; but the fountain of her heart was dry, her eyes were burning, and her forehead and her heart throbbed violently; she could not weep, her agony was too violent for tears. There she lay for hours, her eyes fixed and motionless, gazing upon vacancy; her one hand pressed violently upon her brow, the other hanging palsied by her side; -statuelike and lifeless she remained. The sun went down in the horizon, and the light breezes of evening floated through the open casement, and the fragrance of choice flowers was wafted into the chamber, but their effect was lost upon Julie -the beauty and sweetness of nature had now no charm for her—she had been betrayed! Her keart was breaking!

Who is that standing by the couch of the riven-hearted girl? His garb is humble, and his mien is lowly; he regards the sufferer with intense anxiety, and sympathy, hearfelt sympathy, is marked upon every feature of his honest countenance. "Julie!" exclaims he.

The girl starts at the sound of the well-known voice; her white hand falls from her brow—she gazes upon the youth—and shricking the name of "Guiseppe," falls lifeless upon the couch.

It was Guiseppe, indeed, the faithful, the affectionate Guiseppe; who, after the abduction of the village beauty, had devoted all his time in searching after her. For some time his efforts had been unsuccessful, but by perseverance and application he, at length, discovered the route that the fugitives had taken, and instantly pursued them; he bore with him the supplications of a heart-broken parent, and he had come to repeat them to the poor misguided Julie.

"Oh, my father—my poor, poor father!" cried the village girl, as the power of speech returned, biding her face in her hands, not even daring to behold him, whom in the days of innocence she had despised, but who must now scorn her. "He does not curse me, Guiseppe!" cried she, in an agony of grief.

"Oh no, Julie, he pities and forgives you!"

The girl arose from her couch, and casting a steadfast glance upon the face of the youth, as if doubting the truth of what he said, fell upon her knees, and clasping her hands in the attitude of prayer. raised her eyes to heaven, and words of devotion, springing from her penitent heart, fell from her lips. Julie then arose, her face was bathed in tears; a heavy load seemed to be removed from her heart, and the fountain of sorrow had been supplied.

"My father forgives me!" cried she. "Then

I may die in peace and happiness."

"Talk not of dying, Julie!" exclaimed Guiseppe. "There is your place still left in your father's cottage; but oh, more than that, there is your place still in your father's heart. He longs again to embrace his child; and when I recount to him the penitence, the agony that I have beheld, he will fondly kiss away the tears from your pale cheek, administer the balm of paternal affection to your contrite heart, and lead his poor Julie back into the paths of honour!"

"It cannot be—it cannot be!" murmured the girl. "The wanderer from honour never can retrace her steps—the betrayed cannot again be

innocent."

"But her penitence," rejoined Guiseppe, "may atone for her crime. It will with heaven, and it must with man."

"No, no, no," cried she, "Gniseppe, I dare not return! I cannot again enter the cottage, where my poor father used to bless the innocence of his child; even words of kindness from him would break my heart now. I cannot meet the gaze of the villagers; the youths would pass me by with a scornful eye, or murmur words of pity, and the girls would curl their lips as I went by them, and greet me with a horrid welcome. No, no, no—I dare not return—I dare not!"

"Julie, think not thus of your companions; they have ever loved thee, and unfeigned tears have been wept over their betrayed friend's error. They pity you, Julie, but still would not even murmur words of consolation, lest they might awaken bitter feelings in your bosom. No, Julie, they will welcome you with their choicest songs of joy; they will still be to you as friends, still honour and respect you."

"What do they think of me, Guiseppe?"

"As of an innocent, fond, and too confiding girl, the victim of a villain."

"Victim! Yes, yes!—I am a victim!" cried Julie, and again she fell upon her couch in tears.

By the kind and respectful entreaties of Guiseppe, she became, at length, reconciled to a meeting with her parent; she promised to forsake her faithless lover, and return again to her humble home. The peasant then left her, for the purpose of making arrangements for their speedy departure.

Julie remained for some time in abstraction: determined upon forsaking the scene of so much misery, still some painful tie chained her to the spot,—she still loved Florian! His conduct, though it had riven the fetters of affection, had not entirely destroyed them—a link remained, and while that lasted, the heart of Julie was his own. She fondly recalled all the moments of rapture that she had experienced with him since their first interview, and their recollection inspired affectionate feelings, though the results

were painful and afflicting. It could not be that even his perfidy could make her utterly forget the hours of their tenderest endearments, when he appeared to live entirely for her happiness, and she would

> "— Fall upon his neck and weep— And gaze upon his brow—and hold His hand in hers, while gentle sleep Stole o'er that spirit brave and bold! Must these dear tasks of tenderness No more her blighted bosom bless?"

She determined upon making a last appeal to the honour of Florian; she intimated her wish to see him, but her desire was cruelly denied! The chain severed; all feeling for her heartless betrayer was now perished in her bosom.

The appointed hour of her departure arrived, and, with a quick step, she descended a back staircase, and passed from the scene of her error and her shame. She trembled as she progressed along the busy streets of Rome, according to the directions which Guiseppe had given her, and who was now anxiously and impatiently awaiting her arrival at the appointed spot. She camecast one look back at the proud palaces of the city, and then passed silently into the vehicle that had been prepared for her. The morning had not long broken, and the lark was rising blithely up to the blue arch of heaven, spreading its sweet melody over the scene; the sun rose in his splendid majesty, and the face of nature appeared decorated in its choicest aspect. But to Julie's heart those appearances had no effect; she beheld the bright green of the fields, and the still brighter blue of the sky, and no emotion, no impulse of feeling, marked her countenance;her heart had become a gloomy sepulchre-full, and with no room for happy feelings. In this manner they continued their route. Julie melancholy, thoughtful, and silent; Guiseppe not daring to interrupt her reverie, apprehensive of the painful result.

The first object that awakened the sensibility of Julie, was a beautiful vine-clad hill, at a short distance from her own village; it had been the scene of some of her happiest hours, of some of her innocent enjoyments. There she had often mingled with her gay associates, had joined with them in the song and in the dance, and had listened to the praises which were echoed around her by the admiring peasantry. She rivetted her eyes for a moment upon the beautiful objects before her, and then turned from the contemplation to give vent to her anguish in tears.

The sun had now set, and dark clouds were spreading fast over the sky; the song of the villagers returning to their homes were heard in the distance, and the tinklings of the sheep bells, and the voices of the shepherds, as they conveyed their flocks to the nightly shelter, audibly and distinctly met the ear of Julie. They were not unregarded by her, and each sound, so well known, and so forcibly remembered, seemed to awaken fresh chords of anguish. She trembled violently, and the intense sobs which momentarily burst from her full heart, spoke a language

which could not be mistaken, so plainly as it told the tumult that was passing there. As they came near to the village, Guiseppe considered they might not attract so much observation, if they proceeded to the "home" of Julie on foot, as the appearance of the vehicle certainly would; he, therefore, assisted the trembling penitent from the chaise, though she had become so weakened, that even so trifling an exertion appeared too much for her strength, and as she slowly passed along to the village, her limbs scarce seemed capable of supporting their burthen, and with difficulty Guiseppe, tenderly supporting her fragile frame, conducted her to her destination. Emerging from a thick group of larch trees, the dwelling of her father, the home of Julie-the poor, betrayed Julie-appeared conspicuous; at that moment, too, the villagers were singing their vesper-hymn-that hymn in which Julie, innocent and happy, used always to join. The sight and the sound overpowered her; she started, shrunk back, and screaming violently, sunk lifeless into the arms of Guiseppe.

She was borne by her lover to her home; an old woman, an attendant upon Julie's father, received the fair charge, by whom she was placed upon a bed, and restoratives immediately administered, while Guiseppe sought the villager. "Julie has returned!" exclaimed he, as he met the feeble old man hastily progressing to his dwelling, who immediately clasped his hands, and sinking upon his aged knees, murmured thanksgivings to the Deity, for the restoration of his child. Then, impatient to clasp that child again to his heart, he accepted the proffered assistance of Guiseppe, and with him returned to his home.

"Julie! My dear, dear Julie!" exclaimed the old man, as with outstretched arms he rushed towards the bed whereon she lay. But no voice responded to the enraptured cry; all was silent and desolate. The father caught the hand of his child, but it was cold; he passed his fingers across her once beautiful features, but they were motionless—Julie was dead! Her spirit had departed at the very moment when her "home" broke upon her view, and the sounds of the vespers fell upon her ear. All the agonised parent had to embrace, were the cold and lifeless remains of his poor betrayed child.

The villagers still tell the tale of their unhappy and misguided associate; and whilst their tears are yielded at the remembrance of her sorrows and her shame, they never fail to execrate the memory of her betrayer, who fell, a short time afterwards, in a contest with a party of brigands.

In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are punctilious, slight condescensions cost little, but are worth much. He that yields them is wise, inasmuch as he purchases guineas with farthings. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a tun of vinegar would only correde the wheels, and canker the movements.

## A TALE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

### BY MISS JEWSBURY.

This "tale," which is not the less true for being told in the language of poetry, contains, as the reader will scarcely fail to remark, a striking instance of a prediction working out its own falfilment.

It is a tale of mystery and woe. (Alas! that these should still in union grow,) A tale of one that long hath passed away, Alike from banquet-hall and battle-fray, Leaving memorials for the thoughtful heart, Mouraful as music heard when friends depart. He was a King, of whom the record brief Is told of fated power and fated grief; And songs of welcome hailed him at his birth, City and palace rang with shouts of mirth: Granada, then the glorious and the gay, And the Alhambra-both were glad that day; And poured their chivalry with cymbals clashing, Bright dancing plumes, and lances brighter flashing-War in the splendid guise of festal hours-To hail the babe, heir to the thousand towers! Woe to the men who troubled first the gladness, With looks of wiedom uttering words of madness ! Glooming the future with dark sign and spell, As if man's fate but in man's deeds could dwell; Beholding portents of decay and war, Hid in the glowing stlence of a star; Casting life's horoscope ere life has bloomed, And a soft infant branding as "The Doomed!" "Twas thus with him, of whom this lay is framed; Sager so named him, unrebuked, unblamed-" He shall grow up and reign—but in that day The kingdom of his fathers melts away!' The whispered omen waiting crowds received, Weard it and sighed, but whilst they sighed, believed.

Time waned-marked but by common grief and joy, The princely infant grew the princely boy; 'Mid the Albambra groves, in royal weeds, Riding, in mimicry, his tilt of reeds; Or through bright halls bounding in frolic pride, Or stretched in slumber by a fountain's side; Now wreathing flowers around his playmate's neck, The fawn, that followed at his lightest beck; Now by the lute won from each wilder game, His mother's lute that told his father's fame. And thus in tranquil happiness he grew, Nor the dark secret of his birthright knew. He could not read it in his mother's eyes, He did not hear it in the wind's soft sighs, He never felt it 'mid the flower's rich bloom, The lute, the fountain, neither sang of doom; Clouds never breathed it, nor the dews impearled All these were silent—these, his only world. At last he knew it; childhood passed away, Lovely, but oh! too transient in its stay, And youth was severed from those pleasant years, By the dark barriers of foreboding fears. He took his station by his father's side, And none could further fling the lance, or ride, None bear in games of chivalry a part With nobler seeming-but his heart! his heart! There, like a shadow, the prediction fell; What recked its origin-a madman's cell? He read belief in every glancing eye, He heard it whispered as the breeze swept by, Full oft in words it reached his ready ear When he was nigh, yet none believed him near, And, joined with meaning smile and silent frown, The strength and courage of his heart struck down; Alloyed his nobleness with weaker things, And from his princely spirit rent the wings. Omens could daunt him in his boldest scheme,

A day be saddened by a midnight dream;

To him the stars were oracles of trust,
Masters, not ministers, to human dust;
And he would watch them shining in their spheres,
With lowly reverence, yet with passionate tears,
Forget their beauty in their mystery dim,
Or ask why beauty worked but blight to him?
He could not love them—nought behold as we,
Self-governed, mind-controlled, unfearing, free.

Time rolled along, and he was King at last—
Deem not the dark cloud from his spirit past;
War at his gates; armed hosts without; within,
Trampling, and tumult, and the trumpet's din;
Conquest, defeat, captivity, return,
All that makes cowards quall, the daring burn,
He proved in turn; gay on the banquet night,
Meek in misfortune, gallant in the fight;
But changeful, timid, womaniy in will,
For oh! the doom hung o'er him, crushed him still—
Making each high resolve of heart and mind
Snow in the sunbeam, flower-leaves in the wind.

Years-yet more years-the storm of war swept by, And days of peace came on for low and high; Again saw Granada a peaceful day, And the Alhambra once again was gay. No murderous sound then from the ramparts rung No cloud but of the mist-wreath round them clung The silver mist that, light as beauty's veil, Shone in the sun, and trembled in the gale: Mailed warriors trod no more each marble hall, Nor groans were mingled with the fountain's fall, Bright the pomegranate stirred its odorous head, Calm on the citron groves was sunlight shed. But the Moor roved not 'mid those bowers of bloom-His land the desert now, his home the tomb! Another King within his halls kept court, Another banner waved o'er tower and fort; And he, the Doomed One, driven beyond the wave, Found, for an empire lost, a nameless grave;

### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea, And counted the sands that under it be? Hast thou measured the height of heaven above? Then may'st thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on To the throne of God some wandering son? Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ? Then may'st thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee Go forth on her errand of industry? The bee for herself hath gathered and toiled, But the mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveller, thought, afar. From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast; but on ocean, earth or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought, There is not a truth by wisdom taught, There is not a feeling pure and high, That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever, since earth began, that look Has been to the wise an open book, To win them back from the loss they prize, To the holler love that edifies.

There are teachings on earth and sky and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice beneath, above.
He is heard to speak a mother love.

## MADAM MALIBRAN.

MARIA MALIBRAN was born in Paris, in 1809. She is the daughter of the tenor singer, Garcia, who is justly accounted one of the ablest singing masters of the present day. Madam Malibran is her father's best pupil; but, if popular report may be credited, great perseverance, and even severity, were required to inspire her with a taste for that art in which she now so eminently excels. It was not until she had attained her thirteenth year that she made any satisfactory progress.

When Maria Garcia was only fifteen years of age, she appeared at the King's Theatre as Rosina, in the Barbiere di Seviglia. Her debut was quite unexpected, for she undertook the part merely as a temporary substitute for the prima donna who was regularly engaged. It is well known to all her friends that she was thoroughly practised in the music of the opera; but the admirable style in which she acted the character astonished every one. Her success was triumphant. She soon obtained a regular engagement, and appeared in the character of Felicia, in the Crociato in Egitto, in which she produced an extraordinary sensation, especially in the beautiful trio Giovinetto Cavalier.

Shortly afterwards M. Garcia proceeded with all his family to America. At New York, his daughter appeared at the opera, and performed with the greatest success several difficult characters, Tancredi, Malcolm in La Donna del Lago, Desdemona, &c. Relative to her performance of the latter character, a curious anecdote is told. Garcia played the Moor of Venice, and at the rehearsal he considered his daughter's performance so cold, that he declared his determination to stab her in good earnest at the catastrophe if she did not evince a little more spirit. This threat, in the mouth of a very severe master, was taken seriously by Mademoiselle Garcia. It had a good effect. Her performance was sublime. At the conclusion, her father, in a transport of joy, overwhelmed her with praises and

M. Malibran, a merchant of New York, who was reported to be exceedingly rich, offered his hand to the young cantatrice. He was old enough to be her father; but his vast fortune banished all scruples as to the disparity of age. The marriage took place, and Madam Malibran left the stage. However, her husband shortly afterwards failed and lost all his fortune. It has been alleged that he foresaw this catastrophe when he solicited the hand of Mademoiselle Garcia, and that he speculated on repairing his commercial losses, by the produce of his wife's talents. Be this as it may, Madam Malibran returned to the stage. Her husband's creditors insisted on receiving her salary; and hence ensued conjugal disputes, which ferminated in a separa-

In 1827, Madam Malibran returned to Paris, and on the 14th of January, 1830, she performed at the Theatre Italien for the benefit of Galli-

She played the character of Semiramide, in the opera of that name, and it would be difficult to describe the effect she produced.

Two months afterwards, Madam Malibran obtained no less success at one of the concerts at the Conservatoire. At length, on the 8th of April following, she made a regular debut at the Theatre Italien, where she had obtained an engagement, the terms of which were 50,000 francs for the season, and a free benefit. In every character she undertook, her success was complete; and if, as a singer, she might have feared the powerful rivalry of Mademoiselle Sontag, and the recollections left by Madam Fodor, she was unequalled as an actress, both in tragedy and in comedy, with the single exception of Pasta in the former. Every new part in which she appeared was the occasion of a new triumph. On the 13th of April she displayed all the brilliancy of her powers in Desdemona. A few evenings afterwards, she appeared in the Barbiere, and astonished the audience no less by the novelty of her acting, than by her truly national style of dressing the character of Rosina. Indeed, with regard to costume, it may be truly said, that the example of Madam Malibran has effected a reform at the Theatre Italien.

In May or June following, Madam Malibran visited London, where her performance at the Opera, and at the numerous concerts of the season, fully confirmed the high reputation which had preceded her arrival.

In private, Madam Malibran's manners are distinguished for that natural grace and gaiety, which impart such a charm to her performance in comic parts on the stage. She is passionately fond of her profession, and music is her favourite amusement. Nothing is more delightful than to hear her sing, accompanied by herself on the piano. She is well acquainted with the science of musical composition, and has composed several barcaroles, &c. which are greatly admired. She has, it is said, by dint of prudence and economy, laid the foundation of a fortune, which will soon render her independent.

Within the last few days, the French journals have stated that the process of her divorce from M. Malibran has been decided, and that she has given her hand to Mr. Beriot, the celebrated violinist.

## SPIDERS.

Live and grow without food. Out of fifty spiders produced on the last day of August, and which were kept entirely without food, three lived to the 8th of February following, and even visibly increased in bulk. Was it from the effluvia arising from the dead bodies of their companions that they lived so long? Other spiders were kept in glass vessels without food, from the 15th of July till the end of January. During that time they cast their skins more than once, as if they had been well fed. Redi, Generat. Insect.

#### TIME.

I saw a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose sapid waves were moments, which did glide
So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That, ere their flight was heeded, they were past.—
A river, that to death's dark shores doth fast
Conduct all living, with resistless force,
And though unfolt, pursues its noiseless course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its current with Creation's birth was born;
And with the Heavens commenced its march sublime
lu days, and months, still hurrying on untired—
Marking its flight, I inwardly did mourn,
And of my musing thoughts in doubt inquired
The river's name—my thoughts responded "Time."

#### SONNET.

There was a beautiful spirit in her air;
As of a fay at revel. Hidden springs,
Too delicate for knowledge, should be there,
Moving her gently like invisible wings;
And then her lip out-blushing the red fruit
That bursts with ripeness in the Autumn time,
And the arch eye you would not swear was mute,
And the low tone, soft as a pleasant flute
Sent over water with the vesper chime;
And then her forehead with its loose, dark curl,
And the bewildering smalle that made her mouth
Like a torn rose-leaf moistened of the South—
She has an angel's gifts—the radiant girl!

# CALAMITIES OF CARVING.

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to carve!"

I HATE carving—hate it in all its branches, moods, and tenses-abhor it in all its figures, forms, and varieties. What is carving, in fact, but a spurious kind of surgery, which we are called upon to exercise, without the advantage of a common apprenticeship? Far from crying, like other children, for a knife and fork, my early years were marked by a decided aversion to those weapons; and when my uncle, who brought me up, first put them into my hands, and abstracted my spoon, I regarded it as the loss of a sceptre; nay, its consequences amounted almost to a prohibition of food, and I felt something of the horror of anticipated starvation. Long, indeed, I endured the mortification of seeing dinner come and go without the ability to secure a tolerable meal; for my uncle was a martinet in all matters of the table, and his whim was, that the plates of the youngsters should be removed as soon as the knives and forks of the elder branches had ceased to ply. My cousins got through their work adroitly: they had the advantage of early initiation in the mystery; moreover, they had a natural liking for the instruments which were my abhorrence. With a quick sense of shame, much natural timidity, and an appetite of no ordinary cast, many a meal passed with ineffectual struggles to assuage that hunger which is the unfailing attendant of a sound constitution, and regular bodily exercise. On one occasion, the effort to satisfy myself had nearly cost me my life. Spurred to despair, I attempted to dispatch the slice assigned as my allowance, without the preparatory process of

At length I succeeded in mastering the difficulty of the knife and fork as far as regarded this preliminary step; but, truly is it said— "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Carving was still my abhorrence. An expert carver was ever allied, in my imagination, to an

executioner, or headsman. He who asserts a liking for the art, tells us, we know, a gratuitous falsehood. Your professed carver is a lover of good dinners, a man of tit-bits; his passion for which has conferred upon him the facility of dissection. Can it be credited, then, that he is fond of an art, which imposes the obligation of offering the choicest parts to others in entire exclusion of himself? Can he expect us to believe that he desires to sit utterly dinnerless two or three times a week, as infallibly he must, if he acquit himself in the style the hateful office enjoins? Yet, as I cannot compete with, let me not abuse him. If absurd custom demands that the lady of the house must sacrifice one of her guests to the comfort of the others; or if any one, in an insane moment, volunteers himself as the victim, he gains a reputation which I have never been able to achieve by similar means. It were vain to recount the miseries in which my want of relish for this mystery have involved me. Not to mention the positively painful situations in which it has placed me, the minor distresses I have endured are beyond the power of enume-

Judging by the obstacle the barbarous art of carving has proved to my views, and observing the beneficial effect which has attended adepts in it, I conclude the man who can carve well to be in the direct road to the highest offices of church and state; and if I were asked what were the three grand requisites for success in life, I should unhesitatingly reply, in full conviction of the truth, the first, carving—the second, carving—the third, carving.

I was designed for the church, and despite of my lack of qualification in the carving art, I entered into orders. The living of S——soon afterwards became vacant, and the bishop of the diocese, to whom I was slightly known, and who had been on terms of intimacy with my father, expressed

himself disposed to confer it upon me. The friend to whom I owed this communication, gave me, at the same time, an invitation to dinner for a day in the following week, adding that his lordship would be of the party. I would fain have declined this intended kindness; but reminded that the bishop would be there, whom it was important I should meet—that my temporal interests might greatly depend upon it, I consented, but with a reluctance which, though not expressed, ill comported with the service my friend conceived he was rendering me.

The chance of being placed next to some dish which might call my carving into play, would, in this instance, have dictated a refusal, and in all cases the apprehension has heavily outweighed any enjoyment, which otherwise I might have anticipated. Many a time have I dressed to join a convivial dinner-party with the same stagnation of feeling, the same half-conscious sense of the operation, with which a culprit prepares himself for the scaffold. My mind recoils at the jostling, the shuffling, and manœuvring, I have been guilty of to avoid proximity to a particular dish, which might be supposed to contain a joint; in fact, I have always shirked a large cover, as though a living tiger were crouching beneath it ready to spring upon me. But the day for my meeting the bishop arrived. As it was (to use my friend's expression,) one upon which my temporal interest might greatly depend, I resolved, as far as possible, to atone for my ignorance in carving, by looking through various books upon cookery, which contained carving instructions.

One I was possessed of, which treated largely of this infernal art, and presented pictures of birds and beasts, with lines drawn, indicating the course the knife was to take. I studied hard, and went through the whole list. I then paced my room, and, in imagination, cut up, in the most approved manner, all animals, common and uncommon; and though thus, in some measure, theoretically prepared, still I made my appearance with a fluttering heart at my friend's house. As I entered it, a combination of fumes, escaping from the kitchen, reached my olfactories; and as I followed the servant to the drawingroom, I resolved to avoid conversation before dinner, and recal my morning's study, fixing my particular attention upon the dishes, which I might now, from the hint given to my nose, expect to appear. But, strange to say, none but the most unusual viands would now occur to me: and I was busily engaged in banishing visions of quails, herons, swans, and others of the feathered race, least subject to human mastication, when dinner was announced.

The only seat unoccupied upon my entrance, was one next the lady of the house; and before I could well extricate myself from my musings, my friend begged I would lead her to the dinner room. I offered her my arm therefore, though I would gladly have exchanged this distinction for a howling wilderness; since it seemed to bespeak the probability of my sitting next her, and if so,

I knew too well, though she did not, what was likely to follow. As I augured, so it provedshe assigned his lordship a station on her right hand, and placed me on her left-the post of honour, it might be; but I remember the pillory occurred to me, as a sort of paradise compared The cover being removed, a turbot was exhibited to view; the lady turned to me, requesting my assistance. My last hope, flimsy as it was, hung upon his lordship's soliciting this distinction; but he sat erect and mute; and when she politely handed me the fish-slice and the knife, I felt about as much obliged to her as though she had presented to me a poisoned goblet and a dagger. But there was no retreating; I was tied to the stake.

Now be it known I was no gourmand, and independently of my gross want of skill, I knew not for my soul, why one part of any creature designed for our use was not as good as another. Moreover, the tail of the turbot was towards me, and I judged from this circumstance that it was designed I should commence there. I began therefore at the tail, and insinuating the fishslice at its very extremity, turned over a thin fin-less morsel to his lordship, whose plate was first at my elbow. The bishop looked any thing but the living of S-at me, as it was placed before him. The lady soon perceived my error, and before I had dispatched another plate, pointed to the upper part of the fish. I dashed in the slice, under the superintendance of her fair finger, and detached a portion for the other guests; for every one, as fate would have it, would eat fish, and no one would taste soup-a sound which my ear eagerly longed to catch, as a remission of at least a part of my sentence. Unceasing demands made me desperate, and I laid about me with knife and slice, but with so little address, that before half the company were supplied, the turbot lay an unsightly heap of ruins, and the most experienced eye might have been puzzled to determine what in reality it had originally been. achieved, I waited in grim despair a second attack upon the next dish, and in the brief interval, I had full leisure to observe that I had disconcerted the lady, and displeased the bishop; which did not, however, so entirely absorb my faculties as to conceal the certainty that I was undergoing the ban of several of the other guests. before I could cast up the sum total of my demerits, a servant appeared, bearing an enormous dish and cover, which he placed in the situation the hapless turbot had so recently occupied. The cover being taken off, a turkey was exposed. I had as soon it had been a rhinoceros. However, limited as was my information, I chanced to know that the breast was the favourite part, and desiring to atone to the bishop, on whom I kept a penitent eye for my late infraction of the law of gulosity, and considering I could not do too much to repair my error, I sent him a junk in the form of a wedge, that might have puzzled the capacity of an alderman. Here I was again set right by my fair and offended auxiliary, who, in evident perturbation, audibly whispered"thin, Sir, if you please, thin." I took her at her word, dispatched slices to the others which rivalled Vauxhall. "The cry was still they come;" turkey, nothing but turkey would go down-all the fish eaters had suddenly become bird-fanciers. A legion of plates were at my elbow, and it was now necessary to disengage some of the limbs. My fate had reached its crisis—in endeavouring to cut off one of the legs, I suddenly drove the ill-fated bird to the edge of the dish, and sent the gravy it contained, like a jet d'eau over the spruce dress and rubicund face of his lordship. No trap-door opened under my feet, for which I heartily prayed, and prayed in vain. The bishop, after vainly endeavouring for a moment to rid himself of the effect of the accident, was translated to an adjoining apartment, to which the servants accompanied him, and when he resumed his seat, who can paint the anger that sat on his brow? on the brow of him, who, from his sacred calling and exalted station, is said to be "above the atmosphere of the passions?"

At length the cloth was removed—I had not swallowed a morsel, and the bumpers 1 drank to subdue my uneasiness, assailing an empty stomach and disquieted spirit, soon attacked my brain; I went through almost every grade of intoxication. I talked incessantly; became vehement and vociferous; and finally was fast verging towards something worse, when a glimpse of my unhappy state, before reason was quite dislodged, helped me to discern the expediency of a retreat. I made an abrupt exit, but I have no distinct idea how I succeeded in getting home. All I remember is, that I tripped in the mat on leaving the dinner-room, and turning my head into a battering-ram, made a forcible entry into an opposite parlour, where, as my evil stars would have it, my fair hostess had retired to write a note. I was past making any apology. The servants, alarmed at the noise, ran to my assistance, and though stunned by the encounter between my skull and my friend's mahogany, I recollect, when they took me up, hearing one of them answer the inquiry of the lady, "It's the gentleman, ma'am, what splashed my lord bishop." These were the last words I heard that night, and certainly the bespattered diocesan was the first image that occurred to me the following morning. It was plain my prospects in that quarter were utterly ruined, and as I lay in bed I revolved and re-revolved, with the advantage of a parched tongue and fevered brain, the means of ridding myself at once from all the disquietude which I felt must ever be my lot whilst carving was in fashion. If I looked back I saw nothing but suffering, acute suffering-if forward, I perceived one interminable vista of similar discomforts. It was clear, that to avoid the dissection of dishes, which despite of my efforts to escape were often placed under my distribution, I had feigned sprained wrists, cut fingers, and adilan indisposition, until they could be feigned percent formatting therefore was immediately to be decided upon to relieve me from ing. Mine was no common calamity—a marriage, a bankruptcy, a duel, may occur in the course of a man's life-time; but carving is of diurnal occurrence—no man is safe for four-and-twenty hours—no sooner is one dinner dispatched, than in some way or other, another must be in preparation; and who can endure an everlasting conflict with antipathies? I resolved therefore to quit England, once and forever—a country where the very poor are the only very happy people—for they have no dinners.

Arriving at this determination, I wavered for a time between China and France. The Chinese, I had heard (like sensible people,) always eat alone; but I knew less of their general habits. France occurred to me as the land of ragouts, hashes and fricasees; of course, little or no work for the knife, and much for the spoon. I determined therefore for France. I rose with alacrity, dispatched my affairs, collected my moveables, and made all ready for a start.

Fortune, however, could not be satisfied without a parting blow at me, even when I had consented to succumb to her dictates and expatriate myself. During a ride which I took to bid farewell to my few remaining relatives, I was approaching, about fifteen miles from my house, an inn which I had been in the habit of stopping at, when a fellow belonging to it called to his companion, and exclaimed, in a subdued tone which he thought could not reach my ear "I say, Tom, here comes Chops." I looked round, but perceiving no one, dismounted and entered the Presently after, having ordered some refreshment, I heard one of the waiters in the passage ask another, if a party who had just arrived were to dine in the Unicorn. "No, no," said he, "they can't dine there, Chops is in that room." Assured, as I was the only tenant of it, that they must have some reference to me, I rang the bell, and when the waiter entered, insisted upon an explanation. After much prevarication, and a promise on my part of entire forgiveness whatever it might be, he said, "Why, all the servants calls you so, Sir, because you never orders nothing but chops."

It was too true; my anti-carving faculties had doomed me to a monotony of mutton—to perpetual dinners upon chops.

Now, fortune, I defy thee—I am on board the packet—the wind is fair, and in a few hours I shall be across the channel.

The comparison of human life to the burning and going out of a lamp, was familiar with Latin authors, as we know by the terms senes descrepiti. Plutarch explains the origin of this metaphor thus:—The ancients never extinguished their lamps, but suffered them to go out of their own accord, that it be the last crackle; hence a lamp just about to expire was said—decrepitare, to cease to crackle. Hence, metaphorically, persons on the verge of the grave, were called decrepid men.

### FURNESS ABBEY.

I wish for the days of the olden time,
When the hours were told by the abbey chime,
When the glorious stars look'd down through the midnight

Like approving saints, on the choir's sweet hymn—I think of the days we are living now.

And sigh for those of the veil and the vow.

I would be content alone to dwell
Where the ivy shut out the sun from my cell,
With the death's head at my side, and the missal on my knee,
Praying to that heaven which was opening to me:
Fevered and vain are the days I lead now,
And I sigh for those of the veil and the vow.

Silken broidery no more would I wear,
Nor golden combs in my golden hair;
I wore them but for one, and in vain they were worn
My robe should be of serge, my crown of the thorn;
'Tis a cold false world we dwell in now,
And I sigh for the days of the veil and the vow.

I would that the cloister's quiet were mine;
In the silent depths of some holy shrine;
I would tell my blessed beads, and would weep away
From my inmost soul every stain of clay;
My heart's young hopes they have left me now,
And I sigh for the days of the veil and the vow.

### STANZAS.

Yes lady, thou wilt die. That lip of snow
And that pale brow foretell thy early lot—
The wing of death is o'er thee—thou wilt go
Where broken hearts and blighted flowers are not:
Thou art too beautiful to linger where
The rainbow brightens but to melt away,
And the sweet sounds that wander on the air
But swell the dirge of sorrow and decay.

Yes thou wilt die. Thy spirit soon will leave
This dull cold exile for its place on high,
And, like a bright cloud on a silent eve,
Melt in the deeper glories of the sky;
Thy home will be where bluer skies are glassed
In softer streams mid spring's undying bowers,
And where the winds of autumn never passed,
Nor serpents writhed round passion's sweetest flowers.

Ay, thou wilt die ;—and I shall linger here,
When all the blossoms of the heart arc fled,
To muse on thee and mourn, with bitter tear,
The cold, the lost, the beautiful, the dead;
But, as life's stars in loneliness depart,
Thy memory still, amid the decpening gloom,
Will shine upon the ruins of my heart
Like a lone fire for on the midnight tomb.

## THE EXECUTIONER.

YES, I-I am an executioner-a common hangman!-These fingers, that look, as I hold them before mine eyes, as a part and parcel of humanity, have fitted the noose and strained the cord to drive forth the soul from its human mansion, and to kill the life that was within it! Oh, horror of horrors, I have stood on the public scaffold, amid the execrations of thousands, more hated than the criminal that was to die by memore odious than the offender that tottered thither in expiation, with life half fled already-and I have heard a host of human voices join in summoning Heaven's malediction on me and my disgusting office. Well, well I deserved it; and as I listened to the piercing cry, my conscience whispered in still more penetrating accents-"Thou guilty Ambrose, did they but know all thy meed of wickedness, they would be silentsilent in mere despair of inventing curses deep enough to answer to the depth of thy offence."

What is it that prompts me to tell the history of my transgressions? Why sit I in my solitude, thinking and thinking till thought is madness, and trembling as I gaze on the white and unsoiled paper that is destined shortly to be so foully blotted with the annals of my crime and my misery? Alas, I know not why! I have no power to tell the impulse that compels me—I can only pronounce that the impulse has existence, and that it seems to me as if the sheet on which I write served me instead of a companion, and I could conjure from its fancied society a sort of sympathy in the entireness of my wretchedness.

As some men are born to greatness, so are

some to misery. My evil genius, high heaven and the truth can witness, clutched me in my cradle, and never have I been free from the grasp that urged me onwards and onwards, as though the great sea of destruction was being lashed into tenfold speed and might for the sole purpose of overwhelming me.

Yes, if earliest memory may justify the phrase, from my very cradle was I foredoomed to sin and sorrow. The first recollection that I have of those worldly incidents that marked my daily course, takes me back to a gloomy, marshy, halfsterile spot, deep seated in the fens of Lincolnshire. May I say that I lived there? Was it life to see the same dull round of nothings encompassing me day after day-to have none to speak to, or to hear speak, save an old and withered crone, who to my young comprehension appeared to be fastened down, as it were, to the huge chimney-corner, and who seemed to exist (paradox-like) more by sleeping, than by the employment of any other function of the animal frame? The only variation of this monotonous circle of my days was the monthly arrival of my father, who used to come across the quaggy moor in a sort of farmer's cart, and on whose periodical visits we entirely depended for our provisions for the ensuing month. The parent at all times exercises mighty influence over the mind of his offspring; but were I to attempt to describe that which my father possessed over me, it would seem as if I were penning some romantic tale to make old women bless their stars and crouch nearer to the blazing Christmas log, rather than simply narrating the prime source of all those

curseful events that have made me the wretch I am. Nor need I here describe his power; for each page that I have to write will more and more develop the entireness of his baneful influence over my mind, and show how he employed it to my irretrievable undoing.

Monthly he came; -and as I grew from boyhood into the full youthtide of my blood and vigour, it seemed to me as if I only condescended to live for the recurrence of these visits. The question in my mind was, not what day of the week, or what date of the month it was; but how many days had elapsed since my father's last visit—how many were to elapse before I should see him again. And then, after these periodical heart-aching reckonings, he would come-come but to go again, after a short tantalizing one-day stay. Once-once I ventured to press him to take me with him: my eagerness made me eloquent. I bowed to my very knees in supplication for the indulgence. But in vain-in vain; and it was then, perhaps, that I first fully ascertained the power that he had over my heartay, over my soul-my very soul of souls. Angry at my continued entreaties, he lost his temper, raged till his teeth gnashed in the fierceness of his ire, and bade me again ask to accompany him at the peril of his curse. To me, at that time, his passion was little less than so many dagger-thrusts in my bosom, and I shrank in exquisite anguish from the contest, tremblingly convinced that never again might I dare to urge the cherished desire of my imagination. When I remembered the height of his indignation, it almost seemed as if there must have been something heinous, in an unheard-of degree, in my request: my father, to my mind, was the wisest, the best, and the most judicious of mankind; how could it be otherwise, when he was the only one with whom I had ever held communication, save the crone who appeared to have slept away her brains, if she ever had any? and that wisdom, that goodness, that judiciousness, I had offended! Where, then, was the wonder that I myself cried shame upon the offence?

In this state of things I attained about my twenty-third year, as nearly as I can guess; and then, at last, a change arrived. Great heaven, what a change! Fool that I was, not to content myself with being at least as well off as the beast of the field, or the steed that is stalled and cared for, as far as nature and his appetite make demands upon him. But ignorant, restless, and morbid in my sensations, I must needs have change. It came; and I changed too—into a wretch—an outcast—a thing hated, despised, and hooted at!

It began with an ill omen! I might have foreseen that some deed of horrid circumstance was at hand.

The old woman was seated, as usual in the chimney-corner. She had been sitting there from six in the morning till nine at night, without uttering a syllable—without tasting food, as far as I knew, though during some hours in the day she had been left to herself, while I was

wandering my solitary round through the plashy fens. At length, our hour of nightly rest arrived, and I summoned her from her stationary posture. But she answered not—she moved not: I approached, and gently shook her: I took hold of her withered, wrinkled hand—it was cold and clammy:—I raised her head—it was expressionless—her eye was inanimate. She was dead!

It took some minutes for me to persuade myself that death had indeed been at work. I had thought of death-dreamed of death-pictured death: but now, for the first time, he presented himself to my outward observation, and I shrank with morbid instinct from the task of contemplation. Always a creature of passion—always a creature of waywardness and prejudice-without education, without instruction, without guidance, I had no philosophy to lead me but my own ignorance-no rule of conduct save the ignes fatui of my own imagination. I doubt whether at any time, or with any training, I could have taken my first lesson in mortality without an involuntary shuddering; but circumstanced as I then was, I almost instinctively tottered into a far-off corner of the room, and there, for a while, as I held my hands before my eyes, to shut out all visible presence of the corpse, I seemed as if I was gradually assuming its motionless rigour, and sharing in its cessation of exist-

It was a fearful night; and so the days and nights that followed. From the time of the old woman's decease, to the period of my father's next visit, was a fortnight. Flight from this scene of death was one of the first thoughts that presented itself to my mind—but whither? I had no one clew to guide me in my search for my parent; and to me, every thing beyond the cottage in the fens and its neighbourhood was a blank. As I debated this within myself, I tried to resolve to stay-I determined to confine myself to another room of the narrow dwelling-I ' called upon my energy to assist me in forgetting how nearly I was hand in hand with death. But the task was too much for me-my whole mental faculty succumbed under the attempt-and my brain felt as if it was under the utter dominion of the Prince of terrors; each hour added fresh visions of dismay to those which already appalled me; and when, after the lapse of three or four days, the odour of the decaying corpse spread itself through every portion of the cottage, the thoughts that seized upon my excited imagination became unbearable, and, without plan or project, I almost unwittingly rushed from the abode of my childhood, to face the perils of all that lay before me, unknowing and unknown.

My first steps were those of real flight, prompted by a desire of freeing myself from a sort of incubus that seemed to be urging me on to madness, as long as I remained within its influence. This feeling lent speed to my pace for nearly half the day, and then, when I began to consider the rate at which I had walked—or rather, when I was able to begin to consider any of the circumstances that attended my change, I gradu-

ally obtained the power of perceiving that I was by degrees releasing myself from the painful impulse that had hitherto been pressing me forward. But in proportion as I escaped from these sensations, others of a scarcely less dreary complexion took possession of my mind. Where was I?-What was I about?-Whither was I going?-And how was I to find my father, of whom I did not even so much as know his name?-With these and similar thoughts disturbing my imagination. I found the night fast gathering around me, while I was still vainly extending my gaze in every direction for the abode of man, or any practicable refuge for the destitute wanderer. Vainly, indeed, did I run my aching eyes along the farthest margin of the horizon. Nothing but a low marshy land, with here and there a stunted water-loving tree, was to be seen; and when I turned my glance upwards, the clouds that met my sight appeared as sullen and as gloomy as the prospect which a moment before the earth had presented. But even this was comfortable in the comparison to that which followed; for presently a chilly soaking rain commenced falling: the day completely closed; and I scarcely took a step without finding myself plunged kneedeep in some marish reservoir, or unexpected quagmire. Surrounded with evils, the best that I could do was to choose the least; and, feeling that it was hopeless to pursue my path when all was utter doubt and darkness, I resolved to take shelter in one of the stunted trees which I found scattered over the fens, and there to remain till the morning should begin to dawn. My project succeeded as far as mere rest was concerned, and with cramps and rheums for my bed-fellows. I found that I might hope to pass through the tedious night. But though I thus escaped any farther trials of the treacherous footing that awaited me beneath, the thin and scanty foliage of my tree of refuge afforded no shelter from the pitiless storm, in which the wind and the rain seemed to be playing an alternate game, the one undertaking to dry me as fast as the other drenched me to the skin.

This, then, was my first introduction to the world. This was the "Go on, and prosper," that attended me on my first venturing forth from that dwelling that had hitherto sheltered me. As I sat stilted, as it were, in my dark arbour of slippery branches, amidst which I felt as if couched in a morass, I could not help recalling to my mind the ominous words with which my father had, two years before, prophesied that I should most surely repent any endeavour to make the world and myself more intimately acquainted. Already did I repent! yea, even though the act of my quitting the cottage in this instance had been scarcely more than what I considered to be a sort of self-preservation.

At length morning came. It still rained—a heavy, penetrating, chilling torrent. The wind still roared, as though the northern blast was hallooing to its brother of the east to come and make dreary holyday for the nonce; a hunger, fierce and gnawing, had taken possession of me,

as if that too was in cruel collusion with the elements to crush me. But still, in spite of rain, wind, and hunger, there was light—and with light came hope—with hope, a sort of artificial buoyancy and vigour, which enabled me to descend from my scrambling melancholy couch, and once again to stretch forward in search of some track of human existence.

Whither, or in what direction I wandered, I never was able to satisfy myself, though I have since, more than once, pored over the map of Lincolnshire, with a desire of tracing my first journey from the solitary cottage in the fens, to the habitation of man, and of civilized society. All that I know is, that after nearly exhausting the whole of this second day in fruitless rambling, I at length, even at the moment when I thought I must finally give up the effort, and sink in obedience to declining nature, had my heart gladdened with the sound of the barking of a dog, and by following this aural track, I was fortunate enough to reach the small village of Fairclough a little before nightfall.

How my bosom glowed as I attained this spot of human sojourn! I was like the arctic traveller, who, after having wild beasts for his companions, and snow for his pillow, at last arrives at one of those godsend hunting huts, that to his longing eyes start up in the wilderness, more brilliant than the most gorgeous palace of the East to the perverted gaze of a luxurious emir. Now, thought I, is the hour at length arrived for me to be introduced to my kindred men-now is the world of humanity before-now will every one that I meet be a brother or a sister; -and my heart, too long pent-up, and compelled to be a self-devourer, will find an opportunity for that expansion for which it has so long been yearning.

As I thus communed with myself, I approached a cottage. The door stood invitingly open.—
"Hail, happy omen of the heart that reigns within," cried I; and, with an honest reverence for my own picture of human nature, I entered. The only persons that I perceived inside were a woman and a child, sickly and puling, whom the former was endeavouring to coax from its shrill cry, by the offer of a slice of bread and butter.

It was not till I had fairly crossed the threshold, and found that I was noticed by the female, that I remembered that my errand was a begging one; and the sudden recurrence of the thought threw some little embarrassment into my manner. However, I had no time for consideration; for the woman, without waiting for my address, briefly demanded—"What's your want?"

"For the sake of pity," replied I, somewhat chilled by her words, and still more by the callous manner in which she used them—"for the sake of pity, afford me some food—this is the second day that these lips have gone without a morsel."

"Food, quotha!" reiterated the woman— "hark ye, youngster, did you never hear of rent and taxes, and poor-rates to boot? It is not over much food that we get for ourselves—none that we have to give away. You had better try the overseer."

"The overseer!" returned I, somewhat puzzled as to whom he might be—"alas, I have no strength left to carry me farther! A crust of bread and half an hour's rest is all I ask." And, as I uttered these words, I sank exhausted into a chair that stood near.

"Poor fellow!" cried the occupant of the cottage, probably moved by the too apparent condition to which I was reduced:—"Well, God knows, bread is dear enough, and money is scarce enough, and supper is seldom enough; but if a crust will satisfy you, it shall not be wanting. But, harkye, you can't stay here to eat it; my husband will be here anon, and—"

Scarcely had she uttered the words—hardly was the proffered crust within my grasp, when he, of whom she spoke, made his appearance, with evident symptoms about him that he had not visited the village alehouse in vain.

"How now, Suky," cried he, as he observed my presence—"what does this chap do here?"

"Poor wretch," replied his wife, "it seems as if it were nearly over with him, what with fatigue and what with hunger, so he asked leave to sit down a bit, and rest his poor bones."

"And why the devil did you let him?" surlily demanded the man:—"I'll have no bone-resting here.—Am I the lord of the manor, or squire of the village, that I can afford to take in every pauper that finds his way here?—and who gave him that bread?"

The wife seemed to shrink from the question, while I mustered resolution to reply—" She—who will be blessed for it, as long as heaven blesses charity."

"Heyday," cried the fellow, "why the chap is a Methodist parson in disguise, after all!—Harkye, Mr. Parson-pauper, please to turn out.—Once a-week is quite enough for that sort of thing."

"Do not force me abroad again to-night!—I have not strength to move."

"Hoity toity," exclaimed the drunkard, "you have strength to eat, and pretty briskly too.—And who, do you suppose, is to find your lazy carcass a lodging for the night?—Turn out, I say."

" F'or pity's sake ----"

"Pity be d—d! Turn out, I say,"—and as he spoke he seized me by the collar, and whirling me round by mere brute force, I found myself in an instant outside the cottage; while as a token that all hope of re-entry was vain, he slammed the door violently in my face.

This was my first introduction to the benevolence of mankind:—this was the earliest welcome that awaited the wanderer from the fens. —I groaned, and tottered onwards.

But if this was my first introduction, I soon found that it was by no means a solitary specimen of what was to be presented for my acceptance. Another, and another, and another cottage was tried—and still the same result. I was spurned

by the most cruel—I was unheeded by the most humane—I was neglected by all; and one other much-begrudged crust of bread was all that my importunities were able to obtain. With this I retired to a miserable outhouse attached to a farm at the extremity of the village, and having devoured it, I endeavoured to make myself a bed in the scattered straw that lay strewed about the ground. My hunger, though not altogether appeased, had ceased to press with such torturing pain on my very vitals; and the exhaustion of my frame speedily lulled me to sleep.

Sound and refreshing were my slumbers; and it was not till I was roused by the owner of the

building that I awoke from them.

"Halloo, my fine spark!" cried he; "who gave you permission to take possession of my outhouse? Please to get up, and away; and you may think yourself well off that you escape so easily."

This was a bad omen for begging a breakfast; and I was about to depart without a syllable in reply, when it suddenly crossed my mind that I might at least solicit work. Heaven knows that it was never my desire to live on the bread of idleness, and with how much willingness I was ready to undertake the most menial or the most laborious employment to entitle myself to my daily food.

"Well," cried the farmer, perceiving that I lingered, "will you not take my advice, and disappear, before I show that I am in earnest?"

"I was hoping, sir," replied I, "that you would not take it amiss if I solicited you to give me some work. Indeed, indeed you will find me very willing; and I think I could be useful."

"Useful, youngster! In what?—Can you plough? Can you thrash? Can you reap?"

A mournful negative was my reply. "But I am ready to learn."

"And who is to pay for your teaching? Besides, a pretty hope it would be that you will ever be good for any thing, when we find a tall strapping fellow like you, who has been too idde as yet to learn to plough or to reap. No, no, thankye, we have plenty of paupers here already, and I have no fancy to add to the number, by giving you a settlement in the parish. So, good day, my friend; and when you again offer to work, see if you cannot give yourself a better character."

Again baffled in hope, and checked in spirit, I moved away, seeing but too clearly that the village of Fairclough was no resting-place for me-

"Oh, father, father!" cried I, with bitterness in my accent, as I paced slowly forward— "where am I to seek you? How am I to find you?"

It was a dreary day in March that again witnessed me—a wanderer—creeping along on my unpurposed journey, and tracking my weary way from spot to spot, as chance or destiny might direct. The early produce of the fields afforded me a scanty, miserable breakfast; and as I looked upwards, and saw the linnet and the finch flitting with a gay carol over my head, a

sort of envy of their condition seized me, and, instead of glorying in my station, as one of the master works of nature, I mourned at the shackled unhappiness of my lot. What now had become of my fancy-decked picture of the all-receiving brotherhood of mankind? Whither had flown the friendship, the kindness, the heart-in-hand welcome that I had so fondly dreamt waited my arrival in the abodes of the world? Fictions! Empty, deceitful fictions, that had betrayed me to myself, and that, for a short moment, had taken the place of the withering, frightful truth, that for the houseless, penniless wanderer there was no sympathy, no hospitable tendering to his necessities!

Thus, for many days, straved I through the humid atmosphere of a Lincolnshire March, now and then reaping one miserable meal, or one measured draught of milk from a whole village, but more often feeding on the vegetable productions of the hedges and the fields, and trusting to the chances of the road for a nightly shelter.

Meanwhile, I felt that my heart was gradually changing within me, I had brought it into the world of men, with its offering of love and kindness, but none would accept it-none would reciprocate to it; it was the heart of a beggar, and society cried, Out upon it! I began to ask myself gloomy and frightful questions-questions that no heart ought to be forced to ask itself. As I laboured along in solitude, misery, and neglect, I demanded of myself a thousand times-"Why am I to have love for man, when mankind has none for me?"

At length accident conducted my steps to the little town of Okeham, the capital of Rutlandshire. There the hedges, and the other cold cheer of nature failed me, and I was compelled to beg for my very existence. It is impossible to describe the disgust with which I contemplated this necessity. The rebuffs with which, one after another, I had met, had sickened upon my soul, and I felt that the mere act of petitioning charity was like offering my cheek to be smote, or my person to be insulted. It was nothing short of utter starvation that was able to drive me to it.

But it seemed as if my evil genius was accumulating the venom of disgrace for me. It was my ill fortune to select, as my first house of trial, the abode of one of the constables of the town; and the words of imploring charity were not cold from my mouth, ere this high official burst forth in a strain that astonished even me, accustomed as I was to rebuke and reproach, for daring to announce that hunger had on me the same effect as on the rest of mankind. According to this man's creed, I was a villain, a vagabond, and a rapscallion, and I ought to go on my knees to thank him for not instantly dragging me before a magistrate, to be dealt with as the heinousness of my presumption demanded. Alas! he might have spared his wrath, for I was too well accustomed to rejection not to take the first hint, and shrink from an encounter where all power was on one side, and all irresistance on the other.

"Come with me, my poor fellow," exclaimed a gentle voice that was hardly audible amid the constabulary storm that I had raised. "Come with me, and I will afford you such poor assistance as my wretched means will allow. I am your twin-brother in misery, and my ear too well

knows the cry of distress."

I looked round to see what angel it was that thus pronounced the first real words of kindness that had reached me since my secession from the cottage in the fens. He who had spoken was a thin, sickly-looking youth, about eighteen or nineteen years of age; and when his face was scanned, though only for a moment, the beholder would feel that there was no need for his confession of misery. Sorrow, and well-nigh despair, were seated there; and his thin uncoloured cheek declared the waste that grief had inflicted on his heart.

"Come with you, indeed!" cried the man or office, tauntingly. "Why, that will be rogue to rogue with a vengeance; and I suppose we shall have a pretty account by to-morrow, of some

burglary to be looked after."

When I took my first glance at my new friend, it seemed to me as if nothing but art could have lent colour to his sallow countenance; but nature was more strong in him than I had imagined, and as he listened to the words that were uttered by this overbearing Dogberry, the quick blood bubbled to his cheek, and he glowed with the full fire of indignation, as he replied-" I would that the law permitted me to commit a burglary on thy wicked heart, that I might break it open, and show mankind how four a composition may be cased in human substance. But no matter-I speak to iron! Come, good fellow," added he, turning to me, "we will avoid this iniquitous libel on the species, and seek another spot for farther conversation."

" Now that's just what you won't," roared his brutal opponent:-" I rather suspect what you have said amounts to a threat of assault; and I shall ask Justice Goffle about it; but at all events I know that this ragged barebones, who seems to be all at once your bosom friend, has brought himself within the vagrant act; so you may go and seek your conversation by yourself, or along with your father, who is snug in the lock-up, for you know what; for as to this youngster he stirs not till Mr. Goffle has had a word or two with him; and then perhaps a month at the tread-mill may put him into better condition for the high honour of your friendship."

He suited the action to the word, for before he had finished his speech, I felt myself within his

nervous gripe.

The youth saw that opposition was vain. For my own part 1 felt no inclination to struggle or contend: the one drop of liquid tempering, with which his words of sympathy had softened my heart, was again dried up and consumed by the new cruelty that attended on my destitution; and I felt a sort of bitter satisfaction that my last week's resolve of hatred against mankind had escaped the peril of being shaken by the benevolent offer of this exception to his species.

Under the watchful custody of the constable, I was speedily conveyed to the presence of Mr. Justice Goffle: my offence was too evident to admit of a moment's doubt; he who had captured me, was at once my prosecutor, my convicting witness, and my custos to lead me, according to the sentence of the law, and of Mr. Justice Goffle, to a fortnight's imprisonment and hard labour in the jail of the town. In another half hour, I was safely lodged within its gloomy walls.

The first lesson which I there learned was, that the criminal and the offender of the laws were better fed than the harmless, wretched wanderer, whose only sin was that of being hungry in obedience to nature's ordinances. I could hardly believe my senses when I had proffered to me, and without asking for it either, a substantial meal—such a one as had not gladdened my sight since I quitted the cottage in the fens: and, as I silently devoured it, I tried to account for the phenomenon, but in vain; it was too much for my philosophy. It did not, however, tend to ease the cankering hatred against mankind that was fast eating into the very core of my every sensation.

My next lesson was one still more mischievous. It was that which I received from my fellow-prisoners, and which was made up of vain-glory for the enormity of their crimes that were passed, and of wily subtle resolves for the execution of those that were to come. A week before I had held all mankind to be excellent and lovely. I how deemed the whole race wicked and pernicious.

The third morning after my initiation into Okeham jail, I perceived an unusual bustle taking place: the turnkeys crossed the yard in which we were confined with more than their usual importance; and the head jailer rattled his keys with extraordinary emphasis. What to me would have been a long unravelled mystery, if left to my own lucubrations, was speedily explained by some of my companions. It was the day for the commencement of the assize—the judges were hourly expected—fresh prisoners were being brought in from the various locksup, and every thing was in preparation for their reception. Presently a buzz went round among those that were already confined, anticipatory of a fresh arrival of colleagues in misfortune, and a minute afterwards the yard-gate was unlocked.

"Pass in Edward Foster, committed for horse-stealing," shouted one of the turnkeys, outside.

"Edward Foster passed in," echoed his brother turnkey, who stood at the yard-gate; and the new prisoner, on his appearance among us, was received with a cheer by the gaping crowd of malifactors, as Lucifer might be by his kith and kin of fallen angels on his arrival at Pandemonium. After the lapse of another minute, Foster was conveyed to a solitary cell, in token of his being confined on a capital charge.

\* Pass in Stephen Lockwood, king's evidence, and committed for want of sureties," again shouted the same voice, from without.

"Stephen Lockwood passed in," repeated he at the gate.

The crowd of prisoners gathered round the entry as nearly as they dared approach; and, on receiving this other new comer among them, saluted him with a threatening groan, that ran round the old walls of the jail, for the purpose of showing their contempt of "the snivelling 'peach."

He who was thus welcomed to his dungeon, made his way as speedily as he could through the mob of jail-birds, and approached the spot where I was standing, probably so induced, from its being the least crowded part of the yard.

Eternal Heaven! what were my horror and astonishment, on perceiving that it was my father that thus drew near!

Our mutual recognition was instantaneous, but before I could speak, he muttered hastily—"Not a word of our relationship before these wretches."

It was some time before the indignant criminals that surrounded my father, afforded us an opportunity of conversation. When at length we had an opportunity of exchanging a few words without being overheard, my parent demanded of me the circumstances that had made me the inmate of a prison. When they were recounted—" It is well," cried he, "fate has brought us together in its own mysterious way. It is well!—it is well!—But we may yet be revenged on the world."

My eyes gleamed with delight at the sound of the word "revenge;" and I echoed it from the very bottom of my soul. It was easy for my father to understand the spirit in which I uttered it; for it had been with no cold-blooded suppression of manner that I had narrated to him my adventures since I had quitted the cottage in the fens.

"But you, my father," cried I, "why are you here?"

"Hush," whispered he, "this is no place to relate the tale of my wrongs and of my wretchedness. Your sentence of imprisonment will be over in-twelve days; and till then we must restrain ourselves. I have a dreadful story for your ears."

"But how soon shall you be free!"

"In four or five days, beyond all doubt:—the trial for which I am detained is expected to come on to-morrow, after which I shall be at liberty. On the day of the expiration of your imprisonment, I will wait for you outside the jail. Meanwhile, feed your heart with thoughts of vengeance the dearest, sweetest, only worldly solace that remains for men so undone as Stephen Lockwood and his progeny."

Dreadful was the anxiety with which I counted the hours till that of my release arrived. My father's calculation as to his own term of imprisonment proved to be correct; and for the last eight days of my confinement I was left

alone to brood over my heart's wild conjectures—born of the dark and mysterious hints that he had poured into my ear.

At length the day of my restoration to liberty arrived, and, true to his word, I found my parent waiting for me in eager expectation outside the prison.

"Follow me," cried he hastily, as soon as he perceived that I was by his side:—"follow me to the fields beyond the town; for I have those things to relate that other than you must never hear."

I obeyed in silence, for my whole soul was so completely wrapt in expectation of that which he had to communicate, that I sickened at the thought of dwelling on any less momentous subject. He, as we strode along, was equally reserved; but I could perceive that the thoughts that were raging within him were of sufficient potency to disturb the outward man, and to give a wildness of action to his demeanour that I had never before observed, save on that one occasion when I had pressed him beyond endurance to make me his companion, by releasing me from my sojourn at the cottage in the fens.

At length we arrived at a secluded spot some distance from the town we had just quitted, and where a long, blank, nearly untrodden moor gave promise that we might escape interruption.

"It is here, Ambrose," cried my father, suddenly pausing in his progress, "it is here that we will take our stand; hateful man cannot approach us without being seen—the roaring wind cannot blab our secrecies, for none are nigh to catch the whisper it conveys—trees and darkling coverts there are none to hide our foe, or permit his stealthy footstep to creep unwarily upon us:—here, then, here we may talk truths, and cry aloud for vengeance without fear or hinderappe."

I was all ear, but murmured not a sound. Like the tyro in the schools, I waited to be led to my conclusions; and with the sentiments that I entertained towards my father, his words seemed to be those of one inspired.

He himself paused as though it required some great effort to enable him to commence his tale. At length he continued—"The time is now come, Ambrose, when I have to place before you the circumstances that induced me to fix your residence in the lonely spot you have so lately quitted, in the hopes of sheltering you from the unkind treatment of that world that has used your father so bitterly. The time is come, and with it our revenge. Listen, my son, that you may learn the grudge you owe to man—that you may be taught how to resent the wrong that was inflicted on you long before you dreamt that mischief had station on the earth, or had played you false in your very earliest existence."

"Your every word, my father, reaches the very centre of my heart. I am in your hands: mould me to your bidding."

"You will require no moulding, Ambrose. My tale will be sufficient to direct your course. Listen:—I was born of humble parents in the

village of Ravenstoke; and though I had the misfortune to lose both my father and my mother almost before I knew the value of such beings, the evils that attend a child of poverty were averted by the kindly notice of the principal family of the place. The good man at its head, and who never made fall a tear till death took him from the world, early noticed me, and was pleased to think that he saw in me sufficient capacity and promise to befit me to be the companion of Edward, his only child, whose years were pretty nearly the same as my own. Thus in happiness and content passed away my youth; but it only seemed as if the demon that had marked me for his prey, was resting for the purpose of accumulating his whole force in order to crush me. In a neighbouring village, to which my walks had been frequently directed, there lived a maiden whose gentleness of disposition and beauty of person had won for her the affection of all who were blessed enough to be acquainted with her. In my eyes she was even more than my young fancy, ever too busy in picturing forth happiness and loveliness, had at any time conjured to the vision of my senses. Need I say that I loved-loved to distraction, and how more than mortally happy I deemed myself when I received from the fair lips of Ellen a half-whispered approval of my love? Oh, my Ambrose, I cannot recal those early days of fondness and affection, and prevent the hot tears coursing down my cheeks, there to stream as witnesses of my devotion, till the bitter recollection of the manner in which that devotion was abused dries up the liquid testimony at the very source, and leaves me even now, after the lapse of twenty years, the victim of a distorted faithtoo fresh, too real, and too scathing, ever to be extinguished till this body is returned to moulder with the dust."

As Lockwood thus spoke, his eyes gave proof of the fulness of his feelings; and some minutes elapsed before he was able to proceed.

"I must be brief, Ambrose, with the rest of my story, for I feel that my heart will scarcely allow me words to conclude it. When Ellen had confessed her affection for me, there was nought to prevent our union, and a few weeks, therefore, saw me, as I deemed myself, the happiest of men; and our dearest hope appeared to be that we might live and die with one another. The hour of separation-fatal, fatal separationhowever, arrived; and to oblige Edward, who, on the death of his father, had succeeded to the family property, which was somewhat involved, I consented to go to the East Indies for him, relative to an estate there on which he had a considerable claim. This journey, and the delay which I met with abroad, occupied two years; and it was with a heavy heart that I quitted Ellen, who, on the eve of being brought to bed, was in no condition to share with me the fatigues of a long sea voyage. Well might my heart be heavy with presentiment! Could it have anticipated all that was to happen, it would have turned to lead, and refused to obeyits natureappointed functions. At length the day of my return approached: each hour that the ship neared England I stood on the deck, counting the lazy minutes, and stretching my eyes landward, in the hope of catching the first glimpse of the white cliffs of my native land; and so, when I reached the shore, I reckoned each moment an age till the happy one should arrive that was to restore me to the arms of my wife. There was no such moment in store for me; for just as I was quitting the metropolis for Ravenstoke, I met an old village acquaintance, who felled my every hone with the intelligence that my Ellen -mine-she whom I had deemed to be the truest, the faithfullest of her sex-was living with another-acknowledged, brazen, barefaced before the whole world, and in defiance of the thousand vows in the face of God and man by which she had pledged berself mine, and mine alone. You may well start with astonishment, my son, and gaze wildly, as if in doubt of the truth of this atrocity. So started I-so doubted I-till evidence beyond evidence bore bitterest conviction to my soul. But the whole is not yet told.-Ellen's falsity came not single. He who had seduced her from her liege affections showed with equal perjury before high Heaven. It was Yes, Edward-my friend, my companion;—he for whom I had quitted my gentle wife and peaceful home-Edward, the monster, the traitor, the fiend begot of sin essential, had taken advantage of the opportunity, which he himself had solicited, of my friendship, and stolen from me, by double deceit and treason, the prize that I cared for more than life or any thing on earth."

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed 1, overwhelmed by the dreadful incidents that had been narrated—" and am I the son of this wretched mother? Was I thus early doomed to misery?"

"It is too true," replied my father; "you are the child of whom I left Ellen pregnant when I departed on the ruinous errand besought by ber seducer. When the fact of your mother's crime was made conviction to my senses, a thousand different modes of action poured in upon my brain; and, the creature more of impulse than of reason, I hurried to Ravenstoke to confront the guilty pair. It was evening when I arrived—even such an evening as this—gloomy, dark, and cheerless-yet in high accordance with the thoughts that urged me forward. As I hurried across the park that led to the mansionhouse, a pony-chaise overtook me. I turned on its approach, and for a moment my senses forsook me at the sight of Ellen, who with you for her only companion, was driving quickly homeward to avoid the threatening storm. My voice arrested her farther progress, as I groaned rather than uttered- Ellen!'- Wife! At the summons she descended from the chaise, after wrapping you in her cloak as you lay along the seat, asleep and unconscious. What words I addressed to her I can hardly tell:-they were those which flowed at the dictation of a brain almost mad at the injury it had sustained; while her answer was none save tears and sobs of heaviness. At length she broke from the grasp with which, in my anguish, I had seized her—and then—then—Oh God, I cannot speak the words that should tell the rest!"

"For pity's sake, my father," murmured 1, sunk in the fearful interest of his story—"for pity's sake, the end in a word—the end—the end!"

"Yes, yes!—the end, the end!" he echoed fiercely:—it is one she earned, and it is wanting to make whole the frightful tale. Ambrose—Ambrose—she burst from my grasp, and rushed into a copse hard by. I pursued her, but in vain; for the momentary pause I had made in wonder at her meaning, had removed her from my sight, and I followed at random, guessing the direction she had taken as nearly as I might: after thus speeding for a few minutes, I reached the side of an ornamental lake that adorned the park, and there again caught glimpse of her by the dim light of a clouded moon, as she reached the opposite bank. Ambrose—Ambrose—cannot you imagine the rest?"

"Oh, father, was it so indeed?—And none to save her?"

"Was not I there, boy?—Thrice I dived into the bosom of the waters, after hurrying to the bank from which she had precipitated herself into destruction—thrice did I dive to the very depth of the pool-but in vain-I could not find her-the circuit of the lake that I had to make had afforded too much time to her fatal intention; and the attempt to find her body was fruitless. Mad with a thousand contending emotions, I returned to the chaise, and heard your little voice crying for your mother. It was then that I remembered my child, which the crime of its parent had made me forget. I took you in my arms; and as I gazed upon your innocence, my heart softened; and I resolved to put revenge aside for a while till I had secured you from peril. It was this that made me place you under the care of the old crone at the cottage in the fens."

"But why was I kept there so long?"

"That remains yet to be told; and I shall have finished my narrative. As soon as you were safely provided for, the desire of vengeance again assumed its empire in my bosom; and I returned to Ravenstoke, hardly knowing what my purpose was, but whispering to myself, 'Revenge! Revenge!' each moment of my journey. But even revenge had then for the season forsworn me. On my arrival at the village, the man who had so deeply injured me had the audacity to have me taken into custody on the charge—hear it, Ambrose, and help me to curse the villain-on the charge of having destroyed Ellen. I destroy Ellen !- Alas, alas, it was she who had destroyed me, if the banishment of peace, and of happiness, and of joy, for ever and for ever from my bosom. can be called by so poor a name as destruction. Of course, I need not tell you that when the matter came to trial I was instantly acquitted; but the event had given me timely warning of the extent to which the seducer of Ellen was

able to carry his devilish contrivance to ruin the man he had already so deeply wounded; and I resolved to keep you—my only hope—in obscure concealment till the time should have arrived when I might call on you to join me in revenging my dishonour and Ellen's unhappy fate."

" And has that time arrived?"

"It has, Ambrose!—And though we stalk on this dreary moor, the very outcasts of mankind, great and mighty is the revenge that is at hand for us."

"Let us grasp it then," cried I, fully wrought to the purpose—" Let us grasp it then, and urge

"Well said, well said, my son!-Oh, what

it to the quick."

years of labour has it not cost me to bring events to their present aspect! But the labour is well repaid. For the sake of revenge, I have consorted with villains of every description-I have sacrificed all and every thing to them, on the one sole bargain, that they should ruin my hateful foe; and well have they kept their word! The mouster, a year or two after the death of Ellen, dared to marry. I was glad to the very heart when I heard of it; for I felt that the more ties he formed, the more ways there would be to pierce him to the heart. But his wife died too soon-before I had time to sacrifice her on the tomb of Ellen; and his son, the only offspring of the marriage, has as yet eluded my vigilance. But the father, Ambrose, the father! He is fast within my clutch! My emissaries taught him the art of throwing dice, and throwing away his estates—they inoculated him with the gambler's dreadful disease; and, for the last twelve months, he has been a ruined man in his fortunes. Desperate have been the efforts that he has made to redeem himself; but I was at hand, though never seen; and my master-mind, fraught to the very brim with his destruction, would not allow them to succeed. At length his despair was fed to its proper pitch, and I resolved to give the final blow, for which I had waited twenty long years with that exemplary patience which revenge only could bestow. I had it proposed to him, by his most familiar blackleg, and on whom his only hopes of success rested, that they should proceed to Newmarket on a scheme, which, it was pretended, could not fail of realizing thousands. The only difficulty was, how they should get there, being at that time at Doncaster on a speculation that, through my interference, had utterly failed, and left my enemy altogether penniless; in which condition, the faithful blackleg also pretended to be. When his mind was sufficiently wrought upon by the picture of absolute and irremediable ruin that would happen, in the event of their not being able to reach Newmarket the very next evening, my agent, according to my instructions, proposed the only alternative -that of helping themselves to a horse a-piece out of the first field that afforded the opportunity, and by that means reaching the desirable spot that was to prove to them another el Dorado. For a long while my enemy wavered, and I almost trembled for my acheme; but at length

the longed-for thousands that flitted in fancy before his eyes, gilded the danger of the means of passage, and he consented. It was then, Ambrose, that I felt that revenge at length was mine, and I almost danced and sang in the extacy of my delight. Pursuant to my directions, my agent informed him who was so nearly caught within my meshes, that he had a companion to take with him, who would be absolutely necessary for the prosecution of the Newmarket scheme; and when the night for departing arrived, I was introduced as this third person. I had little fear of Edward's remembering me after a lapse of twenty years, each of which had added care. sorrow, and affliction to the lineaments of my countenance; but to guard against the possibility of danger, I muffled myself in a large cloak, and spoke the little that I uttered in a disguised voice. Every thing succeeded according to my wishes. After walking a couple of miles out of Doneaster, we came to a field where the cattle we needed were grazing; and each seizing his prize, and obtaining, with silence and caution, from the farmer's outhouse, the necessary harness, we soon found ourselves at full speed on the highway towards Newmarket. Edward was dreadfully agitated as he rode along; and once or twice I feared that he would fall from his seat but worse evil awaited him. I will not, however, occupy our time by detailing all the minutiæ of my scheme. Suffice it to say, that after giving the hint to my faithful agent to make his disappearance, I contrived that Edward and myself on reaching the village of Stretton, should be apprehended on suspicion; and that that suspicion should be made conviction by my voluntcering as king's evidence. The rest you almost know. You yourself witnessed Edward Foster's committal to jail for horse-stealing, and my detention as the chief witness against him:-and most probably have heard, that on my evidence he was nine days ago convicted, and ordered for execution."

"Conviction!—Execution!" exclaimed I.—
"Then our revenge is indeed complete!"

"Not quite," muttered my father; "there is one other step to make it as perfect as my sweeping desire could wish."

"Mean you a step beyond the grave? I know of none other—and only know that is impossible."

"No, Ambrose, not beyond the grave, but the step to the grave!—Ask your heart! Does it feel hatred and disgust towards the man that has made wretched one parent, and scandalous the other?—that has condemned yourself to wander fortuneless and honourless over the cheerless face of the earth?—Ay, ay, boy; your gleaming eye and flushing cheek tell me the reply that your heart has already put forth. And I ask you, would it not be revenge's most glorious consummation, to repay your dreadful debt to Foster, by yourself dealing unto him that death which the law has awarded for his crime?"

"Father, father, what words are these Per

"Milk-livered boy! Why blanches your-

sheek, when I held within your clutch the very satisty of vengeance? Why clench you not the precious boon? Or are you a man but in seeming, and a puling infant in resolve?"

"Speak on, father—speak on—it seems to me as if each word you utter burns deeper and deeper into my brain, searing, as it goes, those doubtful agitations of my soul, that would raise a trembling opposition to your bidding. But they shall not! No, no! Down, down! Your wrongs shall answer the cry of humanity—my mother's fatal end the appeals of tenderness!"

"Now," cried Lockwood, "I know you for my son. But we have talked too much—action should be doing. The death of our foe is appointed for the third day from this; and I have learned, beyond doubt, that owing to there not having been an execution in Okeham for many years, the Sheriff finds great difficulty in procuring the proper functionary. It was this that stirred me to the hope that you would volunteer to the office; and I thank you that my hope has not been deceived. You must away to the Sheriff instantly, and get appointed; that attained, I trust to be able so to instruct you, that failure in the performance will be impossible."

I obeyed—ay, I obeyed! I was successful! The honesty of human nature was scouted from my heart by the towering voice of the worst passion that ever cursed the breast of man.

The morning of execution arrived, and found me ready for my office. As the time had gradually grown nearer and nearer, my father had perceived, with dread, that misgivings, in spite of myself, shook my whole frame; and, in order to be more sure, he had kept me at carouse the whole of the previous night, in the miserable back street lodging that afforded us shelter.

The morning arrived; and, drunk with passion, vengeance, and brandy, it found me ready for my office.

The solemn tolling of the prison bell announced the hour of death to be at hand, as I awaited the coming of the prisoner in the outer cell. How I looked—how I acted—I know not; but, as well as I remember, it seems to me now as if I was awakened from a torpor of stupefaction on hearing the clanking of the chains that announced the approach of Foster; the sound reached my ear, more heart-chilling than the heavy tolling knell, that answered as if in echo; but I had not forgotten my lesson; I beat my hand against my brow, and whispered "vengeance" to the spirit that was so ill at ease within. It was at that moment, that, for the first time, I beheld Edward Foster; he was not such as my soul had depicted. I pined for him to look hateful, ferocious, and bloody; but his aspect was placid, gentle, and subdued. I could have stormed in agony at the disappointment.

My first duty was to loosen his arms from the manacles that held them, and supply their place with a cord. As I fumbled at the task, I could feel myself trembling to the very fingers' ends; and it seemed as if I could not summon strength to remove the irons. My agitation must have

attracted Foster's notice; for he looked at me, and gently sighed.

Gracious God, a sigh! I could as little have believed in Foster sighing as in a tigress dandling a kid. Was it possible that he was human after all? How frightfully was I mistaken! I had imagined that I had come to officiate at the sacrifice of something more infernal than a demon!

At length, with the assistance of a turnkey, every thing was prepared, and we mounted the scaffold of death. Short shrift was there; but it seemed to me as if the scene was endless; and when I looked around on the assembled multitude, I imagined that it was to gase on me, and not on Foster, that they had congregated.

All was prepared. With some confused recollections of my father's instructions, I had adjusted the implement of death; and the priest had arrived at his last prayer, when the dying man murmured, "I would bid farewell to my executioner." The clergyman whispered to me to put my hand within those of Foster.

I did do it! By Heaven, I did do it! But it seemed as though I were heaving a more than mountain load, and cracking my very heart-strings at the task, as I directed my hand towards his. He gently grasped it, and spoke almost in a whisper.

"Young man," said he, "I know not how this bitter duty fell to your lot—yours is no countenance for the office; and yet it comes upon my vision as a reproach. God bless you, sir! This is my world-farewelling word; and I use it to say—I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven."

My hand no longer held, dropped from his; and the priest resumed his praying. I could not pray! Each holy word that was uttered, seemed not for Foster, but for me—stabbing, not soothing.

At length the dread signal was given; and mechanically—it must have been, for the action of my mind seemed dead within me—mechanically I withdrew the bolt, and Foster was dead swinging to the play of the winds—the living soul rudely dismissed, the body a lifeless mass of obliterated sensations.

A deep hoarse groan ran round the multitude—that groan was for me. It gave token of an eternal line of separation drawn between me and the boundaries of humanity.

Oh, that the groan had been all!—But there was one solitary laugh, too—dreadful and searching. It was my father that laughed, and it struck more horror to my soul than the groan of a myriad.

Oh, that the groan, and the laugh had been all! As I crept away through the prison area, where each one shrank from me with disgust, I passed close to a youth deep bathed in tears, and some one whispered to another, "It is poor Foster's son!" What devil tempted me to look in his looked—and he looked!—Oh, consummation of wretchedness, it was Foster's son—and it was he also who had offered to share with me his slender

pittance on my first arrival at Okeham! As he gazed on me, a deep heavy sob seemed as though his heart was breaking.

I rushed from the spot like one mad. In all my misery, in all my wickedness, I had fondly clung to the recollection of that youth and his goodness, as the shipwrecked mariner to the creed-born cherub that he pictures forth as the

guardian of his destiny. But this blow seemed to have destroyed my only Heaven. I had not even this one poor pleasurable thought left me to feed upon. His sob thrilled in my ear, as though it would never end; and the womanly sound was more overwhelming and more excruciating than the despising groan of the mob, or the atrocious laugh of Lockwood.

### LET US DEPART:

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Louder and louder, gathering round, there wander'd Over the oracular woods and divine sea, Prophesyings which grew articulate.—SEELLEY.

Night hung on Salem's towers, And a brooding hush profound Lay where the Roman Eagle shone, High o'er the tents around--

The tents that rose by thousands, In the moonlight glimmering pale; Like white waves of a frozen sea, Filling an Alpine vale.

And the temple's massy shadow Fell broad, and dark, and still; In peace, as if the Holy One Yet watch'd his chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard In that old fane's deepest heart, As if mighty wings rush'd by, And a dread voice raised the cry, "Let us depart!"

Within the fated city
Ev'n then fierce discord raved,
Though through night's heaven the comet-sword
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare, Through the dark streets ringing high, Though every sign was full which told Of the bloody vintage nigh:

Though the wild red spear and arrows Of many a meteor host, Went flashing o'er the holy stars, In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard In the temple's deepest heart, As if mighty wings rush'd by, And a voice cried mournfully, Let us depart!"

But within the fated city
There was revelry that night;
The wine-cup and the timbrel nofe,
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer
Went bounding through the hall,
And the music of the dulcimet
Summon'd to festival.

While the clash of brother-weapons
Made lightning in the air,
And the dying at the palace-gates
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard At the temple's thrilling heart; As if mighty wings rush'd by, And a dread voice raised the cry— "Let us depart I"

### THE SILENT WATER.

WREN that my mood is sad, and in the noise
And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke,
I bend my footsteps from its hollow joys,
And sit me down beside this little brook.
The waters have a music to my ear,
It glads my soul to heer.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,
Shut in from all intrusion, by the trees,
That spread their giant branches, wide and free,
The growth of many silent centuries,
And make a hallow'd time for hapless moods,
The sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter—none like me,
Do seek it out with such a fond desire;
Poring with idlesse mood on flow'r and tree,
And hearing but the voiceless leaves respire,
As the far travelling breeze, above the spring,
Rests here its wearied wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,
And sweet companions from their fruitful store,
Of merry cives, and fairles deck'd with dew,
Fantastic creatures of an ancient lore—
Watching their wild, but unobtrusive play,
I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch—the root of an old oak,
Whose branches yield it moss and canopy,
Is mine—and so it be from woodman's stroke
Secure, shall never be resigned by me;
It hangs above the shallow stream that plies,
Trembling, beneath my eyes.

There with eye, sometimes shut, but upwards bent, Listless, I muse, through many a quiet hour; While every sense, on earnest mission sent, Returns, thought-guided, back with bloom and flew'r Persuing, though rebuked by those who mois, A profitable toil.

And still the waters, trickling at my feet,
Thrill on their way with gentle melody,
Yielding a music, which the leaves repeat,
As upwards the enamour'd zephyrs fly;
Yet not so rude as to send one sound,
Through the thick copes around.

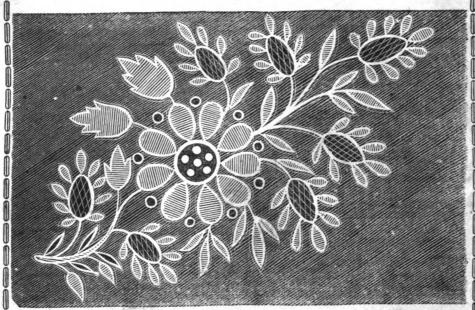
Sometimes, a brighter cloud than all the rest,

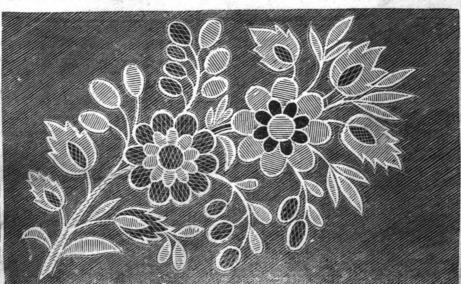
Hangs o'er the arch-way, opening in the trees;
Breaking the spell, that like a slumber press'd,
On my worn spirit, its sweet luxuries;
And with awkward vision, upward bent,
I watch the firmament.

How like its sure and undisturbed retreat, Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm— To the pure waters trickling at my feet, The bending trees that overreach my form, So far as sweetest things of earth may seem, Like those of which we dream.

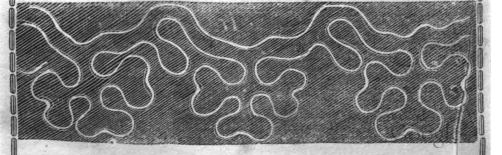
Thus, to my mind, is the philosophy,
Taught by the bird, that carols o'er my brow—
He perches on the branch, but instantly,
Leaps to the szure world that hides him now—
With a most lofty discontent, to fly
Upward from earth to sky.

CROWN PATTERNS.





SIDE PATTERN.



# POUR ET CONTRE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong."

"It has been an exploded notion these twenty years!" exclaimed Mrs. Saville Clarence, "and my only astonishment is, that you tolerate such prejudices, or rather how such prejudices can, in the nineteenth century, enter your head."

"Nay, Juliet, the wonder is, or ought to be, how you, a—a sensible, well-educated, and truly avery pretty woman, can indulge in such ruthless frivolity—such utter carelessness of all establish-

ed rules of good society."

The lady elevated her hands—they were small and white—threw up her eyes, (they were of that deep violet hue which bears an upturned expression,) and then exclaimed, "Carelessness of all rules of good society! good society! was there ever such a charge brought against an unfortunate lady! Against one whose soirees last year were the admiration of Paris, whose dress is the perfection of art, who—"

"Might be the perfection of nature," interrupted Mr. Saville Clarence, looking at the truly beautiful and bright creature, that, despite her gaiety and affectation, was admired even by her husband, although five years had passed since

their union.

"Nature!" echoed the lady, "would you metamorphose me into a red-armed milk-maid? feed me upon blackberries and buttermilk? send me to tend kine? watch

'The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,'

or contemplate with the maudlin Shenstone, 'Banks furnished with bees?'

give me—dwelling in a white cottage, with a green door and a brass knocker—dominion over a ten-foot garden, luxuriant of cabbages, glittering with African marygolds, and redolent of garliok? Then, dearest Clarence, band my tresses under a white cap, and write me down mother and nurse to seven small children? Ha! ha! ha! there's a natural picture for you; Morland himself, dear artist of the swinish multitude, could not furnish a better."

It is at all times easy to turn the current of sober thought into a ridiculous channel, and though there was nothing witty in what the lady uttered, there was much in her manner of utterance—and her husband laughed, as he often had before, in spite of his better judgment.

what is called a love-match, that is, they had married in defiance of the advice of their dearest friends. The lady's mamma had reckoned upon an earldom for her daughter, at the very least; the gentleman's papa had set it down, as regularly as he did his impromptus and parliamentary speeches, that his son should first be a statesman, and then marry eighty thousand pounds, at the smallest possible calculation. The fair Juliet

was only possessed of ten, with talent to spend a hundred; and Saville was not likely ever to be greater than a commoner, unless some good fortune, under the name of state necessity, compelled the creation of a new batch of peers—when there is no knowing who might be induced to accept a coronet.

Talk of the love that outlives adversity! the love that remains with prosperity, is a thousand times more rare. The one is the keen, but bracing north wind of existence, that invigorates and nerves for exertion; the other is the enervating hot breath of summer, which sicklies and weakens our best resolves, makes us feverish, captious, and suspicious, even of those we love best. Mrs. Saville Clarence danced like a sylph. sang like an angel, and talked so prettily, that she was courted and caressed, feted and flattered, until her husband began to argue seriously against her late hours, her little flirtations, and her milliner's bill. Mr. Saville Clarence was a gay companion, belonging decidedly to the class of beings called good-natured; handsome, without being so much so as to excite the jealousy of his compeers—be it known, that men are a thousand times more envious of beauty than womensung marvellously good songs, and told excellent stories; was never at home; and his little wife took upon herself to lecture him upon sundry habits of extravagance, which she had sense enough to see must end in destruction. marvellous part of the story was that neither party calculated on self reformation; if she had her balls, he had his clubs; she went to the Opera, he to the House; she sometimes played at loo, he always played at billiards; her milliner's bills were expensive, his tailor's ditto; he often urged the dismission of Mademoiselle Delphine, her lady's maid; she railed at his racer's and English grooms; once or twice he somewhat unfeelingly hinted at the small fortune she had brought him, and she angrily retorted on his lacking a title. Still there was much of love to combat with these little bickerings, and love is a powerful antagonist to overcome, particularly in a woman's bosom. But we must conclude our opening dialogue:

"My dear Juliet, the world has quite spoilt you; do you remember how happy we were at Mill-Hill, during the first year—that-charming

year?"
"You were always at home then, Saville;
there was no club to take you out every night."

"Nor no opera for you to shine at."
"Heigh ho! you never wasted whole mornings

at billiards."
"Nor you, my love, entire nights at loo."

"Nor you, my love, entitled brought yourself
"My dear, you had not then brought yourself

into difficulties, by the purchase of that odious borough; if you ever spoke, the case would be altered."

"Speak, my dear! I beg your pardon, I have spoken!"

"Oh, you have! well, once speaking is quite enough, particularly when you are likely to do

no good bý it."

"My speech in the House was more attended to than my domestic orations are, or you would give up going to this odious masquerade, which, as I have before stated, is, at best, a very questionable amusement for any lady—that is, any lady of reputation."

"Enough, enough, Saville!" exclaimed his wife, pettishly; "1 am, indeed, tired of this endless lecturing, a little tired of the world, and perhaps a little inclined to—to—please you. I will give up both Lady Lucy's dinner and the masquerade, if you will remain at home with me."

"Stay at home?"

" Yes."

" What, to-day?"

"Yes—I cannot, indeed, love, remain here by myself; it is so dull."

" To-day?"

"I will give up the masquerade."

"Juliet, I should be delighted to do so, but I promised Lord John so faithfully to dine with him, and he is so interested about something that is coming on in the House—the game-laws, I believe—I don't see how I can possibly get off."

"Very well; Lady Lucy and the masquerade,

against Lord John and the game-laws."

"But I will be home early."

"Oh, your servant at one or two, I suppose?"
"Before then; and you, dearest, will have had

the consolation of doing your duty."

"And moping my life out. Oh no! That is really too good—while you are enjoying your-self."

"Pretty enjoyment, truly; you may well believe how much happier I should be at home."

"I never heard of a male gad-about who did not say that. Yet I do not consider you particularly self-sacrificing. Good morning—I shall ride till four."

"And you give up the masquerade?"

"No, no; I am not yet metamorphosed into an

obedient wife." (curtsying.)

"I did not imagine you were; but remember if you do go, it is in decided opposition to my wishes."

" I perfectly understand."

"In direct opposition to my commands."

"Tant micus! there is something heroic in braving a tyrant."

" Madam!"

As the lady passed the pier-glass, she paused for a moment to adjust a ringlet, pulled the blond trimming of her "bonnet" a little more to the left, and sauntered out of the room, with the most provoking calmness, singing—

"Oh men, what silly things you are."

In three minutes the breakfast-room bell was pulled violently; and Thompson told Delphine,

ten minutes afterwards, confidentially, that his master was in a terrible rage for nothing. It was a long time before Mrs. Saville Clarence rang for her attendant; and when she did, the practised Frenchwoman saw palpable demonstrations of recent grief. I will do my dear sex the justice to say, that they often assert their dignity, and keep up their consequence, wofully at the expense of their feelings and affections. When the lady reached her own dressing-room, she first locked the door, then threw herself into her chaise longue and fixed her eyes upon-upon what? upon the rose-coloured border of the muslin curtains. Presently the transparent lids of those lovely eyes swelled and heaved, and immediately afterwards large round tears forced their way down her cheeks; no lineament of the beautiful face was distorted; no sigh, no sob, escaped the half-open mouth; yet they fell, and fell, and fell, on her dress, on her hands; and she fancied-but it might be only fancy-that they rested on her wedding ring.

"To think he should ever become so unreasonable," she murmured at last, "as to expect me to stay at home, while he is philandering here and there, and every where; as if there were any harm in a masquerade? He cannot surely be jealous of any one? I should not much care if he was a little, a little bit so, it would punish him for his ill temper; yet I have always avoided that, and always will, though I cannot help his whims. What a fool I am to sit crying here! He would hardly go out and leave me without some effort at reconciliation; and it would never do to let him see I was at all affected by our little-hush! Ma vie! he is really gone out! What a set of unfeeling savages men are!" and she rang for Delphine, and Delphine came, and brought her masquerade dress, upon which she descanted with all the gout and eloquence of a Frenchwoman and a femme de chambre.

"I shall not ride to-day," said Mrs. Clarence; and I shall not be at home."

And Delphine, in her turn, communicated to Thompson, that her lady was grown so captious, that really it made her quite miserable, and that it was perfectly impossible for her to sacrifice her reputation by living with any lady who gave herself red eyes. "You see, Sare, if de ladie be gay-jolie-and what you call all dat-bon; den de reputation of de ladie in waiting is safe-de mistress is pronounced charmante, and is considered happy in having secured de attentions of de French artiste; but if de mistress go glum, glum, glum, all day-in concert with your atmosphere, your fog-the case alter. Why a woman live but to be seen, to dress, dance, talk, and be admired?" To all this the valet acceded; and Delphine came to the conclusion, that Monsieur Tonson "was ver nice homme, for an English homme: and it was von great pity that he had the mauvais gout to take von English female for vife."

The day lagged heavily. Mr. Saville Clarence looked in at the Athenæum;—nobody there. The papers he had seen before; and who reads

the magazines after the fifth or sixth day of the month? He then rode towards the Regent's Park, but a bevy of fighting fish-women frightened his horse at the corner of Regent street, and he sauntered back to Hyde Park—wondered who placed the club in the bronze hand of the Achilles, and why somebody did not take it out again. While he was contemplating the boarded windows of an illustrious but unpopular nobleman, a little old gentleman, in a grey coat, and mounted on a grey pony, rode past him, and then, wheeling abruptly round, extended a long driving whip, calculated to manage a four-in-hand, so that it rested for a moment on the neck of Clarence's spirited horse.

"So you think his grace is still attached to the system of fortification, eh!"

"Good heavens! Mr. Greythorn, is it you come at last?"

"Faith, yes; as grey as usual—grey coat—grey pony—grey headed too," he continued, removing his grey beaver;—"so I am quite in the fashion. How's your wife?"

"Very well. Have you not been to Harley street? you promised to make it your head-quarters."

"To be sure I have, but I was told you were both out."

"Well, Mrs. Clarence did say she would ride this morning."

"She did; then why did you not ride with her? I suppose it is not fashionable for bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh, to be seen in company. They must be separated, according to the most approved rules of good society. Poor little Juliet, she used to have such a warm heart, I wonder how she bears it! More than five years since we met! And now, Saville, I want to tell you, without loss of time, that I am going to claim the privilege of an old friend, and pry into your family secrets. Let us get out of the ride and take this road, and then I will explain.-I must premise to you that I will not be affronted—nothing you can say shall put me in a passion. Now tell me honestly if you are not something very near being—a ruined man?"

"Not quite so bad as that, Sir."

"What did your election cost?"

" Not much—a few thousands only."

" Where did they come from?"

Mr. Saville Clarence looked exceedingly angry and perplexed; he felt it would be more than useless to give way to the one, and he did not exactly know how to avoid the other. Mr. Greythorn was a near relation of his wife's, and what appeared to him just then of more consequence, a rich relation—one who had many odities, and many virtues—but who seldom committed either follies or extravagances, from the aimple fact of his head being as good as his heart—happily, no mean compliment to either.

"The usual trick, I suppose—Jews and mortgages," continued the old gentleman; "and all for the honour of being suffocated in an atmosphere of human exhalation, obliging your friends by franking their letters, and claiming the bellman's privilege of crying, 'Oh yes! oh yes!' whenever it so please your party. Besides, you may run in debt without any intention of paying."

The storm had been gathering on Saville's brow, and it burst forth at last—not in disclaiming the privileges granted by the most honourable House, but in sundry oaths, directed against his favourite horse Arabin, who, if he could have spoken, would have agreed with 'Thompson in wondering "what the deuce was the matter with his master."

"Confound you!" exclaimed Mr. Greythorn, "can't you let the beast alone, you'll tear his mouth to pieces. One would not think you were a liberal, to see how you use that fine horse—So! so! so! Now," he muttered in an under tone, "he would just treat me in the same way, if he dare—hot blood, and high—so much the better." And the companions rode on silently together for some yards until Mr. Greythorn perceived that his young friend's temper had abated.—"Well, Saville, we will talk all matters over cooly after dinner. I shall be so truly happy to meet Juliet, and witness your domestic felicity."

"You will not have an opportunity of doing so to-day, sir, I fear," replied Clarence. "Mrs. Clarence dines out, and—

"Well, I am glad that I came to prevent your being alone. We—at least I—shall enjoy a tetea-te's exceedingly."

Saville was again puzzled; although he had told his wife that his engagement with Lord John was of an unbreakable description, yet it would have been difficult for him to state why it was so. He had got so much into the habit of being out, except when he had company at home, that he seemed to consider it positively necessary to have engagements; and, it must be truly confessed, that the idea of sacrificing them to his wife's pleasure was not what he calculated upon. He now felt that policy, and indeed good feeling, required him to give up all and every enjoyment to remain with one who had been, and would be, a true and disinterested friend, though in his own way-but how to act as regarded his wife! He could not be the first to give way, and say "I will dine at home;" neither did he exactly like to do for another what he had so pointedly refused to do for her. He therefore rapidly decidedly on asking Mr. Greythorn to accompany him to Lord John's, and said so without much preface.

"No," replied the old gentleman, shaking his head, "that will not do. I pray that I may be no restraint upon you; I can take a cotellette by myself in your study; or, if it be more correst, go to a tavern. I confess I grieve to find you both estranged from home."

"I make it a point never to find any fault with Juliet; but to you, who were like her father, I may say that she is sadly changed—so gay—so thoughtless. I might as well be without a wife, as far as companionship goes. Now, to-day, for instance, I did all I could to make her stay at shome for dinner, and she would, not. (Nay, che

would persist in going to a masquerade to-night
—a most disreputable thing—but so it is."

"What! go out and leave you to dine, and spend the evening by yourself?"

"Why, no, not that exactly; I was rather particularly engaged; but she might have remained at home for all that, you know."

"Humph! Your are a courageous man, Saville, to suffer such a pretty wife to go masque-

rading without you."

"My dear sir, what can I possibly do? She will go."

"Then go with her."

" My parliamentary duties!"

"Fiddle-de-dee! You have also social and domestic duties to fulfil. A man who is always from home sets a bad example, and can have no right to preach what he shows so little inclination to practice. Women cannot be dictated to how as they were twenty years ago. 'Gad, sir, since the far-famed march of intellect has commenced, they have got a knack of thinking for themselves, and now it is only left to us to teach them to think rightly. Saville, you must give up Lord John—dine at home—and let me talk to Juliet."

"I make no stranger of so old a friend. There is only one objection that I can have—she urged me very much to stay at home to-day, and I refused. Now, it would be like giving in, and that would be derogatory—You understand me?"

"Leave me to manage that," replied the old gentleman in grey, with a chuckling laugh. "I'll manage all that; let me talk to her first. Here is your house; and now go and write an

apology to Lord John."

Mrs. Clarence was delighted to see her old friend. Her truly happiest associations were those of youth. She had been a sportive, lighthearted, and withal a most innocent child-chased butterflies and sunbeams at an age when juvenile misses now pursue lovers and finery-and many a cowslip and snow-ball had she pelted Mr. Greythorn with, at Greythorn Castle, long before the world had touched, what as yet it had not much tainted. She had been out of spirits the whole morning; and though she secretly lamented her most disobedient resolution, still was she too much of a woman to recal it. I must confess that it would have been better-wiser, too, in the end—to have determined upon giving up the masquerade—waited the truant's return in a becoming deshabille—looked particularly pensive—complained bitterly of head-ache—not eaten any breakfast next morning—and yet uttered no word of reproach or unkindness. My life on't, 'twould have made him as domestic as her chained maccaw! But Mrs. Saville Clarence sought to triumph—not to manage; a plan Which does not, and—to be serious for one moment—ought not to succeed. I cannot blame a woman for loving her own way; but I would have her learn that it may be bought too dearly.

"Do you know," said he of the grey coat, that you do not look as you did, Juliet? You are not less beautiful; but the character of your

beauty is changed. At Greythorn Castle you were a nymph; here you are more like a Calypso. Then, you were all nature; now, you seem the perfection of art. God grant that your heart is unchanged!"

Mrs. Saville Clarence did not rouge—that is, not rouge regularly—but weeping had made her pale; and she was preparing to dress for Lady Lucy's dinner, when her old friend arrived. Her cheeks were, therefore, slightly tinted—but she heeded it not; her colour mounted even to her fair temples before Mr. Greythorn's sentence was concluded.

"Well, well," he proceeded, "do not blush so! though I never quarrel with a woman for blushing. I dine with you to-day; and, after dinner, we can talk over all our old acquaintances and habits."

Now Mrs. Saville Clarence felt pretty much, at this proposal, as her husband had done at a similar one. What! stay at home, when she had so positively laid down the only condition on which she would remain, and that condition had been refused! Give in—and be the first to give in! She was debating within herself how to manage in this predicament, when her friend in grey said, "you will enjoy a little quiet as much as Saville, whom I met in the hall. He was going to write an apology to some Lord John—to please you, he said."

"To please me!"

"To be sure; is that so very extraordinary?"

"My dear sir, to you I may confess that it is something new, at all events.—Ah! he is so

changed—so everlastingly out! I assure you I begged of him to stay at home to-day, and he would not.—Are you sure he said to please me?"

"To be sure I am."

"Then I had better send an apology to Lady Lucy; it will not be giving in, in the first instance; and I am delighted to find that he was the first to plead guilty."

"You need not mind telling him so, Juliet; it will be more gracious on your part to say nothing about it. Take my advice, and give up so silly a triumph—more fit for a school-girl than a

married woman."

On some pretext, Mr. Greythorn, bent on reformation, descended to the library, and told his young friend that he had been agreeably surprised at finding that, to please him, his wife had given up going out; and accordingly both parties met in mutual good humour, each exulting in fancied triumph. The dinner passed off delightfully. Mr. Greythorn was a man not of the new, but the old world; and could manage to make himself most entertaining, particularly when he had any object to attain by being so. Mrs. Clarence had not many moments retired from the dining-room, when the servant entered with a message.-" Lord John Rhis compliments, and there will be no division tonight." The gentlemen soon adjourned to the drawing-room.

"My love," inquired the lady, "do you go to the House?" Digitized by

"No, my dear."

"Another triumph," thought she; "it is now but common courtesy to give up the masquerade."

The parties themselves were astonished at the happiness they enjoyed that evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence sang duets, and applauded each other so heartily, that they needed no farther praise. Mr. Greythorn, judicious and good tempered, lost no opportunity of making them pleased with themselves; and, had they confessed the truth, they would have acknowledged how astonished they had been at the happiness they enjoyed during that quiet evening, passed without any other excitement than a mutual disposition to be agreeable and complaisant to each other.

Mr. Greythorn certainly did inquire into their family affairs—and happy are they who have such friends. He listened to the "pour" of the

one, and the "contre" of the other, with exemplary patience. He ceded (in his self-elected, but acknowledged character of judge) to Mr. Saville Clarence considerable more than half the number of balls, operas, and milliner's bills which his lady had indulged in, and sacrificed loo and Delphine altogether: while, on the other hand, Juliet was gratified by her husband's resignation in toto of clubs and billiards, and a moderate use of tailors and racers-read his speeches in the House, and did her best to understand them, particularly as her old friend said that, as Saville was there, he might as well keep there until the next dissolution-which, however, she earnestly prayed for. Under judicious management, their difficulties passed into things that had been; and, by studying pour et contre together, they avoided the danger of divided interests, and the disgrace of a separate maintenance.

## RIVERS.

RIVERS!! How many delightful recollections; how many fine associations; how many splendid visions are called up by this word! The glory and riches of empires are linked with it, as well as all that is beautiful or picturesque in nature; but it is my intention at present to take up the subject in a matter-of-fact way, and to write a plain explanatory paper-not a rhapsody. There is no word perhaps to which so great a latitude of meaning is allowed as this word river. The garden of an acre, and the garden of a rood, have common features: they are both gardens; only the one is a little, the other a big garden. The mountain of four thousand, and the mountain of twelve thousand feet, differ in sublimity; but they have a thousand points of resemblance -they are both called mountains, and nobody sees any thing absurd in the designation. But where shall we find any similitude between the mighty flood of the Amazons, and the sparkling stream that bounds our garden, or winds through our lawn? Yet, they are both called rivers: the term is applied indiscriminately to the wide waters of the new world, and to the trouting streams of our English counties-to the vast expanse that embraces the rising and the setting of the sun, and to the insignificant current that may be diverted to turn a mill-wheel. There is evidently nothing in common with these, excepting that they are both running water; and yet, I fear, there is no mode of distinguishing and duly settling the claims of running water, unless by prefixing augmentatives or diminutives to the word

I would make the following classification:— First come the *mighty* rivers. These are the rivers of South America—the Amazons, the La Plata, the Oronooko. Then follow the great rivers (a more numerous class) the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Ganges, the Nile and Niger, and some others; but none of this class are to be found in the continent of Europe, which supplies the third grade: these I would designate the large rivers; for great and large are not entirely synonymous; and, to most minds, the term great river, and large river, will present a distinct image. The lower we descend in the scale, the more numerous do we find the species. The continent of Europe abounds with examples of the third class—such as the Rhine, the Danube, the Rhone, the Elbe, the Tagus, the Ebro, the Guadalquivir. The fourth class is still more numerous. Then come the family of streamsnameless, unless to those who live upon their banks; afterwards follow rivulets; and lastly, we close the enumeration with rills.

With each of these classes our associations are in some degree different. With the mighty river we have no distinct association; all is vague and indefinite. We know that they flow through vast unpeopled solitudes; and our only image is a joyless waste of waters flowing in vain. Our associations with the great river are less depressing, and somewhat more defined; the sun rises on one bank and sets on another. We have a vision of cities, and even of commerce; but with these associations of life many dreary ones are mingled. African deserts; American forests; flocks of buffaloes; the solitary lion slaking his thirst; or the great river-horse walking by the shore. How different are the associations-now, indeed, recollections-called up by the third We see the large river rolling its ample flood through cultivated plains, watering them into fertility and abundance; and images of life. and utility are vividly present with us. Our as-

sociations with the fourth class are similar, but more varied and more defined. Again, our associations change at the recollection of the next We have to do with nature rather than art; utility is confined to the turning of the millwheel, or the irrigation of the meadow. The small river cannot bear upon its bosom the commerce of kingdoms, but it is familiar with the charms of nature; it visits by turns the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful; and our associations are with these: we see effect added to the wild and desolate; grace to the gentle and pastoral. And now we come to the family of streams—the rifest of all in pleasing associations, and gentle and endearing recollections. For who is there that has not passed a day—a long summer day-upon the banks of a clear brawling stream? And who is there that does not associate with it a thousand images of simple rural life, and a thousand scenes of quiet delight? The heart of an angler "leaps up" at the recollection; he sees the green pastoral slope before him, and he knows that at the foot of it runs the trouting stream; he quickens his pace, unscrewing his rod as he walks on; and now he sees the clear, yet dark-coloured water, tempting him forward, with all its eddies, and dimples, and little rapids, and noise and bustle. But it is not the angler only to whom the stream recals pleasant and endearing recollections; he is but an indifferent worshipper of nature who cannot wander the live-long day by the margin of a stream, without a rod. But the rivulet and the rill yet remain to be noticed; and with each of these our associations are somewhat different. Rivulet-

Free rover of the hills, pray tell me now
The chances of thy journey, since first thou
From thy deep prisoned well, away didst break,
A solitary pilgrimage to take.
Among the quiet valleys, I do ween
Them with the dainled tufts of tender green,
Hast loving lingered; didst thou not awake
With thy soft kies, the hare-bell bending lew,
Stealing her nectar from the wild bee's wooing?
And thou hast toyed (though thou wilt tell me, no)
With many a modest violet, that looks
Into thy glassy pools in secret nooks.
Come, tell me, rover, all thou hast been doing!

As for the rill, the tiny tinkling rill, our associations are of the simplest, gentlest character—far-up valleys, heaths, and mosses; and that music—

"The noise as of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

Beauty of scenery is almost, though not altogether, in an inverse ratio to the magnitude of the river. Scenery is evidently out of the question with rivers, whose banks cannot be distinctly seen from the centre of the stream. The next two classes—great and large rivers—do not certainly offer so great attractions as the fourth and fifth classes. The scenery of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, is sufficiently celebrated; but, at the hazard of appearing singular, I will venture an opinion, that the scenery of the

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Upper Rhine, the Upper Rhone, and the Upper Danube, is more beautiful than it is lower down. The banks of the Rhine, from Schaffhausen to Cologne, may be more gigantic, and possessed of stronger features, but it is certainly less varied, and, as it seems to me, less interesting than between Schaffhausen and its source. The banks of the Rhine, too, between Geneva and Lyons, are much more more beautiful than between Lyons and Avignon. The same may be said of all large rivers-of the Danube, which is more interesting above than below Vienna; or the Guadalquivir, which loses below Seville, all the attractions it possessed between Seville and Cordova. And the reason is obvious. A river does not become large until it descends into the plains; and it it not among plains that we must look for fine scenery. It is among small rivers, or the beginnings of great rivers, when they too are small, that we must go to feast with nature, and many, too, of the insignificant streams, nay, even nameless rivulets, will conduct the traveller among scenes of surpassing beauty. Among the Pyrenees, among the Bavarian Alps, and in the Tyrol, I have often been led by such companions among the most majestic scenes that nature offers to the contemplation of man.

It has often been a question with me, whether it is more agreeable to journey up or down a stream. In journeying down, there is certainly more companionship, for we are fellow-travellers; and there is no small pleasure in seeing ourcompanion, for whom we naturally acquire a kind of affection, growing daily bigger, receiving the contributions that pour into it, and, as it were, making its way in the world. But, on the other hand, if, in journeying upward, the stream be less our companion, inasmuch as it is ever running away from us, this is balanced by other advantages. There is still a fonder feeling engendered by going back with it to its infancy, and tracing it to those small beginnings, from which, like many other great things, it must ascribe its origin. Gradually we perceive its volume diminishing; now we may wade across it; now, leap over it; now, we are able to bestride it; and, lastly, we stoop down, and drink from the spring.

This naturally leads me to speak of the sources "Throwing my shoes off," says, Bruce, in his travels to the source of the Nile, "I ran down the hill, towards the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown over with flowers. I after this came to the island of green (urf. which was in form of an altar, apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at this moment." This rapture was perhaps foolish, but it was natural; and even those who cannot, like Bruce, boast of having accomplished that which has baffled the inquiry and industry of both ancients and moderns, will yet admit, that there is a peculiar pleasure—a pleasure, perhaps per in reach-

ing the source of any well-known river. This may partly arise from the consciousness of having overcome difficulty; for to reach the sources of any of the greater rivers some difficulties are to be vanquished; and it may also be in part attributed to the many associations that are instantly awakened, as following the tiny rill with our eye, imagination continues to accompany it in its long and victorious course, fertilizing empires, enriching cities, and carrying the products of industry to the remotest parts of the habitable world.

The sources of the greatest rivers are not the most remarkable for the features that surround them. The sources of the mighty rivers of the Western Hemisphere, or even of the great rivers of Africa or Asia, have not, as far as is known, been visited by the traveller, with the single exception of the Nile; their sources are probably placed amid those unapproached solitudes, where the foot of man hath never yet wandered; what appearances of nature may preside over their birth we have no means of knowing; but it does not appear from the narrative of Bruce that the source of the Nile afforded any example of extraordinary sublimity. The sources of the large rivers of the European continent are many of them well known; but the sources of neither the Rhine, the Rhone, nor the Danube, present those majestic and imposing features that distinguish the sources of some of the smaller class. Nor is this difficult to explain; the large rivers have not one, but many sources; and, as the source par excellence, we mount to the highest, which invariably lies among the upper fields of snow. The smaller rivers, on the other hand, may gush at once from a single spring, placed perhaps among the rocks, and ravines, and precipices, which lie lower than the line of congelation. It is, at all events, a fact, that the most sublime sources are those which belong to the smaller rivers. Of these, I may mention the Soane, the Gave and the Sourgue—the two latter especially. The Gave rises in the magnificent amphitheatre of Marbore; and the Sourgue bursts at once, an imposing torrent, from the immortal fountain of Vaucluse.

Different, very different, are the associations called up to different minds, by the contemplation of a river's source. The utilitarian would most rejoice to stand by the spring from which swells forth the Ohio or Mississippi of the western hemisphere, destined to carry the riches of one world to contribute to the wants and luxuries of another; or he would rejoice, like Bruce, to stand beside the sources of the Nile, appointed by its inundations to fructify lands, that, without it, would be deserts; or place at the source of the Rhine the utilitarian, the historian, the novelist, and the simple lover of nature, and the thoughts of each would run in a different chanpel. The utilitarian would see in it a mighty artery, carrying on the circulation between Western Germany, the Netherlands, Holland, and the rest of the world; the historian would recal to his memory the epochs in which the Rhine has been the barrier to conquests, the scene of warfare, or the object of treaties; the novelist
would see only the grey ruins of the baronial
castles that frown upon its heights, and would
recollect only the feuds of feudal times, and the
legends that tell the achievements of chivalry,
or the triumphs of love: while the lover of nature would see but a rich assemblage of images;
a blending of nature with art; woods, rocks, and
cataracts; and the noble stream gliding away,
beautiful, if even it bore upon its bosom no token of industry—and interesting, even if a battle
had never been fought upon its banks—or if its
time-worn castles had never been built for any
other purpose than to adorn the landscape.

### PASSION.

What is more unpleasant, and what so much derogates from the character of an amiable, beautiful, or accomplished woman, as to behold her in a passion? For a young lady to become enraged at the misdemeanour of a servant: or because her milliner failed in executing her commands in proper season: or that her dress did not precisely suit her taste: or from any other trifling motive; at once discovers the want of amiability, as well as of sufficient strength of mind to suppress her temper. Such an one would never be selected as the partner of a sensible man; such could never kindle exalted admiration, true respect, or genuine love. I do not wish to applaud those tame beings, who have not a sufficiency of spirit to resent an insult, or to uphold an opinion against the obstinacy of some jackanapes fop; nevertheless all this might be done in temperate language, and with such a different bearing as is the true characteristic of a delicate female. What is more admirable than to witness a young and beautiful female, timidly adducing strenuous arguments in opposition to some positive theory of the lords of the creation. and while her good sense and sound doctrine carry triumph with them, to see the deep blush of virtue stealing over her forehead, at her own success. When the passions of her opponent are excited, to witness her, cool and collected, and rather endeavouring to sooth than to triumph, to allay than to perplex. Deliberate firmness in any moment of contest, or extremity, is ever commendable, and a woman who can fondly gaze upon the countenance of her husband, tell him, in gentleness, of his faults, and beseech that he will endeavour for her sake and for his own, to mend them, is as nearly allied to an angel as a mortal may be.

Sir William Nairne, afterwards Lord Dunsinane, and a Lord of Session, was a man of such scrupulous integrity, that when Sheriff-Depute of Perthshire, finding, upon reflection, that he had decided a poor man's case erroneously, as the only remedy, supplied the litigant privately with money from his own purse, to enable him to carry an appeal to the Supreme Court, where the judgment was reversed.

#### Original

#### THE LAST INDIAN.

- I looked, and lo A continent outstretched before me lay; Its eastern side the loud Atlantic lashed With angry billows, plumed with snow-white foam. Par in the west the mild Pacific lay, Where Phobus' car at eventide descends, To lave his coursers in the azure deep. Hill piled on mountain pierced the sullen clouds-Amid the rocks leaped the wild cataract In sportive beauty or in grandeur dread. But mark that noble form, that mien of majesty, See where it glides along the mountain's base. His manly form is naked to the waist, Around him to the knee, in graceful folds Hangs the rich trophy of some monster's death; Across his shoulder swings an unbent bow, Resting in dread companionship, upon A quiver gerged with poisoned arrows, Whose wound is past the art of leech to cure. From crag to crag he bounds with sinewy spring, And now the pinnacle receives him safe. He gazes downwards whence the smoke ascends From the rude wigwams of the forest's sons, In mystic wreaths encircling all around. in the far west a huge portentous cloud Shrouded the sky in darkness: and the earth Groaned with the raging of the elements, In furious strife combating. He heard the thunder-roll :-- from ev'ry cloud The lurid lightnings burst, and stream across The sable firmament, in vividness distinct-But hark! a sudden silence reigns around, The winds and tempests cease, the clouds move on, And heaven re-echoes to the duicet song That grateful rises from the feathered tribe. With heartfelt gratitude the Indian knelt, Thanked the Great Spirit for his guardian care: The mighty God who hears the red-man's prayer;-Rising, he threw, on the unbounded view, A hurried glance, and then survey'd himself:-His bosom heaved, as with exulting voice, He cried-" I am sole monarch of this earth, None tan dispute my right"-and echo answered-None.

Ages passed on, the Mon wheels of time, In ceaseless, steady revolutions rolled; Midsummer's splendour followed blooming spring. Autumn succeeded with her azure sky, The seasons sank in winter's common grave, And yet the Indian lived. The timid deer Fled swiftly from his dart-he watched the graves Where many a chieftain slept-partook the sports His brethren shared ;-the Indian was happy. The white man came, and " lo be laid his hand On hill, and dale, and stream, and call'd them Ais." Then was the song of vict'ry hushed, and then The war-whoop's echo died upon the blast. The red-man turned him to the setting sun, With a fierce scowl upon th' intruding whites, Saw bayonets glitter o'er his native plains, Proud cities rise where erst his wigwam stood-Sails whitening cv'ry bay and ev'ry stream, Where once his light cance in silence sped;-All this he saw, and more: -with aching heart He sighed " farewell." and in the forest's shades Quick disappeared amid the noiseless gloom.

Years wore apace:—a beetling cliff o'erhung
The western wave, precipitous and steep.
It had a tenant too—a tall gnunt form,
Clad in a strange, uncouth, yet warlike garb.
His hair was hoary and his visage wan—
Yet might be seen within that jet black eye,
Deep ling ring fires which age could not dispel;
The weight of foarseore years was on his brow,

His voice sepulchral, deep, and tremulous. He bow'd his head upon his hands-and wept! Loud howl the winds a requiem to the past, And toss his hoary locks upon the sweeping blast. The sounds terrific strike the Indian's ear, He smites his breast with anguish and despair. " Land of my Fathers! has thy glory fled? Thy hearths are desolate, thy children dead. Souls of the mighty, of the great and wise, Grant my last guerdon, ere this body dies! Cursed be the fiends that drove us from our land, Blast them, Great Spirit, with thy mighty hand ! About their guilty heads, in vengeance pour Death and despair, now and forever more !" He said-loud rang his deaf'ning yell, As with tremendous force he cleaved the air, And sunk forever in the flood beneath.

Y. P.

#### THE CHILD OF EARTH.

BY MRS. MORTON.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day.

Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;

Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,

"I am content to die—but, oh! not now—!

Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring

Make the warm air such luxury to breathe—

Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing—

Not while the birds flowers around my footsteps wreaths.

Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow—

I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

The spring has ripened into summer time;
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime:
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
"Let me not perish, while o'er land and lea
With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
Nor while the murmur of the mountain-bee
Greets my dull ear with muste in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
I am content to die!—but, oh! not now!"

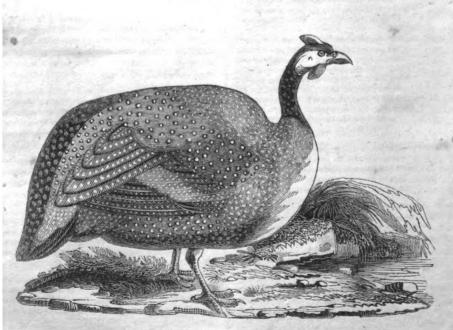
Summer is gone: and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;—
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn;
"Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
To watch in slience while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
I am content to dle—but, oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles: snow showers far and near Drift without echo to the whitening ground; Autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear, Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound; Yet still that prayer ascends, "Oh! laughingly My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd, Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high, And the roof rings with voices light and loud: Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow! I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread:
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:—
The child of earth is numbered with the dead!
"Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shadow vells thy darkened brow—
Why didst thou linger!—thou art happier now;



BIRD OF PARADISE.



THE PINTADO, OR GUINEA FOWL. Digitized by

## THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

Among the spicy and luxuriant groves of the Philippine and other Indian Islands, the Birds of Paradise associate in immense numbers. It is a popular error that they always follow the king bird, who is distinguished by the exceeding beauty of his plumage: he is about the size of a Blackbird; two filaments proceed from the tall, which are mere shafts, until within a short distance of the extremittes, where they become bearded on one side, and terminate in a large circle, open in the centre, of an emerald colour, bright, and ever-varying. The Greater, or Common Bird of Paradise, is principally remarkable for the peculiar feathers, terminating in white, which, emerging from beneath the wings, extend to a considerable distance be youd the feathers of the tail. The webs of these beautiful plaits are open, and resemble very fine hairs.

The Gold-breasted Bird of Paradise is about the size of a Dove: its head, cheeks, back, tail, wings, and part of the throat, are a fine black, shaded with violet; its neck and breast are of a gold colour, and a fine band crosses the back of the neck, of an united and varying tint of gold, green, red, and violet. Several black feathers, the beards of which are separated like those of the Ostrich, point upwards, and, as it were, embrace the wings; and three long black filaments, terminating in oval webs, spring from each side of the head, diverging in angular forms, and extend to a fourth part of the length of the tail.—
The genus comprises several species; among them the Lyra is conspicuous from the form and beauty of its tail, which bears a singular resemblance to the musical instrument from which the bird takes its name. In the evening, the Birds of Paradise, perch on lofty trees, in which the natives lie concealed for the purpose of shooting them with blunt arrows. Their principal food is said to be the larger kind of butterfiles and moths. The abourd notion of the Birds of Paradise wanting legs and feet, was, doubtless, occasioned by the natives of the islands, where they are taken, cutting off those parts before they sold the stuffed birds.

#### THE GUINEA FOWL.

The head of the Pintado, or Guinea Fowl, is naked, like that of the Turkey. Its plumage, although plain when at a distance, is singularly beautiful if closely examined: the general colour is of a darkish grey, sprinkled with white, round, pearly spots: a sort of come-abped horn ornaments the top of the head, and from the sides of the upper mandible depend two loose wattles; those of the male are rather blue; those of the female red.

The Guinea Fowl was, originally, a native of Africa, and thence, in the year 1508, introduced to America, where its numbers increased surprisingly. It is now common among our poultry; but does not live very amicably with the other domesticated birds; frequently disturbing them with its loud and unmusical clamour, its petulant sprightliness, and assumption of a dominion which it is incapable of maintaining. Its flesh is very much like that of the Pheasant; it also resembles that bird in many of its habits. In ancient Rome, the Pintado was much more highly prized, as an article of luxury for the table, than with us.

# A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

You are now, Sophy, grown up to woman's estate: and you are not to remain always single. Your mother and I would have you happy, because our happiness depends on yours. The happiness of a virtuous young woman, is to make an honest man happy: we must, therefore, think of marrying you. We must think of this betimes, for your fate through life depends on your marriage; and we cannot think too much upon it.

Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, except perhaps the choosing of a good wife. You, Sophy, will be this rare woman; you will be the pride of our lives, and our happiness in old age. But, however great merit you may have, there are men who have still more. There is no man who ought not to think it an honour to obtain you; there are many whom it would do you honour to obtain. Among this number the business is to find one suitable to you, to get acquainted with him, and to make him acquainted with you.

The greatest happiness of marriage, depends on so many points of agreement, that it would be a folly to think to find them all; the most important must be made sure of, preferably to the rest; if the others can be procured too, so much the better; if they cannot, they must be overlooked. Perfect happiness is not to be found in this world; but the greatest of misfortunes, and that which may always be avoided, is to be unhappy by one's own fault.

There is a suitableness which may be salled natural; there is also a suitableness arising from the institutions of men, and a suitableness that depends wholly on opinion; of the two last, parents are the proper judges; of the first, the children alone can judge. In marriages, made by the authority of parents, those suitablenesses that arise from civil institutions and opinions are alone minded; the matches are not between the persons, but between their rank and fortune; but both these are subject to change: the persons alone remain the same, in all places, and at all times; the happiness or unhappiness of the marriage state depends, in spite of fortune, on per sonal suitableness.

Your mother was a woman of family: I had a large fortune; these were the sole considerations that influenced our parents to join us together. I have lost my fortune, she has lost her rank; forgot by her family: what doth it signify to her that she was born a lady? In the midst of our distress, the union of our hearts made up for every thing; the conformity of our tastes made us choose this retirement. We live happy in our poverty; each is to the other a friend and companion. Sophy is our common treasure: we

thank the Almighty for giving her, and taking

away every thing else.

You see, my dear child, whither Providence hath brought us. Those considerations which occasioned our marriage are vanished, and that which was accounted as nothing makes all our happiness.

It is for man and wife to suit themselves. Mutual inclination ought to be their first tie; their eyes, their hearts ought to be their first guides; for as their primary duty, after they are joined together, is to love one another, so to love, or not to love, doth not always depend on us; this duty necessarily implies another, namely, to begin with loving one another before marriage. This is a law of nature which cannot be abrogated: those who have restricted it, by many civil laws, have had more regard to the appearance of order than to the happiness or the morals of the people. You see, my dear, that the morality we preach to you, is not difficult: it tends only to make you your own mistress, and to make us refer ourselves entirely to you for the choice of your husband.

After giving you our reasons for leaving you at full liberty to make your own choice, it is proper to mention those which ought to induce you to use it with prudence. Sophy, you have got good nature, and good sense, much integrity and piety, and those qualifications which a woman ought to have; and you are not disagreeable, but you have no fortune; you have the best riches indeed, but you want those which are most valued by the world. Do not aspire, therefore, to what you cannot attain to; and regulate your ambition not by your own judgment, or your mother's and mine, but by the opinion of mankind.

If nothing were to be considered but merit Lto your own, I know not where I should set to your hopes; but never raise them above your fortune, which, you are to remember, is very small. You never saw our prosperity; you were born after we failed in the world. You have made our poverty pleasing to us, and we have shared in it without pain. Never, child, seek for that wealth which we thank Heaven for taking from us; we never tasted happiness until we lost our riches.

You are too agreeable, Sophy, not to please somebody; and you are not so poor as to render you a burthen to an honest mas. You will be courted, and perhaps by persons who are not worthy of you. If they show themselves what they really are, you will form a just estimate of them; their outside will not impose upon you long; but, though you have good judgment, and can discern merit, you want experience, and know not how far men can dissemble. An artful cheat may study your taste, in order to seduce you, and counterfeit before you the virtues to which he is an absolute stranger. Such a one, child, would ruin you before you perceived it; and you would not see your error, until it was past recovery. The most dangerous of all snares, and the only one from which reason can restrain

you, is that into which the passions hurry one: if ever you have the misfortune to fall into it, you will see nothing but illusions and chimeras; your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment will be confused, and your will corrupted; you will cherish your very error, and when you come to see it, you will have no desire to leave it. It is to Sophy's reason, not to the bias of her heart, that we commit her; while passion hath no ascendency over you, judge for yourself; but whenever you fall in love, commit the care of yourself to your mother.

This agreement which I propose to you, shews our esteem for you, and restores the natural order. It is usual for parents to choose a husband for their daughters, and to consult her only for form's sake. We shall do just the contrary: you shall choose, and we shall be consulted. Make use of this right, Sophy, freely and wisely; the husband that is suitable for you ought to be your own choice, and not ours: but it is we who must judge whether you are not mistaken in his suitableness for you, and whether you are not doing, without knowing it, what you have no mind to. Birth, fortune, rank, or the opinion of the world, will have no weight with us. Take an honest man, whose person you like, and whose temper is suitable to you; whatever he be in other respects, we shall receive him for our son-in-law: his income will be always large enough, if he hath hands, and good morals, and loves his family. His rank will always be high, if he ennobles it by virtue. If every body should blame us, what doth it signify? We seek not the approbation of the public; your happiness suffices to us.

#### MARSEILLAISE HYMR.

THE celebrated song of the patriots and warriors of the French Revolution, was composed by M. Joseph Rouget de l'Isle, while an officer in the engineer corps at Strasburg, early in the French Revolution, with a view of supplanting the vulgar songs then in vogue, relative to the struggle then going on. He composed the song and the music in one night. It was at first called L'Offrande a la Liberte, but subsequently received its present name, because it was first publicly sung by the Marseilles confederates in

It became the national song of the French patriots and warriors, and was famous through Europe and America.—The tune is peculiarly exciting. It was suppressed, of course, under the Empire and the Bourbons; but the Revolution of 1830 called it up anew, and it has since become the national song of the French patriots. The King of the French has bestowed on its composer, who was about seventy years old at the time of the last revolution, having been born in 1760, a pension of 1500frs. from his private purse. M. Rouget de l'Isle had been wounded at Quiberon, and persecuted by the terrorists, from whom he had escaped by flying into Germany.—Encyclopadia Americana.

#### SLEEP TALKING.

This is merely a modification of somnambulism, and proceeds from similar causes, namely, a distribution of sensorial power to the organs of speech, by which means they do not sympathize in the general slumber, but remain in a state fit for being called into action by particular trains of ideas. If, for instance, we dream that we are talking to some one, and if these organs are endowed with their waking share of sensorial power, we are sure to speak. Again, the mere dream, without a waking state of the organs, will never produce speech; and we only suppose we are carrying on conversation, although, at the time, we are completely silent. To produce sleep talking, therefore, the mind, in some of its functions, must be awake and the organs of speech must be so also. The conversation, in this state, is of such subjects as our thoughts are most immediately occupied with; and its consistency or incongruity depends upon that of the prevailing ideas being sometimes perfectly rational and coherent: at other times full of absurdity. The voice is seldom the same as in the waking state. This I would impute to the organs of hearing being mostly dormant, and consequently unable to guide the modulations of sound. The same fact is observable in very deaf persons, whose speech is usually harsh, unvaried, and monotonous. Sometimes the faculties are so far awake, that we can manage to carry on a conversation with the individual, and extract from him the most hidden secrets of his soul. By such means things have been detected, which would otherwise have remained in perpetual obscurity.

Persons have been known who delivered sermons and prayers during sleep; among others an American lady is spoken of, who did so for many years. The same was the case with Richard Haycock, professor of medicine in Oxford: he would give out a text in his sleep, and deliver a good sermon upon it, and all the pinching and pulling of his friends could not prevent him.— Somnambulists frequently talk while on their expedition. Indeed, sleep talking is one of the most common accompaniments of this affection, and bears so close a resemblance to it in most of its circumstances, that it may be regarded as merely a modification of somnambulism.—All that can be done for the cure of sleep talking, is to remove such causes as we may suppose has given rise to it. It is, however, in most cases, of such a trivial nature as not to require any treatment whatever; and, when it proceeds from idiosyncrasy, or becomes habitual, I believe no means which can be adopted will be of much The state of the digestive apparatus avail. should invariably be attended to, and, if disordered, they must be put to rights by suitable medicines. And should the affection proceed, or be supposed to proceed from hypochondria, hysteria, or the prevalence of any strong mental emotion, these states must be treated according to general principles. - Macnish's Philosophy of

#### THE COMMON ASH TREE.

THE Fraxinus Excelsior or Common Ash tree, is often met with in ruins and ancient walls. probably on account of the readiness with which its winged seeds (the culverkeys of our pastoral poets) are borne by the wind. Johnstone in his Flora, deplores the destructive power of this tree, from its insinuating its roots far into the crevices of the old buildings, and thereby become an instrument of destruction of what affords it support; in like manner it fastens upon loose slaty rocks, and decorates them with its verdure, whilst it works their fall. The ash is one of the latest trees in coming into leaf, and looses its leaves earlier in autumn. These are greedily eaten by the cattle; and it ought not to be planted in parks or lawns intended for pasture of milch cows, for they communicate a disagreeable taste to the butter. The wood is tough and valuable, being applicable to a great variety of purposes; and it possesses the very singular property of being in perfection even in infancy, a pole three inches in diameter being as valuable and durable for any purpose to which it can be applied as the timber of the largest tree.

In the Highlands of Scotland, at the birth of an infant, the nurse takes a green stick of ash, one end of which she puts into the fire, and, while it is burning, receives in a spoon the san that oozes from the other, which she administers to the child as its first food. Near Kenety church, in the King's county, is an ash, the trunk of which is 21 feet 10 inches round, and 17 feet high before the branches break out, which are of enormous bulk. When a funeral of the lower class passes by this tree, they lay the body down a few minutes, say a prayer, then throw a stone to increase the heap which has been accumulated round the roots. There is an ancient saying that, "A serpent had rather creep into the fire, than over the twig of an ash tree." Cowley, enumerating various prodigies, says :-

"On the wild ash's tops the bats and owls,
With all night ominous, and baleful fowls,
Sate brooding, while the screeching of these doves,
Profaned and violated all the groves."

#### LIFE.

LIFE is short: The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbour lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence.-Look behind you through the tract of time, a vast desert lies open in the retrospect; through this desert have your fathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrows, they sunk from the walks of man.-You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go a little further, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolting and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence .-Blair. Digitized by GOOGE

# THE SIMILE.

# WRITTEN BY MISS A. H. OF CAMBRIDGE.

Music, Composed for the Lady's Book,

# BY EDWARD L. WHITE.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by J. Edgar, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.







#### Original.

#### THE NATURAL BRIDGE. VA.

MAJESTIC arch, what spirit rear'd
Thee to thy towering height,
Say, was the tinkling trowel heard,
Did man afford his mite?

What power piled those rocks on high, Placed with a master's hand, Before whose form the uplified eye Grows weak; could this be man?

Man, link by link, thy towering thought, May reach the eternal throne, Thy powers are great, but never wrought That form—God worked alone.

Go, rear thy pyramids on high; Bid towers and temples rise, Until the clouds around them fly, They kiss the stooping skies.

Nature will still above thee smile, Pity thy foolish play, For thou thyself art nature's child, Frail being of to-day.

Destroying time shall sweep away
Thy handy craft; all, all,
But yonder work, shall scorn decay,
Till Nature's self shall fall.

Majestic arch! Virginia's pride, Still stretch thy form on high, Long as thy wonders shall abide, May Freedom's banner fly! Louisville, Albemarle, Va.

\* Jefferson pronounced this the greatest curiosity in the world. It however must yield the palm to the Palls of Niagara.

#### THE CITY OF DELHI.

Thou glorious city of the East, of old enchanted times. When the fierce Genii swayed all Oriental climes, I do not ask from history a record of thy fame, A fairy page has stamp'd for me thy consecrated name.

I read it when the crimson sky came reddening through the trees,

The twillight is the only time to read such tales as these; Like mosque, and minaret, and tower, the clouds were heap'd on high—

I almost deem'd fair Delhi rose a city in the sky.

What sympathy I then bestow'd upon her youthful king! I fear I now should be less moved by actual suffering; All sorrow has its selfishness—tears harden as they flow, And in our own we half forget to share in others' wo.

I can recal how well I seem'd to know the princely tent, Where painted silk and painted plumethetr gorgeous colours blent:

The conquests blazon'd on the walls, the roof of carved stone.

And the rich light that, at midnight, over the dark woods shone.

The lovely princess, she who slept in that black marble tomb.

Her only pall her raven hair, that swept in midnight gloom:
The depths of that enchanted sleep had seemed the sleep of
death

Save that her cheek retain'd its rose, her lip its rose-like breath.

Gone! gone! I think of them no more, unless when they are brought,

As by this pictured city here, in some recalling thought— Far other dreams are with me now; and yet, amid their

pain,
I wish I were content to dream of fairy tales again.

## THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakepeare.

WE never love heartily but once, and that is our first love: the inclinations which succeed are less involuntary.

The chief justice of England has fifteen saleable offices, for which, it is said, seventy thousand guineas were once refused.

What is hope? nothing (says Lord Byron) but the paint on the face of existence: the least touch of truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have get hold of.

The mind which does not converse with itself is an idle wanderer, and all the learning in the world is fruitless and misemployed; whilst in the midst of his boasted knowledge, a man continues in profound ignorance of that which, in point both of duty and advantage, he is most concerned to know.

Women, when women truly, are much more Than women only—to the enthusiastic lover, They are inspiring night gems, and their lore, Is of unearthly images that hover Like living stars upon a spell-bound abore. That spirits of the dead are watching over—Their love is the fixed planet that has shone. And lit the heart when all other lights are gone.

To enforce the doctrines of christianity by argument at this time of day, puts me in mind of Homer investing the *invulnerable* Achilles with armour.

The littlest feeling of all is a delight in contemplating the littleness of other people. Nothing is more contemptible than habitual contempt.

It is the excess, not the nature of our passions, that is perishable. Like the trees which grow by the tomb of Piotesilaus, the passions flourish till they reach a certain height; but no sooner is that height attained than they wither away.

Calico was first introduced into England by the East India Company, 1657.

It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the Earl; "and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."

"—"Twas her beauty
Wrought first on my rough nature; but the virtues
Of her fair soul dilated in her converse,
That did confirm it."

Those who made laws of imprisonment for debt, apparently supposed, that every deficiency of payment was the *crime* of the debtor. But the truth is, that the creditor shares the guilt of improper trust; or insolvencies would not be half as frequent as they are. Is no allowance to be made, or consideration had, for misjudgment,

miscalculation, or the ever-changing circumstances, and accidents of life. Certainly those laws were conceived in a spirit opposed to humanity, and equally so to justice.

It was a laconic letter from a lady to her husband—" I write to you because I have nothing to do; and I conclude because I have nothing to say."

"When love once pleads admission to our heart, (In spite of all the virtue we can boast) The woman that deliberates—is lost."

Sickness and disease are, in weak minds, the sources of melancholy; but that which is painful to the body may be profitable to the soul. Sickness, the mother of modesty, puts us in mind of our mortality; and while we drive on heedlessly in the full career of worldly pomp and jollity, kindly pulls us by the ear, and brings us to a proper sense of our duty.

Sweetness of temper is not an acquired, but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice.

4 O, what a tangled web we weave, When first we practice to deceive."

It is a coarse, but very common misapprehension, that in order to represent the Ideal, an aggregate of virtues, as numerous as possible, must be packed together under one name—a whole compendium of morality be exhibited in one man. Nothing is effected by this but the utter extinguishment of individuality and truth. The Ideal consists not in quantity, but in quality. Grandison is exemplary, but not ideal.

He who has had the experience of a great and violent love, neglects friendship; and who has consumed all his passion upon friendship, is nothing advanced towards love.

In all the discipline of war they came:—
Their strong squared columns moved with beavy tread,
Their step, their bearing, e'en their breath the same,
And not a murmur whispered through the dead and boding
silence."

I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold is because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm.—They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

Cannons were first invented, 1330: first used by the English, 1340; in Denmark 1354.

A prince should know how to take advantage of his ministers' talents, but he ought never to follow their counsels blindly; he may lend himself to men, but not yield himself up absolutely to them.



HEIS BENGLERING A SHI DEM H.

Tall to all for the Ladys Book by L.A. Godey & G. Philad a June 1832





# THE LADY'S BOOK.

## JUNE: 1889.

#### MARIAN LEM.

#### BY MARY HOWITT.

Nor a care hath Markin Lee, Dwelling by the sounding sea; Her young life's a flowing way, Without toil from day to day; Without bodings for the morrow;— Marian was not made for sorrow!

Like the summer-billows wild, Leaps the happy-hearted child: Seas her father's fishing-boat O'er the ocean gaily float; Lists her brother's evening song, By the light gale borne along; Half a league she hears the lay, Ere they turn into the bay; And with giee, o'er cliff and main, Sings an answer back again, Which by man and boy is heard, Like the earol of a bird! Look !-she sitteth laughing there, Wreathing sea-weeds in her hair !-Saw you e'er a thing so fair? Marian! some are rich in gold-Heaped up treasure—hoards untold; Some are rich in thoughts refined, And the glorious wealth of mind: Thou, sweet child! life's rose unblown, Hast a treasure of thine own:-Youth's most unalloyed delights, Happy days and tranquil nights; And a brain with thought unvexed,-And a light heart, unperplexed! Go, thou sweet one! all day long, Like a glad bird, pour thy song, And let thy young graceful head Be with sea-flowers garlanded; For all outward signs of glee Well become thee, MARIAN LEE!

#### CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY L. B. L.

Ir ever in the human heart
A fitting season there can be,
Worthy of its immortal part,
Worthy, O blessed Lord, of thee;

The in that yet unsulled hour,
Or ere the world has claimed its own;
Pure as the hues within the flower,
To summerstand the sun unknown;

When still the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty water,
So soon to be destroyed by sin.

Then is the time for Faith and Love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prafer.

This work is ours—this charge was thine— These youthful souls from sin to save; To lead them in thy faith divine,, And teach its triumph o'er the grave.

The world will come with care and crime, And tempt too many a heart astray; Still the seed sown in early time Will not be wholly cast away.

The infant prayer, the infant hymn, Within the darkened soul will rise, When age's weary eye is dim, And the grave's shadow round us lies;

The infant hymn is heard again, \*\*

The infant prayer is breathed once more;
Reclasping of a broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.

Lord, grant our hearts be so inclined.
Thy work to seek—thy will to do;
And while we teach the youthful mind
Our own be taught thy lessons too.
M 2

#### THE DEATH OF A LOVELY DAUGHTER.

DEDICATED TO LAIRD MAXWELL.

Sur's gane to dwall in Heaven, my lassie, She's gane to dwall in Heaven, Ye're ower pure quoth a voice aboon, For dwalling out o' Heaven.

O! what'll she do in Heaven, my lamie ? O! what'll she do in Heaven ? She'd mix her own thoughts wi' angels' sangs And make them mair meet for Heaven.

She was beloved of a', my lamle; She was beloved of a'; But an Angel fell in love wi'her, And took her from us a'.

Low there she lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies,
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise.

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee:
Thou left me nought to covet, lassie,
But took goodness sel' wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassic; I look'd on thy death-cold face; Thou seemed a lilie new cut 'i the bud, And fading in its place.

There's nought but dust now mine, my fassicathere's nought but dust now mine; My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld, cauld grave. An' why should I stay behin'?

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie, I look'd on thy death-shut eye; And a loveller brow in the sight o' Heaven Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddle and calm, my lassie.
Thy lips were ruddle and calm,
But gane was the holy breath o' Heaven
To sing the Evening Paalm.
Digitize in by

- H

# ROSE OF THE DESERT—A BALLAD.





Rose of the garden how unlike thy doom!

Destin'd for others, not thyself, to bloom.

Cull'd, cre thy beauty lives through half its day;

A memorate cherish'd, and then cast away;

Rose of the garden, such is woman's lot,

Worshipper, while blooming—when she indes, forget-

### THE PORTRAIT:

A SKETCH.

YES; at last I was fairly in love! and with what? A portrait!—but such a one!

The exhibition had only just opened; I had gone to see it on the third day, and scarcely had I advanced a dozen paces into the grand room, when I felt myself riveted to the spot. "What's the matter?" inquired Armstrong. I heard him, but felt as if the faculties of speech were suspended. He repeated the question, but to no purpose. "Are you dreaming?" at length he exclaimed—"What is the matter with you?"

"Do you know the original of that portrait?"

inquired 1.
"No."

"Look at the number in the book. Well, what says it?"

"Portrait of a young lady, by E. F."

"And who is E. F?"

"I know not."

"A plague upon all initials," exclaimed I; "I would give the world to know the name of the artist."

"I'll try and find him out for you, my boy," rejoined the kindest-hearted fellow in Dublin.

"Oh, there are tones and looks that dart
An ingant sunshine through the heart;
Asif the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!"

repeated I to myself, as I stood gazing upon the

voiceless, sightless picture!

'Twas a full-length-a front view, in the attitude of advancing—a maid of auburn tresses; the complexion fair; the eyes, a deep blue; the hips-carnations-slightly apart, as though the sweet breath were issuing through them; the bosom delicately full-veiled by a kerchief of gauze, but one spot of dazzling whiteness; the waist, tapering to the critical point, beyond which firmness and grace take leave of tenuity, and from the zone of which the lines of the lower part of the figure flowed outwards and downwards in a curve of noble richness; an ankle and an instep, like the rest—symmetry! he arms—which were bare from something more than half way above the elbows-were beautiful; her right hand was covered with a glove, and held another, leaving her left one the voucher of a virgin palm! No ring was on the finger.

"Tis time to go," said Armstrong, slapping me on the shoulder; "the exhibition closes at

four."

Three hours had I been poring upon 4t!—
"Four!" exclaimed L

"It wants but ten minutes of it."

"And have you found out the artist?"
"No."

as I entered the room I took my seat before the portrait, and there I remained till every one else was gone. No doubt I was the object of frequent remark. I often heard a whispering near me. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of a smile, suddenly suppressed. On one occasion I seemed to give no small umbrage to a gentleman who stood in front of me. A lady was leaning on his arm. I had heard a sigh so deep, that, in spite of my absorption, it attracted my notice. 1 withdrew my eyes from the portrait, and they fell on the lady, who was in the act of turning away; but I encountered the gaze of her companion, whose countenance betrayed an expression of mingled impatience and resentment, so strong, that my own began to lour, and I was on the point of starting from my chair, when he looked another way, and conducted his companion to the opposite side of the room. She wore a cloak, and was veiled. I was surprised at the incident. I never after entered the Exhibition without looking about for the gentleman and his fair friend, but I never met them there again.

Not a day did I miss the Exhibition. As soon

"Hang the Exhibition!" exclaimed Armstrong; "you shall take a lounge with me this morning." I was on the point of walking in, when he thrust his arm through mine, and took me by main force along with him.

"That woman has a figure!" cried he. I listened, but noted not the object of remark. My eyes were in the Exhibition.

"Her waist," continued he, "is as natural as her neck—which she carries so well. She doesn't squeeze it. There is too much pliancy there for much constraint." We were walking in Sack-ville street; which, from noon till dinner-time, may be called the Mall of Dublin. "The fall of her shoulders," added he, "is the most graceful thing imaginable! Do you mark it?"

"Yes," replied 1, poring upon the figure in the Exhibition room.

"So much for her back," resumed Armstrong. "We have not seen her face yet, but the pleasure is at hand. She'll be sure to turn at the end of the street. Depend upon it, she and her fair friend have not put on their bonnets and shawls for nothing but a walk to the Rotunda and back again. Slacken your pace," continued he.—
"Now for it! Has a well-turned ankle never played you a trick? For once that I have been obliged to one for a handsome face, I may reckon fifty introductions to a homely one. Now for it, my lad! Right about, wheel. By Jupiter, she is an angel!"

I mechanically raised my eyes. There was the portrait in living flesh and blood before me! Our eyes met—I stopped short—she hesitated too—coloured—and her extraorement she and her extraorement she and her

companion pasted on We followed o

How my heart beat! Its agitation became almost insupportable as we drew near the other end of the street, where I hoped they would turn again. They were within three or four yards of it—they slackened their pace. Kind fortune!—"Are you ready?" exclaimed a voice. They stopped—a gentleman had accosted them out of a barouche, that had drawn up to the side of the flags. 'Twas the identical individual, the peculiarity of whose deportment had struck me in the Exhibition-room. He sprung out of the carriage, handed the fair partners in, and, stepping in after them, they drove off.

"Whither are you going like a madman?" exclaimed Armstrong.

"To follow them!" replied I, scarce conscious of what to do.

"Follow your dinner!" rejoined he; "or rather wait upon it. You are engaged at six o'clock, and have to go home, dress, and be at Kingstown in that ample space of time." It was five.—"Come," continued he; "is it tumbling into love you are about? And do you think there is but one beautiful woman in Dublin?"

"But one in the world!" exclaimed I.

"Then, by my conscience," rejoined he, "there is no such place in the world like Dublin!"

"I went home, dressed, and drove in a car to Kingstown. A joyous party—but nothing could get me out of Sackville street. I was abstract ed, restless, impatient of the restraint of company; anxious to be gone, without knowing whither to go. The evening had scarcely commenced when I stole away. I hastened home, and flung myself into bed; and, in bed, I was still in Sackville street.

Sackville street-Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday-every day in the following week; but not a glimpse of the living portrait. "Hang you!" exclaimed Armstrong, planting himself right before me, about half an hour after I had commenced another week's promenade. "I never saw such a fool, when you take a fancy into your head! I want a pair of gloves-step with me to Grafton street." And to Grafton street the incorrigible Armstrong literally dragged me.-"This is the shop," cried he, entering one upon the right hand; "and, by the powers! there stands your Venus herself, fitting her fair hand! Up to her, my Mars!" whispered he. There stood, indeed, the incomparable original of the portrait—her female companion along with her. She had been choosing some gloves from several parcels, which lay open upon the counter. She had just taken up a pair-one of which she was about to try on. It fitted her. "This will do." remarked she to the mistress of the shop. "I shall take half a dozen pair, and send three dozen of different sizes after me." The gloves were white. Just then our eyes encountered. Her face in a moment became crimson, and then all at once turned to a deadly pale; she seemed gasping, as it were, for breath. I saw she was ill, and sprang forward, and caught her as I thought she was about to drop. She looked in my face as her colour slowly returned; gently, and without any expression of displeasure, disengaged herself, and snatching the arm of her friend— "Come," said she, heaving a sigh, which reminded me of the one which I had heard in the Exhibition room.

My heart was in a tumult. The look of her male companion—the sigh—the blush—the blush again—the strangeness of its sudden vanishing—and then the sigh again! What was I to conclude? They had scarcely got into the street when I followed them.

They proceeded up Graston street into Stephen's Green. I kept about half a dozen yards behind them. They took the right hand side of the square, and in crossing the end of Cuffe street, passed one of those semi-gentlemen, whose only occupation is idleness, and who instantly followed them, keeping between them and me. He drew nearer-I saw what he was about—and scarcely had he touched the arm of the fair creature when I collared him. I had caught a Tartar! He was accomplished in an art, in which I had never felt any ambition to excel. I let him go, thinking I had a gentleman to deal with, and scarcely was he at liberty, when I was stretched, in a state of insensibility, upon the street.

When I came to myself, the first thing of which I was sensible was the pressure of a hand upon my temples. I looked up. It was her's-she was chafing them. The sight of her recalled at once the full possession of my faculties. I looked around, and saw we were alone. I sprung from a couch upon which I had been stretched, and throwing myself at the fair creature's feet, poured forth the passion of my soul in a strain of vehement eloquence, of which before that moment I had never been the master. She listened to me without lifting her eyes, till I was silent. Then slowly raising them, she fixed them upon me with an expression that pierced me to the soul, and gave me indescribable anguish. "The designs of Providence are inscrutable," said she with another deep-drawn sigh. "I know not to what it has destined me! Forget me, Sir!-Forget me! Would to heaven-!"

"I can wait no longer!" said her friend, looking into the parlour.

She started upon her feet—for she had been sitting—and hastily moved a step or two towards the door. I as hastily followed her, catching her, by the hand to dellan her—"Would to Heaven what?" I exclaimed.

"That I had never seen you," was her reply; and by a sudden effort she withdrew the hand which I was holding.

"Follow me not!" added she. "Attempt not to detain me!" Her hand was upon the lock of the door. She paused—looked at me till her eyes seemed to strain again—raised her right hand to her lips. I waited not to allow her to complete the action which I anticipated—I sprang towards her—she vanished, closing the door after her; in the act of re-opening which, I heard the hall-door shut; I followed, and tried to open it. In my trepidation I could not find the way. It was pre-

sently opened from without, and the servant entered, followed by a person whom I concluded to be her master, and who opposed my egress. An explanation ensued. It was a medical gentleman, whom the servant had gone to fetch. She had been alone in the house, immediately opposite where I had been knocked down—had witnessed the transaction—and readily suffered me to be brought in, attended by the lovely being in whose cause I had suffered. I hastily recompensed each, and sallied forth, but all trace of the dear unknown one was lost. It totally escaped my recollection at the time, that, by applying at the glove-shop, I could have got a clue to her.

I rose the next morning in a state of bodily, as well as mental fever, and wandered through the streets as chance directed me. In turning a corser, I came right against somebody.

"Hallo!" cried Armstrong. "Are you walking in your sleep? Rouse you, my merry man!— Heavens!" he exclaimed, when I looked at him, "what the mischief is the matter with you?" I unburthened my heart to him, as we walked together. As we were passing St. Thomas's, a friend of his issued from the church, and apparently in a state of considerable excitation.—"What's the matter with you?" exclaimed Armstrong.

"A murder is doing in that church!"

"A murder!"

"Yes; they are sacrificing a young heart to Plutus. I know the parties. The story is told in three words. It is the daughter of an English gentleman of reduced circumstances. She has taken the fancy of a young man of fortune, who has just returned from his travels. Her heart was disengaged, and her parents prevailed upon her to accept him. She rues the consent which has been wrung from her. They have brought her to the church. For this half hour have they been trying to prevail upon her to allow the ceremony to proceed. I never saw such a scene! How they can stand it, I know not; but, for my part, it was too much for me, and I was obliged to come away."

The truth flashed across me. I broke from Armstrong, and rushed into the church. It was she! I met them bearing her fainting from the altar, supported by the man whose scowl I had encountered in the Exhibition room. The knot had been tied! As they passed by me, I stood like an idiot—I spoke not—moved not—they went out of the church—all power of reflection or action seemed to have deserted me. I mechanically submitted to the guidance of Armstrong, who, with his friend, conducted me home.

"Come," said I, suddenly starting up, after I had sat, as Armstrong has assured me, for upwards of two hours without speaking—"Come, I shall embark to-night for England!"

He did not attempt to dissuade me. "I shall accompany you, my lad," said he.

We had but few arrangements to make; nevertheless, when we arrived at Kingstown, we were too late for the packet; she had sailed half an hour before.

"What shall we do?" asked Armstrong.

"Take up our quarters here till to-morrow evening," replied I. "I shall not set foot in Dublin again."

"Content!" rejoined Armstrong.

It came on a dreadful night-wind, rain, and thunder. 'Twas a relief to the chaos of my heart-the tempest was in unison with it. I watched an opportunity, and stealing out, went down to the beach. The night was terrifically grand. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but one undulating, heaving sheet of foam.' You could scarcely hear the thunder for the breakers. I discerned a party at a distance busy about something. I approached them. A vessel was in the offing on the bar, and they were about to launch the life-boat; they had almost accomplished their purpose, when one of the crew was struck down and stunned—they could not tell with what. Obeying an impulse, for which I could not account, but which probably owed its origin to an utter recklessness of life, I made a rush, and sprung into the boat—"I can pull an oar, my lads!" I exclaimed—"Lay to, and tug away!"

We slowly approached the ship. As we neared her, we saw that the crew had taken to the boat, which was pulling from her. We hailed it. Our cry was answered. It disappeared; we hailed it again—again. No reply. It had gone down! We looked at one another and shuddered, but spoke not. We were now alongside of the wreck. Upon the poop, the only part above the water, stood two individuals, who watched us, without speaking. We rowed to leeward of the vessel, took them off, and after ascertaining that there was not another soul on board, made back and reached the shore.

It was a man and a woman whom we had rescued. We conveyed them to the inn—the female was consigned to the charge of the landlady. Armstrong and I undertook the task of attending to her companion, whom we soon equipped with dry apparel from our own trunks, and easily prevailed upon to take a seat at our board, which was spread for supper.

He spoke little at first, except to thank us—especially me, who had been instrumental in preserving him. He was a Portuguese, but spoke English with considerable fluency.

"Many a time, Sir," said he, "have I cursed your country, but now I bless it."

"Cursed it!" echoed Armstrong.

"Yes, Sir, I'll not deny it—nor need I. That girl whom you have saved from a watery grave is my sister; death perhaps would have been a blessing to her—and to me. Yet is it an appalling thing when it comes."

We wished for an explanation of this, but from delicacy were silent. It came, however, of its own that A foreigner had fallen in love with hemanical her—and deserted her after their nuptials. Her brother and she were in pursuit of him; and after tracing him through Spain, France, Italy, and Germany, had at length got a clue to him in this coun-

try. The story was an exceedingly affecting one, and proved the darkest obliquity of principle upon the part of the offender.

Scarcely was it finished, when the landlady abruptly entered the room-

"Gentlemen," said she, "what is to be done?" "My sister!" exclaimed the young man, start-

ing up in an agony of apprehension.

"Your sister is safe and well, Sir, and sound asleep, for what I know, but there is another in the house who, if I mistake not, would give all she is mistress of to be the occupant of her bed."

At this moment we heard a shriek. It came from the room below. Armstrong and I rushed down stairs, followed by the stranger and the landlady. The cry was repeated.

"He will use force!" exclaimed the landlady. I heard no more. I was foremost—I burst open the door of the apartment.---What were my emotions at beholding the mistress of my heart -the fainting bride of the morning—on her knees before the man who had espoused her.-

He was holding her. At sight of me she sprung upon her feet, and rushed into my arms.

"I will not be his wife!" she exclaimed. "I have been forced to the altar,-I knew not what I did.—It was mockery.—I will not be his wife. They deceived me into accompanying him.— Deserted me, and left me in his power.-I will not be his wife!"

He stood pale and trembling with rage. We all remained motionless, looking now at him, and now at one another. He cast his eyes about the room, as if in search of something; they rested upon a trunk which lay upon one of the chairs -he approached it-opened it-took out a pair of pistols-cocked them, and approached me.-At this moment the Portuguese rushed past me, and caught him by the throat.

"Villain!" exclaimed the Portuguese. The pistols fell on the ground. They knew each other. Imagine the conclusion of the scene.-Imagine the scene that followed it in a month after, when I saw the Portrait in my own room -and the Original at my side—my willing wife!

# THE COURT OF FRANCE.

I warn the reader, that I am not going to iutroduce him into the great closet, where the Council held its sittings; for I was not one of those who were admitted into it; and as I never listened at its doors, I labour under a consequent inability to report what occurred within it. All that I know is, that there was a cabinet, which expended three sheets of paper too much; looking at the lamentable conflagration which they kindled. It is you, strangers, who never participated in the fetes and ceremonies of the court, whom I summon to follow me into the Tuileries; for you knew them only by name. I shall not attempt to describe their external aspect. I am ambitious of bearing you with me into the interior of the chateau; but shall take due care not to show you how it looked after the three days, with its crumbled doors, rent furniture, shattered mirrors, torn hangings, vandalized paintings, and lacerated registers; as to the last of which, perchance, none was so maltreated as the book of benefactions; a misfortune, originating probably in the modesty of the victors, who had no wish that their names should appear. I do not desire to recal these afflicting occurrences; I would rather it were in my power to expunge them from the memory of man. Unhappily they are become matters of history, and, in its inexorable austerity, history will hand them down to after ages.

We will travel back to happier times, and transfer ourselves to some of the fetes and ceremonies which graced the court of Charles X.; but, as you do not bear French trappings about you, we must not attempt an entrance by the great staircase. It is guarded by a man who is termed a Swiss, albeit he is a Frenchman, every inch of him; he would let you know, that etiquette forbids any booted visitor from crossing the king's threshold. The stairs, by aid of which I shall give you admittance, are free from this embargo. You seem astonished that the steps are more attenuated by use, than the others! The reason is, that they are the highway to the Caisse des Aumones—a box, the very antipode of the Danaides' tun; for men's fingers are perpetually dipping into it, and yet they never reach the bottom. We will ascend higher still, and cross the black corridor, where, on either hand, right and left, are a series of narrow, inconvenient, and yet, dearly courted apartments, in which the Grand Seigneur and valet-de-chambre, the maitre d'hotel and the medical attendant, the aid-de-camp and the almoner, and the squire and man of all work, garrison in common. In this region, all ranks, dignities, and grades of society are huddled pell-mell: aye, and when the last day comes, I conjecture that we shall all of us have to find our way through a black corridor, in which all social distinctions will be herded together, as is the case within the Tuileries.

And now we will descend to the next floor, and pay our devoirs to the first gentleman of the chamber-one of the great officers on the household establishment. Let us ask him for some cards to the ceremony of the "Last Supper." and having obtained them-thanks to his untarrving readiness to oblige all parties. The groom of the chamber has taken our ticket and the

valet-de-chambre has shown us to a seat behind the ladies.

What a delightful coup d'æil. What a festive aspect wait upon this scene! The confined area of the Chapel Royal did not afford sufficient space for it, and the solemnity has been adjourned, therefore, to the gallery of Diana. You may well smile as you lift up your eyes, and rest them on the splendid paintings which decorate the ceiling. Cupid and Psyche, Diana and Endymion, Hercules and Omphale, together with the whole train of pagan gods and goddesses, seem but ungainly attendants on the pomp of a Christian solemnity. But, cast your eyes downwards, mark the simplicity of you altar and oratory, from which the God of the Christian and his minister are about to pour forth celestial language, and you will have no heart for a smile: your mind will have compassed the far-and-wide interval which severs error from truth.

A large table has been placed at one of the extremities of the gallery, and on that table stand thirteen dishes, symmetrically repeated thirteen different times; each of them is adorned with odorous flowers, lending a delicious perfume to the incumbent atmosphere. Both right and left, throughout the whole extent of the gallery, are three rows of seats below each other; one side is appropriated to the ladies, whose elegant habiliments have somewhat of a worldly cast about them; yet the scene is an enchanting one; and the book, held between their fingers, even though they do not open its pages, is indicative, at least, of a goodly intention. In front of the seat reserved for the use of the royal family, is a more elevated bench occupied by thirteen indigent children, typical of the thirteen apostles; for, at the time when the last supper took place, Iscariot had not betrayed his master. Behind the young apostles stood the king's band, led by Charabini and Lesneur, and directed by Plantide. Talent of every description had been placed under requisition to compose it—as a whole, it was without a rival in point of execution, and a long and lingering regret will survive its dissolution.

But, suddenly, a voice is heard, and "The King," is announced. See! how every one leans, and presses, and thrusts himself forward to discern him!-he salutes the throng with the easy grace with which nature has gifted him; there is nothing of the old man in his manner; it is respect alone which reigns in the ardent burst his benignity would seem to invite. Divine service is nearly at an end before the audience have bethought themselves of prayer. Next succeeds the sermon, and it is listened to in full confidence that none but a Bossuet or a Masillon would be admitted to preach before Royalty; but anticipation proves a cheat; and the listener to consoled with the sight of the king. How the To follows his every motion, whilst he discharges the goodly office, handed down by his royal ancestors, and with his own hands washes the feet of the thirteen apostles in token of christian humility! Let the impious laugh this affecting so-

lemnity, a remnant of his fathers' piety, to scorn; yet if he did but once witness it, that laugh would be dismissed for ever. The scene is not, in every stage of it, austere and sanctified; the assistants at the ceremonies and altar come forth in procession, bearing bouquets of flowers and the insignia of their offices in their hands; the Dauphin of France, followed by the great officers of State, follow in their train; they advance and return, thirteen times in succession for the purpose of fetching the bread, wine, and dishes designed for the apostles; and, having delivered them to the king, he places them in baskets, and deposits them at the feet of each of the children; adding a purse, containing thirteen fivefranc pieces as a donative with each basket. This concludes the ceremony; and well may the Sovereign say of it, "I have performed more than a mere act of piety or humility; 1 have made the hearts of thirteen families to leap for joy!" \* \* \*

E. MENNECHET.

#### REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

Ir we hold a narrow slip of paper vertically, about a foot from the eye, and fix both eyes upon an object at some distance beyond it, then if we allow the light of the sun or the light of a candle to act strongly upon the right eye without affecting the left, which may be easily protected from its influence, the left hand strip of the paper, will be seen of a bright green colour, and the right hand of a red colour. If, the piece of paper is sufficiently broad to make the two overlap each other, the overlapping parts will be perfectly white and free from colour, which proves that the red and green are what is called complimentary. When equally luminous, or candles are held near each eye, the two strips of paper will be white.—If when the candle is held near the right eye, and the strips of paper are seen red and green, then on bringing the candle suddenly to the left eye, the left hand image of the paper will gradually change to a green, and the right hand image to a red .- Brewster's Optics.

## . SADNESS.

THERE is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and the iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind.—Again, a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning Digitized by GOO brightness.

#### SPRING.

#### BY MARY BOWETT.

THE spring—she is a blessed thing!
She is the mother of the flowers!
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their reveiries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The merry children when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods, Peeping the withered leaves among, To find the earliest, fragrant thing, That dares from the cold earth to spring, Or catch the earliest wild bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth;
The akles are blue, the air is warm,
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

The aged man is in the field,
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers,
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wandering in forgetfulness,
Of wants that fret and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good— With joys to store for future years, From which in striving crowds apart, The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart, May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up—let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air:
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health, and love, and peace are there!

#### THE BROKEN HEARTED.

Sim braided a wreath for her silken hair, And kindled a smile on her sad, pale face; For a secret hand had been writing there, In lines that sorrow alone could trace!

She gave a check to the rising sigh;
And sent it again at its source to swell;
While she turned to dash from her tearful eye
A gittering drop, that her tale might tell.

Her foot in the dazzling hall was found As lightly the mase of the dance to thread, While, sportive, she moved to the viol's sound, As if not a hope of her heart had fied!

Yet she wished, ere a rose in her wreath should die, Or the smile on her lip should cease to play, Her head on the pillow of death might lie, And the suffering chords of her heart give way!

But she poured no plaint in an earthly ear; Her soul with its secret griefs went up, Beseeching her God that he would hear— Withdraw the bitter, or break the cup?

Her prayer was heard, and the sigh was stilled, As if in her breast it ne'er had been? The tear, ere it sprang to her eye, was chilled; And the lids forever had locked it in?

I bent o'er her pale and breathless clay,
As it shone in the light, like a frozea flower,
That stands in the air of a winter's day,
Ere a leaf has drooped at the sunbeam's power.

"Twas wrapped in a sweet and holy calm, That bade each shadow of grief depart! The spirit had risen to breathe the balm, Which Glicad sheds for the pure in heart!

# THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

GLASS PICTURE FRAMES.

A frame for a picture, or case for a bust, may be produced from four pieces, cut as a (Fig. 13,) bound, and sewn together at their ends, b b; a

d c

piece, as c, which will serve as the glass in front of the picture or bust, fastened by its binding to the inner edges of the pieces, a; four other pieces, as d, which are to be sewn together by the bindings at their ends, and then fastened in like manner, by the

inner edges, to the square formed by the pieces marked a; four more, of equal size, to form the bottom, top and sides, which are to be fastened to the outer edges of the pieces, d; the centre glass must be depressed, and the inner pieces of the frame placed in a slanting direction towards it; the outer parts, d, forming an obtuse angle with them, and being placed square on them and the sides. A portrait in stained glass, a small painting on velvet, or a miniature; a beautiful medallion, or a bust in wax, may now be



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put behind the glass (Fig. 14) and the frame or case completed, by adding a back of stout pasteboard or wood, bound and sewn to the edges of the sides. The bottom, top, and sides of a case for a bust must be deeper than those for a frame; and

so also should the parts a; the inside of the back must be lined, and have a small shelf or pedestal fixed to it, for the bust to rest on; any appropriate ornaments may be placed at the corners, to conceal the seams. If a frame, a loop may be fixed in the back to suspend it by; and if a case, pedestals may be fastened to the bottom, which will be more convenient if made of wood. The piece, c, in front of the picture or bast, should, of course, be plain plate glass; the front, sides, &c. may be ground, stained, or of looking-glass.

# SOPHIA, PRINCESS OF ZELLE;

OR, THE SYBIL'S WARNING,

"The friends whom I loved in light,
Are seen through a twilight dim;
Like fairles beheld in a moonlight night,
Or heard in a far-off hymn!
The hopes of my youth are away,
My home and its early dreams;
I am far from the land where I used to play,
A child, by its thousand streams!"

T. K. HERVEY.

"The lovely, and the innocent, are e'er the spoiler's prey!"

In regarding the English Revolution of 1688, and the Act of Settlement, by which the throne of these realms was rendered hereditary in the family of Brunswick, the minor details of those events, and the multitude of interwoven circumstances which such stupendous changes gave birth to, have seldom been adverted to by the historian. In the fugitive pieces of the time alone do we find them particularly mentioned, and there indeed we have affecting and interesting details of family and individual suffering; ruined fortunes and blighted hopes; stratagems, fraud, cunning; the vicious propensities of ambition, and the debasement of the human character. The sufferings of the beautiful Princess of Zelle particularly claim our attention, and demand our tenderest pity; possessing every qualification, and every disposition to become the delight and ornament of society, she fell a victim to the insatiable ambition of her step-mother, while the gross propensities of her husband sanctioned her degradation, and by a bigotted devotion to his favourites, he suffered his amiable wife to pine in captivity, her reputation branded with infamy. and herself deprived of every consolation beyond that high support under suffering which is inspired by the consciousness of moral rectitude.

The Electress Sophia of Hanover, granddaughter of the ill-fated Mary of Scotland, cousin of the equally unfortunate Charles the First. and mother of the Electoral Prince George, who ultimately obtained the crown of England, was a woman who contemplated all the politics of Europe; viewing herself in such close connection with a great nation, her efforts were unceasingly directed to secure to herself a position by which she might be enabled to hold an authority in that kingdom, which so many circumstances then appeared to prevent her from becoming the real possessor of; every scheme that crafty policy could suggest were tried; the Electress saw with delight the Revolutionary monarch die without issue, and the next Queen (Anne) having lost her son, the Duke of Gloucester, could scatcely oppose the Hanoverian succession. The Electress explied in the prospect which now opened before her. Her star rose in the regal horizon, her machinations were crowned with success, and

the crown of England was now ready to descend upon her head. The Elector was too much engaged in sensual pleasures to heed the political schemes of his wife; she therefore controlled the destinies of the Electorate, and swayed the dispositions of her husband and her son. The latter followed the precise steps of his parent, and while they were passing the hours of their existence in dissolute and depraved company, she was moulding a scheme of family aggrandizement, which eventually succeeded, and the Electoral Prince became the King of England.

But it was necessary that the Prince should marry, that he should have a lowful partner in order to perpetuate the succession, and his cousin, the Princess Sophia, daughter of the Duke of Zelle, was selected. But the Electress scorned the lovely and amiable Princess; her family were low and pitiful in her elevated mind, and from the day of her marriage, the ambitious mother treated her with contumely and contempt. The Princess Sophia was a young and innocent girl, possessing warm affections, ardent dispositions, and a faithful devotion, that the repeated and wanton tyranny of her husband and his mother could scarcely destroy; and she placed her happiness in the hands of the Prince, reluctantly, but with noble and generous confidence, that confidence which is ever characteristic of goodness and unsullied innocence, too pure to believe that one who swears in the face of heaven to promote and preserve its happiness, could ever be false or cruel. But how faithless are the pictures which the young heart in its first enthusiasm delineates, all purity, all romance; the stern realities of life soon dissipate the coloured visions of romance, and " blot them out in tears."

"——We cannot see
Through the grey veil of fate. Else who would dare
The coming storm, the wreck of hope and hear!—
The miserable realities that sweep
Away the fairy pictures of our dreams,
And lead us to the cold, dark mansions
Of the tomb!"

The moment in which the Princes of Zelle became united to the Electoral Prince, was the commencement of a life of unmingled unhappiness and regret. Too proud to tell the gaping heartless world what she endured, her greef was

still and silent;—she never complained of the dissolute manners of her husband, but a tear trembled upon her eyelid, as she kindly chided his neglect; with all the tender and delicate endearments of real affection, she endeavoured to charm him from his pursuits, to awaken the dormant spirit of rectitude in his breast, and inspire that affection which at the altar of his God he had sworn to treat her with. But all those springs of feeling had been dried up—feeling had become deadened, the ideas of the Prince were deprayed, and every woman became in his opinion, as worthless as the infamous Henrietta Meissenbourg, or her sister Plaaten.

Those were the women, who fearing lest the amiable and unsullied disposition of the Princess might ultimately overturn the false principles of her husband, and lead him into the paths of rectitude and honour, sought opportunities of fixing scandal upon the undisguised actions of the Princess—of traducing a character which stood above suspicion, and at length bent upon the ruin of their noble rival, and presuming upon the hold they had upon the favour of the Prince, and aware of the contempt of the Electress, at length produced a series of forged documents, which attached criminality to the virtuous Princess, and consigned her to a dreary prison on the banks of the Ahler Strom.

It was not until the fact stared her in the face. of her very existence being in danger, that the Princess awakened to the perils of her situation, and then her enemies had too much power for her to encounter; she must have sunk beneath their machinations, and have ignominiously perished by the hands of an assassin. This conviction rushed upon her mind, and the consciousness that she stood alone in the Electorate without a single friend to comfort or assist her, was more than sufficient to lead ber to embrace the proffered assistance of a dissolute young man to accompany her to France, where, in the midst of her mother's family she would be safe from the perils which surrounded her under her husband's roof. There was no criminality in this; it was the natural impulse of apprehension. was no safety for her but in flight, and where could she fly to but to France? Her father was a weak-minded man, and his Duchy too near to the Electorate to ensure her personal safety. France was the nearest place that she could escape to, and she could not proceed thither alone: Louis the Fourteenth was pouring his troops towards the Belgic frontiers, and the whole country was in arms. A soldier of high character and bravery was requisite to protect her on her way, and there was only one being near her, by whom she was either regarded or respected.

This was the young Count Konigsmark, a man of acknowledged heroism, but whose manners were sadly tinctured with that spirit of profligacy which pervaded all the surrounding courts. He had once been the lover of the Princes-perhaps the favoured lover; but parental command severed the engagement, gave the hand of the innocent girl to a dissipated Prince, and led

the chivalric youth into a life of profligacy and heedlessness. We cannot presume to imagine the reflections of the disunited-nor state the pictures which the neglected Princess drew of the husband who deserted her for the metricious charms of others, and the once honourable and affectionate Konigsmark, who having irretrievably lost all that was dear to him, plunged into a course of conduct which at one time his heart would have shrunk from and contemped. But whatever the reflection of the Princess may have been, her conduct was above suspicion:-a lingering regard for him whom she once imagined would have had a lawful claim upon her affections, may still have clung to her heart, but reason and virtue curbed and stilled the passionshe was the wife of another, and could now only think of Konigsmark as a friend,

And the friendship of Konigamark was tendered; he had repeatedly in the hearing of the Baroness de Molekt, the confidant of the Princess, expressed his devotion and readiness to serve her even with his life, should circumstances demand the sacrifice; and these noble and generous expressions induced the Princess, as the only means of ensuring her personal safety, to confide in the Count's honour, and to solicit him, the only friend in the world, with whom she was enabled to correspond, to assist her in escaping from a scene of misery and ignominious death. The Count immediately gave his services, which were gratefully, but delicately acknowledged, and the arrangements for the projected flight left entirely to his direction.

Before those arrangements could be completed, Konigsmark was called upon an especial business to the Polish Court, to that Court, which, under the rule of Augustus, one of the most dissolute men of the time, contained a depraved band from all the Courts of Europe. The Count mingling with these men, again sunk into his profligate habits; he partook of all the entertainments and revelries of the Court, and again gave himself up to dissipation. He freely detailed his amours to his associates, and slandered the most exalted, and noble women in every Court through which he had pursued his career; and, at length, heated by wine, and the glowing recitals of his companion's successes, he ventured to insinuate that he was still beloved, and even that he was in the confidence of the Electoral Princess!

That was the admission required; spies were around him, his correspondence with the Princess had been noticed by the emissaries of the Electress and Madame Plaaten, and he had been followed to the Polish Court, where he dared intemperately to slander the reputation of an innocent Princess, and which ultimately proved the cause of her captivity and his own untimely end. A dispatch was immediately forwarded to the Electress, and she soon became acquainted with the unguarded expression of the intemperate Count.

The revel of the night broke up—the royal Augustus was conveyed senseless to his couch, and his intoxicated and exhausted courtiers re-

treated from the scene of depravity in order to recruit their strength, by a few hours slumber, for a similar debauch on the ensuing day. Konigsmark was the last who retired; intoxicated as he was, a suspicion that he had committed himself, flashed across his mind; he distinctly recollected his insinuation respecting the Princess, and he had noticed the abrupt departure of one of the guests from the table; a fearful presentiment occurred to him, but the wine had stupified him, and he could not bring his ideas into any settled or actual form;—he was distracted—he saw his folly—but could scarcely comprehend his danger;—his mind was confused and agitated, and he sought his couch for relief.

As he passed from the palace, along one of the dark and narrow streets of Warsaw, his progress was suddenly impeded, and looking up he beheld a wild and almost unearthly female figure standing before him; her dark raven hair streaming over her shoulders, floated in the breezes of night; her eyes, large and dark, glanced deeply upon the Count's face and seemed to speak a language of reproof and scorn; the forefinger of her right hand was placed upon her lips, and her other hand was upraised towards the skies.

"Ruin!" screamed the sybil, as she retreated.
"Ruin and death!"

"Who—who art thou?" exclaimed the Count.

"The guardian spirit of the house of Zelle!—
Beware, beware!" continued she, screaming the last words with fearful utterance, and in a moment her figure was obscured in one of the dark outlets of the street.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

A month had elapsed since Konigsmark's return from Poland:—the arrangements for the flight of the Princess were concluded. At midnight, the Baroness de Molckt, received the signal, and, in a few moments, Konigsmark was in the chamber of Sophia. The Princess received him who was to be her deliverer, in tears: she trembled at the decisive step she was about to take, and her fears proved greater than her courage. "My children! my dear, dear children!" exclaimed she, sinking upon a chair, "I cannot go without seeing them. They have never offended—never injured me. I have a mother's heart—a mother's feelings; pray—pray excuse me!"

"Dear madam," exclaimed the Count, "there is danger in delay: we are surrounded by spies—another occasion may not happen, and then—"
"Then I must perish! I thank you—from my

heart I thank you; but I am a mother. I must see my children!"

In vain the Count, as well as the Baroness de Molckt, endeavoured to persuade the Princess; she was fixed in her resolution, and determined upon again embracing her innocent children. She delayed her flight until the following evening, and the Count was conducted from the

apartment.

But the sybil's prediction was to be fulfilled. The cabal of the Electress were aware of Konigsmark's admission to the chamber of the Prin-

cess-and such an opportunity of utterly ruining their innocent victim was too golden to be allowed to pass. The death of the Count was determined upon, and he was assassinated in the apartments of the Princess, a few moments after he had left her chamber. The circumstance of the detection of Konigsmark, embellished with all the scandalous implications that the malice and the infamy of Meissenbourg and Plaaten could invent, was speedily conveyed to the credulous husband, who willingly believed every assertion of his favourites, and gave implicit credence to all the forged documents which were laid before him, purporting to be letters from the Princess Sophia to Konigsmark. Incensed at the supposed criminality of his wife, Prince George immediately ordered her to be confined. The news of her disgrace soon reached the court of Zelle, but there the minions of the Prince poisoned the ear of the Duke; and though the agonized mother, upon her bended knees, implored his intercession, the Duke turned from her with disdain, exclaiming-" She hath forgotten the duty of a daughter, and shall find that I no longer have the feelings of a father!"

On the day subsequent to the murder of Konigsmark, the Princess was made a State prisoner, a guard placed over her, and the infamous women, Plaaten and Meissenbourg, added, by their personal taunts, to the affliction of the guiltless wife. In a few hours, the Elector entered in considerable emotion, to announce the Count's death, and the immediate removal of Sophia. "Send me where you may," replied she, "you cannot fix upon a residence more hateful to me than this." Her only wish was again to see her children, and it was complied with: as she pressed the weeping George and his interesting sister to her heart, "See," cried Madame Plaaten, " see how she mourns their father's death." The Princess, instantly darting a withering look of scorn and contempt, exclaimed, "Monsters! their father lives, and the God above, that knows the hearts of all, will speedily avenge our wrongs!" Then, falling upon her knees, and still clasping her trembling children to her heart, she breathed a prayer and murmured-" Father of the wretched and the desolate, guardian of the innocent and the oppressed, protect these little ones in this regal den of wretchedness! I am guiltless of the crimes imputed to me, and thus, humbling my soul before thee, I implore protection: preserve them in the paths of rectitude, and let them be the avengers of my wrongs-the means whereby my innocence may be madeknown!"

The women mocked the prayer of the Princess; but her spirit rose superior to their insults, and, disdaining to notice them, she followed silently to the carriage that was to convey her to her prison. Bothman, one of the villians in the pay of the Electress, sat by her side, with a drawn sword in his hand, and thus was she torn from her home, her husband, and her children; denied a hearing, and sentenced only by the machinations of the Prince's favourities. "You

will not be much alone, at nights, madame, in the Castle of the Ahler Strom," said Bothman, in the course of the progress to that savage looking edifice, where, if tradition is to be believed, many foul murders have been perpetrated, and many victims have pined through years of suffering-"You will not be much alone at nights, madam, for every room is haunted!"

" Not with worse fiends," exclaimed the Princess, "than thee and thy associates!"

" Long Piet, who had the honour of despatching Konigsmark, will, with his wife, be your at-

"There is yet a worse pair that the Electress could have chosen—Count Plaaten and his abandoned wife!"

The carriage stopped at the gate of the castle, and the Princess was instantly hurried into the edifice by the guards that had accompanied the vehicle. "I leave you now, madam, in the custody of these worthy people," exclaimed Bothman, with a sardonic grin; "you will be very hospitably treated, and have much reason to thank the clemency of your injured family."

The Princess turned from the ruffian with contempt. "Conduct me to my prison," exclaimed she; and Long Piet, awed by the sternness of her expression, immediately led the way in silence, into a large and gloomy apartment. The furniture was of the meanest kind, and the bed felt damp and cold: a small glimmering lamp was the only illumination, and, as the keeper retired, the Princess heard the heavy bolts of the door outside jar in their rusty holds. She sunk upon her knees, to implore the protection of Heaven in her desolate condition; and at length, wearied and exhausted, she fell into a slumber. But it was broke by fearful dreams: she beheld her protector perishing beneath the assassin's knife, and her enemies exulting; then the scene changed, and she thought herself in the Electoral Palace-the abandoned Meissenbourg approached the bed-side of her children, cast aside the curtains, and fiendishly seized the infants' necks;-they struggled and shrieked, but the grasp of the murderess became tighter, and the features of the children grew black-they struggled less, and their cries were fainter. The Princess herself had neither power to speak nor move; her body seemed inanimate, though her soul fluttered within-but then an invisible arm struck the murderess to the carth—the children revived, and again rushed into their mother's

Prince George returned to the Electoral Pass lace, but the knowledge of what had transpired weighed down his spirits: intemperate and heedless, still he was not so dead to every feeling of humanity, as to join his vicious associates in their exultations at the imputed guilt of Sophia, and her disgrace. He sanctioned her captivity. however, and suffered himself still to be guided in all his actions by his ambitious mother, and his meretricious favourites. But there are moments when reflection creeps upon the dissolute mind—there are moments when a still small

voice finds its way to the heart, and, in a few short words, speaks volumes of bitterness and reproof.—The Prince was alone in his library, a prey to the thoughts which such reflections give birth to, when his attention was diverted by the strange appearance of a female, standing directly before the window in a significant and mysterious attitude;-the Prince arose from his seat, and, throwing up the window-sash, enquired the cause of the intrusion.

"To prop the tottering fabric!" whispered the sybil, and her dark eyes shot forth mysterious fires. The Prince was alarmed, and retreated from the window, but the woman instantly rejoined-

"There is no danger in the wind-breath that foretells the storm. I cannot harm you as you harm yourself."

"How!" exclaimed the Prince, awed by the strange tones in which the sybil spoke.

"The Princess dies!-your life is linked with hers. Within twelve months from her death, what then will be the Electoral Prince himself?"

With these words the mysterious woman darted from the window, and though instant search was made through the Palace gardens, she escaped undiscovered.

Proposals were made for a reconciliation with the prisoner, but she demanded, preparatory thereto, the publication of her entire innocence, and the punishment of her accusers: those conditions were refused. "Then tell the Prince," was the spirited rejoinder of Sophia, " that a reconciliation is impossible; for if I am guilty I am unworthy of him, and if I am innocent he is unworthy of me!"

The Electress had now paid the great debt of nature, and Anne, Queen of England, dying shortly after, the friends of the House of Brunswick prevailed over the Stuart faction, and the Electoral Prince ascended the throne of Great Britain.

But the enemies of Sophia still prevailed, and the breach was further widened: the young Prince George, who interceded in his mother's behalf, fell under the royal displeasure, and at length a divorce was obtained in the German Courts. The son, indignant at his mother's unmerited sufferings, endeavoured to elude the vigilance of her guards, and to obtain admission to the castle, but detected, and baffled in his design, he was compelled to forego all his hopes of again embracing his innocent parent. At length, wearied with suffering and broken-hearted, the pure spirit of the Princess Sophia winged its flight to a better world, there to experience the happiness which was denied her in this, and to partake of that bright cup of felicity which --- none but angels share !"

Twelve months afterwards, the King set out to visit his Hanoverian dominions: on his way from

Delden to Herenhausen, he was observed to start suddenly, as if he had beheld some mysterious appearance at the carriage window; but

immediately falling back, he remained for some time in a kind of lethargy or stupor. "'Tis all over with me!" exclaimed the monarch, and ordered the postillions to drive rapidly to Herenhausen. But they had reached no farther than Osnaburg, when the powers of the monarch failed, and he sunk exhausted in the arms of one of his attendants.

"The Sybil was right!" murmured the King, and in a few hours he expired.

## ADVICE TO A BRIDE.

BY A LADY.

" 'Love guard thee, gentlest!—and may every woe
Be far from thy young heart—and sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter, in my lonley let
God will be with me.'
This was a mother's parting with her child,
A young meek bride on whom fair Fortune smiled,
And wooed her with a voice of love, away
From childhood's home."

MRS. HERARS.

"Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast? Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek. She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head. Her eye speaketh softness and love; but discretion, with a sceptre, sitteth on her brow. The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments; he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort."—Economy of Human Life.

You are at this moment the happiest woman in existence. The visions of bliss that have long floated over your imagination, are now about to be realized, and the cares, anxieties, and regrets that have heretofore thrown shadows over your path now vanish, and are dissipated by the bright sun of rapture that beams so joyously upon your heart. But in the midst of all this brightness, all this happiness, do not forget the fable of the boy, who, enraptured with the delightful flowers that were springing up around him, abandoned his allotted task, to wile away his hours in the midst of their fragrance. In other words, let not the fairy joys that now surround you, induce you to forget the task which you have voluntarily undertaken, or allow your present happiness to render you neglectful of the duty of a wife.

The task appears light, and it will be found light if you enter upon it in time;—a day, an hour's neglect is important, we know not what an hour may produce. It is necessary for you to commence with those reflections, and the idea which they inspire, will lead you on, to the consummation of that happiness, which you so ardently aspire to, and expect. You are the wife of one whom you have every reason to believe is the best disposed, and the most honourable of

men; he appears passionately devoted to you, and, in all probability, he himself imagines that his affection will endure, in all its strength and purity, to the latest moment of life. But there is not a greater contradiction in nature than the character of man. Made up of passions and prejudices, his merits are mostly negative, and consist not in the actual presence of good, but in the fortitude with which his more endured nature enables him to withstand evil. Thus he becomes the creature of circumstance, and is swayed and biassed by associations.

The great endeavour of a wife must be, therefore, to fix the disposition of her husband by increasing and persevering attentions: there is nothing more easy, if the task is assumed upon the outset in the marriage state; it is then a pleasure—the bride thinks no exertions too great to promote the happiness of the man she loves, and she perseveres in the task, until the very task itself becomes connected with her habits and manners of life, and, consequently, with her happiness. But if she neglects this opportunity, it can never be regained; the favourable moment will not return, and then, when the excitement of the occasion has abated, and the novelty of the new situation worn off, she discovers the fallacy of her expectations, and that all her highbuilt hopes are castles in the air. The early hours of married life glide on so felicitously, that the proper energies of the wife are lulled, as it were, into repose; a state of blissful repose certainly, but the more dangerous the nearer it approaches bliss. She fondly imagines the same happiness which attends her wedding day, and continues for some time after, will be permanent; that her husband's enthusiasm will continue, and that, therefore, she may remain a passive participatress in the enjoyments, which will last for ever! This is the idea of most newly-married ladies, but the experience of every day proves their error. It is upon this belief that the foundation of most unhappiness is established. A bride must never encourage it. She must not regard marriage as the perfection, but as the means of happiness: she must commence the new condition of life as if she were about to commence a journey, the destination to be arrived at with difficuty, although roses and bright flowers enliven the way.

Man, as I have before said, is the creature of circumstance, and, unless his disposition is naturally depraved, it is in the power of a wife to render him a source of perfect enjoyment. She must not abandon those little innocent artifices which she so successfully exerted in winning a heart, new that that heart is entirely her own; for when it finds the attraction gone, it will rebel! The common way of wives is to resign themselves to utter heedlessness and negligence. Then the husband finds his home wearisome. He sees in his walks beautiful women, dressed and adorned with choice attractions; and when he returns home, he finds his wife en deshabille! Then his imagination institutes comparisons between the carefully adorned beauties that have met his glance in the morning, and the neglectful wife, who has received him at home. Then that home becomes wearisome; perhaps he may prove his wife's negligence; if she is what is termed spirited, a quarrel ensues; if her disposition is sullen, she turns her back upon her husband, and plays with her lap-dog; or sits in silence, contemplating the fire-tongs and shovel, or some such interesting piece of furniture.

This she considers a fine stroke of domestic policy or retaliation. Alas, alas! she dreams not that the stroke is aimed alike at her own happiness. For though her husband may endure this conduct for a season, every recurrence serves to wean away his affection, and then he seeks that gratification in the society of others, which is denied him in that of his wife. At this period it is difficult, nay, I may say, it is impossible to call the wanderer back; or if it were, you have too much self-esteem to attempt it; you have suffered vanity to master your better feelings, and you cannot stoop, then, to acknowledge yourself in error.

This is the general course of wedded life—the parties set out erroneously, and, in the rapture of the moment, forget their duty to each other. The ardour of man's disposition leads him to very romantic professions; this you are aware of, but still you act as if you were not at all conscious of it. The protestations of the newlymarried man are, without doubt, sincerely intended—but he professes more than humanity can accomplish—yet you believe it. This is your first error. You are flattered into vanity and self-esteem; the romance of the lover is regarded by you as truth, and, certainly, if you still continue the same means of excitement, you may experience its truth as far as such romance can possibly be true; but believing, from his asseverations, that you have a most powerful hold upon him, you abate every means of retaining that hold, and then that wearisome monotony is experienced, which too generally characterizes the marriagestate.

The nature of man is such, that where there is no excitement there he is faithless; like the bee, he is constant to no flower, after the charm has worn off. It is your task to preserve a perpetual charm; or rather a variety of charms, by which your husband, always finding pleasures at home, will never wish to roam abroad for others. You must consult his taste and his partialities. Whatever he may commend in another, that you should strive to imitate, or if that is not practicable, then atone for it by something else for which you have the capability. If he is a well-disposed and honourable man, these are the means which he will adopt in order to insure your affection; but should he find all those attentions unrepaid by similar exertions on your part, he will abandon them altogether, and you will prove the truth. of the vulgar expression, "courtship and matrimony are different things."

It will be your plan, in order to ensure perfect connubial happiness, to regard all the professions of your lover, not as true, but as only expressed with a sincere intention of fulfilment; your exertions, therefore, must be directed to preserve him perpetually your lover. From the first hour of your marriage, you must regard your husband as the means of happiness, but which is only to be insured by a strict course of conduct. You must, in reality, make him your study, and what employment can you have more pleasurable? If his temper is faulty, then strive to amend it by kindness; if he be a good man, kindness will shame him from his error. I have heard many women termed "spirited," all the "spirit" of whom consisted in their irritable disposition, and their desire to talk louder and faster than their husbands. The true "spirit" of a wife is of a gentler nature: spirit is not vehemence, but that soft and tender feeling which is ever most effectual in its appeal to the honourable mind; a feeling which inspires, not riot, not outrageousness, nor threats, but mild forbearance, merciful reproof-that feeling which induces a wife to weep over the errors of her husband—to take the hand of the faulty one, to lay the other kindly upon his shoulder, and, looking up into his face, urge her remonstrance in the plain and unadorned-the calm but expressive language of a tear.

If he be worthy of your love, the husband so addressed will not be addressed in vain.

The love of woman is very different to man's love; there is more devotion, more reality in it. Man, in his connexion with society and the world, passes through scenes calculated to alienate the kinder feelings of humanity; woman has no such trials of her faith; thus, her love is more pure and devoted. Mrs. Norton has very powerfully delineated it:—

"To worship silently at some heart's shrine,
And feel, but paint not, all its fires in thine;
To pray for that heart's hopes when thine are gone,
Nor let its after-coldness chill hime own;
To hold that one, with every fault, more dear
Thus all who whisper fondness in thise ear?

To joy thee in his joy, and silently Meet the upbraiding of his angry eye;
To bear, unshrinking, all the blows of fate,
Save that which leaves thy sorrow desolate;
Nor deem that woe, which thou can'st feel is still
Borne with him, and for him, through ev'ry ill:
To smile on kim—ner weep, save when apart,
God, and God only, looks into thine heart!
Oh, this is woman's Love!

The task of a wife is thus comprised, and nothing can be more easy of accomplishment; but to be pursued successfully, you must never allow anger, nor any other evil feeling or disposition to rise into predominance. Bear always in mind your true situation, and have the words of the apostle perpetually engraven on your heart. Your duty is submission—" Submission and obedience are the lessons of your life, and peace and happiness will be your reward." Your husband is, by the laws of God and of man, your superior; do not ever give him cause to remind you of it. If he be an honourable man, he will never exert his authority, but rather seem to yield submission. But mind this, never accept such submission-never exert authority over him, but remembering the wayward nature of man, still act and demean yourself according to the duty of a wife. Your husband will love you more for that denial, and your happiness will proportionately increase. Milton has defined the duty of a wife in the following beautiful poetry, which I quote, from an address by Eve to her partner, Adam:

"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st Unargued I obey: so God ordains; God is thy law, THOU MIME: to know no more Is woman's happlest knowledge and her praise. With diffs conversing, I forget all time; All seasons and their change, all please alike."

Let all your enjoyments centre in your homo. Let your home occupy the first place in your thoughts; for that is the only source of happiness. Let all your endeavours be directed towards the promotion your husband's welfare, and he will reward your faithful zeal. May heaven prosper those exertions, and bless your union with perpetual felicity; that after years may within no diminution of the happiness which then inspired on this—your wedding-day.

"Happy then will be the man that hath made you his wife— Happy the child that shall call you mother."

#### PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

The palace, as it now stands, with all its appurtenances, was erected by Louis XIV. in the midst of an expensive war, and cost the nation, from first to last, an outlay of many millions sterling. In one week alone, 22,000 men and 6,000 horses were employed daily, at an expense of 250,000 francs; and for a considerable length of time the labourers actually composed an army of not less that 36,000. Lead is usually considered rather a heavy article, and the French exchequer found it so, for its consumption amounted to a modest item of 32 millions of livres. Indeed, the expenditure could not be otherwise than

enormous, for the attractions of Versailles are all of them exclusively created by dint of labour and indefatigable art. Nature, it is apparent, has been strictly neutral, and the Duc de Crequi had certainly no less than reason to call his master's darling residence "a favourite without merit." The reckless indifference with which monarchs in those days could dispose of the national resources, appears to be well exemplified by the simple act of Louis when the tremendous account of the cost incurred by the chateau and gardens was laid before him. His Majesty was graciously pleased," after having glanced at the sum total, to throw the paper behind the fire. There is, moreover, abundant cause to believe that the progress of Marlborough gave him no such uneasiness as a casual blunder of his architect or gardeners. To those who are conversant with the intrigues of courts, the alleged origin of the war of 1688 will hardly appear improbable. The king, it is said, one morning discovered that a window in Grand Trianon was not uniform with the rest, and immediately became so incensed against the superintendants of the that François, Marquess de Louvois, keep the seals, exclaimed to one of his intimates, " I am lost if I do not find occupation for one who thus easily loses his temper. Nothing but a war can wean him from his buildings, and a war he shall have!"

"What dire effects from trifling causes spring !"

The palace has been uninhabited since 1789, and stands in its dreary grandeur a solitary memorial of fearful associations. Who can ascend without emotion the splendid marble staircase. where the garde de corps was murdered while the wretched queen made her escape from another part of the building. Who can regard without some tenderness of sentiment the scene consecrated to classical recollection by the touching apostrophe of Burke:-" It is now seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, on the terrace of Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision!" Who can call to mind without a shudder the memorable fifth of October, 1789, when the mob of the revolution, for the first time, profaned the sanctity of the royal threshold, and armed Treason desecrated these household shrines of an august and ancient dynasty! Then, indeed, did the unhallowed intrusion of a rebellious rabble but too literally illustrate the description of the poet-

"Apparent domus intus et atria longa patescunt,
Apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum."

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John Speed, the historian, and Stow, the antiquary, whose writings became the admiration of succeeding generations, were originally tailors; Franklin, the great American philosopher and statesman, was once a printer's boy; Simpson, the Scotch mathematician, was originally a poor weaver; Herschel, the eminent astronomer, was a fifer-boy in the army.

#### YOU ASK ME HOW I LOVE THEE.

You ask me how I love thee, But should I answer true; You say the heart's fair colouring, Wore much too bright a hue. You ask me how I love thee, The question's rather bold: You state it very plainly, But the truth you'd not be told.

Love is a myst'ry;—those who feel
Its pure and strongest power,
Ne'er wasts that love in idle words,
Nor pass an idle hour:
For 'tis a perfect, solid thing,
Like bags of current gold;
Which charm the heart as well as eye,
Most truly, when sateld.

Imagination yields a charm,
Which knowledge soon destroys;
We think that' mong the mass of gold,
There can be no alloys.
We think, too, in the proffer'd heart,
There can be no deceit;
And yield our own when thus we see,
The captive at our feet.

What language can have greater force,
Than that spoke from the eyes;
Are there not volumes in a giance,
And tomes of truth in sighe?
Yes, more than ever I could tell,
In those are oft confest;
I tell thee that my heart is true,
That think—and guess the rest.

#### FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, we part to meet no more, Our fates will have it so; The dream of wildest bliss is o'er, To distant lands I go: And all our fairy hopes depart, The hopes youth's fervour gave, I bear alone a breaking heart, To sow me to the grave.

On the high waves now bounds my bark,
To waft me o'er the sea:
I grieve from cherished friends to part,
But mostly, love, from thee.
Thou wilt remain to gem the scenes
Of happiness and pride;
And joy and gladness wait on thee,
And bliss be at thy aide.

I go to solitude and thought,
You to the rose-hung bower;
The lute and song will thee beguile,
Each fairy-gifted hour.
Well, be it so—thy path in life
Was mark'd 'mid flowrets fair;
Mine among thorns of bitterness,
Of trouble and of care.

Alas—alas—when hopes depart,
And fairy prospects die:
All that can cheer the mournful heart,
Consists in memory.
And thou perchance wilt think upon
Affections' 'passioned spell;
And sometimes, too, of him, who now
Murmurs his last farewell:

# MARK GHERRIT'S RING:

OR THE STRANGER OF FRANKFORT.

The young—the innocent—the fair, Fall first the spoiler's prey; And evil spirits lay their snare, To lead young hearts astray.

THE traveller, as he passes through Frankfort, seldom fails to turn a few miles out of the direct road, for the purpose of witnessing a singular object, to which a popular superstition is attached, regarded as it is by the peasantry of the neighbouring village, with awe and wonder. This object is a piece of rock pierced in the shape of a ring; but whether its present appearance is to be ascribed to the ingenuity of man, or to one of those vagaries of nature, the effect of which so frequently meets the traveller's eye, it is impossible to determine. It bears the name of Mark Gherrit's Ring, and the following superstition, connected therewith, was related to me, with much precision, by a venerable patriarch of the village, who seemed to give implicit credence to every detail of the story.

In the year of —, I forget the precise date, but it was some period of the latter portion of the seventeenth century, the fair of Frankfort was expected to be extremely attractive, from

the quantity of merchandize of all descriptions that, for some time previously, the dealers had been bringing into the city, from all parts of the continent. The excitement of those attractions drew the people, far and near, to the great emporium; and holiday as the fair of Frankfort usually was, upon the present occasion it proved far more lively and entertaining. from all the churches ushered in one of the brightest mornings that the imagination can picture, as, with cheerful looks, the enterprising merchants began to unlock their stores, and produce the varied attractions of articles of use and of luxury; the velvet kirtle and the embroidered stomacher; the embossed and massive bracelets, and crosses of gold and ivory, to the delighted eyes of the crowds that assembled to gaze upon the varied beauties. Rapidly the choicest goods made their way from the stalls of the dealers, to the possession of some allured admirer; the kirtle was carried off in triumph by

a laughing maiden, whilst a cloak, of the newest Paris cut, found an eager purchaser in some Frankfort beau, who, probably, caught at the treasure with delight, in order to appear with greater advantage in the eyes of his beloved girl; the bracelets and ear-drops became love gifts, and the crosses of gold reposed upon the white bosoms of some admiring beauties. In this manner the day opened; cheerful looks and bright smiles bespoke the pleasure which the heart experienced, and happiness and animation pervaded the scene.

At this interesting period of the day, arrived Michael Blockberg, a retired merchant, with his daughter Christine and his maiden sister Agatha; the latter of whom officiated as housekeeper in the merchant's establishment, maintaining the honours of that situation, although the pretty Christine was now fast arriving at womanly estate. But Agatha had lived so many years in the commanding capacity, that she became pertinaciously attached thereto, and the least attempt to interfere with the duties of that department, was considered an infringement of her prerogative, and treated accordingly. We should have premised, that Michael Blockberg resided in retirement in a small village, situated in a beautiful valley at a short distance from Frankfort, where he lived in peace and happiness, his declining years being consoled by the soft affection of a devoted child, whilst his every want was administered to by his attentive and obliging sister. Eighteen years of Christine's life had passed in this delightful manner; in the possession of all that the means of a doating father could confer, she was supremely happy; the beauty of all the village festivals, the blithe companion of the young and gay, and the constant friend of the aged and lowly, Christine was the pride of the neighbourhood; every girl, while she envied, loved her; and the youths endeavoured to render themselves worthy of her smiles. Frederick Bernhardt, the son of the village pastor, however, was the one who seemed to obtain the most favours, for he was ever at her side at all the festivals, and often, when he had concluded his studies, and sought relaxation from the severe pursuit, by wandering among the fields and meadows, as the sun declined in the heavens, and the cool breezes of evening, refreshed both heart and mind, then was Christine beheld leaning upon his arm, looking so innocent and so happy, that the picture itself was delightful to behold.

She loved -- she was beloved; and Love is all That makes a woman's world-her element-Her life-her Eden! Then the seal was set, Love never sets in vain-and sets but once. I need not say how young affection sprung, Gathered, and grew in its sweet course; they hung Together o'er the poet's breathing page Till their own eyes reflected every thought: And both lov'd music, and love never yet Had an interpreter like song!

Such was the situation of the little family of Michael Blockberg, at the time of the great fair of Frankfort, when Christine, desirous of personally beholding the splendours and amusements of that scene of gaiety, persuaded her good natured parent to accompany her thither. Nor was Agatha Blockberg averse to the solicitations of her niece, for though arrived at an age that has ever been considered that of prudence and sober thought, Miss Blockberg had still implicit reliance upon the power of her personal charms, which, according to her own opinion, remained in all their early attraction, and, consequently, still capable of impressing upon an admirer's heart; besides, too, she wanted to make several purchases, had a great desire of seeing the Dutch conjuror, with the fame of whose astonishing feats the whole country was resounding; and the various other gaieties were alike attractive to the sensibilities of Agatha Blockberg.

Frederick Bernhardt attended the little party a short distance on their way, and then, compelled to return to his studies, he resigned Christine to her father's arm, and parted, leaving them to pursue their journey. The day was far advanced when they arrived at their destination, and aware of the short time which they would be enabled to spend amidst the many gaieties of the fair, Agatha, as well as her interesting niece, with delighted hearts, passed over the varied portions of the scene, scarcely allowing themselves to appreciate a single object, so entranced were they with the joyous appearance of the whole. In vain the sober merchant advised them to restrain their ardour, for, like emancipated fawns, they lightly bounded amidst the congregated group, utterly unmindful of the intreaties and remonstrances of the the worthy Michael. Cristine enjoyed the amusements, but Agatha was perfectly delighted. Nothing could exceed her astonishment at beholding the far-famed conjurer, and her shouts of admiring surprise could, frequently, be heard half-way over the fair. Then, her laughter, too, at the whimsicalities of the mountebanks, and her expressions of amazement when the rich stores of jewellery and embroidery upon the various stalls met her eyes, created as much amusement to her fellow spectators, as the exhibitions did to her delighted self. At length, however, the enthusiasm of the females began to tire; the day was rapidly declining, the stalls were thinning, the conjurer abated his attractions, and the buffoons in vain endeavoured to excite a laugh; people were departing to their homes, and Michael Blockberg intimated that it was also time for his little party to be gone. Christine willingly acceded to her father's proposal, but Agatha was loth to leave; she had not had time to purchase a single article, for every moment had been completely occupied by the amusements; and now there was not anything exhibited that seemed at all worth buying. The lady then fell into an ill humour, not a little increased by the reflection, probably, that not a word in the way of gallantry had been spoken to her during the whole day, whilst encomiums upon her niece's beauty, were continually meeting her ear. She became sullen and ill-natured; they had already passed, for the last time, the principal stalls, and were nearing the verge of Digitized by GOOGLO

the fair, when the eyes of Agatha fell upon a richly covered stand of jewellery that must have been quite unheeded by the fair people, for not a single article appeared to have been sold therefrom. The merchant to whom the stand belonged, stood by its side, looking upon his unsold stock, very dejectedly, and resigned to complete abstraction; care and deep thought were marked upon his pale countenance, and he seemed altogether an object capable of awakening sympathy. Of a sudden, Agatha burst from the sullen fit, and exclaiming with delight, "Oh here are fairings, brother!" away she dragged the old man, and his willing niece, to the stall of the dejected merchant, where she began pulling about the rich articles of jewellery, each one exciting some favourable opinion, and each appearing still more beautiful than those which she had previously beheld.

The dealer, aroused from his abstraction by the loud acclamations of Agatha, immediately assisted her in drawing forth the splendours of his merchandize; he spoke, too, in a tone of such civility, that Agatha became as much delighted with him, as with his wares; but to Christine, the sound of his voice produced unpleasant feelings; those feelings were so strange, it was impossible even for herself to define them. As he spoke, his words inspired something like terror; and when with a smile of humble courtesy, he submitted a beautiful ruby ring for her inspection, she involuntarily shuddered, and sunk back upon her father's arm. The dealer spoke not; for a moment he gazed intensely upon the girl, and then, with a smile, exhibited the ring to the delighted Agatha, expressing his wish that she would purchase it for the young lady.

"No, no," exclaimed Christine; "I am not in want of a ring."

"Tut, child, tut; you want to spare your father's purse; but recollect we have no fair at Frankfort, every day: and 'tis but right that he should buy for each of us a trifling article of remembrance; and, on my conscience, I think the ring a very pretty bauble."

"Yes, yes, good aunt," replied Christine;—

"But, nonsense child; put the ring upon your finger without another word, for I have chosen, too, a very pretty cross, and by the blessing of St. Mary, I intend your father to pay for it for my own wear."

"Then have it aunt, by all means; but for the ring, I cannot, will not have it."—

"Not have it!" exclaimed the surprised father; "not as my gift, Christine?"

"My dear father," replied she, "I would willingly have the ring—nay, I should dearly esteem such a gift from you; but, believe me, there is something that I cannot explain; nay, nor even comprehend, which bid me not accept it."

"Tis childish feeling, Christine; you must not

have such thoughts."

"Perfectly childish, indeed," echoed Agatha, still turning over the wares; "the ring is a very pretty ring, indeed, and perfectly suited for a

lady's wear. Methinks," continued she, raising her eyes from the stand, and leering at the merchant, whose thoughts were all occupied upon the fair Christine, "Methinks the ring might suit some other finger, sir."

" Madam," exclaimed the dealer-

"Oh, inattentive, sir," exclaimed Agatha, endeavouring to blush at the abstraction of the man. "I said that if Christine refused the ring, then I might, perhaps, accept it."

"Pardon me, madam; the young lady appears to like the ring, though delicacy prevents her from expressing her approval. Her father might induce her to accept it; a gift from such a source,

must, sure, be very estimable."

"Very estimable, indeed," said the aunt, scarcely knowing what she was giving utterance to. "Allow me, madam," continued the dealer; "for your father's sake, to place the ring upon so fair a finger," and he stretched forth his hand in order to receive the girl's, but she shrunk away, and, with tears starting in her blue eyes, exclaimed, "Do not, do not entreat me, I implore."

Michael Blockberg, though a kind and indulgent parent, had a great aversion to being thwarted in any thing upon which he had set his heart: he was rather irritable, and always would have his way. The continued refusal of Christine, therefore to accept the ring, which he, adopting the stranger's opinion, ascribed to excessive delicacy, and want of knowledge of the world, only inflamed his disposition, and again he desired his child to give her hand to the man.

"There, there," cried Agatha, "she still refuses. Upon my conscience, I believe the girl has parted with her blessed sense, (St. Mary forbid!) or she would never have the heart to refuse so sweet a ring. Indeed, I am quite enamoured of it, and Mr. Goldsmith, since the foolish child will not allow you to place the bauble upon him finger, you are at perfect liberty to affix it upon mine," and smiling in his face, she instantly offered her hand.

The merchant, however, did not seem to heed what she said, and remained looking intensely upon Christine, with his hand held out to receive hers.

"Did you hear, sir, what I last observed?" enquired Agatha.

The stranger finding himself compelled to answer, replied, "Oh, yes, madam; but I should be very loth to deprive the young lady of a jewel which, I am certain, she must admire."

"But if she is so pertinacious in refusing it," rejoined Miss Agatha, "I don't see why you should lose the sale, when another purchaser is ready. Come, give it me."

Agatha reached over to the stranger, and was about to take the ring, when he instantly drew back his hand, and in a tone of perfect civility, replied—

"Excuse me, madam, I cannot sell the ring to you. 'Tis far from my wish to offer rudeness to a lady, still I must observe, that this particular ring was fixmed with studious care, to gen a youthful hand. A lover's fond affection gave it birth; 'twas meant for one most beautiful, who spurned the precious gift-the fond heart, too, that offered it. Pleased with the lover's ardour, I had resolved the ring should be so wrought, that it might prove worthy of his passion; my time, my utmost talent, was devoted to its perfect finish, and the young man gave it his entire approval. I prized the ring myself, for it was beautiful. But the lady scorned the lover and his gift; disclaimed the heart whose first and best affection throbbed so fondly for the false one, beneath whose treachery it broke; yes, ladies, the lover died. He could not live beneath her frowns, whose lips had once breathed only rapture, and whose smiles had only spoken tenderness and love. He died, ladies, and I again obtained possession of the ring. You may believe with what regard I prize it, and will not blame my fixed resolve, to part with it but to as fair a purchaser as she who once refused it."

The stranger finished his little narrative, which he had delivered in a tone of such impassioned feeling, that the tears trickled down the cheeks of Christine, and even Agatha displayed symptoms of having been moved by the recital. When the stranger had concluded, she replied—

"The story's quite romantic, I déclare. Upon my conscience it's a very pretty tale; I scarce know which I most admire, that, or the ring itself. Well, sympathetic sir although I cannot very much admire the gallantry of your refusal I will not insist upon the purchase for myself, but, by the Virgin, Christine shall have it."

"Indeed, indeed," murmured Christine; "Indeed I had rather not."

"Ridiculous," replied Michael; "obey you shall, so give the man your hand; the night is setting in, and we must hasten home. Christine, your hand."

The trembling girl averting her head from the merchant's stall, suffered her father to take her hand, and place it in that of the stranger. Immediately she felt the touch of the latter, a chilling coldness pervaded her frame, and with the hand that remained at liberty, she clung convulsively to her father's arm. A smile played upon the stranger's countenance, his eyes became bright, and his dejected demeanour gave place to a look of happy gaiety, as after breathing upon the ring, he placed it on the white finger of Christine, exclaiming at the same time—

"Fair child of innocence, receive Mark Gherrit's Ring!"

Christine shrieked as the stranger pronounced these words—a deadly weight fell upon her breast, and clasping her father's neck in an agonized manner, she fell senseless into his arms.

Michael Blockberg, as well as Agatha, now became alarmed, for life seemed entirely to have fled, and the pale features of Christine were cold, and her pulse moved not beneath her father's pressure. The stranger left his stall, and appeared to take the utmost interest in the distressing situation of the girl. Agatha, however, whether she could not pardon his want of gallantry

to herself, or thought his attention uncalled for, requested him to desist, and forcibly prevented him from pressing his lips to those of the hapless girl, which he meditated and attempted. Agatha's ire was roused at this, and she immediately desired her brother to leave the fair which he did, bearing in his arms the poor Christine.

"'Tis done!" cried the stranger, and he retired again to his merchandize.

These mysterious words were heard by Michael as he was proceeding from the spot, but attaching no importance to them then, they were altogether unheeded, and swiftly passed from his memory.

In a few moments after they had left, Christine revived, and after gazing inquiringly upon the features of her father, she raised her head, and looking for a moment upon the ring that glittered on her finger, fell on Michael's neck in tears.

"Only behold the face of ridiculous delicacy," cried Miss Agatha, as the little family proceeded to their home. "Thank St. Mary, no one can say that I was ever possessed of such excessive notions."

"I will bear witness to that," returned Michael. "You never were at all squeamish."

"I understand the tone in which you speak, brother Michael—you delight in throwing doubts upon the propriety of my behaviour."

"Propriety!" cried Michael, "there is a great deal of propriety, no doubt, in having half a dozen hangers-on at a time."

"Oh, you will acknowledge that, brother Michael? On my conscience I imagine you would say I never had an offer, but continued in the honourable distinction of the single state through sad necessity. But no, brother, I might have had the highest fortune that I pleased, but I refused—yes, brother Michael, I refused. There was a colonel of the Emperor's troops projected an elopement from Madame Von Spickensplack's seminary, but he was five minutes beyond his time, and I refused. After that came the son of the mayor"—

"Whom you frightened away with a peal of vixenry!" interrupted Michael.

"There, there, it is—you are a very provoking creature, brother Michael—an absolute Russian bear!"

In this manner the party proceeded in their little vehicle to the village. Christine spoke not a word, but frequently her sobs were audible; once or twice she essayed to remove the ring from her finger, but it was so firmly fixed, that it withstood her cudcavours, and by repeated efforts to displace it, seemed only to cling more firmly. Arrived at their abode, Christine immediately desired to retire to her chamber: she heard the voice of Frederick welcoming her return, and a strange feeling seemed inspired respecting him; she endeavoured to avoid him, and when he caught her hand, she suddenly withdrew it from his grasp, and placing it acress her eyes, hurried to her apartment.

Unable to comprehend the meaning of this strange behaviour, Frederick sought an explanation from Michael Blockberg, who disclosed to him the whole of the events of the day. Attaching no importance, however, to the affair of the ring, the father was alike unable to account for the altered demeanour of Christine towards her lover: ascribing it, however, to weariness and exhaustion, Frederick departed to his own home.

The sun again rose in the heavens, and Michael Blockberg prepared to commence another day. Frederick was early at the abode of his beloved one, but she had not left her chamber, and after waiting for some time, he was obliged to depart to his studies.

Agatha, however, speedily appeared at the breakfast table, and shortly afterwards Christine appeared, perfectly recovered from her strange indisposition of the preceding day. The father, glad to behold the restoration of his child's health, amused himself by laughing at the strange fears which had produced so grievous an effect.

"I am almost ashamed, my dear father," at length observed Christine, " for having been the cause of so much pain to you. I cannot account for my behaviour, but, still, I remember shuddering at the idea of having this sweet ring. It was perfectly ridiculous, I own, for the merchant was very kind and civil."

"Oh yes, very civil indeed," replied Agatha, "on my conscience. I believe the man was somewhat taken with his customer, for while you were lifeless in Michael's arms, the fellow seemed impetuous in his desire to salute your lips!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Christine with a smile. " Indeed, Miss!" echoed the aunt. " You seem

pleased at hearing of his attention."

Another smile was the only reply of Christine. "On my conscience," cried Miss Agatha, " I believe we live in fairy land! The girl seems pleased with the fellow!"

"And why should I not, aunt, he was certainly

agreeable."

" A great deal too agreeable, Miss-but he did not touch your lips I warrant. But what will Frederick say to this?"

At this moment a servant entered to announce that a stranger wished to offer his compliments to the family. Michael desired his name, and the servant returned with that of Mark Gherrit!

"The goldsmith himself, upon my conscience!" cried Agatha starting from her chair. " I see it, I see it all as plain as the letters in the legends of St. Dennis! What will come next!"

The stranger, at the request of the hospitable Michael, now entered the apartment, and bowing respectfully to the family, he begged to inquire after their healths, but more particularly of the young lady. Christine smilingly assured him that she was perfectly recovered, and thanked him for the interest which he appeared to feel for her. He was offered a seat at the breakfast table, which he accepted, and during the meal contrived to ingratiate himself into the favour of all the family. He described himself as an independent trader, frequenting the various fairs

more for amusement than profit, and as having taken his abode within a short distance from that of Michael Blockberg, from his admiration of the delightful situation of the village. The day past in cheerful and animated conversation: the attention of Gherrit was devoted to Christine. and she seemed not unmindful thereof; repaying his little gallantries with those sweet smiles. which more than any thing bespeak the gratification of the heart. Evening came, and Christine was still fondly listening to his vows, which the enraptured Gherrit was offering at her shrine, when the arrival of Frederick was announced. Christine started at the mention of the name, and a deep blush suffused her pale cheeks, as if her heart was at the moment conscious of its perfidy; but Gherrit directed a fixed and passionate glance upon her, and she immediately requested that Frederick might not be admitted! The work was accomplished, and Christine had become Mark Gherrit's slave.

It matters little what passed at that momentous period; Christine banished the remembrance of Frederick Bernhardt from her heart, and its passionate impulses now throbbed alone for the stranger. People marvelled that one so good should prove so fickle, and the guile of Christine became talked of throughout the village: one alone among the throng was silent, and though he heard the opinions of all his associates, still he never once upbraided her, though he alone had cause. Michael Blockberg regretted the transition of his child's affections, yet his wishes were for her happiness solely; and though regretting the step which she had taken, he never once blamed her choice, nor spoke, nor thought to the discredit of her new lover. Other individuals had not similar delicacy, for they openly exclaimed, not only against Christine's faithlessness, but against the stranger Gherrit, many of whose actions, since he had resided in the village, had appeared mysterious and unholy. Agatha, who never forgave his want of gallantry at the fair, was not at all averse to talking the subject, and at length the mysterious affair of the ring became a general subject of conversation. Mark Gherrit never attended the religious duties of the family, nor did he ever enter the church of the village; every Friday a strong and supernatural light was beheld blazing at midnight in his chamber, and indeed some hazardous or inquisitive persons had even ventured to his door upon one of those occasions, and although Mark Gherrit lived alone, yet voices were heard in conversation-sometimes threatening, and at others sinking into earnest supplication. The villagers now forsook his society, and he became shunned by all except the family of Michael Blockberg. Each succeeding day seemed only to increase the affection of Christine, and through all the calumnies that were echoed round her respecting the object of her love, her heart clung to him with undiminished fondness, more pure, more devoted, from the opprobrium by which he was assailed. J()()()

An important religious festival was now fast

approaching; it was the feast of St. Mary, and preparations were making in order to celebrate the day with the utmost solemnity and splendour. Gherrit had been persuading Christine to absent herself from the ceremony, in order that she might witness a beautiful piece of jewellery, which he meant for her to wear upon her wedding day, but which he could not commence until the former period. For some time the girl refused in consequence of the imperative orders of her father, but at length affection for her lover overcoming every other feeling, she consented, and attend the festival, while Christine beheld the workmanship of her lover.

During the whole of the interval Frederick was not heard of by the family; he never made any inquiry respecting Christine, and Michael Blockberg began to consider his affection unreal, and to congratulate himself upon the loss of such a son-in-law. At length St. Mary's Eve came, and Michael, Agatha, and Christine were sitting in their principal apartment, the latter waiting impatiently the coming of her lover, when a footstep was heard upon the stairs; Christine started from her seat to welcome the appearance of Gherrit, when the door opened, and Frederick entered the apartment. The family were surprised, and Christine turned away her head abashed; but Frederick seizing her hand, exclaimed, "Turn not away, Christine, do not still spurn your Frederick, who, though abandoned, has still watched over, and now has come to save you!"

- " Save me, sir!" exclaimed Christine.
- "Do not, do not speak so cruelly, I implore!
  -Christine, you are the victim of a fiend!"
- " Sir!" exclaimed Christine again.
- "Mark Gherrit, the stranger," continued Frederick, "has persuaded you to remain with him alone during to-morrow's festival. Oh! "Christine, my beloved Christine, encourage no such idea. To-morrow his crime must be consummated—he yields an innocent victim to the demon, or himself must perish! No matter how I obtained this knowledge—such is the fearful truth; already you are destined, for the ruby ring is on your finger, and you have accepted it with the stranger's love! Only one thing can save you—a refuge at the altar in the festival."

At this moment Gherrit entered the room—he started upon beholding Frederick, who, glancing imploringly upon Christine, quitted the apartment. The whole of his discourse was now revealed to the stranger, who, by his keen powers of persuasion, soon succeeded in converting it into ridicule, and in a few moments it was thought of merely to afford a theme for laughter. Gherrit took his leave for the night, with a promise from Christine that she would certainly attend him on the morning.

The morning came, and, true to her promise, Christine quitted her father's house alone, and with unmoved feelings passed into the abode of her lover. He received her with a frantic smile of exultation, and, with the most tender ejaculations, conveyed her into the apartment where his

articles of workmanship lay scattered about. Christine expressed some surprise that her lover should be so cautious in strongly fastening every door through which they passed, but fearing no harm from one whom she believed loved truly, and so well, she allowed her thoughts to be laughed away, and then became perfectly coatented and happy. At length Gherrit rose from his seat, and passing his hand over the white brow of Christine, and moving aside the thick auburn tresses of her hair, he regarded her delicate features for a moment with fixed and intense feeling. A tear trembled upon his eyelid, and his whole frame quivered.

"What means this agony, Mark?" inquired

the affrighted girl.

The stranger replied not, but remained still regarding the girl's beauty, his feelings at that moment, too agonized for utterance. At length he burst convulsively from the contemplation, and sinking upon a chair beside her, exclaimed in a murmured tone, "I am ready!"

"Ready—ready—ready—ready!" resounded, in re-

"Ready—ready—ready!" resounded, in response, throughout the abode.

"Mark Gherrit!" cried the terrified girl, 
what can this mean?"

"Nothing, nothing, love, but the echoes of my own voice through the vaulted roofs of the chambers through which we have passed. Oh, do not fear!" And again his heart seemed bursting.

His injunction was unheeded by Christine, whose fears increased as thin streams of smoke curled through the crevices of the flooring—the air of the place seemed infected, and various insects were seen creeping over the walls. The curls of smoke rapidly united, and formed themselves into dense masses, whilst confused voices resounded through the dwelling. Gherrit remained in an agonized state of abstraction—his hands clasped before his eyes, until the shrieks of Christine awakened him to the execution of his project. Instantly he started from his seat, and, seizing the girl, exclaimed aloud—

"The Victim's ready! and Mark Gherrit

claims another twenty years!"

At this moment, when the smoke was rapidly filling the apartment, and red sparks began to issue around, a crash was heard at the back of the apartment, and the voice of the village pastor exclaiming aloud—

"Spirit of evil, in the name of the living Deity be stilled!"

"Oh!" shricked Marked Gherrit, as he made towards the door, and endeavoured to fly from the presence of the ministers; but he had himself barred the entrance too securely to admit of his momentary escape, and ere he could unloose the bolts, Frederick Bernhardt, with his father, the pastor, and the whole religious assemblage that had congregated to celebrate the festival, had entered the scene of evil through a private passage, unknown even to Gherrit himself. "Stay." cried the pastor, and the arms of Gherrit sank nerveless by his side. The host was instantly raised, and the organist applied to the lips of Christine by the hands of her lover. The girl

shrieked at the touch, and fell senseless into Frederick's arms; the ruby ring dropped suddenly from her finger—a smile pervaded her sweet countenance, and she seemed in a sleep of innocence and peace. The holy rites were continued, and the host was brightly visible amidst the mass of smoke that filled the apartment—frightful noises were heard, and at length the whole building gave way, and the next moment the noise and smoke vanished—the sun shone brightly upon the little assembly, and they breathed again the pure air of heaven. Not a trace of Gherrit nor of the ring was visible, and the building wherein his crime was to have been

consummated, had vanished, leaving only a small circular piece of rock to bear a warning to the villagers in after years, and recall the remembrance of the rescue of the fair Christine, who, during the fearful scene, reposed calmly upon the breast of Frederick, and awakened from the delusion to bless his perils and fidelity, and to offer her thanksgivings in the festival for her rescue from the machinations of the spirit of evil!

"On my conscience!" exclaimed Agatha Blockberg on the ensuing morning—"I never had an opinion of the stranger, since he was so ungallant to me at the fair of Frankfort!"

#### REMEMBRANCE.

I Love thee, parted time!
Thy lights—thy shadows—all
From joyous morn's awakening prime,
To evening's dewy fall!
To evening's dewy fall,
When the gloom is gathering fast,
And trains of pensive dreams recal
The pale and dreamy past!

'Tis as a long seal'd book,
Whose half-forgotten page
We turn with reverent hand, and look
As on a former age:—
When the life-pulse bounded free,
As the stream that bursts in song;
And the laughing eye could only see
One sun-bright course along!

Oh for those halcyon days!—
Though fied, their memory brings
The breathings of long-slumbering lays,
Won from neglected strings!—
Yet sweeter 'tis to dwell
On hours of woe and balm,
That wake o'er the mind like a sabbath-bell,
With a pure and holy calm!

And should some drearier thought
Steal o'er the darkening brow—
The sigh, the tear that flows untaught,
May not in sadness flow!
Tears have a solace still,
When time extracts their sting;
As the lone heart loves to retrace the ill
That has flown on his parted wing—

Even as some pilgrim turns
To gaze life's voyage o'er,
While the lamp of home on his fancy burns,
And points to a fairer shore!
Yet who that ever gazed,
Could look with unmoistened eye,
When the veil of time was slowly raised,
And the past came gliding by!

And who that look'd would tread
That self-same path again,
To shed the tears that he once hath shed—
To toll, to strive, in vain:
Oh blest if his heart hath striven
For the hope that ne'er betrays—
To behold the beacon-star of Heaven
Smile sweet on his closing days:

#### THE TRIBUTE OF ARMS.

There is a legend connected with the Church of Notre Dame, that one of the earlier French Kings rode into that Cathedral after a victorious battle, and left there his herne and arms as an offering to God and the Virgin for his success. Up to the period of the first Revolution there existed an equestrian statue of a knight armed cap-a-pe, who is supposed to have been this hero. Historians are agreed as to the fact, but differ respecting the identity of the individual.

THERE came a knight in his armour light, to the Church of Notre Dame;

The victor heir of proud Navarre, and the sun-bright Oriflamme;

The chancel rung 'neath his courser's tread, where the pricets were bowed in prayer,

And the mitred abbot raised his head, for a princely guest was there.

He greeted not that holy band, but made the accustomed size.

And reined his barb with a practised hand, at the foot of St. Mary's shrine;

Then lightly leaped from his saddle down, the monks stood mute the while.

And his kingly brow was lighted now, with a bright triumphant smile.

As he bowed him there on the alter stair, and his devoir duly paid;

For he added glory to his creat, and fame to his battle-blade; Then laid saide his helm of pride, nor shunned the gazing crowd.

But kneeling near, where all might hear his homage breathed aloud:—

"Mother of God! to thee I bring this backed and dented ahield.

And this red reaping-book of death, from Cassel's bloody field:

These trophies true are sure thy due, to whom all honour be;

The strife is done, the battle won, by might derived from thee!

"I offer here my victor's spear, my proud and gallant steed;
The horse and lance, how dearly proved! that served in

Yes, Mary Mother! unto thee such gifts of right belong, For the race it is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong

"What most I prize, I profer thee, accept the tribute meet; My sword, my sheld, my spear, my steed, all prostrate at thy feet;

There let them lie before thy shrine, that all the world may

We know who nerved the conqueror's arm, and gave it victory!"

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# FEMALE SENTIMENTALISTS.

THERE is a great deal of spurious sentiment in every thing. And the affectation or misapplication of feeling is far more prejudicial than its excess. Thus the sympathy which works of fiction excite, though it has in it something tender and romantic, by no means involves real feeling. The young woman who is versed in romances, will, no doubt, acquire the language of sentiment. She will have a sigh and a tear for every occasion-a languish-look, and a nervous palpitation; she will condole with every tale of distress, and be exuberant, at least, in her professions of sympathy. She will even imagine it pretty and picturesque to appear in a cottage, to drop a guinea on a poor man's table, and to receive, with blushing modesty, his lavish thanks. But when the effort is really to be made-when she finds that charity involves self-denial and exertion-that she must rise from the luxurious couch, and soil her silken sandals, and encounter, perhaps, rudeness and ingratitude from the object of her relief; and that all this is to be done without observation or applause; that there is no one to overhear her silver voice, or to watch her gliding footsteps, or to trace her fairy form. as she passes down the village street-then her philanthropic ardour cools-she shrinks from the painful duty, and discovers that what is very interesting and poetic in description, is very dull and irksome in practice. The very morbidness of her sensibility is a bar to the real exercise of benevolence: she cannot bear to look upon pain; there is so much that is offensive in human misery, and unromantic in its detail; there is so much that is appalling in scenes of misery and sickness, and death, that she recoils from the mere observation of such calamities, and shuts her eyes and closes her ears to genuine distress, from the same feelings that cause her to scream at the approach of a spider, or faint at the sight of blood. Yet she delights to nurse imaginary griefs, to live in an ideal world, and so to pamper her fancy, and excite her sensibility, that they alone become to her prolific sources of unhappiness .- Mrs. Sanford's Woman in her Social and Domestic Character.

## APPEARANCE OF THE DEAD.

It frequently happens that the features of the dead retain their entire form and individual likeness for many years after their burial. Experience, however, has proved that on exposure to the air for some minutes, dust returns to dust again. The following circumstances occurred at the disinterment of the body of Robert Burns, the poet, sometime in the year 1815, for the purpose of being entombed beneath a splendid monument:—

As a report had been spread that the principal coffin was made of oak, a hope was entertained that it would be possible to transport it from the north to the east corner of St. Michael's without opening it, or disturbing the sacred deposit it contained. But this hope proved fallacious. On

testing the coffin, it was found to be composed of the ordinary materials, and ready to vield to the slightest pressure; and the lid removed, a spectacle was unfolded, which, considering the fame of the mighty dead, has rarely been witnessed by a single human being. There were the remains of the great poet, to all appearance nearly entire, and retaining various traces of vitality, or rather exhibiting the features of one who had newly sunk into the sleep of death-the lordly forehead, arched and high-the scalp is still covered with hair and the teeth perfectly firm and white. The scene was so imposing, that most of the workmen stood bare and uncovered, as the late Dr. Gregory did at the exhumation of the remains of the illustrious hero of Bannockburn, and at the same time felt their frames thrilling with some undefinable emotion, as they gazed on the ashes of him whose fame is as wide as the world itself. But the effect was momentary; for when they proceeded to insert a shell or case below the coffin, the head separated from the trunk, and the whole body, with the exception of the bones, crumbled into dust.

#### STEAM.

The poets of former days were said to be endowed with a spirit of vaticination, and truly the gift seems to have descended on some of their successors. In the whole range of English literature, perhaps, there is nothing more curious than the following prophecy in Dr. Darwin's Botanical Garden. The poem was published in 1789, and was composed, it is well known, at least twenty years before the date of its publication:—

Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam, afar Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car; Or on wide waving wings expanded bear Thy flying chariot through the fields of air. Fair crews, triumphant leaning from above, Shall wave their fluttering 'kerchiefs as they move; Or warrior's bands alarm the gaping crowd, And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud; So mighty Hercules, o'er many a clime Waved his huge mace in virtue's cause sublime, Unmeasured strength, with early art combined, A wed, served, protected and amazed mankind.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises in the first place from an enjoyment of one's self, and in the next from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains. fields and meadows; in short it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and feels the realities of existence but when she is looked upon.-Addison.



Rencontre between Clevelly, Buckland and Herrick.

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# ROGER CLEVELLY.

#### A DEVONSHIRE LEGEND.

Why did you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?
William and Margaret.

K. Henry. O thou eternal mover of the heavens, Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul.
22 part of K. Henry VI.

In the village of Winkleigh there lived, in the reign of Charles the Second, a miller of the name of Clevelly; he was what is called, in the remote parts of the county, a substantial man; what he had was his own, and his upright dealings with the world, and economy in his own household, enabled him at his death to place his son Roger, who had just attained his twenty-second year, in similarly independent circumstances. His estate consisted of a good mill, and about ten acres of land in tolerable cultivation. Many were the deliberations of the calculating fathers and sharpeved mothers of Winkleigh upon young Clevelly's succeeding to his father's possessions, and they took especial care that none of their daughters should be absent on Sundays at the village church. Roger was a comely and well-proportioned youth, though the fastidious might say he was somewhat too sturdy; but this is a fault which is easily overlooked in Devonshire, where skill in wrestling is so much in reputer and where strength of body is often found to make amends for any deficiency in the mental faculty. He had made no slight impression on the fair-eyed girls of his native village, although there were some damsels whose charms were on the wane, who hinted that the flourishing business of Roger Clevelly was the most powerful magnet. Be this as it may, there were many families who would have been proud of an alliance with the young miller; but the charms of no maiden had as yet enslaved him, although there were many in his neighbourhood who could boast of a fair proportion of that beauty for which the damsels of Devonshire are so justly famous. Many were the invitations he received, and no rustic fete was given to which he was not invited.

Three years had passed away since the death of his father, when Roger, at length, seriously determined to take unto himself a wife, and he was not long in fixing upon one whom he thought in every respect likely to render him happy. He accordingly waited one morning upon the father of the object of his choice, and after some preliminary formulæ, Roger was permitted to visit the house of the wealthy farmer, in the quality of a lover, or, in more modern parlance, to "pay his address" to the old man's darling, the beautiful Alice Buckland. Her's was that beauty at which your city dames may scoff; but her fair cheek, glowing with the rosy hue of

health, her white and even teeth, and dark brown ringlets, though all partaking of a certain degree of rusticity, were not less winning, and her triumph over the lusty young miller was complete. Between two such beings there is little fear of a lack of affection, and ere the year was out each village lass pointed to the happy couple as they, strolled along, and, with laughing eye and significant gestures, betrayed her allowable envy.

But the dark veil of superstition was still spread over the peasantry of England. Evil spirits were believed to roam through the world, blighting the fair hopes of the young and sanguine heart. A dark and fearful tale had oft been whispered by the elders of the village, that Roger Clevelly was the last of his race, and that an evil destiny hung over him. But he heard not these things, or, if he did hear them, they were unheeded, and their forebodings troubled him not.

At length, the day was fixed for their marriage, and the busy fingers of the bride and her friend were employed in preparing her wedding dress. In three weeks they were to be made man and wife, and each looked forward to the happy day which should see them united by the holy and indissoluble bond of wedlock.

Young Clevelly was in the habit of riding over to Hatherleigh market every week, and he had left home one day for that purpose, intending to make a purchase of some corn of a farmer with whom he had many dealings. His stay at Hatherleigh was much protracted, in consequence of his not finding this person in the town as he expected, and night was advancing, when he determined to return home. Before he had quitted the town half an hour, it became quite dark; this made him urge his horse forward with some speed, for the roads in those days were not over safe to travel in the night time. He had arrived within a mile of his home, when the horse he rode, with an instinct peculiar to that animal, suddenly shyed, and in doing so, nearly threw the young miller into the road; at the same moment a faint voice cried out for help.

"Whoa! whoa! jade!" said the miller, stroking the neck of his horse; then raising his voice, he cried out, in the familiar dialect of the west, to the person who had spoken, and whom, owing to the darkness, he could not see distinctly—

"Who bist thee, vriend? and what brings thee here at this time o' night?" Digitized by

A deep pause ensued, interrupted only by the snorting and pawing of the miller's horse. No answer was returned, and Roger dismounting, perceived that a young and well-dressed man was lying in the middle of the road, apparently in a state of intoxication. After a moment's deliberation he drew the stranger from the road, and placing him on the green sward, remounted his horse, and rode hastily home for assistance. This was soon procured, and in half an hour the stranger was under the roof of the young miller, in a state, to all appearance, of total unconsciousness of what had been done for him by his generous preserver. Hock and soda-water, the modern tippler's remedy for such cases, were not known at that period to the unsophisticated inhabitants of Winkleigh: the miller had none, but such simple restoratives as his generous disposition prompted him to use were not spared to render his guest sensible of the kindness with which he had been treated. Old Dorcas, the miller's housekeeper, not unused to such scenes in the lifetime of her old master, ventured to suggest that a night's sleep would restore the stranger to consciousness; he was therefore placed with much care in the best chamber, and the household retiring to rest, left the crickets to their nightly gambols on the deserted

The miller arose betimes, and set about his accustomed labour. When breakfast time came, the stranger to his astonishment, entered the room, and thanked his preserver in the most grateful terms, for the kindness shown him. There were no marks left on his countenance of the excess of the previous evening, and his gait and manner were those of a man who had seen the world, and mixed with polished society, although there was something like a bluntness in his discourse, which indicated that he had been used to the sea. His face was eminently handsome; his eyes were large, dark, and lustrous; his nose beautifully formed; his mouth somewhat large, but well-shaped, though when he smiled there was a writhing of the nether lip, as if it were a pain to him. His hair was jetty black, and it fell in large curls over his shoulders, beautifully contrasting with his high, pale forehead, on which age had not yet stamped a single wrinkle. His figure was such as the most fastidious might essay in vain to find a fault with; his age appeared to be about thirty. Upon his entering the room, the miller handed him a chair, and then helped him to the good things he had provided for breakfast. Tea, coffee, and chocolate were not known in those days to persons in his station of life, but there was no lack of ham, beef, and good ale, while a flask of choice wine was added to the list by the generous young miller. The stranger, however, made but a sorry meal, which he said was owing to the preceding night's debauch.

"Tis ever so with me," said he, "after I have drank too freely overnight. 'Tis lucky that I escaped without a broken limb, for my mare is a winsome jade, and requires a tight hand." "You had a horse then?" inquired the miller, hastily; "pardon me, Sir, I wot not that you had been riding last night, though, fool that I am, I remember unbuckling your spurs and drawing off your boots. I will send over the country in search of it immediately;" and, rising from his seat, he gave orders to two of his men to go in pursuit of the stray horse.

As they sat at breakfast, the stranger conversed freely with the young miller, and scrupled not to tell him that he had been engaged in more than one scene of violence and rapine on the coast of South America.

"Here," said he, producing a massive gold chain, "I took this from the neck of the governor of a Spanish fort near Panama. I slew him with a pistol shot, just as he was about to give fire to one of his culverins. I cannot now bestow it on a more worthy gentleman than yourself;" and, rising from his seat, he hung it round the neck of the astonished miller, who, thunderstruck at such an instance of generosity, was with difficulty persuaded to keep it.

"'Tis but a trifle," said the stranger, "a mere bauble, believe me. I have a few things here, though, which I should have much grieved for the loss of, had I fallen into other hands."

He took from his vest, as he spoke, a steel casket, and, opening it with a small key, displayed a quantity of jewels of such dazzling brightness, that old Dorcas literally screamed with amazement, while the young miller doubted not but that he had given shelter to the king himself; and he already saw himself at court, a dubbed knight, ruffling in silk and gold lace, and wearing a rapier of Bilboa steel by his side. The stranger's manner was bland and courteous, and his marvellous relations of perils by land and sea, and "hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach," completely turned the head of the miller, who paid but little attention to his accustomed labour that day. Ere dinner-time arrived, the men who had gone in search of the stranger's horse returned without it, and informed their master that no traces of the stray animal had been obtained.

Not to tire our readers with all that passed between young Clevelly, and his guest, we must inform them, that at the end of three days the latter discovered no inclination to depart. These days seemed but so many hours to the miller. Sunday morning came, and it was then that he. for the first time, remembered he had not seen his beloved Alice since the day he set out for Hatherleigh market. Stung by self-reproach, he hastened to his chamber, and dressed himself in his best, to attend the village church, for the tinkle of its bell now summoned the inhabitants under its hallowed roof. Roger soon completed his rustic toilet, and was descending the stairs, when he met the stranger, whom we shall now call Herrick, and who thus accosted him:

"Whither now, Master Clevelly?" then, glancing at his dress, "Truly those hosen become your leg passing well, and your points are tied right jauntily—Where would ye, fair Sir?"

Digitized by GOOS

"To church," replied Roger. "Why ask ye, Master Herrick?—will ye not go with me?"

The lip of Herrick curled with a smile as he

replied-

"Go with thee, Master Clevelly—marry, I would as lief hang. What, sit for a whole hour and hear a long discourse from that feeble and ahort-sighted piece of mortality ye pointed out to me yesterday. Never!"

"Frythee, forbear," replied Roger, somewhat hastily," he is a worthy, pious man, and is beloved by his flock; as to his discourse, why—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Herrick, "it may do very well for the clowns of this village; but shall I, who have studied in Araby, and learnt that secret which places the wealth of the Indies at my disposal, listen to a teacher of clodpoles?—Nay, huff it not, man; I do not include thee, for there is that in thy looks which tells me thou wert born to a better fortune."

Roger smiled.

"Ay," continued Herrick, "I see that thou art possessed of more spirit than the clowns of this dull village, in which no man can raise himself. What say ye, Sir, to a visit to London? where the merits of a gallant like yourself are soon known and appreciated."

"I will talk of that when I return," replied Roger, brushing past him; "but if I stay to hear you now, I shall not get to the church in time, and I must go to-day."

He bounded from the house as he spoke, to the evident chagrin of Herrick, and soon gained the church, in which the inhabitants of the village were already assembled. He passed up the aisle, and entered Master Buckland's pew, where sat his beloved Alice, her countenance reddened with a mingled feeling of gladness and displeasure. A reproachful glance from Alice struck to his heart, and he bitterly upbraided himself for his neglect of the beautiful and fond girl, who loved him with the unalloyed affection of a first and early passion. Who could blame them if they rejoiced at the conclusion of the morning's service? As they gained the churchyard, the lovers separated from the throng, and Roger sought and obtained pardon for his neglect.

We shall not dwell on all that transpired between them. Those who have been lovers can picture to themselves such scenes, while to those who have never loved—and where are they? the pen cannot convey an adequate description.

When Roger returned home, the vivid description of London which Herrick gave him, completely turned his brain, and he swore that he would see the city, and taste of its pleasures ere that moon was out. And he kept his word; for, in less than a week, he bade adieu to the village of Winkleigh, and was on his road to London, accompanied by Herrick.

It was not without regret that he quitted Alice, but then he consoled himself with the reflection that he should reap advantage by a visit to London, and appear more refined and polished when he returned. On arriving there, they put up at one of the best inns in Fleet Street, and Roger

was soon the gayest of the wild gallants who frequented that celebrated part of London. Herrick mingled with the polish of a courtier the recklessness and careless bearing of a sailor, and ere a week had passed, Clevelly, under his guidance, had drank deep at the dark and inky fountain of vice. His appearance soon altered; his face lost its healthy and sunburnt hue, and his languid eye told too plainly that dissipation had done its work upon him. His step, to be sure, was much like that of the gallants of London—he turned out his toes so as to show the rosetts on his shoes, or when booted, to show his spurleathers; but it wanted that firmness and elasticity which was once the pride of Winkleigh.

The heartless and sensual miscreant, Charles held, at this time, his court at Whitehall, and London was crammed with all the gay and thoughtless in England. Every one knows, or, at least, ought to know, what society was in this reign; a reign in which Oates, Dangerfeld, Blood, and other such ruffians, were not only allowed to live, but were even patronized and sheltered by the Court. This was the age in which the witty and talented, but depraved Rochester roamed about; at one time amusing the rabble in the guise of a charlatan; -at another, frightening the credulous out of their wits in the garb of an astrologer; and not unfrequently obtaining, by the latter means, secrets from those by whom he was surrounded at court, which gave him a fearful ascendency over them. The civil wars had made many needy and desperate, and many who had once lived in affluence were content to subsist upon the bounty of the powerful and vicious. Licentiousness and vice had reached their utmost height, and to be virtuous was to be an object of ridicule and contempt.

It would, then, have been wonderful indeed if Roger had remained three weeks in London without contamination; more especially in the company of Herrick, whose manners were as loose as his wealth was boundless.

Unaccustomed to a life of riot and debauchery. Clevelly soon began to feel the effects of indulging in such excesses, and having been confined to his chamber one day by indisposition, he retired to bed early; but not to sleep, for his fevered brain forbade it. He lay till long after the midnight chimes had sounded; it was then that he slept, but dreams of a dark and fearful kind haunted his slumbers. He beheld, as if reflected in a mirror, the church-yard of his native village, and he looked and saw a newly-formed grave, on which some friends of the departed had scattered a profusion of wild flowers, now fast fading in the noon-day sun-and anon, the scene changed, and a dark cloud rolled before him, and as it dissolved, an awful scene was disclosed. He beheld a figure like himself bow before a throne of daszling brightness, on which sat one whose countenance shone like the face of the prophet when be descended from Mount Sinai, and ten thousand celestial beings were gathered around. Suddenly, a voice loud and fearful pealed through the vault of heaven, and one of giant size and

height appeared, and claimed the soul of him who Then came forth had thus humbled himself. one arrayed in white, and low she bowed, and in meek and piteous accents supplicated for the soul of him who knelt. And the figure was that of his deserted love, his fondly-devoted Alice! He started from his couch with a deep groan of anguish; cold drops of moisture stood on his brow; he essayed to pray, but his tongue moved noiselessly, his parched lips quivered with agony, and he'sunk back in a swoon.

When he recovered, the first rays of the morning sun gleamed on the latticed window of his chamber. Throwing himself on his knees, he implored mercy for his numerous sins, and prayed with an intensity like that of a criminal who is about to be sacrificed to the offended laws of his country. Tears, bitter scalding tears, such as he had never shed before, rolled down his hectic cheek, and his faltering tongue poured forth the anguish of his troubled spirit.

A gentle tap at the door aroused him from his recumbent posture; he opened it, and Herrick entered in his gown and slippers.

"Good morrow, Bully Roger," said he, "what has troubled ye so much, my good friend? You

"Oh, Herrick!" replied Roger, "I am sick at heart; this night has disclosed to me such awful-"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Herrick, "then you have been only dreaming-by this light I thought so; for as I lay in the next chamber, I could hear you mutter and exclaim in your sleep. Why, thou art not cast down because thou hast had a dream. Courage, man; what will the gallants of Fleet Street say to thee if it should come to their ears?"

"Peace," said Clevelly hastily, "I have had such a warning in that dream, that I would not stay another day in London, were it to obtain the treasures of the east-no, Herrick, no earthly power shall keep me here; to-day I set off for Winkleigh. If thou art still my friend, thou wilt bear me company."

It was in vain that Herrick attempted to turn him from his determination; he was alike insensible to reasoning or ridicule; and ere the morning was far advanced, they quitted London, and

were on their road to Winkleigh.

Nothing worthy of relation occurred during their journey, which was one of difficulty in those days. Roger was moody and thoughtful, and at times a prey to the deepest melancholy, which all the jokes and witticisms of his friend could not dispel.

Day had began to dawn when they arrived in sight of the village of Winkleigh. A faint streak of light appeared in the east, but not a single chimney as yet sent forth its wreath of smoke, so grateful to the eye of the weary traveller. Every window and door was fastened, and Roger beheld with a moistened eye his house and mill, which reared its long vanes high above the surrounding houses.

Old Dorcas aroused from her slumbers by the

arrival of her young master and his companion, immediately set about preparing breakfast; but, as she did so, the miller could perceive that she was unusually dejected. He dreaded to ask after Alice when he first entered, as many do who are prepared for the worst, yet are loth to have their fears confirmed; but he could now no longer delay the question. How shall we describe his feelings upon receiving the news of the maiden's death? There are some living who have been thus stripped of all they loved in this world, but can they describe their agony at the harrowing moment which makes them acquainted with their loss? No. All that poets wrote or minstrels sung would fall short of the description; -how then shall we paint the anguish of the soul-struck lover?

His first torrent of grief being over, the young miller inquired when and how she died.

" Alas!" replied Dorcas, " she took your leaving her so much to heart, and especially the cruel letter you sent her that-

" Ha!" cried Roger, starting on his feet, and staring wildly, "what letter?-a letter, say ye? -I wrote none-where is it?"

Here Herrick interposed. "'Twas the vile art of some cursed rival, my good friend," said he. " Now, as I wear a sword, it shall drink his base blood."

"'Twill not bring her back again, poor innocent," said the Dame; "a fairer maid, or one more gentle, never sun shone on; but she is gone-they buried her yesterday. Alas! that I should ever live to see this day!"

Roger quitted the room at this moment, with a hurried step, threw his cloak around him, and strode towards the churchyard. He soon discovered the grave, the likeness of which he had beheld in his dream. There was the fresh-turned earth, and the scattered flowers, now withered and loveless, but newly placed. He had scarcely reached the spot, when he was conscious that he had been followed, and turning quickly round, he beheld Herrick. He saw before him the author of his sufferings, and giving vent to his indignation, he upbraided him in bitter terms. Herrick heard him with a smile, and tauntingly bade him remember that he alone was the cause of all. This reproach stung him to the soul, and he groaned bitterly as Herrick with a malicious satisfaction ran over a list of his excesses while in London.

"So!" said he, folding his arms, and looking on the wretched young man, as the basilisk is fabled to look upon its victim; "so this is my reward for having treated you like a noble. Was it I who introduced ye to that pretty wench with whom you were so taken, and who drew so largely on your purse, that you were fain to come to me for a supply?-Or was it I alone who helped to fleece the young Templar whose money burthened him?-Was it I-?"

" Peace, peace, malicious fiend!" cried Clevelly; "hadst thou the heart of a man, thou wouldst pity my distress. Get thee gone from my sight. Would I had been laid in my grave ere I had met with thee!" Digitized by

A wild laugh was Herrick's only reply, but it stung Roger to the soul, and he quickly clutched the handle of his sword, which, however, with all his strength he could not draw from the scabbard.

"Desist," said Herrick, "take thy hand from thy toasting iron, or 1 will paralyze thy frame, and make thee as helpless as an aged man."

Clevelly knew too well the power of Herrick, by whose means his sword had been rendered useless, and he grouned bitterly.

"Pitiful minion," said Herrick, glancing fiercely on him, "I thought thee possessed of a firmer soul—will thy whining bring back the dead?"

The miller made no reply, but covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly, while his companion beheld his distress with evident satisfaction.

" Leave me," said Roger, imploringly.

"Nay," replied Herrick, with a sneer, "you had better quit this place, for yonder comes he who was to have been your brother-in-law."

The miller raised his head, and perceived that Herrick spoke truly, for William Buckland, the brother of his departed Alice, leaping over a low stile, entered the churchyard, and advanced towards them.

"Ha! thou damnable villain," cried he, "art thou returned with thy vile companion to exult over her now she is in her grave?"

"Oh, William," replied Clevelly, "do not upbraid me; 'tis punishment enough to look upon this green bank—my heart is broken."

"Nay, thy hypocrisy shall not screen thee," said the fiery youth; "I yesterday swore upon this grave that I would revenge her death; therefore prepare, for one of us must fall."

He unclasped the cloak in which he was muffled, threw it on the ground, and drawing his sword, called upon Clevelly to defend himself. Roger essayed to unsheath his weapon, but his trembling hand refused its office;—when Herrick spoke—

"Couragio, Master Clevelly," said he, "out with your fox, and show this clodpole a little of your fence."

"I may be left to try yours," remarked young Buckland, "but he at present is my man."

"We shall see that anon, boy," replied Herrick with bitter emphasis. "Take your stand, young sir, my friend is ready for you."

As he spoke, Roger threw off his cloak, then stepping a few paces aside, stood opposite young Buckland, and waited for his attack.

The miller, during his stay in London, had not, with other accomplishments, neglected to improve himself in the art of defence, but it proved of little use against the strength and impetuosity of his adversary, and ere they had exchanged half a dozen passes, Clevelly fell on the green sward, pierced through the body. The sword of William Buckland was already descending to finish the work of death, when Herrick, unsheathing his rapier, parried the thrust with great dexterity, and presented his point so as to keep off

the infuriate young man. Enraged at this interference, he attacked Herrick with great fury, but at the first lunge, his sword bent like a bullrush, and the blade and handle became red-hot! With a shout of terror he dashed the weapon to the ground, and fled from the churchvard with the speed of lightning, not doubting but that he had crossed swords with the fiend himself. Herrick smiled at his affright, then sheathing his weapon, directed his attention to the wounded youth, whose blood was fast flowing from the deep wound he had received, so fast, indeed, that nothing but prompt assistance could prevent his dying on the spot. Raising the body in his arms, Herrick bore it home, and summoned Dorcas to his assistance, who was about to send for a surgeon, when he interposed, and after placing the body in Rogers own chamber, began to strip and examine the wound, which he dressed with great care and skill. An hour had passed ere Roger returned to consciousness, and when he did, he found Herrick and Dorcas watching by his

The arrival of one or two of the neighbours was at the same time announced, and they entered the room with open mouths, and with the evident intention of demanding an explanation of the strange scene in the churchyard; but Dorcas very unceremoniously showed them into another room, and bidding them wait a few moments, returned to her patient, whom she found supported by pillows, in earnest, though faint, conversation with Herrick. A word or two which she overheard, induced her to draw back, and she saw that Herrick held a parchment in the one hand, and a pen in the other, which he offered to Clevelly.

"Pshaw! this is foolery," said he, perceiving him irresolute, "subscribe your name, and health and boundless wealth are yours for years to come."

Roger's reply was scarcely audible; but she could distinguish that he refused to sign.

"Then die in thine obstinacy and guilt," said Herrick; and he was turning from the bed, when Roger motioned him to return—and again they spoke together; when, suddenly, the wounded man sprung up convulsively in the bed, and clasping his hands wildly together, cried—

"Aroint thee, fiend!—In the name of heaven, I charge thee be gone!"

Scarcely were these words uttered when Herrick's frame seemed to dilate and tremble—his eyes streamed forth a supernatural light—and with a diabolical smile of disappointed malice, the Tempter immediately disappeared! No light or vapour accompanied his departure—it seemed as though he had suddenly disployed into air. Dorcas and the neighbours rushed into the chamber, and as one of them drew aside the window curtains, the morning sun burst with all its radiance into the apartment; it fell thon the face of the wounded man—now clad in the pallid livery of death, and disclosed to their view all that was mortal of the ill-fated Miller of Winkleigh!

#### THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

#### BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Who does not recollect the exuitation of Vailiant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa?—The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind, by Mungo Park, in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage country, is familiar to every one."

—Howitt's Book of the Seasons.

Why art thou (hus in thy beauty cast, O lonely, loneliest flower! Where the sound of song had never pass'd, From human hearth or bower?

I pity thee for thy heart of love,
For thy glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove—
In vain, lost thing! in vain:

I pity thee for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb—
O lonely, loneliest flower!

I said—but a low voice made reply:

"Lament not for the flower!

Though its blossoms all unmark'd must die,
They have had a glorious dower.

\*\* Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's way.

And the paths where lovers tread,
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,
By its odours have been shed,

"Yes! dews more sweet than ever feli O'er island of the blest, Were shaken forth, from its perfumed bell, On a suffering human bresst.

" A wanderer came, as a stricken deer, O'er the waste of burning sand, He bore the wound of an Arab spear, He,fled from a ruthless band.

"And dreams of home, in a troubled tide, Swept o'er his darkening eye, As he lay down by the fountain side, In his mute despair to die.

"But his glance was caught by the desert's flower, The precious boon of heaven! And sudden hope, like a vernal shower, To his fainting heart was given.

" For the bright flower spoke of One above, Of the Presence, feit to broad, With a spirit of pervading love, O'er the wildest solitude.

"Oh! the seed was thrown these wastes among, In a blestand gracious hour! For the lorn one rose, in heart made strong, By the lonely, lonellest flower!"

# THE GRAVE OF MARION.

"The grave! the grave! O happy they Whom death hath seized in early spring. Who sleep within the house of cley, Gathered when life is blossoming.

J. G. BROORES.

MARION, my love! 'tis many a year,
Since thy young form was buried here;
Marion, my love! and many a day
May roll its weary waste away,
Ere I shall lay me down beside
Thy perished loveliness, my bride!
Ah! what a joy 'twould be to rest
In peaceful slumber on thy breast!
Oh! what a heavenly bliss 'twould be
To sleep in solitude with thee!

What art thou, Marion? Ashes now, That golden hair, that pearly brow! What are the roses of thy cheeks? Ah! to my heart that cold stone speaks! Enough—thou art no more!—indeed, My soul may melt, my heart may bleed.

Dear Marion, it is hard to tread A world that bears thy dying bed: To feel that wheresoe'er I go, Through this dark wilderness of woe. I tread the dust, I pluck fair flowers, In fairy fields, and blooming bowers; That once, perchance, had formed a part Of thy young melancholy heart!

Hark:—Ah! that lovely song again
With melody o'erflows my brain!
How exquisite! I never heard
So sweet a song from girl or bird:
'Tis like some spirit, sent from God.
To guard the consecrated clod
Where Marion sleeps, as calm and still
As yoader sunbeam on the hill.

Again!—Oh, God! 'twill break my heart, Marion, my life! why did we part? Did God so love thee that he gave A heart to be thy living grave! Oh! would to heaven that I could weep, Mine agony is far too deep!

Behold! the God of Day goes down Through those red clouds, the crags that crown : And leaves me mourning by thy grave, Where weeping willows wildly wave.

Oh! how I envy every tear
That mingles with thine ashes here!
Oh! how I envy every bud
That draws existence from thy blood!
Ah! how I long, upon thy breast,
To lay me down, and be at rest!

# CACHEMIRE SHAWLS.

This valuable article of traffic occupies so much curious matter, that it may be considered of importance to our fair readers, to receive some explanation of the method employed in weaving that elegant and graceful envelop of female dress. We shall by that means demonstrate how and why these shawls become so expensive an

article of commerce, and so difficult of obtaining; adding thereto an explanation of the meanings of the different borders attached by the ingenious merchants to their manufacture.

The manufacture of Cachemire shawls, which are so highly prized by Europeans, employs nearly fifty thousand pair of hands. It would be

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difficult, perhaps, to estimate the number of shawls made every year; but it is generally computed, that sixteen thousand frames are employed for this purpose; and supposing that each frame produced five shawls per annum, the number made would amount to eighty thousand. One shawl would occupy an entire workshop, if the fabric was particularly fine, a whole year; while six or eight might be made of inferior quality in the same space of time. The number of weavers employed in these shops are not more than three, and when the article is particularly fine, they can only make about a quarter of an inch per diem. The shawls which contain the most ornament are made in pieces, at different shops, and it has been observed, that these pieces are very rarely of the same dimensions. The workmen are seated on benches, some three, others four in a class. Plain shawls occupy only two workmen, and, for their purpose, they make use of a strong, straight heavy frame.

As there must be a variety of patterns inserted in these shawls, they use wooden needles, one for each separate colour in use; this causes the work to proceed very slowly, on account of the richness of the designs. Women and children are employed to separate the fine wool from the inferior; and young girls card it with their fingers, and lay it upon India muslin, to draw the thread to its length, and to cleanse it from impurity; they then give it into the hands of the weavers and colourers. The frame that is used is very simple, and placed horizontally. The weaver is seated on a bench; and a child, placed a little below him, with its eyes fixed on the pattern, every time that the frame is turned, advertises the workman of the colours wanted, and the bobbins which are to be employed. The overseer, or head workman, overlooks the operations. If a design is proposed to which they are not accustomed, he teaches them to form the patterns, and to select the sort of threads and colours which they require for use. The wages of first-rate workmen are from four to five pence; and those of the common sort from two to three pence.

When a merchant undertakes this kind of employment, he forms a certain number of shops in the same establishment, and he takes upon himself the charge of superintendence; he then furnishes the superior workmen with the threads, carded, as before mentioned, and dyed; they then carry it away to their separate manufactories, after having received the necessary instructions concerning the quality of the merchandise and the colours of the designs, &c.

As soon as the work is finished, the manufacturer takes the shawls to the custom-house to be marked, and pays a tax proportioned to the value and the quality of the article. The officer who marks them does not fail to estimate them below their real value. The duty demanded is 1s. 5d. The greater number of the shawls exported from Cachemire are not washed after taking out of the frame. The great mart for shawls is Amretseyr. Even at Cachemire they

do not wash nor pack them equal to the former place.

## VARIOUS KINDS OF SHAWLS.

Notwithstanding the numerous accounts which travellers have given of the luxury of the shawl, and of the Cachemire goat, of whose hair it is fabricated, we have never, either in travels or dictionaries, met with any information concerning the classification and nomenclature of the different kinds of shawl, according to their patterns and colours.

What lady is unacquainted with the palms of the Indian shawls; and yet she is not aware that the palm trees of the shawls have not the slightest resemblance to those of the desert; but represent a very different tree, namely the cypress, the lovers' tree among the orientals, which is sculptured on the ruins of the palace of Persepolis, exactly as it is figured on the shawl borders.

The cypress of the shawl is, in fact, no more a palm, than are the willow boughs which are carried about on Palm Sundays. Palms play a conspicuous part in the nuptial festivals of the eastern nations; for garlands of the branches wreathed together, are carried in the processions; or large artificial trees, intermixed with gold and silver thread, adorned with fruit and flowers, and festal chaplets, and tied with ribbons, are borne in these solemnities, under the name of palm trees, as the symbol of fruitfulness.

The cypress adorns the border of a shawl, even as the tree itself overshadows the bank of a stream; and is considered by the easterns as the image of religious and moral freedom, as Saadi has expressed in verse—

"Be thou fruitful as the palm, or be
At least as the dark cypress, high and free."
Because its branches never incline to the earth,
but all shoot upwards towards heaven.

The cypress is to the orientals a cherished image of their beloved; whose graceful movements in the bloom of life they trace in the waving summit of this tree, when apparently animated by the soft western wind. Those trees which the Europeans have, unaptly enough, converted into palms, have only shared the fate of the Vizier in the original Indian game of chess: which the Persians call Tersia, and the French, at first, generally translated Vierge, and afterwards converted into a Queen.

The figurative sense of the latter, is not less understood by the European ladies, than the original meaning of the wreaths and bunches of flowers woven in the middle of the square shawl pieces, and which so greatly enhance their value. The Turkish and Persian name of these shawls is Boghdscha; a word which, in common language, signifies a bunch or bundle, and is used to designate the parcels of shawls and stuffs of which the easterns make presents. The origin of the word is, however, neither Turkish nor Persian, but Indian, from Pudscha, which means a flower-offering. When the season of the year,

or the nature of the country will not afford the flowers which the Hindoos offer to their gods, the Indian women spread out shawls, in the middle of which the embroidered basket of flowers supplies the place of fresh blossoms; on this they kneel, as do the Moslems on the little carpets, which exhibit a representation of the altar in the holy temple of Mecca, towards which they turn when they pray.

The European ladies, whose delicate feet sometimes repose on the Sedschadi, or praying carpets, and who fold around their fair shoulders the Boghdscha, or four-cornered shawls, are not generally aware that the Moslem kneels on the former, the Indian on the latter, which represents the Pudscha, or flower-offering, wherewith the Hindoo women consecrate themselves to God,

as the flowers of the creation.

The Boghdscha, or square shawl, with the flower-basket in the centre, may here take precedence of the other kinds, from the superiority of its original destination, rather than from its commercial value; for, in this respect, it is usually surpassed by the long scarf shawls. These, when they have a deep border, are commonly denominated Risaji; the plain ones are called Diar; those with a flowered ground, Djidshekli; the striped shawls, and such as have large patterns, are called Fermaisch; and the longest and narrowest, which are used as sashes, are termed Beldar, i. e. supporting the stomach and waist, a name which expresses their use more plainly than those of the other varieties. The name Risaji, seems to have some relation to the name of Risa, the eighth of the twelve Imauns, who is much revered in Persia. Djar, abbreviated from Djari, the flowing, might designate the long narrow border of the shawl as a flowing stream, on whose margin flowers are blooming, and tall cypress trees growing. The word Fermaisch, which is not to be found in the Persian dictionaries, is derived from fermuden, to command; what reference the parallel stripes, or the patterns have to the orders of a commander, it is not easy to guess. A very beautiful Fermaisch, striped with red and yellow, was presented by the Persian ambassador, Mirza Abul Hassan Khan, in 1819, to the court interpreter at Vienna, together with a very lean Persian steed, on which a wit observed, "Que l'ambassadeur avait regale un cheval maigre et un shawl gras."

A third class of shawls are woven without flowers or borders, and are generally made into dresses by the opulent, and especially the women; these are called by the Turks, Toulik.

In the shops and warehouses where the shawls are first sold, they are called Kischmiri or Lahori, according as they are the produce of Kaschmire or Lahor. The imitations of them, whether they come from Bagdad, Paris, or London, are all called Taklid, i. e. imitations.

The workshops of Kaschmire have very lately produced some splendid shawls, which are always marked with the word newtash, signifying new-fashioned. The patterns of these represent

banners, pinnacles, chains, peacocks' feathers, &c.; and according to the pattern, so they are denominated in Persian-Alemdar (containing banners;) Kunkeredar (containing pinnacles;) Keschedar (having corners, if the corners are ornamented;) Lilsiledar (containing chains;) Peri-taus (peacock-winged,) &c. These denominations are frequently worked on the shawls with coloured silk; the name of the manufacturer is also generally inscribed on them, and very often the epithets of God; as, O preserver! O protector! be a blessing granted to us! and single letters, which form the word Ahmed, or Mohammed, or some talismanic word, with the addition of Aala, Aala, "the highest, the highest" (of the best quality.)

As a further elucidation of the subject, we subjoin a translation of the list sent with twelve shawls, which Mirza bull Hassan Khan presented, in the name of the Schanfor Persia, to her Majestry, the Frances of Austria

Majesty, the Empress of Austria.

1. Kaschmire shawl, Tirmeh, i. e. Moondart.

Risagt, white, with a wide border; from the manufactory of Dervish Mohammed.

 Tirmeh, resembling linen. Moondart, or summer month, (for Tirmeh, or Tirmah, is the name of the first Persian summer month) with an apricot border.

4. White Risaji, with a chain border.

5. Musk-coloured Risaji, with leaves and chain.

Risaji, of the colour of the heavenly water, with a chain border.

7. Emerald Risaji, with roses in the corners.

8. Ditto.

9. White Risaji, with roses in the corners.

10. Garlick-coloured Risaji, bordered.

11. White shawl (Abreh.)

12. Ditto, with willow branches.

In conclusion, we give the explanation of the word shawl, from the Persian dictionary, Fesheng Schuri, which illustrates every article with a Persian verse, and the following one, by a distich of Mir Rasim Schal, is the well-known dress piece, woven of wool, as are the carpet and Aba, (in contradistinction to the richer silk and gold stuffs.)

" I long not for rich silks or satins, My mind is contented with the schal and woollen stuff."

At a certain age, experience removes the bandage which has hitherto prevented us from seeing reality. This is done by degrees: the illusion does not vanish all at once, but grows weaker, and at length wholly disappears. Fatigued by a vain chace after good, through tortuous paths, strewed with both thorns and flowers, along which the impulse of example and the fever of the passions hurry our steps, we pause; and soon we recal to our recollection a straight and even path, not before tried, that of repose; we seek it, find it, follow it, and attain our object. Such is the usual progress of human life; and the habit of achieving great things does not make us cease to be men.

# MILTON.

Who sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Tho hard and rare!—

Nor ceased to wander where the Muses haunt, Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill, Smit with the love of sacred song."

PARADISH LOST.

SEEN stretch'd upon a flow'ry bank, sat one
Upon whose cheek, the vermeil bloom of youth
Glow'd joyous;—his fair, yet ample forehead,
Seen thro' the clust'ring ringlets of brown hair,
That wanton'd in the breeze luxuriant,
Bespoke the mind within;—while in his hand,
Part worn, as if 'twere oft perus'd, he held
Tale of romantic hist'ry, and the deeds,
The val'rous exploits, of a chivairous age;
This had fill'd his young and buoyant fancy
With golden dreams of high-wrought imagery,
Th' Elysium of bright thoughts, Fiction's sweet sorc'ries:

Of middle stature, but of graceful form, Well fitted for athletic exercise, But more for deeds of intellectual strength, Which from that face divine, thus outward show'd Capacious thought, godlike similitude; O'er nature's lovely landscape spread around He cast a quick and side-long glance, that took In its wide compass, all rural objects, As hill, or lowly dale, or thymy mead, Or sweet sequester'd vailey, or brown wood; Or splashy spring, wherein the swallow dips With circling flight, his ready wing ;-or where From art, some imbrown'd cluster of dark trees, Just peering 'bove is seen the curling smoke Of straw-thatch'd cottage, or the neighb'ring spire That points with graceful attitude to heav'n; The husbandman that blithely drives afield His justy steeds, the patient labouring ox, The careless ploughboy, whistling o'er the lea, While overhead is heard the cawing rook, Fieldfare or plover, calling to their mates: Nor yet unbeeded pass'd observance quick, The bee, that rifling flies from flow'r to flow'r, Intent on sweets, the live-long summer's day; Or bubbling brook, or naiad-haunted stream, Or twilight groves, of thick umbrageous shade, Haunts of inspiration and poetic thought, The covert walks of silent solicitude; Naught scap'd his eye excursive, but from these His teeming fancy drew all imaged bliss. All that the mind creative can pursue Of wonderful or fair, thro' earth or sky, Stood present to his view ;—tho' listless sunk In drowsy dream, of youth imaginative. As one absorb'd in sweet forgetfulness; Yet still the mind in busy phantasy, Is ever wakeful, ever on th' alert. That finds no footing, like the dove of Noah, To rest its flight advent'rous-but is, (the Seeming to the gaze of one unpractised, To be close bound up in cold indifference.) For ever watchful, like the bird of Jove, By fabled poets sung. Upon that face, Divine expression kindling glow'd triumphant, The speaking emanation of the soul, As when the sun thro' misty morning breaks With golden splendour, light'ning the orient, So lighted up those features, as the mind From its imprison'd cell fosth drew its store Of many-colour'd tiesue, of bright thoughts,

Th' inward working of a soul superior;
Then, as with joy elate, methought outflash'd,
That creature of th' imagination wild,
The enchanter 'Comus,' whose witching pell
And syren strains of enchain'd music might
"Create a soul, under the ribs of death."

Sweet village Horton,\* thou too wert witness, And charm'd didst list the poet's madrigal, As mid thy scenes sequester'd, lone he sung, And from the channel of his dainty mind Produced "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso," " The concentration of all lovely things, As in a pictur'd landscape, brought to view Whate'er is fair, or beautiful in nature: Thy tender pity, too, in plaintive verse Responsive wail'd the death of Lycidas Of Lycidas, the bosom'd friend, and lov'd Coadjutor; -- who met, untimely met, Where darkly waves the osicr o'er the stream, A wat'ry grave! These were the themes that woke The tuneful efforts of his early lyre, That sent forth strains of sweeter harmony Than ever Orpheus sung, when he bewall'd His lov'd, his lost Eurydice.

Hoar Time Hath sped his way, with noiseless wing, since which The bloom that mark'd the youthful cheek hath fied, Supplifited by the deeper lines of manhood, Of manhood bord'ring on the vale of years, Tho' sightless, and from the world's sweet garden Quite shut out, a total blank presenting, "So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs." Yet, oh! what heav'nly-mindedness, what calm Investiture, celestial dignity, Mid all this deep privation ;-say could aught Be seen upon this nether world, in shape Of human form, (next kin to heav'nly mould,) That could display divine beatitude, The holy purpose of a god-like mind, Serenely bent on its great argument? Upon that brow, conscious of strength, there sat A lofty bearing; as one who inward plann'd Some great exploit, or high achievement proud. The loss of sight he mourn'd, as one debarr'd From view of nature's sweet varieties. Yet not the less sought he the flow'ry bank, Where oft his boyhood strayed, or " Siloa's stream That flow'd fast by the oracle of God." But most his daring flight advent'rous took. (Where none essayed before to spread a wing.) When th' embattled host of heav'n proclaim'd, In lofty verse;—angels with angels leagued In direful war—'till from his princely throne, Thus forfeited by revolt, th' apostate Feil, hurl'd headiong. Thro' all th' empyrean road Seen like a meteor, flaming thro' the sky, He with his crew of fallen spirits fell

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<sup>\*</sup> A retired village in Buckinghamshire, where the illustrious poet pasted the earliest part of his life.

Deep prostrate sunk, beneath the flaming lake, The dol'rous shades of grisly black despair, "Where hope ne'er comes, that comes to all;"—just, just Betribution, for this their foul revolt, And treason dang'rous 'gainst heav'n's matchless King. And longer yet had suak in that red pool Of liquid fire, immortal suff 'rers doom'd. Had not their chief, Satan, th' arch flend, with voice Potential call'd, as high erect he stood Upon the burning marl. Awoke by their Great leader's voice, like locusts up they spring And straight alight, with baneful wings outspread, When they their new-found city 'gan to build, By name call'd Pandemonium :-the royal Seat, and capital of hell's proud potentate, Synod of gods, of gods infernal met-

Bard of immortal subjects, this, this form'd The matter of thy song, on which thy soul Dilated—with how tho' discomfited, The Tempter, with inbred malice fraught, first Plann'd his dark, insidious emprise, t'ensnare, With guileful arts our first progenitors And mar their happy Eden. Too blissful Seat t'escape th' envious eye of our dread foe, Who plotted nothing less than man's defeat, For ever banish'd fruitful paradise, Thro' sin our bane, the bane of all mankind. Whilst thou, with dignified sublimity, As with the wing of some superior angel, Bear'st thy flight amid the cherubic host, Like flying pursuivant, on herald bent, Thro' all the sapphire blaze, of kingly thrones, Of powers supreme, celestial ardours bright,

The shining seats of high born dignities,

Caught up to the third heav'ns, thou there beheld'nt.
The glories of transcendent Deity,
And heard'st, as from ten thousand voices sweet,
(Thine ear attuned to heav'nly symphonies,)
The harpings of adoring seraphims,
And the shout of th' archangels, and the voice,
Like many waters heard, the voice of God!
"With thoughts that wander thro' eternity,"
What else could fill that mighty mind, or meet
Its vast conceptions, or "find room and verge
Enough" i' expand its noble aspirations?
What else save this, its one great argument,
The "Fall of Man," and cause of all our woe;
Till one, "a greater Man," th' eternal Son
"Restore us, and regain the blissful seat!"

The praise of man were vain, great epic bard,
'Twere vain to rear a column to the skies,
Or grave thy name on time-enduring brass,
Or sculptur'd stone, or breathing marble's bust,
To hand it down to deep posterity;
Thou'st 'graved thyself a nobler monument,
Enduring more than earth's proud pageantry,
Or the cold records of its prostrate dust;
'Tis the divinity within that lives,
The consecration of the soul divine,
Th' outpouring of the spirit immortal,
"Those thoughts that breathe, and words that bara," these

Thro' all thy works, deep traced in every line, That must survive the pointed pyramid, Or Fame's emblazonry;—e'en Time outlive, And triumph o'er its last sad obsequies.

# LOVE.

#### A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Love is oft a fatal spell.

A garland of the cypress tree,
Or weeping-willow wreath may well
Its emblem be."—Malcolm.

"Love is strong as death, and Jealousy is cruel as the grave, the coals thereof are coals of fire that hath a vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench Love, neither can the floods drown it. If a man would give all the substance of his house for Love, it would utterly be contemned."

"What can this passion be?" exclaimed the pretty little Lucy Clifton, throwing down a volume of a romance which she had been perusing, and looking her aunt earnestly in the face.—
"What can this passion be, that I read and hear so much about? It is certainly either the most delightful, or the most ridiculous thing in the world, this love."

Mrs. Bellamy, surprised at the suddenness and singularity of her niece's ejaculation, raised her face from the embroidery which she had been engaged upon, and, with a smile, replied:—"And you profess to be wholly unacquainted with this delightful or ridiculous passion."

"Perfectly, my dear aunt, perfectly unacquainted with it."

"In less than six months, Lucy, you are to be introduced to what is termed par excellence—THE WORLD—the fashionable society of the metropolis of this vast empire: you will move in the circles of ton, and become initiated in all its mysteries, its splendours, and its follies. About twelve months hence you will, unless the great Disposer of events should otherwise ordain, be, again upon a visit here to me: I think I may say, you will not then put so singular a question to me."

"Well, well," replied Lucy, a blush mantling upon her delicate cheek, "I cannot wait so long as that. I am impatient, my dear aunt—have heard and read so much, that I wish to be convinced of the absorbing nature of this prevailing passion, and as you must know all about it, my dear, dear aunt, I pray you tell me whether it is delightful or ridiculous."

"It is either, my inquisitive little Lucy, either,

according to the dispositions and tempers of the beings under its influence."

"I can scarcely comprehend your meaning." "If you have sufficient command of yourself, or sufficient good sense to avoid the many alluring paths that intersect and almost bewilder the true way to happiness, you will find it indeed delightful; but should you overstep the boundary that prudence has marked out, or forsake the direct path for any of the bright intersections which I have mentioned, you will ultimately find that your passion has become ridiculous, that you have followed a shadow which has led you to disappointment, or, it may be, to despair; that the parterre, among which the most levely flowers blossomed, has conducted you to a bed of thorns; you will blame your folly, when it is too late to remedy it, and repent of your false step, when repentance is of no avail."

"It is surprising, my dear aunt, that a road so perilous, and fraught with danger, should be so universally taken, and so madly as it seems to be."

"Every one has some idea of the happiness to which it leads, and they set out with the hope of attaining it; but few indeed are they who have sufficient prudence to withstand the many temptations that assail them."

"Dear me, aunt," exclaimed Lucy, with a sigh, "you have perfectly frightened me I declare—I will never fall in love, you may depend."

"At least you think so now; but mark my words, a winter in London occasions strange revolutions in young ladies' ideas; and when, next autumn, you pay a visit to your aunt Bellamy, do not feel offended if she should then repeat your question—"What is Love?"

Such was the conversation one evening in the little family party assembled at aunt Bellamy's, the usual rendezvous of the juvenile members of every branch, for aunt was ever so fond of children, so kind, and so attentive, and, moreover, so happy when she saw the smiling, cherub faces of the juveniles around her. Lucy Clifton was the eldest of the sojourners at that time with her aunt; she was just turned seventeen, possessing all the artlessness and unconstrained gaiety of the girl, just dashed with a little of that forethought which becomes inspired at such an age, and is the first characteristic that denotes the approach to womanhood. She was kind, affectionate, and beautiful, three qualities, the possession of which justified Mrs. Bellamy in her anticipations of the effect of a winter in London upon the feelings and ideas of her neice.

The inquisitive girl, however, had not been perfectly satisfied with the slight explanation which her aunt had made; a new train of ideas was inspired, and instead of allaying her curiosity, Mrs. Bellamy's observations had served to heighten and inflame it. She took another opportunity of mentioning the subject, and begged to know what perils those were, which had been, and were, the cause of so much blighted happiness.

"They are many, Lucy," replied her good-natured aunt, "and consist of all those faults and foibles, those errors of disposition and conduct, that produce the unhappiness of the human race. Anger, pride, conceit, indecorum, suspicion, jealousy——"

"What is jealousy?"

"One of the greatest perils of the whole, and one which if you would experience the happy results of the passion you are so inquisitive about, you must never for a moment encourage. It is a consciousness of your own follies or unworthiness, or a mean opinion of the individual in whose hands you have placed your happiness, which induces you to believe or suspect that another shares his affection."

"Oh dear me," cried Lucy, "I am sure I never will be jealous."

"Do not be too hasty, my dear, in your expression—say that you will, by a course of prudence and worthiness, give no cause to the object of your affections to render you so."

"No, no, my dear aunt—it is a horrid thing—I declare again that I never will be jealous. I may, perhaps, fall in love, as it seems such a universal thing, but I do declare that I never will be jealous—oh no, that would be indeed ridiculous!"

The year rolled on, and autumn came again, the circles of fashion were rapidly thinning, and the stars of beauty that had spread light and life over the varied scenes of splendour, sought newer sources of enjoyment. London was forsaken; and, among the rest, Lucy Clifton, whose debut had been the most successful that had been witnessed for some seasons, and who had been the prevailing object of admiration, departed to the retirement of her aunt Bellamy's mansion.

One evening Lucy was evidently very melancholy; her fingers first ran wildly across the keys of the piano, and then across the strings of her harp but she could not elicit any harmony, nor collect her thoughts sufficiently to carry her through a single air. She then blamed the difficulty of the music, and afterwards censured her juvenile companions for putting the piano out of tune, though the songs were of 'the easiest description, and her music-master had tuned the piano but a few hours before. But Lucy was discontented and uneasy-book after book was tried, but they were all dull and uninteresting, and then aunt Bellamy came in for her share of blame for having no "pretty books" in her library. Thus hour after hour passed on, and Lucy was still fretful and peevish; at length she threw herself upon the sofa, reclined her pretty head upon her hand, and gave herself up to thought.

Mrs. Bellamy glanced at her niece, but said nothing—wisely, perhaps; Mrs Bellamy had, without doubt, been frequently in a similar situation herself.

A servant entered the room with a letter for Miss Clifton—Lucy started from the sofa, and receiving it with evident emotion, retired from the drawing-room. Mrs. Bellamy affected not to notice the circumstance.

In about half an hour Lucy returned, but her manner was completely changed; she entered

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the room with smiles upon her happy-looking countenance; her eyes were brilliant, and joy quivered upon her lips. She sat down at the piano, and, in a few moments, every piece of music was gone through with the most astonishing facility! and when she become tired, she came to the table at which aunt Bellamy was silently engaged in her accustomed occupation of embroidery, to read "a very interesting volume which she had found in the library."

"Lucy, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Bellamy. Lucy raised her face from the book immediately.

"WHAT IS LOVE?"

Lucy blushed deeply-her face was all crimson, but she put up her handkerchief to conceal her emotion—Oh, aunt Bellamy!" was all that she could say.

"You want no explanation now, I presumeyou think that you are perfectly qualified to teach a lesson yourself."

: Mrs. Bellamy returned with Lucy to the metropolis, in order to spend the winter there. Edward Temple appeared devoted to the beautiful object of his affections, seizing every opportunity of testifying his happiness in the enjoyment of her regard, and exercising all those little ingratiating qualities which appeal so silently, but effectually, to the human heart. Edward Temple's rank in life was equal to that of Lucy; her friends were. therefore, all agreeable to the intercourse, and Lucy Clifton imagined herself the happiest girl in the whole world.

> -But then we trace The man of our own paths; and long ere years, With their dull steps, the brilliant lines efface. Comes the swift storm, and blots them out in tears."

That winter was the happiest portion of Lucv's existence. She loved, and was as truly beloved. Edward Temple was a good, an honorable man; but with the characters of the most upright and honest of earth's creatures bold slander will be busy, and there are ever friends about the young and lovely, to magnify the babbled rumour, and spread the seeds of discontent and misery in the heart. Something mysterious was noticed in Edward Temple's conduct-suspicion was awakened; but Lucy scorned every insinuation that was breathed to his discredit, and aunt Bellamy approved so virtuous and honorable a trait of character. Lucy felt proud of that approval. .

"You find, dear aunt, that I was right—I am above such mean suspicions."

"Be ever so, my child," returned Mrs. Bella-

my, "and you must be happy."

Mrs. Bellamy was compelled to return to her country residence; but she left her niece stedfast in her noble sentiment, and with the prospect of true happiness before her. Another month passed in unalloyed felicity. Edward's affections appeared to increase, and his union with Miss Clifton was now generally talked of.

But who is there in the living world that can secure to themselves the cup of bliss? Who, with the draught in their hands, can say that it shall touch their lips? A hand may come between us and our happiness, and the cup may pass away from us never to return.

Edward Temple's visits at a lodging-house, in a retired part of the metropolis, had for some time been known to Lucy; she had mentioned it to him, but then he entreated her to forbear inquiries, at least until a period when he might be permitted to explain the circumstance. Lucy confided in the honour of her lover, and never again alluded to the subject; her generous confidence evidently exalted her in Edward's estimation. A discharged domestic, whom Edward had turned from his doors, after discovering him in many acts of knavery, now appeared upon the scene; he sought an interview with Miss Clifton, which he obtained, and then revealed to her the startling fact, that the mysterious visits of Edward, were to a female friend, who, with an infant child, resided in strict seclusion, and was visited by no one but Mr. Temple.

Lucy fainted at this intelligence, and when she recovered, she was alone; but the dreadful truth of what she had heard was impressed upon her heart, and, for the first time in her life, Lucy Clifton was suspicious of the man she loved.

She taxed him with the circumstance, and he acknowledged its truth; she was indignant, but Edward was distressed.

"My dearest Lucy," observed he, taking her hand, but which she instantly withdrew, "you have ever confided in my honour, you have ever believed me above the meanness of deceiving you -still let me beg, let me entreat of you to entertain the same opinion, though circumstances may at this moment appear to render me unworthy of your regard."

"I refused to listen, sir, to every imputation, until the fact became too evident to render further confidence at all honourable to myself."

"My dearest Lucy, I have every expectation of being able, in less than a month, to conclude an affair of so much moment, and which has been productive of so much anxiety to me; then all shall be revealed to you, and I know my Lucy too well to imagine that she will not applaud my conduct, strange as it may now appear to her."

"Situated as we are, I should think Mr. Temple could have no objection to reveal this momentous affair-if not to myself, at least unto my parent, to whom I beg to refer any farther correspondence."

Such was the substance of this interview, when Lucy abruptly left the room, nor could Edward Temple by any perseverance, or means, obtain another hearing. And then, in all probability, he considered such behaviour unmerited -for after having had three or four letters returned unopened, he became indignant as well and the correspondence was broken off.

Lucy, notwithstanding her fortitude-her determination to resist, and conquer the demonwas now absolutely jealous!

Whether Lucy repented of her hasty conduct did not transpire, but she became silent and reserved; weeks particularly a

heard of Edward—his name was never mentioned in her family circle, nor was the connexion ever alluded to. At length one of the newspapers announced the death of his father, and the departure of Edward and Miss Temple to the south of France to attend the rites. Lucy had never heard of a Miss Temple, she never knew that Edward had a sister—the probability that it might be a mistake, and the being who accompanied him was Mrs. Temple—was his wife! agonized her heart—for she still loved, fondly loved, the forsaken one, and trembled lest her fears should ultimately prove true.

But she had banished him for ever! Jealousy, which she had formerly imagined so repulsive as to scorn the mere idea of the probability of her own actions being directed by such a feeling, had at length obtained the victory, and now triumphed over her happiness-wrecked-blighted, and herself a lonely girl, whose heart had now no joy, no single hope to rest upon. Then did she think that fate had done its worst; her thoughts reverted to the moments of rapture which she had passed in the society of her lover she beheld him again at her feet-again heard the soft tones of affection in which he was accustomed to speak; she viewed herself then on the eve of happiness-and now she stood upon the brink of despair.

The cup of Lucy's anguish was not yet filled -the measure of her sorrows not yet completed. Twelve months passed, and Edward had never been heard of; the possibility that he had quite forgotten her, weighed down her heart-her spirit was bowed and broken, and the fragile flower that had hitherto bloomed in such lively beauty, now shook in the blast, and threatened premature decay. And then her doting father—the good parent who had affectionately endeavoured to cheer the drooping spirits of his child, passed into the silence of the tomb, and Lucy became an orphan;-bereft of all now that was dear to her-alone-and without a living being in the world upon whom she had any legitimate claim for protection.

It is needless to describe the additional anguish—the agony of Lucy then, the only one whose precepts had consoled her previous sufferings, and led her afflicted thoughts to peace and resignation, had been snatched away from her, and now, save her aunt Bellamy, there was no one that either loved or cared for her.

She retined from the busy circles of the metropolis, and sought refuge with her aunt; in the quiet retirement of the village she found a relief that the noise and hurry of fashionable life could not afford. She became honoured and esteemed in the neighborhood; and the frequently assisted her worthy aunt in her accustomed acts of benevolence and charity. But people marvelled that one so young, so lovely, and so good, should wear such marks of grief upon her countenance—for no sunshine could ever again inspire the smiles of happiness there.

In a country town the appearance of a traveller is always certain of obtaining notoriety, and one bright Sunday in May, all the talk was of a gentleman and lady, and their beautiful looking child, who, in passing through the town, had put up at one of the inns, and had been present at the service in the church that morning. Lucy had been too unwell to leave the house, and she could only listen to the many encomiums that were passed as well upon the handsome appearance of the gentleman and lady as of their child. In the course of the afternoon, the family were surprised by the stranger lady being announced, who wished to see Miss Clifton, and who having been admitted to the drawing-room, after the usual compliments, thus addressed her:-

"I come, not merely as an ambassadress to Miss Clifton, but, also, as an apologist for having been the unwitting occasion of much unlfappiness."

"Madam!" exclaimed Lucy.

The lady immediately presented her card, and Lucy read the name of "Miss Temple." She gazed at the stranger in surprise and astonishment.

"Yes, my dear Miss Clifton," resumed the lady,
"I am the sister of him whom you once thought
worthy of your love, but who was abandoned and
despised because he maintained the secret of his
sister's misery."

"Can this be possible?" exclaimed Lucy.

I had married far beneath my rank in life, and my father shunned me-he would never be reconciled, and even when my husband died, and I and my infant child could scarce procure the means for subsistence, even then he would not forgive me. Edward was my only friend, and he had given me his sacred promise, as I wished to conceal my misfortunes from the world, that he never would disclose my painful situation unto any human being. Dependant as he then was upon his father, he could not publicly support his sister, and to his honour he sacrificed his love. And now he sends me again to proffer you a heart which is still your own; and upon this interview depends his happiness-nay, indeed, his very life."

Lucy's sorrow had taught her a valuable lesson, and now their recollection served only to enhance her joy; the cup of bitterness had passed, and her after years were those of happiness and love."

In the course of the ensuing week she became the wife of Edward.

The flights of genius are sometimes like those of a paper kite. While we are admiring its vast elevation, and gazing with boyish wonder at its graceful soapings, it plunges into the mud, an object of derision and contempt.

#### WOMAN'S HEROISM.

Unheeded, pass not by
The bravery of woman; trust we, good Sir Knight,
It bears as good record in olden deeds
Of chivalry, and even beams as glorious
As woman's love!"—DECKER.

IT is delightful to record instances of glory in which the most lovely objects of the creation have distinguished themselves, so as to render them equal to the much, though unjustly, vaunted superiority of man. Confessing, however, that woman appears in the most beautiful, because delicate, light, in her domestic character; still we are pleased at finding her, occasionally, emerging from those tender duties, to assert her rights to the rewards of heroism. We have, therefore, the agreeable task of mingling with our sketches of woman in her more subdued character, a record of woman's valour, nothing less than the institution of a female order of Knighthood! which was created by Don Raymond, the last Earl of Barcelona, (who, by a marriage with Petronilla, only daughter and heires of Romino, the monk king, united that principality to the kingdom of Arragon,) who, in the year 1149, gained the city of Tortosa from the Moors.

In the course of the ensuing winter, however, the Moors, having recruited their army, laid siege again to the place; for a length of time the inhabitants bore the siege firmly, and with the utmost and uncomprising bravery, but having suffered extreme privations, they applied to Don Raymond for relief; the latter, however, having experienced very ill success himself, was unable to succour the city, when, every hope having vanished, it was proposed to yield it to the Moors. Upon hearing this cowardly project, the females of the city instantly offered themselves to defend the place, and having attired themselves in the habits of their husbands and brothers, they made a resolute sally upon the Moors, and with such heroism that they compelled their enemies to raise the siege, and returned triumphant to the city! So resolutely did they fight, that the Moors fled in dismay, and made no farther attempt upon Tortosa.

Raymond was delighted by the report of the bravery of those intrepid females, and entering the city for the express' purpose, he rewarded them by the grant of several privileges and immunities. Morcover, to perpetuate their memory, he instituted an order of Knighthood, somewhat resembling a military order, into which none but those brave ladies who had succeeded in preserving the city, were admitted. The badge of the order resembled a friar's capouche, of a crimson colour, and sharp at the top; it was worn upon the head dress. He also ordained, that at all public meetings the women should have the precedence of the men; that they should be exempt from all taxes, and that all the apparel and jewels left by their husbands (whatever might be the value of them,) should be lawfully their own. These privileges, with many

others, they long enjoyed, and were universally honoured and esteemed.

At the present eventful period, we have also a bright example of the heroism of woman, and in one of the noblest causes, too, that has ever inspired the sympathy of human nature. The poor Poles were assisted in their brave attempts to redeem themselves from Russian thraldom, by their females, and the name of Plater, the lady who led the female troops, will descend to posterity, associated with the record of the noble, though unsuccessful, struggle of the Poles.

# THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

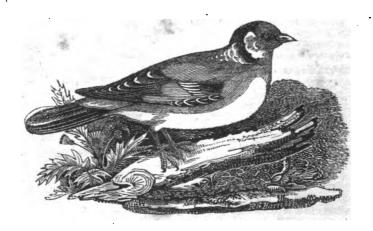
But the most stupendous work of this country is the great wall that divides it from Northern Tartary. It is built exactly upon the same plan as the wall of Pekin, being a mound of earth cased on each side with bricks or stone. [The astonishing magnitude of the fabric consists not so much in the plan of the work, as in the immense distance of fifteen hundred miles over which it is extended, over mountains of two and three thousand feet in height, across deep valleys and rivers.] The materials of all the dwelling houses of England and Scotland, supposing them to amount to one million eight hundred thousand, and to average, on the whole, two thousand cubic feet of masonry or brick work, are barely equivalent to the bulk or solid contents of the great wall of China. Nor are the projecting massy towers of stone and brick included in this calculation. These alone, supposing them to continue throughout at bow-shot distance, were calculated to contain as much masonry and brick work as all London. To give another idea of the mass of matter in this stupendous fabric, it may be observed that it is more than sufficient to surround the circumference of the earth on two of its great circles, with two walls, each six feet high and two feet thick! It is to be understood, however, that in this calculation is included the earthy part in the middle of the wall. -Barrow's Travels in China.

#### D'AUBIGNE.

WE find in the memoirs of D'Aubigne, an anecdote that is worthy of notice. In a battle that was fought during the wars of Henry the Fourth, D'Aubigne had a personal combat with a captain of the name of Dubourg. During the heat of the action, D'Aubigne perceived that an arquebusade had set fire to a bracelet formed of his mistress's hair, which he wore on his arm; without thinking of the advantage he gave his adversary, he instantly employed himself in extinguishing the fire, and preserving this precious bracelet, which was dearer to him than liberty or life. Captain Dubourg sympathized with and respected the sentiment, suspended his attack, inclined the point of his sword, and began to trace on the sand a globe, surmounted with a cross.-Memoirs of Madame de Genlie



THE CROPPER PIGEON.



THE GOLD FINCH. ..

## THE CROPPER.

ALL. Piguous flave a peculiar property, in a greater or less degree, of inflating their crops with air, but now to such an encountry size us the Gropper. These birds are frequently from peventees to eighteen inches in length; their bodies are thin, and tapering from the shoulders downward; their legs are strong, straight, and covered with soft, white feathers. The front of the crop, the under parts of the body, and the tips of the wings, are usually white; there is, also; generally, a white spot near the point of each wing: the remainder of the plumage is usually of one uniform colour—yellow, red, blue or black, except round the red spot on the crop, where the feathers are of a brilliant green, or purple. These birds are exceedingly deficient to rear, on account of the carelessness of the old ones: for this reason, their eggs are generally batched, and the heatings breaght up under some other Pigeon.

## THE GOLDFINCH.

Fringilla.—This genus comprehends several of those little birds which are equally admired for the beauty of their plumage and the liveliness of their song. To enter into any description of the colours of the Goldinch would be superfluous, nor is it even necessary to dwell on the mode of treatment most congenial to their habits when kept as song-birds; for who does not know that these gay little warblers delight in being placed, during the merry spring-time of the year, where the sun beam samy gild their plumage with a richer glow t—in the sultry season, abroad, but in the shade t—and, while their feathers are falling, and throughout the winter, in "some choice location," which is at one abletted, but not solitary t—or, that they live on seeds, and require to be regularly provided with food and water, for which, in return, the light captives make their little manulous merry with their melody t—The Goldinch, when kept in a case, loses, in moulting, the freshness and beauty of its plumage: those which are purchased in autumn, possess the livery they were in the woods; and it is never again equalicit, while the blade remain in a state of captivity. The proper time for purchasing these birds is when the young them false, at the latter end of the sammer: these which are taken in spring, frequently pine, and rarely prove good wongoon white, and marked at the end with purple spots.

# THE PLAGUE OF GIBRALTAR.

The spots that are canopied by the screnest skies, where the air is the purest to the vision, and the most genial to the feelings, where nature too, has been most lavish of her charms, are those where the visitations of pestilence are the most frequent and the most destructive; coming, as if in mockery of the judgment of man, to show him, that spots which seem to him the Edens of the world, are, like the Eden of old, gardens where death lies in ambush. This observation may well be applied to atmosphere; where, a spet of earth upon which nature has so outpoured her riches, decorating the gigantic rocks with a thousand odoriferous flowers; thus strangely mingling beauty and sublimity, and strewing every acclivity with the broad-leaved and venerable fig-tree, the yellow-tufted and fragrant acacia, the golden-speckled orange, and the bright blossomed geranium, that in its infinite varieties trails over the ground, and hangs in every fissure. Yet plague and pestilence, in their most horrid forms, have been visitors here; and the elements of disease and death have been borne on the same breeze that wafted the odours of a thousand flowers. The disastrous story that I am about to narrate, is connected with the memorable visitation of 18-, and its details will not, I think, possess less interest, because they belong not to the dominion of fiction.

I received a commission on the medical staff of Gibraltar, the winter before the plague broke out; and in the month of March I arrived at that celebrated station. The 2— regiment of infantry accompanied me from England, and the officers were my messingly in the Thetis frigate, during the voyage.

Edward Courtenay, with whom-singularly enough-I had been on habits of the closest intimacy ever since childhood, and who was, indeed to me, as a younger brother. He was a fine, noble-minded fellow; his like I have never seen before or since; and often as we sat on deck during the glorious evenings that set over us as we sailed southward, we talked of the pranks of our youth, and imagined scenes of manifold enjoyment, during the four years that it was supposed we might be stationed at Gibraltar. brightest of my anticipations," said Courtenay, " is the renewal of my acquaintance with Caroline Lorn." Now this was the only anticipation that gave me uncasiness; I knew of the predilection of my young triend for this fascinating girl, before her father obtained a civil appointment in Gibraltar; and well aware of his enthusiastic turn of mind, I could not but fear the influence which I foresaw a despotic passion might exert over his intellect and his actions.

We were soon domesticated in Gibraltar, and began to realize the pleasant fancies we had pietured on our voyage; and the bright anticipation of Courtenay was fully answered. Mr. Lorn we found inhabiting one of the sweetest of those little villas that dot the neighbourhood of the town; it stood upon one of the south-western slopes which are terminated by the moles, and was embowered in a thicket of sweet-smelling and flowering shrubs. This was the daily resort of my friend, and truly the household goddess was well worthy to receive his adorations. Let me say a few words of Caroline Lorn.—She was four years younger than Courtenay; he was twenty-two, Caroline was only eighteen; but

her figure, as well as her mind, had somewhat outstripped her age; the former, cast in the most perfect mould, added to an almost infantine lightness, those gracious contours which belong to maturer years; and with the artlessness of childhood, her mind was already rich in those indescribable and nameless elegances and perceptions, which are rarely the accompaniment of even a riper age. I wish I could describe her countenance; but this is impossible. I can only say that it was radiant with beauty, youth and gladness, and that the expression of contemplative thought that sometimes shadowed it, but increased its charm, as the thin cloud, veiling but not obscuring the sun-beams, throws upon the earth a softer and more mellowed light. 1 often saw Courtenay and Caroline Lornstogether; it was evident that they were bound by no common attachment; and if, from present promise, human reason ever dare predict future felicity, it there have indulged its augury; for happiness had already unfolded her fairest blossoms, and they had outlived the hour when frost might have blighted them. Is there not a season in love, when the beatings of the heart are but the chroniclers of happiness?

There are some who may perhaps say, contemptuously, "this is a love-tale!" Reader, I wish it were; I wish I had only to record the triumphs, or the difficulties of love; but he is a poor philosopher, and but indifferently skilled in the history of the human mind—which is the history of the world—who speaks contemptuously of a love-tale. If such be deficient in interest, the fault may lie with the narrator, but surely not with the passion, which has led to wilder, aye, and to greater and nobler deeds, and which has brought with it more happiness, and more misery, and has been the hinge of greater events, than have ever arisen from all the other passions of mankind.

Four months passed away; four months, I may say, of perfect felicity. It was now the beginning of July; and it was settled that the following month Courtenay and Caroline were to be united. I was equally the friend and confident of both; I was the depository of all their little plans; scarcely was their conversation interrupted by my presence; and when in the midst of that domestic circle, I raised my eyes to the countenances of the manly youth and the lovely girl, who sat near to each other, and saw the beautiful blending of present deep-felt happiness, with the anticipation of still fuller joy, I wondered at my own foolish fears, that a passion such as theirs could ever be prolific in aught else but happiness.

The memorable 17th of July arrived; on that day the plague first made its appearance in the town of Gibraltar. I passed that evening at the cottage, and notwithstanding the fearful forebodings that were abroad, we contrived to be gay; for youth is slow to believe in the prediction of evil; and although my knowledge of the facts might have enabled me to throw a chill over the anticipations of my friends, I for-

bore—for "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Next morning, doubt could no longer rest upon the minds of the medical officers, that the plague was amongst us; and the same day, about noon, orders were issued from head-quarters, that the regiments stationed in Gibraltar, should be in readiness in three hours, to evacuate the place, and form an encampment upon the neutral ground; and the staff (with the exception of the governor) having resolved to accompany the military, the order of course comprehended me. Courtenay was with me when the order was communicated; and as I expected, he immediately proposed to go to the cottage.

"This is, indeed, a blow," said he, as we cross-

ed the Alameda.

"From which," said I, "I trust we shalf all re cover; there is every reason for hope; Caroline lives in one of the healthiest spots in Gibraltar; and it is thought that on the neutral ground, the military, and therefore you, will be safe."

"Ah!" said he, "you have never known what it is to love; absence is of itself a sufficient evil."

Caroline met us at the entrance of the garden; and in place of leading the way as usual into the cottage, she conducted us to the summer-house. She already knew of the order that had been insued; "I trust, Edward," said she, "I may live to see it recalled."

"May live!" said Courtenay; "Caroline, do not speak doubtingly to me."

"How else should I speak, dear Edward?" returned she, "are not our lives, yours and mine, and all our lives in the hands of God; and how

can I say better, than that I trust in him?"

But the tone in which Caroline spoke, and the strange, though strangely-sweet smile with which she turned to Courtenay, raised some indistinct suspicion in his mind; and suddenly taking both her hands, and looking in her, face, "Caroline," he said, "you never deceived me; something is amiss—tell me, for God's sake, tell me," and before she could reply, he had relinquished her hands and rushed towards the house.

"He will know all, he will know all," said she, "'twas for his sake I would have concealed

from him—"

"What is it that you conceal, Caroline? May I follow him? Is it any evil that I can prevent or alleviate?"

"You cannot cure the PLAGUE," said she.

This was, indeed, a thunderbolt; this was the evil she would have concealed. Courtenay returned; for with woman's apprehension, and the instinct that told her she could conceal nothing from her betrothed, she had locked the doors. But concealment any longer was impossible. The symptoms of disease had manifested themselves in a servant of the family.

When the disclosure had been made, we remained for many moments silent. Courtenay hid his face in his hands; but his agitation was extreme.

"Caroline," said he, at length, in a composed and carnest manner; "the is one remedy for

this evil, the evil—the danger, I mean, that threatens you; you have consented, within one little month, to be my wife; anticipate the time, accompany me now to the altar; your father, I know, will consent, and in three hours we may both be safe from pestilence."

"Edward, my dear Edward," said Caroline, "I will be ingenuous, even at the risk of being thought bold. It is true that I have consented to be your wife, and I not only do not recal that consent, but I even avow that I wish it had been already ratified at the altar; but I would be unworthy of you if I could timidly, meanly prefer the chance of my own safety to that of thousands. No, Edward, my heart pleads for what you desire, because it is misery to be separated from you; but I dare not sport with the lives of others; I dare not risk the remorse that would pursue me, if I carried into your camp the seeds of disease that perhaps now lurk in myself."

Courtenay argued with her; implored her; kneeled to her; but Caroline, though strongly moved, was resolute: "Do not," said she, "do not try to make me unworthy of you; take with you my love, but leave my life in the keep-

ing of God."

Caroline's father entered the garden, and Courtenay flew to him to plead his wishes. "It is impossible," said he; my child is right: I dare not advise her otherwise; go, my young friend, assured of her affection, and my esteem; we will take every possible precaution, and let us hope that all will go well."

Courtenay had exhausted overy argument and every entreaty; he stood gazing upon Caroline, the image of misery and despair. At length he burst into tears.

Reader, forgive him; the lion-hearted may be moved to tears. Remember how he loved—remember his enthusiastic nature; he knew that he was about to be separated from her whom perhaps pestilence had already marked as his prey; he saw her before him, young, and beautiful, and sorrowful—for the large drops silently ran down her cheeks; and perhaps he fancied her on her death-bed. I do not know what were his thoughts, but they must have been bitter and sad; for, I say, he burst into tears.

Caroline could withstand his eloquence, his prayers, even his kneeling; but where is the woman who ever yet resisted the tears of the man she loves? Caroline threw herself upon his neck, unmindful of witnesses of her tenderness. "I am your's," said she, "I am your's;" lead me where you will." But Courtenay felt that his triumph was ungenerous.—"No," said he, "that which judgment and virtue, religion and affection have withheld, ought not to be yielded to tears." And they parted in deep sorrow indeed, but with somewhat more calmness than from the former part of the interview might perhaps have been expected.

An hour after, the troops mustered at the different barracks, and marched out of Gibraltar: and, before sunset, the terrampment was formed upon the neutral ground. The neutral ground

of Gibraltar is a strip about half a mile wide, across the neck of land that connects Gibraltar with the main land, lying, of course, between the British and Spanish lines. Upon every occasion, when disease has visited Gibraltar, it has been the custom for the soldiery to encamp upon the neutral ground. This precautionary measure has evidently proceeded upon the supposition that plague is contagious, for its purpose is to cut off all communication between the military and the inhabitants, which would be difficult, if not impossible, unless by placing between them impassable moats and bulwarks. This purpose has also been always made doubly secure, by the most rigorous exaction of military discipline, and obedience to orders; and any violation of these has been visited by prompt and effectual punishment. The separation would, indeed, be entirely nugatory, unless it were accompanied by the most rigorous discipline. Accordingly, the same evening upon which the encampment was formed, the troops were called out, and a general order read at the head of each company, forbidding, under any pretence, all communication between the camp and the town, under the high penalty affixed by the articles of war to disobedience of orders. But even this was insufficient to enforce obedience. A private, in the 8th regiment, who had been accustomed to resort every night to a small public-house near the north-western point, took advantage of low water soon after dusk, to cross the long reach of sands, and wading as far as the depth would allow, swam under the mole, and reached his favourite resort. But he paid the penalty. He was seen from the signal-house crossing the sands; and being apprehended and sent to the encampment, he was tried, condemned, and shot the same afternoon. Let me pow return to my story.

The same evening, while sitting in my tcut, just as dusk was fading into darkness, the curtain was pushed aside, and Courtenay entered.

"Good evening," said I, "but how is it that you are here? They have beaten the retreat, and you ought to be in your own tent, unless, indeed, you are on guard."

"I am," replied Courtenay; "I am on the western piquet—the most fortunate station I could have had."

"How fortunate?" said I. "Why more fortunate than any other?"

"Cannot you guess?" said Courtenay.

"No, indeed, I cannot, unless it be that it is the point nearest to Caroline."

"I see," said Courtenay, "you do not understand me."

A suspicion of the truth flashed upon my mind.

"You cannot mean, Courtenay," said I, "to—
Impossible!"

"To disobey orders, you would say. Ah! my friend, you never loved as I do."

"Courtenay," said I, in a grave tone, "sit down and listen to me. This is madness—not love. Have you already forgotten the example of this afternoon?"

"I am sure," said he, interrupting me, "you do not believe me a coward."

"No Courtenay," said I, "but cowardice and prudence are not the same. Your duty as a soldier commands you to stay—your duty as a man also; for you are about to incur the very risk, to avoid which Caroline sacrificed her inclination."

"Duties," replied he, "are of different obligations; although our vows have not been exchanged at the attar, they have been registered elsewhere; and I know of no duty so sacred as that of cherishing her who is all but my wife. It is possible, oh, Seymour!—oh, God! it is possible that she is at this moment ill—dying; and shall I sacrifice the duty of watching over her, to any obligations that human law may have imposed?"

I tried to argue the matter with Courtenay; I implored him by the affection he felt for his mother and sisters in England—by his friendship for me—by his love for Caroline, to desist from

his project.

"I am not afraid of discovery," said he: "the paquet are men of my own company, and will not betray me. I have agreed with a Spanish boat from Algesiras to be in readiness at ten; it will carry me close to the mole; and I shall have returned long before daylight. I am utterly miserable, Seymour; if the risk were a thousand times greater than it is, I could not live over such another day as this."

I saw that it was in vain to offer farther opposition. I held aside the canvas, and shook hands with him as he walked out; and his figure soon disappeared among the tents; but I frequently returned to look out; and once I thought I heard the stroke of oars—which was not impossible, as the night was quite calm, and my teat was on the western side of the encampment.

I was awoke at five o'clock by the morning gun. This was the hour at which the piquets are broken up; and in a few minutes I saw Courtenay enter. He seated himself near me, without speaking; and the dawn was yet too imperfect to permit me to augur any thing from his countenance. His silence, however, was ominous of evil, and I waited patiently until he should break it.

"Seymour," said he, at length, "my story is brief; but I cannot utter it. Caroline—"

" Is well, I trust," said I.

Courtenay half rose, and bending over me, whispered in my ear, in an articulate whisper, that will never pass from my memory—" The Plague;" and with a deep smothered groun of intense agony, he fell to the ground.

I knew the meaning of these words—Caroline was about to be a victim. I raised Courtenay from the ground, but I had no consolation to offer him. I could only say, "It is not always mortal: you may yet both live to be happy."

"You do not yet know all," said he; "my hours, as well as her's, are numbered, and for that mercy I thank God. I believe, Seymour, my absence is known."

"Then, indeed," said I, "all is lost." And as the dreadful and inevitable consequence of Courtenay's indiscretion rose fully before me, I almost prayed that the plague might spare Caroline the far greater misery that awaited a deliverance from it.

At this moment the curtain of my test was drawn aside, and a sergeant appeared with an order to conduct Courtenay to the colonel. I accompanied him. The colonel was a well-known disciplinarian, and a blunt man. "I am sorry to hear it is true," said he; "we must go through the forms of a court: but I cannot give you any hope. Private Donovan was shot yesterday for the same offence, and distinctions won't do in the service."

Early in the forenoon a court-martial met. I was a member of it; and Brigadier-General L-, of the Artillery, presided. Courtenay had been mistaken in his estimate of the men who composed the piquet; one of the men, upon whose good feeling he had calculated, owed him a grudge. Upon a former occasion this man had been tried, for what offence I am unable to recollect; and Courtenay, from the best motives, exerted himself in his behalf, and having stated some palliating circumstances that had come to his knowledge, obtained a mitigation of the sentence, which was changed, from death to that other punishment that still so deeply disgraces the code of our martial law. This man, while in confinement, had levelled the bitterest curses against Courtenay, and swore he would never forgive him; and, like most other men who have once suffered a disgraceful punishment, his heart hardened under its infliction; and though the scars of his body were healed, the laceration of his mind grew into a sore, that festered, and at last cankered every thought, and poisoned all the sources of feeling. This man gave information against Courtenay the moment the piquet was dismissed.

Courtenay said nothing in his defence upon his trial; he admitted the act of disobedience, and neither palliated nor vaunted it. For form's sake, the soldiers who composed the piquet were summoned; but one of their number-the man who had been the informer-was no where to be found; and soon after, information was brought that he had hung himself upon one of the tentpoles. One only palliating circumstance I was able to bring into view. The Spanish sailor, in whose boat Courtenay had been carried to and from Gibraltar, said, that in crossing the bay, he had warned him of his danger. He told him he knew the character of one of the piquet, and that he was his enemy; and he advised Courtenay to take advantage of a boat just then getting under weigh for Tangiers; but that he refused. This was, of course, insufficient to alter the complexion of the crime, or to change its penalty. "Unless we can bring private Donovan to life," said General L-, "it is impossible to extend pardon to Lieutenant Courtenay." And Courtenay was accordingly adjudged worthy of death.

"Gentlemen," saidy Courtenay, addressing

himself to the Court, "I have one favour to'beg: defer until to-morrow morning the execution of the sentence, and, in the meantime, remove the arrest from my person."

The first part of the petition the court immediately granted; but the second occasioned some domur—it was unusual, and old officers are averse to innovation.

"I pass my honeur," said Courtenay, "as a British officer, and an English gentleman, that I will be present at the appointed hour to meet the penalty. Surely you do not distrust me!"

A few words were whispered among the members of the court; and General L—— then said, "the desertion of your post was not only a military orime, but also some stigms on your homour; and your request is granted, that you may have an opportunity—the only one you can ever have—of wiping it out!"

To have looked upon Courtenay at the same moment that his petition was granted, one might have thought that he had suddenly reached the summit of human felicity, or that he had just awoke from a disturbed sleep, and found that he had been but dreaming of horrors that were unreal. It can scarcely be supposed that the court, in granting Courtesay's petition, ever contemplated the possibility of a second visit to Gibraltar, for this would have been granting a license to break through the command of non-intercourse. There was, indeed, no proof, upon trial, that Courtenay had visited Gibraltar; he was tried for deserting his post; but that he visited Gibraltar was undoubtedly suspected—the spot appointed for carrying the sentence into execution being the same as that selected in the case of private Donovan, who, it was supposed, might possibly communicate infection: this was the sands at low water, for within water-mark, so that the waves might wash away the infected

"Mr. Courtenay," said General L.—, "you are now at liberty; to-morrow morning, two bours after gun-fire, the troops will muster."

The moment the court broke up, I walked slowly towards my tent, and Courtenay walked by my side—both in silence. Courtenay reached the tent first, and he held aside the canvas for me to enter.

" I will fallow." I saft.

"I do not enter," said he. "Pass by, but do not touch me."

I raised my eyes to his countenance, and saw the unfailing signs, which, owing to the excitement he was under during the trial, had then escaped me.

"Yes, Seymour," said he, "the hand of the plague is upon me. I feel it hero—and here," pressing his forehead and his chest; "and God be thanked for it; for now I know that death was awaiting us both, and would have baffled precautions. But I trust it may give me time to redeem my promise to the court—to live till two hours after gun-fire and once more to see her—are all I now desire." And before I could reply he had dropped the curtain, and disappeared

I remained many hours within my tene, sunk in deep and most oppressive thought. Alas, what a revolution had three days accomplished! I recalled the evening of the sixteenth, when I had looked on happy countenances, and listened to projects of enjoyment that stretched into far years. Now, they were all annihilated, and those who had projected them had done with the world and its concerns.

I was roused from my meditation by a messenger, who came to inform me, that a signal had been made from Gibraltar for one of the medical officers. It had been agreed upon, before the troops evacuated the town, that, if the medical assistance there should be found insufficient, and if disease had not made its appearance in the camp, the medical officers should be recalled by certain signals. I, accordingly, immediately left the encampment; and having bribed the services of a boat, I was soon landed upon the mole.

It was now about seven in the evening; and it will be readily believed, that the instant it was . in my power, I hastened to Mr. Lora's cottage. Ah! with how different sensations from those to which I had been accustomed, did I push open the garden-gate. The sky was as blue, and the sun as bright as ever, and yet an air of gloom seemed to be there; the flowers were all so beautiful, and smelled as sweet as before, but their brightness and beauty were offensive. The door was open, and I entered; all the lower rooms were empty; no one was visible; perhaps, said I within myself-all, all are victims, and the house is tenantless, or tenanted only by the dead. I ascended to Caroline's chamber, and as I approached the door, I was startled by the sound of laughter; but there was in it so unearthly a sound, and it was in such jarring discord with the silence of death around, and the reign of pestilence, the deepest moan of suffering would have been more grateful to my ears. I entered the chamber, prepared for horror, and I found it;there lay the dead, locked in the arms of the living-there lay the victim of the plague, in the embrace of madness!

" Ah!" said Courtenay, looking at me without showing any surprise, " you are come to see us then-that's kind in you. I was just laughing at the excellent trick we played; he came for us, but I said we were not at home, and he went away, and so we cheated the Plague," and Courtenay again broke into a peal of dreadful laughter. It was a horrible scene. Caroline-ah! how changed—lay an insensible corpse, upon the bed where she had died. Courtenay's own arm supported her head; he had raised himself upon his other elbow to look at me when I entered, and now lay in convulsions of laughter. Yet, who could have desired to see the fit of madness pass from him? who could have desired to see that maniac joy exchanged for the wailings of misery—the horrors of reality -hopelessness and despair? I inwardly prayed that reason might never return.

Suddenly he checked his laughter, and turning towards me with a grave countenance, " will

tell you," said he, "a curious dream I had: do you know I dreamed that Caroline was dead, and that I was sentenced to be shot—for what crime think you?"

"I cannot tell," said 1.

"Why then, I will tell you," said he; and he sprung up, and stood on the middle of the floor; "it was for killing the plague. I wrestled with him, and then I trampled upon him, and threw him out to the dogs; but they slunk away, and so I left him lying. Come," said he, "and see where he lies," taking me by the hand, and leading me to the bedside. "There." He bent over, and for a moment looked with a steadfast gaze upon the dead. He then pressed his hand to his forehead, and, with a terrific cry, in which the fit of insanity passed away—a cry that will ring forever in my ears—he fell senseless upon the couch.

When he returned to consciousness and misery, he extended his hand to me, and said, "Seymour, I was in time to receive her last sigh, and her blessing; but since then I remember nothing. Is it near gun-fire?"

"'Tis only evening," I replied, "the sun has

but newly set."

"I trust," said he, "I may live to redeem my

pledge."

I gently led my friend from the bed-chamber to the garden, and seated him in the summer-house. It was such an evening as that upon which, three short days ago, we had parted from Caroline. At first, Courtenay was overpowered by the reminiscences which it awakened, but he gradually recovered his composure.

"I fear," said he, "honour is less dear to me than it ought to be, and that if she had lived it would have been a hard struggle to tear myself from her, to meet death: there is the coast of Spain, and there are the mountains of Barbary—I would not have answered for my honour,

Seymour."

"You are spared that struggle, at least," said 1.
"Tis better as it is; better for me, perhaps,
even for her."

Just at this moment, a man's head appeared above the mole; it was the face of the Spanish sailor, who had been examined upon the trial. He climbed up, and walked towards us. I could not guess his errand, but he soon made it known. "I have here," said he, addressing Courtenay, "a good boat; I'll undertake to land you either at Tangiers, or Tarifa, before day-break, or if the wind continue fair, I'll put you aboard an American, in the bay of Cadiz in twenty-four hours."

"Friend," said Courtenay, "I thank you for your offer, but if you will look closer into my face, you will see that I have no temptation to accept it.

The man advanced a few steps, looked on Courtenay's face, shuddered, and returned to his

boat.

My professional duties now called me to the town; I returned to the house, brought writing materials, and, laying them before Courtenay,

told him, if he wished to address a few lines to England, I would be the bearer of his memorials. He was able to write; the disease advanced slowly, and I believe that Courtenay might have been cured: but this thought was painful; I neither indulged it myself, nor breathed it to him. I told him to remain in the summer-house until I should return, and walked towards the town.

How was the face of every thing changed! No drums or trumpets were heard from the deserted barracks; no gay parties were sauntering in the Alameda, nor bearded Jews lying under the trees, talking and smoking. As I raised my eyes to the face of the single sentinel at the gate, I saw that he was smitten; and when I entered the town, all was like a sepulchre. It was at this hour, when the heats had subsided, that the streets and the walks used to be crowded; but all was deserted-there was no sound of pleasure or of business: one or two starving African porters sat on the steps of the Exchange; their services were no longer needed; surfeited dogs lay in the streets, or were seen walking in and out of the open doors; they looked smitten and I avoided them; and, as I passed along the rampart, I heard the occasional plash of the bodies that were dropped into the sea.

The greater part of the night was occupied with the duties I had to perform, and it was dawn before I could return to seek the friend who was soon to be added to the number of the dead. I found him on the spot where I had left him. I saw that disease was making rapid progress; two letters lay before him, which he put into my hand, and at the same moment the morning gun

boomed over the sea.

"'Tis nearly time, Seymour," said he, "yet I think I can spare a little while;" and he was about to enter the house, when I held him back. "No, Courtenay," I said, "if you wish to preserve your reason, and to redeem your promise, do not risk it." "Well, well," said he, "we shall meet soon," and I led him to the mole.

The boat had slipped from its mooring, and, after some time had been lost in ineffectual efforts to recover it, I was forced to swim, and bring it under the wall. It was nearly six when we pushed off, and a strong east wind had arisen, and blew directly out of the bay. Courtenay seemed fast sinking; he heaved deep sighs, and all the symptoms were fearfully aggravated; and with no assistance from him, it was with difficulty I could make way. We had proceeded but a very little distance, when we heard the trumpet from the camp, calling the soldiers to muster, and then the roll of the drum was heard as they fell into rank. We saw them march down to the sands, and form; and as we drew nearer, we could even see the file of musqueteers take their places, ready to carry the sentence into execution. It was now close upon seven o'clock. The Exchange clock is distinctly seen from the neutral ground and the bay. Courtenay, although visibly approaching his last moments, yet preserved his intellect, and gazed intently upon it. The hand trembled upon the hour; the boat was

already surrounded by the surf; and the sand was scarcely distant three hundred yards. Courtenay, with that almost superhuman energy that sometimes accompanies the last stage of disease, sprung from the boat, and dashing through the breakers, reached the dry sand. With extended arm, and his finger pointed to the clock, he rushed staggering forward, and fell upon the spot destined for the scene of his execution, as the first chime told that the hour had arrived.

There had been dead silence among the sol-

diery from the moment that Courtenay was seen to leap from the boat: but when he fell upon the spot, and redeemed his word, a hum of mingled pity and approbation ran through the ranks, and swelled into a faint huzza.

The soldiers filed off the ground in silence, for Courtenay was dead. I returned to the mole, as I had no permission to land; and the next tide, doubtless swept the body of the unhappy youth to mingle with the unburied victims of THE PLAGUE.

# RHAPSODIES BY A RAMBLER.

GERMANY! sweet Germany! from the day when Arminius and his hardy followers on Winfelt's glorious field spread wailing and lament through the gorgeous palaces of Imperial Rome, to the hour when thy sons on the plains of Leipsic arose, and with one majestic effort chased the Gallic eagles from thy soil, thy land has been the region of romance; the martial character of thy warrior men, the tender softness of thy blue-eyed maidens, the theme of poetry and song. In our own days thy territory, from the mighty Danube to the legendary Rhine, from the Tyrolian Alps to the dreary Baltic, has been one vast theatre of war; thy cities, camps; thy palaces, casernes; thy public walks, the bivouacs of warriors, from China's wall to the shores of Britain. Peace has at length spread her graceful mantle over thee; and long may it be ere the love-dream of thy daughters is startled by the alarum of an enemy's trumpet; far distant the period when again thy high-minded youth will behold, in the louring front of an enemy's ranks, the friend of his infancy, slaughtered in the unhallowed cause of foreign ambition.

How martial is the aspect of the Prussian capital. On approaching Berlin none of the vulgar features of other large cities offend the traveller's eye; no range of mean looking suburbs; no lines of carts, lumbering omnibusses, or shabby diligences. All is noble, beautiful, and "en grand."

We entered Berlin from the Charlottenburg road, and as we approached the magnificent Brandenburger Thor, some battalions of the grenadiers of the guard, and two regiments of lancers, were defiling in column beneath its stately arches. The measured tread of the infantry, their proud and gallant bearing, the waving pennons of the uhlans, the loud breathings of their brazen bands, the architectural magnificence of the gate itself, with its chariot of victory rearing aloft in lordly pride the black eagle of Prussia, produced a beautiful effect. As our britscha slowly rolled down the Unter den Lenden, one of the finest promenades in Europe, some of the most picturesque features of Prussian life burst upon our view. Groups of milithry of every arm, the tall grenadier of the guard, the graceful uhlan, the heavy cuirassier, the splendid hussar were seen, some twitching their moustaches, and lounging with a listless " air de garnison;" others standing with folded arms, turning their large proud eyes on the fair occupants of the line of open carriages that crowded the centre of the drive. Many a nod of recognition was exchanged; many a bright eye, with sidelong glance, looked furtively on the handsome figures of their countrymen, who, for martial grace and military carriage, surpass the soldiers of every other country. After all, there is a halo around the profession of arms, that appeals to the imagination of the most phlegmatic; but to the fair, there is magic in the glitter of an epaulette, music in the gingle of a spur.

I established my quarters at the Pariser hof; and, as I stood at its lofty gate, holding council with myself in what way I should dispose of the first evening—whether I should study the street population in a stroll, or while away an hour or two in some of the numerous cases, my lacquey, de place, who, with an instinct peculiar to his race, apparently guessed what was passing in my mind, decided the question, by pronouncing two talismanic words—the Opera and Sontag. There was no resisting such an appeal, and to the opera I went.

The grand opera at Berlin, whether we consider the efficiency of the musical department, the talent and reputation of the artistes, or the magnificence of the scenery and decorations, holds the first rank among the spectacles of Europe. The salle, which is immense, was on this orision crowded to excess; the royal box, with gorgeous decorations, in the centre of the house, was occupied by the King, his sons, the Grand Duke Michael, and a glittering train of aides-decamp. Upon the whole, I do not recollect to have witnessed a more splendid theatrical couped call. The ladies were en demie toilette.

The gentlemen, with very few exceptions, were in uniform, which added greatly to the brilliancy of the scene. How well the soft beauty of the German women harmonizes with the martial splendour of the military costume. I was particularly struck with the surpassing loveliness of a girl in a box near me: she was listening

8 2

with profound attention, but with a melancholy expression, to the conversation of a handsome young officer of Jagers. I observed her more than once turn her beautiful eyes on him with a thrilling gaze of tenderness, that told me the heart of this fair creature was no longer her own.

The English love music, or at least affect to do so; but the Germans really feel it. The opera for the evening was Oberon, and during the performance of the overture a death-like stillness was observed by the audience. When, at length, the magnet of attraction, Sontag, made her appearance, she was greeted with an electric burst of enthusiasm from every part of the theatre. Henrietta Sontag may be considered the beau ideal of German beauty; and her career has been certainly one of the most successful on the stage. Born of humble parents at the town of Oberwyssel, near Coblentz, her first appearance, a very youthful one, was at the opera at Frankfort, where the dawn of her career indicated none of those brilliant talents that have procured her the entree to the most aristocratic courts in Europe, and raised her to the rank of nobility. The unassuming deportment of the royal family, the stillness of the audience. impressed me with the most favourable ideas of the taste and refinement of the Prussian capital. 1 dreamt all night of the great Frederick and the seven years' war, and really imagined myself charging the French squadrons with Seidlitz, at Rosbach. On awaking in the morning, I resolved on a pilgrimage to Potsdam.

To the soldier; Potsdam, the berceau of a new war-system, is as interesting a source of association, as the abode of Copernicus to the astronomer. It is still what it was in the days of Frederick, a vast barrack yard; on every side of which you behold recruits in the various stages

of military education.

Every traveller visits the royal chateau, the retreat of the soldier philosopher; it is a beautiful edifice, and worthy of a king. The apartments are much in the same state as when they were occupied by this wonderful man. You may wander through his small, but well chosen library, may loll in his easy chair, turn over his favourite work on Strategy, or handle his victorious sword; that sword on which Napoleon threw himself, exclaiming, "Que d'autres saisant d'antres depouilles, voici pour moi ce qui est merieur a des millions."

In the church of the garrison is the tomb of Frederick: no inflated inscription, no "sta viator," marks the last abode of him who rode the victor of a hundred battle-fields. It is a plain black marble monument, placed in a kind of cell, quite unadorned, and bearing the simple inscription of his name. Yet before this tomb did, the modern Alexander descend from his warchariot, reeking with the blood-red spoils of Jena; and here, in the abode of death, as with mingled feelings of awe and veneration, he contemplated the silent tomb of him who broke the spear of Gallio chivalry on the field of Rosbach, some dark ferebodings of future evil, of the sad

reverse that was so soon to cloud his lofty destiny, flashed across his mind, and saddened his victorious brow. History, with all its moral lessons, has no finer one than the picture of Napoleon, musing with folded arms, on the instability of human greatness by the tomb of Frederick. But in the garden of Charlottenburg there is another tomb, that of a female; the grave of her who, as wife and mother, was fondly cherished whose virtues still live in the recollections of her gallant subjects-whose wrongs they nobly avenged; the last resting-place of Prussia's patriot queen the beautiful but ill-fated Louisa, who, in the noon-tide of youth and beauty, sunk into its cold embrace, broken-bearted by the sad reverses of her country. Surrounded by weeping willows, and gloomy cypresses, stands a beautiful portico, supported by four doric columns. On an elevated platform, in the centre of the edifice, on a graceful sarcophagus of white marble, requires the full-length figure of the beautiful queen-the work of her protegee Rauch, whose talents she fostered, and whose genius this statue will ever immortalize. Nothing can be more finely imagined than the attitude of the figure. The arms are gently folded on the bosom; an air of perfect repose marks the countenance; it is death-but death

# "Before decay's effecing fingers Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Here, once a-year, on the anniversary of her death, does the widowed husband and his children repair, and hang garlands on the marble impersonation of their deceased mother. The cruel indignities of Napoleon to their beloved queen, sunk deeply into the bosoms of the Prussians, fostered a rancorous spirit of animosity against the French, and imparted to their sabres a keener edge in the field. To this day her virtues are fondly remembered, and her melancholy fate bewailed by her fair countrywomen.

There is an indescribable charm about the women of Germany that goes immediately to the heart. It is not the melancholy passion, the deep-souled tenderness of the Italian, the witchery of Spain's dark-eved daughters, the polished wit and fascination of manner of the sprightly dames of France, nor is it the more confiding gentleness of the English girl; but it is a winning softness, an exquisite sensitive a hightoned enthusiasm of sentiment, meet with in the women of no other contact. Their figures are tall and bien ebauchees, and they retain to this day the golden hair, and soft blue eves, that twenty centuries ago so powerfully captivated the hearts of their Roman invaders, and rendered them recreant to their dark-eyed mistresses on the banks of the Tiber; charms which the haughty matrons of the eternal city sought in vain to imitate by all the aids of Grecian and Asiatic art. (Juvenal tells us, that one of the expedients of the Roman ladies, to imitate the golden tresses of their German rivals, was to powder their hair with gold dust.) Their minds receive the most elaborate and careful cultivation; their education is solid-scientific as well

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as accomplished. A man should be conscious of his force, ere he deploys on any subject of science or of literature, ancient or modern, in the company of a well-educated German woman; and yet no pedantry marks their conversation-every thing like display being repugnant to their retiring nature. They seek rather to please by sensibility, and to interest through the medium of the imagination. Love with them, it has been finely remarked, is a religion; but a poetical religion that tolerates all that sensibility can excuse. Educated smid the din of camps, and destined to shelter and tend the wounded, whether friend or foe-to have their young hearts assailed in a thousand dangerous shapes—fated so often to see their hopes blighted and their happiness withered—is it to be wondered at, if, yielding to the dictates of an impassioned sensibility, fostered deeply, too, by the romantic literature of their country, the German women have sometimes erred? It will, I know, be urged, that the faci-

lity of divorce in Protestant Germany, is an instance of the immorality of married life; but it should be borne in mind, that while, in England, guilt can alone dissolve the tie of wedlock-in Prussia, mere incompatibility of temper, or dissimilitude of taste is a sufficient ground for divorce. To judge, therefore, a German divorcee, according to English rules, is unjust. What influence the question of divorce may have on the greater question of human happiness, I leave to the fair Prussians to decide; but I certainly met in society, at one of the garrison-towns on the Rhine, a lady who had been three times divorced. Her reigning, and one of her ci-devant husbands, were present; but they seemed to be not in the least embarrassed by their juxtapósition.

During my residence in Germany, I had frequent opportunity of bearing testimony to the amiability of the Germans, and their high cultivation, both of mind and manner.

Original

# REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

MO. 6

#### MR. THOMAS BROWN.

A good story is told of a wag, who finding the pit of a theatre too crowded for his comfortable accommodation, cried out "Mr. Smith's house is on fire," when the speedy departure of a shoal of "Smiths" rewarded his ingenuity with a very eligible seat. Although the hero of our tale does not boast a name quite so indistinctive as "Smith," yet the "Browns" are a sept that numbers many a clansman in every city and town on this continent. An ingenious writer deduces the universality of the name "Smith" from an old Saxon root which our publisher has no types to express in the original, but which in Roman letters would read "Smitan," meaning to strike or beat, which, says he, being indicative of the various manufactures in which the use of the hammer was necessary, came in time to distinguish there classes of men whose occupation it was to wield that tool. Following the lead of this lively writer we may deduce the name of our hero from some probable synonyme of the adjective" brown," and refer its prevalence as a name to the natural effect of heat and exposure on the cuticle of the many whose avocations required frequent or constant labour in the open air .-Leaving, however, such inquiries to the philological, we will proceed to our tale.

One morning while engaged at my desk, I received a gisit from a Mr. Thomas Brown, a gentleman who seemed under considerable excitement of some kind or other; without the usual salutation he burst out almost before the door had closed behind him, with "Here's a

pretty set of letters to be sure!" slapping down on my table to the utter discomposure of my papers, a pacquet of letters which he said he had received by the mail of that day. "By Jove! am I to put up with this? is there nobody else in the city to play their April-fool tricks on but me! Now, Mr. S." said he, changing his tone from the high pitch of anger in which he had commenced, to the earnestness of a deeply confidential communication-" Now, Mr. S. you find out every thing they tell me, I'll give you Five-hun-dred-dol-lars if you'll ferret out the rascal"-(here his voice was again in alt.) " the villain who has been fooling me in this style."-Somewhat scandalized at this vociferation, the cause of which I was not yet permitted to see, (for he was all this time rapidly striking the bundle of papers in unison with the angry pulses of his inner man)-I endeavoured to abate at least the vehemence of his tone, while I requested a perusal of the papers, in which apparently lay the secret of my client's excitement. They were as follows :-

A

---. Oct-18-

Mr. Thomas Brown, Mercht.

Sir—The arrangement which you propose in your last, although far less favourable than we consider ourselves entitled to, either according to commercial usage or the feelings of obligation which you have so frequently confessed, we have agreed to accept upon your representation of

your expected insolvency. We must however say, that we cannot conceive the possibility of such losses as you exhibit, unless from the most inexcusable negligence on your part. The loss, for instance, by Thomas, Wermann and Co. can be attributed only to the most singular ignorance of the standing of that house, which even here was not considered as solvent so early as January last. The object of the present, however, is not to recal grievances. We understand your proposition to be, to pay 75 per cent. on the amount of your note, by notes at six, nine, and twelve months, secured by mortgage of your - street property, with a judgment entered as collateral security. If we are correct, our friend Mr. Williams of your city, will make all necessary arrangements on our part. You will of course understand us as consenting only on condition of prompt compliance with the terms above stated.

Your obedient servants, FERMOR, WING & Co.

"There's a pretty letter!" exclaimed Brown as I finished it--" I pay 75 per cent.! I compromise my note!" and the exasperated merchant absolutely skipped with wrath. For my own part, I could scarcely comprehend why an epistle evidently intended for another could be so pertinaciously adopted by one who was an entire stranger to the circumstances on which its contents were founded. This opinion I urged to him, and represented the manifest inapplicability of the allusions to him or to his mercantile transactions. But an idea that some enemy was at work to undermine his credit, to whose machinations the present epistle owed its origin, had seized his mind and its expulsion seemed impossible. I therefore proceeded to letter

B

Thomas Brown, Esq.,

Cincinnati, Sept. 18-Sir-Our mutual friend, Mr. Smith, has just been with me, and completed the purchase mentioned in your last. On his former visit, I was not aware of his connexion in business with you, and to this you will please attribute the delay that has taken place. Mr. S. is a young man, (although of most unimpeachable character,) and the purchase he proposed a large one; you will therefore see the prudence of my conduct under my then impression. At present there can of course be no obstacle, and I have taken the liberty to draw on you for the amount, (according to the account enclosed,) say Six Thousand Nine Hundred Thirty-seven 68-100 dollars (\$6,-937 68) at three days sight, in favour of Wm. Miller. I also enclose a price current, and should you see fit to make purchases in this section of country, should be pleased to receive your farther orders.

Your obedient servant,

C. M. FERLUCKEN.

The last letter was rather less exciting than the former; whether from the natural subsidence

of his irritation after the vent given to it, or from the compliment paid to his commercial importance, after the insulting concessions to his necessities contained in the first, I was not able to determine, but the apprehension that in some way or other he had been hoaxed, or might be involved in trouble, seemed to have possessed his imagination to the exclusion of all rational considerations of the case. "Now here's a fellow," said he, in answer to my representations, "here's a fellow has represented himself as my agent or partner or something, and I suppose he'll swear to any thing, and forge letters and-By Jove! I'd give a thousand dollars to find out the scoundrel that dares to fool me so"-And between these two views of the case he vibrated, in a most lamentable state of indecision. "But," said I, "as you have never written to any one authorizing a sale to Smith on your account, why need you distress yourself. No one will dare to support a suit on a forged letter, as this must be if the credit given to this Smith be saddled upon you by force of it, and if they should, there are a thousand circumstances to disprove it independently of the signature itself."-" Ah! but Mr. S." replied he, " this may do well enough for you lawyers that live by snarling and snapping at each other, but for a quiet old man like me who never was sued in my life, it is a very different thing. There will be the plague and anxiety of the trial, and the looking over books, and the turning all your affairs inside out-and then the lawyers will be seeking out flaws and loopholes in a man's business, and calling him names and -O confound it! I'd rather pay the draft at once and be done with it, than go through all this"-To me whose conceptions of a lawsuit were much less appalling, the horror of my client afforded much amusement, which, however, the gravity. of my demeanour did not manifest, and while he was pacing up and down the office in sad anticipation of future evil, I turned to letter

C

Fullerstown, Sap Timber, ayt.

Deer Onkil—Pah ses i me rite u a letter too tell u we ar wel, and i hop yew ar so 2. O onkil ony think my new wite hen is gon of and al the nabors ses tha aint seen her no wers—an the old dog Tosur is gon ded, an Jon put him in a pit ole—an O onkil my noo trowsis is split lik anething—from yure fecshinate nevvey.

BEN BROWN.

The reading of this morceau of composition and orthography entirely overcame my self command, and in defiance of professional decorum I laughed without restraint, in which mirthful demonstration I found no sympathy from my client, who still conceiving himself the butt of some joker, with ludicrous pertinacity refused to relinquish the idea, although a constant source of irritation. The remaining letter was anonymous and had the city Post mark, and this alone of all the pacquet had to me the appearance of a personal application to my visiter.

г

"Because your character stands high in the city, you suppose that no one can expose hypocrisy in its true colours, and that the cunning veil so long thrown over a bad character can never be drawn aside. Others have thought so, and yet the fizzer of public contempt has pointed to them. Remember the boat at midnight—Such a secret is worth Five Hundred dollars. If that sum be given to a muffled man who will meet you in the field behind the new Chapel, you are safe. You will be there alone at 11, to-morrow night, unless money be more valuable than reputation."

N. B. The word is "Caution," the countersign "Security."

This agreeable epistle had neither date nor signature, and my friend could give me no clue to the author. The "boat at midnight" he supposed to have allusion to the disappearance of an unfortunate youth, who, some years before, had forged his signature, and whose escape he had effected, before the officers of the law could apprehend him. The circumstance he had supposed unknown to every one, and although to divulge it could now be of little importance,—the criminal being now a merchant of high standing abroad,—yet, with the nervousness of a timid and aged man, he shrank from any thing that might disturb the even tenor of his quiet existence, and was rather inclined even to comply with thedemands of his anonymous correspondent (if, indeed, the note were intended for him,) than to risk the excitement and vexation of a public disclosure of his very venial and humane, if not strictly legal conduct. The interview closed by an offer, on my part, to discover the anonymous writer, and with a promise, on his, to return to the post-office the other letters, for the benefit of the real owners. In pursuance of my plan, on the night specified I armed myself with a stout bludgeon, for immediate service, and a pair of loaded pistols as a dernier resort, and having directed two or three policemen to go out singly, about an hour before the time appointed, and take possession of some thickets at no great distance from the spot of rendezvous, in case of accomplices, I threw on Mr. Brown's well known camblet cloak, and assuming, with his broad hat and a grey wig, his stooping gait, I set out on my expedition. The night was dark and the wind high, although there was still no indication of a storm, and when I passed beyond the region of the public lamps, I began to doubt the probability of the payer and payee of the expected bribe ever meeting to conclude their somewhat irregular contract. However, the eye soon became accustomed to the obscurity, and, with no other accident than pitching head foremost over a slumbering cow, who was waked from her visions of clover by the unlucky occurrence, I reached what I presumed was the place of conference.

After endeavouring to place the thick darkness, I at length descried an object moving toward me, probably the gentleman whom I had taken such unusual pains to visit. And so it proved: in a few

minutes I perceived, close at my side, a figure enveloped in a large cloak, and, willing to make the first advances to acquaintance, I murmured. in as accurate imitation of the tones of "Thomas Brown, Esq." as I could compass, the word "Caution!" My muffled companion, evidently in a disguised voice, returned the countersign, "Security!" at which I handed him a blank cover, containing-nothing! and as he eagerly grasped it, seized him by the wrists, forced his hands behind him, and, in three seconds, had them tied together, in a style that would have done honour to a Bow-street officer. Having thus secured my man, I sounded a whistle, and almost before the sound had died away, a battle royal enlivened the scene of action. A whistle, it seems, had been the rallying signal of my prisoner to his friends, as it was for my ambushed policemen, and at the same moment the two parties rushed up to the spot where my captive and I were mutually endeavouring, by the "darkness visible," to make out each other's identity. Tripping up my pinioned companion, so as ensure his presence during the conflict, and rolling my client's cloak around his legs, the more effectually to secure the advantage of his umpirage, I brandished my bludgeon and sprang into the melee. striking at whatever offered, and incurring equal risk from friend and foe. The victory declared itself for us, and, securing the prisoners, we. marched them at "double quick" into the watch house, to nestle for the remainder of the night under the guardian wing of the law. In the morning, I found that the conquered party, who came to the rescue of my peculiar prisoner, were notorious rogues, on whom the police had had an eye for some time past, and one among them the ring-leader of a band of burglars, whose ingenuity had enabled him to elude justice until the unlucky surprise of the last night. The original culprit, to the horror of Mr. Brown, was recognised as the confidential clerk of that gentleman, in whose probity and correct demeanour he had placed the most undoubting reliance. Seduced into private gambling, the liberal salary allowed him soon became insufficient for his expenditures, and, after defrauding his employer by misentries in the books, as far as was practicable without exciting suspicion, he fell on the device for obtaining supplies from the fears of his principal, which had just resulted so unfortunately. The satisfaction of Brown at this development of some of the circumstances which had so seriously affected his quiet, was considerably alloyed by the reflection that the character of his clerk was entirely and irretrievably blasted, if the facts were made known. Acting upon a principle highly honourable to his humanity, he declined to prosecute, and afterward established the grateful and humbled young man in a lucrative business in a new settlement far in the West, where the rumour of his disgrace seemed unlikely to follow him, and where, by industry and rigid honesty, he amassed not only an independent property, but the preferable and excelling treasure of "a good name."

# THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles." Shakepeare.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense, and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for readier change.

The heart of man is older than his head. The first born is sensitive but blind—his younger brother has a cold, but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear sighted if he would avoid falling.

Oppression makes wise men mad; but the distemper is still the madness of the wise, which is better than the sobriety of fools.

The ever active and restless power of thought, if not employed about what is good, will naturally and unavoidably engender evil.

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to reflect; our disposition or our weakness favours the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines us.

Without good company, all dainties

Lose their true relish, and like painted grapes,

Are only seen, not tasted.

The coldness and disorders which happen in friendship have their causes; in love there is

friendship have their causes; in love there is hardly any other reason for ceasing to love, than that we are too well beloved.

Mahomet the Second caused seven of his pages to be ripped open, to find out who had eaten one of his cucumbers.

A bishop, congratulating a poor parson, said he lived in a very fine air. "Yes, sir," replied he, "I should think it so, if I could live upon it, as well as in it."

Knowledge is pleasure as well as power; and of any two individuals in society, whether rich or poor, the more highly cultivated—other circumstances being the same—will possess the greater share of happiness, and will be the more valuable member of society.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or supply the want of it.

The plans of each variety of shape, are not restricted to those particularly delineated: they are merely specimens, which may be greatly diversified without losing their respective general characters.

The oldest monument of an English King which Great Britain contains is that of King John, in Worcester Cathedral. The tomb was opened some years ago, when the skeleton was found in good preservation, and in precisely the same dress as that represented in the statue.

He whom God hath gifted with the love of retirement possesses, as it were, an extra sense.

The National Debt of England, in the reign of Henry VII. was £1,430. It is now about eight hundred millions.

Who, though possessing the rarest talents and most excellent merit, is not convinced of his uselessness, when he reflects that he leaves, in dying, a world that does not feel his loss, and where so many persons are found to replace him.

The surest way to be deceived is to think ourselves wiser than others.

Solitude is sweet! but like the Frenchman, I wish to have a friend to whom I can say, "How sweet is solitude!"

The bow loses its spring that is always bent; and the mind will never do much unless it sometimes does nothing.

Dehiberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

Shakspeare, Butler, and Bacon, have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them to be sublime, witty, or profound.

Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared; for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

Always endeavour to learn something from the information of those thou conversest with; and to put thy company upon those subjects they are best able to speak of.

A lofty subject of itself doth bring Grave words and weighty, of itself divine; And makes the author's holy honour shine. If ye would after ashes live, beware To do like Erostrate, who burnt the fair Ephesian Temple, or to win a name To make of brass a cruel calf untame.

Political newspapers first came into general use in England during Cromwell's time. The first regular periodical for news was the English Mercury published in Elizabeth's time.

Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures aspect; great learning esteem; but good breeding alone ensures love and affection.

The reason of things lies in a narrow compass, if the mind would at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses in the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to a mind in pursuit after the philosophical truth of things.

The first war undertaken for religion was that of the Arminian christians to defend themselves against the persecution of Maximin.

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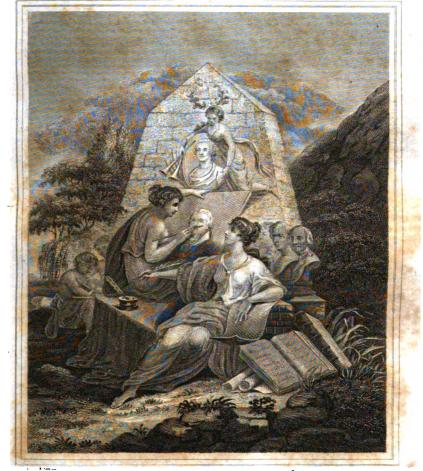
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FRANKLIN PLACE.

# PECLADERPECA. 1832.

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

# JULY, 1889.

# EIPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVING.

#### EVENING DRESS.

Ir is composed of rose-coloured Donna Maria gauze, over satin to correspond. The corsage, cut very low, is disposed in folds round the upper part of the bust. Those behind are arranged in a straight line across; those in front are disposed en demi Cœur. The corsage is bordered with narrow blond lace, which stands up round the bust. Bouffant sleeve, very muck puffed out on the shoulder. The skirt is trimmed with three bands of iris velvet, each edged on one side with blond lace, set on plain. The hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in loose full curls, which hang as low as the throat. The hind hair is platted, and forms a demi Grecian knot, which is ornamented with three full damask roses placed behind. The ear-rings, bracelets, and neck-chain are of bright gold, finely chased.

#### HOME DRESS.

It is of terre de Pologne gros de Naples. The corsage is cut low, plain behind, and in crossed drapery in front. Long Bleves, stashed in the Spanish style at the upper part; the stashes are edged with blue satin, and trimmed with nœuds de Page of blue riband shot with white, which protrude through them. The chemisette is of tulle; it comes very high in front, and is bordered with blond lace. The cap is composed of blond lace; the trimming of the front turns back partially, and is intermingled with knots of blue gauze riband. The caul is of the capote shape, and ornamented with a blond lace drapery. The infant's dress is of cambric, richly embroidered round the bust, and the border of the skirt. The sash and sleeve knots are of green figured riband, and the cap of English lace.

#### THE MIND.

#### BY CHARLES OWAIN.

On! thou mysterious and eternal mind!—
Haply I sing of thee but as a bird,
Whose lonely notes float \$\frac{a}{a}\text{bird}\$, which wind,
Passing away unnoticed or unheard:—
But, oh! had I the energy of word,
The eloquence to utter all I feel,
The gift—the power to grasp thought like a sword,
And what I know as I could wish reveal:—
My song should find a voice deep as the thunder's peal!

Exquisite spirit!—If thine aspect here
Is so magnificent;—if on earth thou art
Thus admirable;—in thy sainted sphere,
What newer glories wilt thou not impart?
What powers—what unknown faculties may dart '
Like sunlight through the heaven of thy mould!—
What rich endowments into life may start!—
What hidden splendours may'st thou not unfold—
Which earthly eyes ne'er view'd—which human tongue
ne'er told.

When time stands mute before eternity,
And the god-gifled mind, new filled with light
From living fountains, glorified and free,
Soars in transcendent majesty and might:
An angel in its first immortal flight!—
Gazing upon the heaven of heavens, to find
The biass of wings!—the extacy of sight!—
A glory amidst glories of its kind!
A disembodied sou!!—a re-created mind!—

•

Then—and then only—may the clouds that hide
The stars of inspiration burst away;
Then may the gates of knowledge open wide,
And genius find its own eternal ray:—
Oh! for the coming of that future day!—
The spirit-light—the intellectual dower—
The metody of that undying lay—
The blies—the bloom of that Elysian bower—
When time shall breathe no mere!—when tombs have lost
their power!

## TO A JEWESS OF ALTONA.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Os, Judith! had our lot been cast
In that remote and simple time,
When shepherd swains, thy fathers pass'd
From dreary wilds and deserts vast,
To Judah's happy climes:—

My aong upon the mountain rocks, Had echoed oft thy rural charms, And I had fed thy father's flocks, Oh, Judith of the raven locks, To win-thee to my arms!

Our tent, beside the murmur calm Of Jordan's grassy vested shore, Had sought the shadow of the palm, And blest with Gilead's holy balm Our hospitable door.

At falling night, or ruby dawn,
Or yellow moonlight's welcome cool,
With health and gladness we had drawn,
From silver fountains on the lawn,
Our pitcher brimming full.

How sweet to us at sober hours

The bird of Salem would have sung.
In orange or in almond bowers—
Fresh with the bloom of many flowers.
Like thee, for ever young!

But ah, my love! thy father's land— It sheds no more a spicy bloom, Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand! But wide its sifent wilds expand, A desert and a tomb!

Yet, by the good and golden hours
That dawn'd those rosy fields among—
By Zion's paim-encircled towers—
By Salem's far forsaken bowers,
And long-forgotten song.

# GRENADIER.

A BALLAD, SUNG BY MRS. KNIGHT.

Beitten und Componed

# BY THOMAS H. BAYLY, ESQ.





Amette flew to welcome him home, But turn'd from the maid with disdain, "False girl, I suppose you are come, To jeer me, and laugh at my pain: Since scandal hath blotted your name, I deem you unworthy a tear; Dye been teld by an elderly dame, That you live with your own Grenndier." Quoth pretty Annette, "Do you dare
To call me inconstant and frail?
Boware, Master William, beware
How you trump up an old woman's tale.
'Tis true, when such stories are told,
We should not believe half that we hear,
Yet I own that my Granny is old,
So I live with my own Granny dears!

of their supplanting her own offspring (if she should have any.) on the throne of France: that although the sudden decease of Lewis might have taken place in the natural course of things, he had reason to believe that the queen knew of it, at the very time of her last conversation with Philip on the memorable morning: that these were but vague suspicions, and unfounded on any demonstrative or presumptive evidence. So artfully, and at the same time with so much apparent frankness were these sentiments advanced that the king warmly proffered his thanks; but his rage was ungovernable, as the thought of his wife's infamous guilt crossed his mind, it seemed as if the furious commotion within him could only be calmed by the death of his betrayer, and his thirst for vengeance only satisfied by her blood. But he was not entirely blind to the necessity of producing stronger proof to warrant any violent means; the eyes of the world were upon him, and the pride of the king for a time triumphed over the feelings of the man. knew that some report of the deed was bruited abroad, and the nation would be his judges in the award which the guilt should receive. It was therefore deemed more prudent, to remain inactive till some stronger and more tangible evidence could be adduced.

That very night the king sat for a long time, revolving the unhappy occurrences of the few past days; he thought on all his fond hopes, wrecked in the full prospect of success-of the laughing eyes which had once shone daily welcome upon him, now closed in unbroken sleep: he groaned when the image of his queen rose before him in beauty and majesty; his heart expanded to the bright and pleasing dream, but he frowned it down, and strove to banish the recollection of his ever having loved one, who now trampled under foot every tie of blood and honour. He was aroused from this unwelcome train of reflection by a page, entering from the antechamber, and requesting audience for a stranger on weighty and serious business. A moment after a form entered the apartment muffled in a cloak which concealed his face, even when his cap had been removed: he bent his knee before the king.

"Rise," said Philip, " and with thy commission make good speed, for we are not in a mood to hear a tale of every day occurrence; if there be aught of weighty import, unburden thee of it right hastily, but if not, thou may'st retire. But uncloak thee, we have no masquerading here tonight." At this command the cloak was suffered to fall, and the king saw a man of middle stature, broad and brawny, with wild, matted hair, and a visage that bore every trait of villany, from shaggy brows, and deep set lurking eyes, to the seamed and crooked mouth, armed with protruding teeth. Philip started at this apparition, and laid his hand on the hilt of his dagger.

"Don't be afraid," growled the stranger, "I will not harm thee, for then gold could not save me from the friendly embrace of the halter; and

I've come for gold."

"Thou shameless villain, get thee gone, or I will have thy scarecrow body swung to the terrace railings:—gold! and why? what hast thou done for gold? would'st thou tempt me to hire thy poniard, and pay thee the price of blood?"

"Humph! not just so—nor much different marry, a good guesser; but there was a prince Lewis, a fairer child than my mother ever called

me."

"Hell's fiends! get on—speed thee, or I'll dig thy heart out."

"It would tell no secrets, and therefore I would have gold, one hundred marks on this hand, or my tongue will not budge."

"Take them, and the curse of God go with

them, may they burn thee, but go on."

"Well, the queen, that is Marie, thy wife—was not over fond of a brat not her own—so we made a bargain"——

"Villain, monster! as I stand here, I will dash thee to atoms, at such another word—look well to it."

"Well, then, most gracious sovereign, your most faithful queen, was anxious to remove the present heirs of the crown, and between us, as I said before, or was going to say, we sent the Prince to heaven!"

"Great God, is it then so! can'st prove thy words, and show her guilt as black and hideous as the caves of the abyss?"

"I will swear it in the face of France."

"Then, before France, ere a fortnight has passed, shalt thou confront this guilty wretch, and if thou dost make firm thy words, thou shalt find a monarch can be generous as well as just: till then these walls must keep thee safe from harm."

The king then summoned a guard, and delivering the prisoner into their bands, gave orders to keep him securely, but treat him with

kindness and supply all his wants.

The unexpected death of the heir apparent caused a great sensation throughout the whole of France; many were the rumours as to its cause, and many a hard word was spoken, and evil suggestion made of its supposed author, spreading like wildfire, till it became the story of the village gossip, and was spoken of even in the precincts of the court, in no undertone. A confirmation was soon found in a proclamation by herald, in the name of the king, attainting queen Marie of high treason, and appointing a day for the trial. The period so anxiously expected at length arrived, and at an early hour all Paris was in motion to behold this unparalleled example of female depravity, and the triumph of justice over the feelings of the husband. A spacious arena was enclosed, as for a tournament; stages were erected, the higher for the accommodation of the nobility, while below the dense mass of the populace waved like a troubled sea, while ever and anon their deafening shouts rose upon the air. Either end of the lists was provided with bars or barriers; in the contre between them was a low scaffold hung with sable drapery, and a post rose from a large heap of faggots. Directly opposite

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was the royal balcony, where the heart-broken king sat in impatient expectation, for the sacrifice to, begin; he was arrayed in the gorgeous robes of state, the crown reposed upon his brow, and his hand held the sceptre, but with a feeble grasp.

What misery did that splendour conceal! his blasted and withered hopes had spurred him on to revenge, while the loss was fresh in his memory-his injured honour, and love despised, had supported him for the trial-but now, that the decisive moment had come, his long lost affection returned with redoubled vehemence, and he could not be convinced that one so lovely could be polluted with such horrid guilt. But then the testimony of her accuser supported by an oath, staggered his belief; her own prophetic words flashed on his bewildered mind, and he buried his face in his hands, in utter despair. trumpets pealed; with a powerful exertion, the king regained his feet, and gazed sadly but firmly on the mournful procession, approaching the scaffold, to a strain of wild and solemn music. As if in ridicule of her destitution, Marie was closely guarded by a score of men at arms, who moved onward in dreadful and death-like silence, unbroken by a single whisper. The scaffold reached, the beautiful culprit looked with an unquailing eye upon the immense concourse and the cruel preparations for her execution, but when she encountered the eye of her lord, and saw the piteous expression of his haggard features, her emotion was too big for utterance, and she burst into tears. Philip turned and bit his lip, till the blood sprung from it, but he was still firm and unaltered, unswayed by those tears he would once have reproached himself for allowing to fall to the ground; but that day was passed, and he seemed another and a different being. The dark funeral garb of the queen, contrasted strongly with her alabaster neck and pallid cheek, where the rose of health had withered under the desolating touch of sorrow. Standing on the other end of the platform, was the accuser, with folded arms, and his eyes fixed on the ground; he was arrayed in a suit of armour, and a plumed helmet was on his head, but the raised visor still showed the same countenance which had startled Philip at his first interview; dark and sinister, and looking like a demon by the side of the fair victim. A solemn oath was taken to disclose the participation of Marie in the murder of the young prince, and while he spoke the words which should condemn his companion, a deep silence reigned over the vast assembly. He declared that he had been employed by the queen to procure poison, which having been disguised in sweetmeats was given by the queen to the young Lewis in his presence, and that stung by remorse he had unburdened his conscience to the king, and previously to the chamberlain. There was a low murmur, and the marshal addressing the queen,

"Marie, queen of France, what hast thou to answer; art thou guilty of this most heinous crime?"

The queen replied, mournfully, "It is as false as hell. God knows my innocence, and into his hands I commit my cause."

"Then, men, do your duty," cried the officer; fire the pile."

One step they advanced, but were arrested by a cry from the royal balcony, commanding them to desist. It was the king, who, with outstretched hand pointed to the extremity of the list, where a knight, attended by several esquires, was passing the barrier. "Sound, heralds, sound a loud welcome to the stranger."

Marie sank upon her knees, and, raising her clasped hands to heaven, breathed a grateful prayer; then, rising, called upon the king in a loud, clear voice for the right of a champion to defend her cause; she had recognised in the device of the stranger, her well known family arms, of the house of Brabant, and she knew that the assistance soe had sent to entreat was not asked in vain. Her brother, the Duke of Brabant, knelt before the king, and demanded room to defend his sister's innocence against the machinations of her enemies. It was instantly granted.

"And now," he shouted, as he hurled his gauntlet furiously at the feet of the accusar, "raise my challenge, and show that your craven heart is as bold in battle as in lies;—I would then, slave, but that, from thy noble office thou may'st claim a right of combat, lift my guage, and mount thee, for my sword is impatient to back thy coward limbs from thy false carcase."

The accuser was silent, and stirred not, but

gazed vacantly on.

"Not move," cried the fiery Duke, "then yield thee, villain, and confess thy guilt, before I dash thy head from thy shoulders; confess that thou hast, with damnable intent, leagued with others, against the happiness of thy liege lord, and the life of a pure and virtuous queen;—confess that she is innocent—thine answer?"

"I do," were the only words that escaped his lips.

Language cannot describe the effect which these words produced; even the champion started back in astonishment, and the queen sank into her brother's arms. A low sound, like the sighing of the wind before a hurricane, ran round the immense multitude, strengthening and deepening as it moved onward, till, all suddenly, a roar burst from the arena, like the battle-cry of an army. The Duke, snatching his sister, flew to the barrier, just in time to escape the multitude who poured forth to the scaffold, like some huge ocean, bursting its confines and rushing foaming and swelling, and overwhelming every thing in its progress. Mingled shouts of "vive la reine," and curses on the accusers head rent the air: in one moment the lofty pyre blazed to heaven, and the enraged populace, dragging their miserable and guilty-victim, hurled him headlong into the midst of the flames, drowning his cries for mercy in their deafening yells.

Who can describe the first meeting of the royal pair;—let it be imagined from the fervous of woman's love, and that product act of a ge-

nerous soul, the reparation of an injury. In the presence of the Duke of Brabant, Philip directed an attendant to inquire after La Brosse, who had excused himself from being present at the trial, on plea of being unable to endure the spectacle.

"You may save yourself that trouble, cousin of France," said the Duke, "it was well we arrived so opportunely, for this arch traitor is now safely lodged in a dungeon, under the special protection of the constable of France."

"Surely," said Philip, "thou art in jest; we hold not a more faithful servant in all our court, or realm, than this same chamberlain."

"Nathless, thou errest: what would'st say to letters written by him to the Spaniard, engaging to vacate the Pyrenian fortresses, that his troops may have free access to the heart of your country? What would'st say to a promise under his own seal, of a thousand marks to that devil incarnate, (who has gone to his parent, the father of lies,) for poisoning thy son, and fixing the crime on our fair sister, that he might thus have thee in his power to mould and fashion as he would? Yet of all this, have we fair writing to prove, and therefore placed him out of the way of danger till the innocence of our own dear Marie should be established, and his vile plot disclosed, and confessed by his worthy tool, whom may heaven curse."

"Amen!" said the king, "but thy love deserves our warmest thanks;—we shall ever remember with gratitude thy heaven directed hand, which prevented us from committing a crime which a life of pensance could not have atoned for, which has restored to our arms a dear and adored wife, and which has brought to his just doom, the boldest traitor that ever betrayed his master."

Y. P.

#### CURSORY REMARKS ON A WIFE.

"Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife; A bad, the bitterest curse of human life."

THERE is reason to rejoice that those early ages of society are past when a man purchased a woman to be his wife, as a butcher purchases an ox or a sheep to be food; and valued her only as she contributed to his gratification. Innumerable instances might be collected from the early history of various nations, but the following will be sufficient:—

Abraham obtained Rebekah, and gave her to his son Isaac for a wife. Jacob served Laban fourteen years for two wives. When David had Saul's daughter given in marriage, it was said, "The king desireth not any dowry, but an hundred fore-skins of the Philistines." In the Iliad, Agamemnon offers his daughter to Achilles for a wife, and says that he would not demand for her any price. But those days are past, and wherever such practices have prevailed, men could not have for the fair sex that tender regard and esteem which constitute so essential a part of the genuine affection of love.

In this age, matters are different: the feelings are wrought upon—the man beholds the object of his affection with a longing wish to claim her for his own—he observes in her that capital article, sweetness of temper, which manifesting itself in mild looks and gentle manners, is perhaps the first and most powerful inducement to esteem in a cultivated mind.

The amiable disposition, the gentle and insinuating manners of the sex, are all highly respected by the man, who, more robust, bold, and vigorous, is qualified for a protector. The female being delicate and timid, requires protection, and is capable of making an engaging figure under the good government of a man possessed of penetration and solid judgment.

It would be injustice not to mention the peculiar and essential part of female value, modesty, without which, no woman is likely to command the esteem and affection of any man of sound understanding; therefore we consider the invaluable grace of a chaste and modest behaviour the best means of kindling at first, and not only of kindling, but of keeping alive and increasing, this inexpressible flame.

There is no reason to hesitate in saying that a good wife is one of the most valuable treasures a man can possess in this life. She causes his cares in this world to sit easy, adds sweetness to his pleasures, is his best companion in prosperity, and truest friend in adversity. She is the most careful preserver of his health, the kindest attendant during his sickness, a faithful adviser in distress, a comforter in affliction, a prudent manager of his domestic affairs, and, in short, one of the greatest blessings that heaven can bestow upon man.

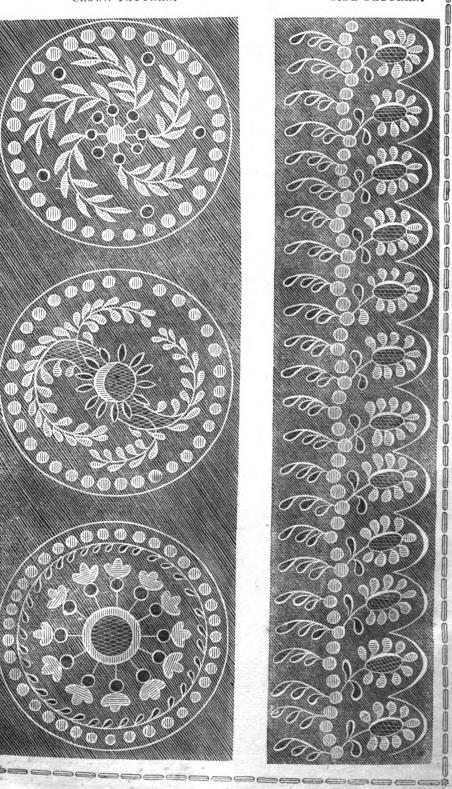
Should it, however, unfortunately prove otherwise, she will be her husband's greatest trouble, will give him the utmost anxiety, and be a clog to him the remainder of life. Therefore we would advise every young gentleman, before he tampers with this passion, to consider well the probability of his being able to obtain the object of his love. If he is not likely to succeed, he will do well to avoid the company of the beloved object, to apply his mind attentively to business or study, and endeavour, if possible, to fix his affections on another, which it may be in his power to obtain. The affections reciprocally gained, mutual love will endear them to each other, and make constancy a pleasure; and when their youthful days are over, esteem and genuine regard will remain in the mind, making pleasant, even in old age, the company of such a pair, in whose actions are manifested the most tender affections of husband, wife, lover, friend.

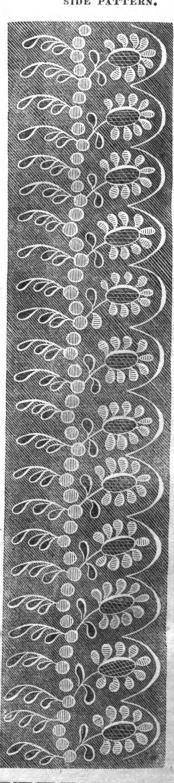
As you see the spark fly upward—sometimes not falling to the earth till it be dark and quenched—thus soars, whither it recks not so that the direction be above, the luminous thim who aspires to Truth; nor will it back to the vile and heavy clay from which it sprang, until the light which bore it upward be no more!

CROWN PATTERN.

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SIDE PATTERN.





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### THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

Light the stars to the night. Or the breeze to the sea, My fair one-my fond one, I'll be unto thee. Though ocean divides us. Where'er I may roam, My beart shall be with thee, And thy cottage home.

Where we twined the young jasmine, Which still fondly wreathes; Where we planted the rose-tree. That still sweetly breathes: Where we've oft roam'd together. And plighted our truth; In our first days of rapture, The brightest of youth.

Oh, there is a speli That still dwells with the heart, And in moments of sorrow Sweet peace will impart: When away from the home, And the lov'd ones we prize, Those bright fairy forms In memory rise.

And though I be far On the billowy sea My heart, dearest Julia, My heart is with thee: I but go o'er the wave, Brighter laurels to earn; Soon enwreath'd with more glory, In joy to return.

#### WINTER SONG.

How the winter whirlwind roars. With the snow storm in its train! Fast the fleecy deluge pours-

When will summer come again? When will sommet's golden bow

O'er the valley, and the plain, All its glorious lustre throw-

When will summer come again ?

Frost hath seized the rapid rill, Glittering like a silver vein: Fixed it lies, its song is still-

When will summer come again? When will balmier winds be ours.

Bees and birds resume their strain; Branches burst, and grass, and flowers,

When will summer come again? Earth is as ancient man: -

White her locks with winter's stain. And her lips are sad and wan-When will summer come again?

Oh! for lovely glade and bower! Oh! for pleasure's smiling train; Bud and blossom, fruit and flower-

When will summer come again?

Now the woods are stripped and bare, Bare the valley and the plain; Bleached the hills that were so fair-When will summer come again ?

Oh! for wand'rings in the woods, Oh! for sunshine on the main! Limpid billows-sparkling floods,

When will summer come again?

# THE DANCE OF DEATH.

A CHEERFUL evening party were assembled, some years ago, in Copenhagan, to celebrate the birth-day of a common friend. They were young and gay, but their mirth, which otherwise might have overpast the bounds of moderation, was chastened and restrained by the accidental presence of a guest, whose passive rather than active participation in the scene, whose silent and grave deportment, and whose sparing, and almost whispered replies, when addressed, formed a strange contrast with the festivity and liveli-

ness of the rest of the company.

Those who were acquainted with him, nevertheless, maintained, that among his intimate friends, the stranger was an interesting companion, possessed of a great fund of anecdote and observation, and a power of investing, when he chose, with an air of originality and novelty, the every-day occurrences and experiences of life. This vein, however, he rarely indulged, and, in mixed society, could with difficulty be prevailed on to open his lips. When he did, however, he was listened to with attention and reverence; and often the noisy mirth of the party became gradually hushed as he poured out, in his calm solemn tone, his rich stores of anecdote and narrative.

It seemed as if, on this occasion, the presence

of some friends whom he had not seen for some time past had gradually disposed him to be more communicative as the evening advanced, and dissipated that reserve which the loud gaiety of the party about him had at first inspired. The sparkling glass had circulated freely and frequently; song after song had, according to the custom of the country, enlivened the night, when some young wight, probably over head and ears in love, and anxious to let the world know it, commenced an air of Baggesen's, in which each guest, in his turn, sings a stanza, and drinks to the health of his mistress by her baptismal name, the company repeating the pledge in chorus.

Ere the silent guest was aware, his turn had come. The host was filling his empty glass, and pressing him to begin. He roused himself, as if waking from a dream, and turning suddenly round, said gravely, "Let the dead rest in peace."-" By all means," said the host, " Sit iis levis terra. And so we'll drink to their memory; but come-you know the custom-a name we must have."

"Well, then," said the stranger, quickly, "I will give you one that will find an echo in every breast-Amanda."-" Amanda!" repeated the party, as they emptied their glasses. "Amarida!" said the younger brother of the landlord, who,

being a great favourite with the stranger, ventured to take greater liberties with him than any other person. "I have a strong notion, friend L.—, that you are palming off some imaginary divinity upon us, and that you really never knew what it was to be in love after all. Who ever heard of such a name, except in a sonnet! I'll lay my life too, that no Amanda ever equalled the flesh-and-blood charms of our own Elizas, Annas, and Margarets. Come, come—sweep away these airy fancies from your brain;—you have still time enough left—and I yet hope to dance at your marriage."

These words, apparently so harmless, seemed to produce a strange impression upon the stranger. He made a sudden movement, as if to interrupt the young man. "Dance!" he exclaimed, while his cheek grew pale, and a deep air of melancholy settled on his brow as he proceeded. "The charms of which ye speak are, indeed, nothing to me; and yet I do bear within my breast an image, which neither your realities nor your imaginations are likely soon to equal." He looked around him, for a moment, with a glance in which pride seemed to mingle with compassion; then the look of triumph passed away, and his countenance resumed its usual mild and tranquil expression.

"Convince us then of the fact," said the persevering young man—"draw out that black riband from your breast which has so often awakened my curiosity, and let us see the fair one who is attached to it."

L—glanced his eye with an enquiring gaze upon the company, and perceiving curiosity and attention depicted in every countenance, he said—"Be it so!" He pulled out a plain gold case from his bosom, which he loosened from the riband, and opened it with a slight pressure.

A miniature of a female presented itself to view, in which, though the delicate features were not regularly beautiful, every one who beheld them felt at once that there lay some deep and irresistible attraction. A halo of grace and dignity seemed to surround the figure. The freshness and truth of colour in the cheek, the speaking lustre of the eye, the sweet and natural smile that played upon the lip, the clustering chesnut hair which fell in long ringlets around a countenance mild as angels wear, the simplicity of the white robe in which the figure was arrayed-all seemed to show that the picture must be a portrait; and yet there was about it a certain strange visionary and almost supernatural expression, which made the spectator doubt if such an image could represent reality. The miniature was handed round the table. Every one gazed on K with delight.

"And her name is, or was, Amanda?" resumed the young man who had first addressed the stanger; "so far well—her Christian name

best is no secret."
"No," replied L——; "and yet I could perchance call her by seven others, each as appropriately hers as the last, for she bore them—"

"All!" said the young man, interrupting him with a smile.

"Yes, all!" repeated L—, gazing steadily on the picture, which had now come back into his hand—"all!—and yet my intended bride, whom this portrait represents, bore but one!"

"This, then," said the landlord, "is the portrait of your intended bride. I begin now to remember something faintly of the story."

"It is—and it is not," said I.—, sighing.
"I can answer only," said he, as he perceived the growing astonishment of the company, "in words which must appear enigmas to you all, though, alas, they are none to me.—But let us change the subject. Dark sayings, without explanation, disturb good fellowship, and we have not met to-night to entertain each other with melancholy stories."

"For my part," said the landlord, "I should desire nothing better. I am sure, my dear Lyou will not now refuse to give us some explanation as to some events in your life, of which I have a dim recollection of having heard. I remember faintly, that a report of your intended marriage was suddenly succeeded by the intelligence of your having set out on a journey to the south to visit a sick friend. When you did at last return, you mixed no longer with general society; and even in the smaller circle of your friends, you have been silent on many subjects, on which they have refrained from questions, only lest the sympathy which would have prompted their enquiries should be mistaken for mere curiosity."

" My silence," said L-, with another enquiring glance at the company, " has arisen, not from want of confidence, but from the dislike I felt at the idea of attracting observation, as one who has been the sport of events so extraordinary, that he who has experienced them is sure to be looked upon by his fellow men either as a miraculous being, a visionary, or-a liar. None of the three hypotheses are agreeable to me, nor do I pretend to be altogether indifferent to the good opinion of the world while I live in it. The event to which you allude has, in fact, nothing in it of a supernatural character; viewed in its prosaic aspect, it is one unfortunately not very uncommon, and I therefore make no further demand on your forbearance but this, that I shall not be made the subject of impertinent curiosity; with the exception of my name, you are welcome to communicate it to any one whose understanding and power of judgment are not absolutely limited to what falls within the scope of his five senses; for though these events, incredible as they may appear to some, are perfectly capable of a natural expla nation, the tone which I feel I must adopt in their narration must be not only a melancholy one, but tedious, perhaps, and repulsive, to those whose hearts acknowledge no sympathy with any higher world than that of sense. All, therefore, who expect a lively entertainment, had better go at once. I have given them warning."

None rose, however; and L-, closing the

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miniature, and placing it before him, proceeded as follows:—

"During that gay period of youth when we are so apt to prefer the illusive promises of fancy to the realities of life, it was my fortune to form an acquaintance, which, notwithstanding the naturally dreamy tendency of my mind, soon concentrated all its attention on the dreary scenes which are actually presented in this our confined existence.—Some time before the period of which I speak, during the English attack on Copenhagen in 1801, the students had formed a military corps of their own; but its spirit and discipline had been rapidly on the decline during the years of peace which followed, till the patriotic enthusiasm of its founders was again roused by the arrival of that remarkable year which witnessed the approach of the British army to the shores of Denmark. The students, old and young, flocked back with redoubled zeal to their neglected colours; the rapid succession of events which followed—the blockade of the capital, animating every breast with zeal—the sympathetic influence of enthusiasm, had cemented the ties of acquaintance and friendship among young men formerly but little acquainted with each other, and united them after the fatigues of the day in little joyous clubs and societies, where animating war-songs and patriotic sentiments soon banished those gloomy feelings which the existing state of matters would occasionally inspire.

"On these occasions, I had frequently met with a young man, to whom at first I was conscious of entertaining a feeling of dislike, though I felt unable to ascribe it to any other cause than the difference of our habits and personal appearance. He was not tall, but slenderly made, and with features of great delicacy. His clear and piercing eye often wandered over the scene about him with a restless but penetrating glance. There was something noisy and extravagant in his mirth, which revolted me, because it appeared not to come from the heart; the loud laughter with which he generally accompanied his somewhat far-fetched witticisms, seemed to be less the offspring of gaiety, than of a mind that mocked itself. Selfish even in his convivial moments, it seemed to be his study to maintain his superiority over his companions even in his mirth; and the ricklessness with which he occasionally assailed his friends, produced a painful impression on myself, and on all.

"At other times his deep and overpowering melancholy kept every friend at a distance. The study which he professed to pursue was medicine, but his friends said, with little success; for while engaged most earnestly in his studies, a strange fit of anxiety and restlessness would come over him; he would throw his books aside, desert his classes, and either wander about in a state of listless idleness, though without plunging into any dissipation, (for the care he took of his health seemed almost ludicrous,) ordevote himself with assiduity to drawing and painting, for which he had a decided turn. He had considerable skill

in miniature-painting on ivory, and his efforts in this department were always at the service of his friends. When he devoted his pencil to other subjects, his drawings had invariably something of a gloomy character. Snakes were seen lurking under his flowers; funeral processions issuing from some lovely vine-covered habitation; corpses floating on the waves of a sunny sea; his fancy revelled in the strangest, the most varied funereal devices; while, in all his sketches there was something which left upon the mind a feeling of a disagreeable kind.

"You who are acquainted with me as I then was, will see at once, that there could be but few points of contact between myself and Emanuel, for such was his Christian name. Meantime the bombardment had commenced; the destructive bombs scattered ruin in all directions, no place of security was to be found. The day was even more terrible than the night, for there was something peculiarly appalling in the hissing of the balls, and the bursting of the Congreve rockets, which deafened us on every side, while they were invisible to the eye.

"A small division of the corps to which I belonged, had one day received orders to occupy a bastion. I had been a little too late, but was hastening after my comrades, and had already come in sight of them, when a bomb falling in the midst of four or five of them who were standing together, burst at that instant, killing almost all of them, and scattering their mangled limbs into the air. The others, who were not far off, fled, as might be expected, and were still engaged attending to their own safety, when I, perceiving that the danger was over, and eager to afford such assistance as was in my power, hurried up to the scene of the catastrophe.

"A young man was standing among the mangled corpses, pale and motionless, but apparently unhurt. It was Emanuel. 'Who is killed?' was my first question. He looked up, turned his clear piercing eyes upon me, and was silent. Suddenly he smote his hands together; the tears rushed into his eyes, and with a voice interrupted by loud sobs, he pronounced the name of an amiable youth, the promising heir of a respectable civil officer, and, strange enough, our common friend. I repeated the name with a shuddering tone. 'Alas! alas!' said he, 'it is even so, and I am unhurt; not two minutes before he had accidentally changed places with me. He is taken, and I am left; O would I were in his place now? Do not mistake me,' continued he, as I gazed on him with astonishment, 'this is no burst of friendship; I love existence far more dearly than I did him; but better this death, than a slow, a terrible one!'

"'What gloomy ideas are these!' said I; 'let us go and'—

"Enjoy ourselves!—is it not so?' interrupted he; 'to laugh, and to forget!'

"'No, friend,' replied I; 'I have little inclination at present for enjoyment—but to fulfil our duty.'

"In the meantime our comrades had returned

to the spot, followed by those on whom devolved the mournful task of removing the wounded and the dead. We marched as if nothing had happened, to perform the task appointed for us, that of placing our supplies of powder under cover in a distant magazine. Chance had made Emanuel my companion. We worked hard and spoke but little. I felt, however, that the dislike I had at first so decidedly felt to the young man, was fast giving place to a warm sympathy for his sufferings. I had obtained a partial glance into a dark but wounded spirit, and had seen enough to incline me to ascribe the startling circumstances of his character, to a mind anxiously labouring to deceive itself as to its true situation. I know not whether the visible sympathy which 1 manifested, contrasted with my former coldness, had affected him also with a similar emotion; but so it was, that when the night summoned us to rest, we parted like old and trusty friends, with a warm pressure of the hand.

"I had occasion the next day to be the bearer of various orders, and, among others, one addressed to Emanuel. I entered unperceived— (he had not heard my gentle tap at the door)— into a comfortable apartment, but in a state of even more than student-like confusion;—a circumstance the more striking, that at that time both old and young generally kept their whole effects as carefully packed as possible, that they might the more easily be transported, in the event of their habitations being set on fire by the bom-

bardment.

"He was seated at a large table, covered with books and painting materials; his head rested on both his hands, and he was gazing attentively on a small miniature painting. It is the same which lies near me, and which has so deeply attracted your attention, only it was then unframed, the ivory being merely pasted upon the paper. I had time to look at it, for he did not observe me till I laid my hand upon his shoulder; the gay and animated grace which seemed shed over the figure, struck me perhaps the more, from the contrast it presented to the living, but drooping and desponding young man, who had but yesterday lost a friend, and whose deep desolation of heart had so plainly revealed itself on that occasion.

He started up as he felt the pressure of my hand, and almost involuntarily drew the paper over the miniature. 'How now?' said I; 'is it with so sad an aspect that you regard this lovely portrait, whose charming features are sufficient to inspire any one with cheerfulness; particularly since this successful effort seems to be the work of your own hands? My poor friend! have I guessed the cause of your melancholy—Is it love—unfortunate, hopeless love?'

"Most unfortunate,' said he, interrupting me,
'for—but,' continued he, 'you have already
had a glance of it, so look at it as you will: I do
in truth consider it as one of my most successful
attempts, and the more so, that no one sat for it.
It was the mind that guided the pencil.' So saying, he again uncovered the miniature.

"With increasing astonishment and delight did I gaze upon those lovely features; I was fascinated; I could not turn my eyes from them; the longer they rested on the picture, the deeper I felt its magic sink into my heart. I could not divest myself of the idea, that this portrait must represent the object of my friend's attachment. And the very idea of seeing, knowing, loving so angelic a being as it presented itself to my minds seemed more than a counterpoise for all the difficulties, all the miseries of life.

"'I have heard it said,' said I at last, 'that all married people, and all lovers, have a certain resemblance to each other; I cannot say that I have in general found it so, but for once it strikes me the saying is right. I think,' said I, comparing him with the portrait, 'I think I can here and there recognise some traits of your features.'

"'Very possibly,' he replied, 'very likely-

for the picture is that of my sister.'

"I knew not why at that moment, but I felt that this explanation filled my bosom with indescribable joy. 'Your sister?' replied I, hastily —'happy brother who can boast of such a sister! What is her name?'

"He was silent; I raised my eyes from the picture to fix them upon him. He was pale, and seemed not to have heard my question. I repeated it. He looked at me with a fixed stare, and answered as hesitatingly as I myself did even now. 'Her name is—I cannot tell!'

"'You cannot tell?' said I, with astonishment.
"'O persecute me not,' cried he, springing up with impatience—'ask me not—you have touched a wound that still festers in my heart.'

"I laid down the picture in confusion; a strange suspicion, which struck me dumb, sprang up at that moment in my mind. I began to fear that by some strange mental aberration, his love for this angelic sister might be more than fraternal; and resolved at once never more to touch

upon a subject so dangerous.

"I left him; but chance threw us together again in the course of the evening; for a fire, occasioned by the bursting of a bomb, took place in his lodging. On the first intelligence of this disaster, I hurried along with some friends who were not known to him, to his house. He was standing quietly in his room, giving himself no concern about his effects, and apparently doubtful whether he would take the trouble of saving himself or not. I succeeded in drawing him away almost by force; but the greater part of his small possessions was consumed. From that moment he seemed to attach himself exclusively to me;-every day during our military companionship his society in turn became dearer to me, so that at last the very defects in his character which had at first sight appeared to me so repulsive, now that I had begun to look upon his conduct from a different point of view, presented themselves in an interesting light, as the efforts of a mind struggling against despair; and the melancholy Emanuel (not perhaps without some reference to his lovely sister) became to me an object of the warmest sympathy and friendship.

"My suspicions, which still continued, preented me from putting any questions to himself as to his family, willingly as I would have done so; and all which I was able to gather from other sources was, that his father was clergyman of a country town, in one of the small islands belonging to Denmark, in the Baltic; that he was a widower, and, besides this son, had four daughters in life.

" Meantime the siege held on its brief but terrific course. I trembled for my friend, whose desperate plans, the offspring of an over-excited mind, were condemned even by the most foolhardy of our companions; though, had all the defenders been inspired with the same contempt of death, the result of the siege might probably have been different. The actual result is sufficiently known; with the opening of our gates to the British troops, who entered not as enemies but as friends, our warlike functions ceased. Impatient, irritated at the daily necessity of meeting on a footing of courtesy with those whom we hated from the very bottom of our hearts, I seized the first opportunity to leave the capital, and knowing that every where in the neighbourhood I should meet with English troops, or encounter general irritation and annoyance, I determined to take a wider circuit, and to visit Germany.

" I need hardly say that Emanuel's society had by this time become indispensable to me; his wit, which I had at one time thought far-fetched and wanton, now afforded me delight. I laboured in silence to mittage the inequality of his humours, though every any unfolded to me some new and strange peculiarity in his character. these was his aversion to every sort of dancing; he assured me that neither he nor his sisters had eyer learned, or would learn, to dance. Nay, on one occasion, during a visit to a common friend in the country, where we happened to meet a party of young people who were anxious for that amusement, and who, knowing that he was the only person present who played the violin, had requested him to act the part of musician on the occasion, he at first resisted vehemently, and only yielded at last to my repeated entreaties. He played one or two dances with visible reluctance; but just as he was about to commence a third, and a young and beautiful girl, in some measure resembling the subject of the picture, whom he had long been following with his eyes with visible interest; advanced into the circle, he cast his violin away with violence, and by no entreaties could he be prevailed upon to resume it. The dancing must have ceased entirely, but for the fortunate arrival of a guest who was able and willing to replace the reluctant performer. The dance now proceeded gaily and without interruption; but insensible even to the solicitations of beauty, Emanuel stood in a corner of the room, and eyed the gay whirl of the dance with an aspect of the deepest gloom.

"My sympathies being once awakened in his favour I only pitied him the more for these singularities, and urged him, with the view of di-

verting his mind, to resume with energy and perseverance his neglected studies. He promised to do so, but medicine seemed only to increase the discomfort and despondency of his mind. Often would he throw his books away, exclaiming, 'Oh! admirable training for the future! In eternity what need have I to know how men are to be made away with by rule and method?—There men die not—or if they do, not by pill or potion. Why waste in such enquiries the hours which might be much better devoted to the education of the soul?'

"'Is such then your employment when you throw your books away?" I asked after one of these tirades.

"'Alas!' said he, with deep earnestness, 'that which occupies my mind is enough in the eyes of God to excuse a being of flesh and blood.' I understood him not; but thinking that a foreign tour might produce a salutary effect upon his mental malady, I pressed him to accompany me in my intended journey. He received the invitation with visible pleasure, yet he hesitated long, as if some conflict were going on within, before he accepted it; at last he yielded to my entreaties.

" He commenced his journey with a feeling of uneasiness, which, however, was shortly removed by a fortunate occurrence. He had informed his father of our project, but had received no answer, and had begun to apprehend that their long silence must be occasioned by some unfortunate event, chiefly, as he admitted, from the feeling that he had long been accustomed to hear of nothing but misfortune from home. We sailed by a small vessel for Lubeck. The violence of the wind, rather than apprehension from the English vessels, had induced the captain to take the course between the islands. But autumn was already advanced; the gloom of evening was fast closing upon the sea; he was but imperfectly acquainted with the soundings, and so he resolved, after sailing a league or two, to come to anchor, and resume his course on the following

"Emanuel now found himself, I may say, almost in sight of his paternal home. It was long, as he told me with emotion, since he had visited it, and unfortunate as might be the nature of his connexion with it, it was evident that the recollections of the past, and the apprehension of some present evil, had filled his mind with an indescribable longing to land, and once more to visit the home of his youth. He promised to be on board again by sunrise. My heart beat as I listened to this resolution, for I foresaw that he could not in courtesy avoid inviting me to accompany him; though it was not less evident, from the constraint with which the invitation was shortly afterwards given, that he would have been happier had I remained. For deeper reasons, however, than that on which I rested my acceptance of his offer-which was, that in the event of any thing unpleasant having happened. my assistance might have been of use to him-I determined to accompany him, and having made

the necessary arrangements with the captain, we landed.

"We had still a full league to go; some time elapsed before we could procure any conveyance, and when we commenced our route, the night had set in dark and misty. The man who drove the vehicle mistook the path, and led us astray, so that it was bedtime ere we reached the town. In the restlessness of his anxiety, my friend would not wait to alight at his father's house; we entered the inn, and there learned, that the old clergyman was at that moment suffering severely from the return of a painful complaint, to which he was occasionally subject.

" Emanuel knew that any agitation of mind at the present moment might be attended with the most dangerous consequences to his father; so taking our little bundles in our hand, we set out on foot towards the parsonage, which stood near the church, and into which, after knocking gently for a long time at the door, an old servant gave

us admittance.

"She confirmed the intelligence we had received at the inn, with the consoling addition, that there was no immediate danger; that the invalid was asleep, and that she would call up the daughter who was watching beside him; while my friend, learning that his eldest sister had gone to rest, that she might relieve the other in the morning, gave her express injunctions not to disturb her, nor the two children, as he called them, by the news of our arrival. We entered, in the meantime, a large and somewhat gloomy parlour, dimly illuminated by the single light which was carried by the servant.

" It was with a strange emotion that I looked around upon the dreary dwelling, which contained the being who had been so long the object of my daily and nightly dreams, and whom I now hoped at last to see face to face; a happiness the more agitating and intense, that it was so unexpected and so unlikely. My glance wandered rapidly over the lonesome chamber; its furniture was of that modest kind which I had seen a hundred times before in the dwellings of respectable citizens; but my eyes involuntarily dwelt on several little work-tables, which stood in the windows or against the walls, without knowing to which in particular I ought to direct my attention and my homage. Emanuel had thrown himself on an old-fashioned sofa, in visible

and painful expectation. "At last the door opened gently. A young

lady in a simple house dress, bearing in her hand a light, which threw its clear ray on her countenance, entered the room, with a timid but The joyful beating of my heart friendly air. seemed to announce to me that this was the charming original of the miniature; I drew in my breath that I might not disturb her. as, without observing me in the recess of the window, she flew towards her brother, with the faltering exclamation, 'Emanuel, dearest Emanuel!' He started up, stared on her with a fixed look, and extended his arms to receive her, but without uttering a word.

"'You would scarcely know me again,' said she, 'I have grown so tall since we parted; but l am still your own Jacoba.'

"' Jacoba!' he repeated, in a sorrowful tone; yes! yes! even such I had pictured you.-Come to my heart!' Then drawing her to him ' How is my father?' said he; ' how are Regina, Lucia, and the little one?

"'All as usual,' answered the young lady- only that my father has suffered more severely from his pains this time than before. We could not venture to leave him except when asleep: I watch beside him always till about daybreak, and then I waken Regina. Ah! she is no longer so strong and healthy as I am—and poor Lucia is still but a child!'

"'Enough,' said my friend, as if struggling with an oppression at the heart—and introduced me to his sister. She saluted me with an air of shyness and embarrassment, the natural result of her solitary education, and then hurried out to prepare some refreshments, and to give directions for our repose.

"'Now,' said I, with a triumphant glance at my friend, when we were left alone-'now I know the name of the charming picture, or rather of the still more lovely original. It is Jacoba.

"'Jacoba!' he repeated with a deep sigh-'well, well, be it as you will;—but for heaven's sake, no more of this—earnestly I ask it of you not a word of the picture. That is my secret.'

"The sister entered again occasionally, but only for a moment at a time. Her shyness seemed to prevent her from taking my part in our conversation; and every instant she hurried out to see that her father was still asleep. We agreed that the old man, to whom any mental agitation might be dangerous in his present irritable state, should know nothing of his son's presence, and that Jacoba should merely waken ber elder sister an hour earlier than usual, that before commencing her duties by her father's bed-side, she might have time to bestow a parting embrace upon her brother.

"Jacoba went out and did not return. Shortly afterwards the servant came in, and whispered that the old man was awake. I grieved at this; I would gladly have gazed a little longer on those features, and compared them with the portrait which lay concealed as usual in the breast of my friend. Yet this was needless. The resemblance had already struck me; and though there seemed to me more fire, more lustre in her eye, some allowance was of course to be made for the failure of the painter, who drew but from me-

"My friend accompanied me to my room, and then betook himself to the little apartment which bore his name, and which, it seemed, had always been kept in readiness for him. I felt my heart filled with a sensation of ineffable contentment and delight. I had seen the being whom my fancy had invested with a thousand perfections, and whose retiring shyness seemed only to add new charms to her beauty. Despite of the veil of

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mystery which seemed to rest over the situation of the family, I felt an internal conviction how short a space of time would be sufficient to fan those feelings of admiration into a glowing passion; particularly now that my suspicions as to the nature of Emanuel's attachment had disappeared. True, he had received her with emotion, and embraced her; but his embrace was passionless, nay, almost cold and strange. There was no appearance of delight in his look, but on the contrary, I could not but feel, an air of horror. Absorbed in the contemplation of this dark enigma, I drew near to the window.

"The mist had dispersed; the moon had risen calm and cloudless. The window of my room looked directly out upon the churchyard, which lay bright beneath me in the moonshine, while the broad walls of the church and its pointed tower threw out a long dark shadow that seemed to lose itself in the distance. Between the window at which I stood and the (not far distant) church, was a large burial-place, surrounded by a low iron railing; my eyes accidentally rested upon it, and I drew back with involuntary terror on perceiving some object move near it, half hid in the shadow projected from a monument beyond. Mastering my first sensation, however, I thought, upon a second glance, that I recognised the figure of Emanuel in that of the being thus leaning against the monument, and dwelling, as it were, among the tombs. I opened my door; I perceived that the little passage which separated our rooms had a door at the further end, which stood half open, and led into the churchyard. I could no longer doubt; and knowing how destructively these gloomy meditations, to which my friend was but too prone, must operate upon his already excited fancy, I stept out, and hastily advanced towards him.

"'My friend,' said I, 'it is late and cold. Remember that with day-break we must be gone. Come in with me, and go to rest.'

"" What would you with me?" he replied. 'It is long since I have seen my home. Let me remain a while with mine own.'

"'That,' said I,' you will do better within,' pointing to the house. 'Enjoy the society of the living—let the dead rest.'

"The living!' repeated he, in a tone of bitterness. 'Here is my home, the home of my fathers—here moulder the ashes of my mother, soon to be mingled with those of one and all of us. Not without a deep meaning has my father placed this last resting-place so near to our mansion, but to remind us that it is but a step from our home to the grave; and with the affection of a father he wishes that he may be able, even when we are gone, to have all his children in his view. An irresistible feeling impelled me hither; a longing as it were, to prepare another grave. To-morrow you will see!—'

"'Dear friend,' I replied, 'away with evil dreams! It was not for this that I brought you to your home: you are creating anxiety and vexation, not only to yourself and to me, but to all whom your presence ought to cheer.'

"'You are right. It must have been a dream,' said he briefly, and with an effort at calmness. 'Come, we will to bed.' We re-entered the house.

"I slept not, however; partly because my thoughts were busied with my friend, whose conduct appeared to me more and more extraordinary, and partly, perhaps, from the very fear of over-sleeping myself. A half slumber only at times sunk upon my eyes; with the first dawn of morning I sprang up; I saw by the weathercock that the wind was fair, and I knew that if we detained the vessel under such circumstances, we should be made to pay dearly enough for our passage. I stept into my friend's room, who was fast asleep, but roused himself the moment I awakened him. Soon after, we heard the servant bustling about with the breakfast things in the parlour, and walked in. Her master, she told us, had passed a very restless night. Mamselle Jacoba had never stirred a moment from his side. But she had gently wakened her sisters, had told Regina of her brother's visit and his arrangements, and they would be with us immediately.

"She had scarcely in fact finished her information, when the three young ladies entered with a joyful, but miseless step, lest the unwonted sound of conversation at that early hour might reach the ears of their father. The first look showed me that my yesterday's conjecture must be right; the picture could represent no one but Jacoba. Regina, the eldest, was much about the same height, but almost as different from her blooming sister, as the pallid and fading autumn from the vigorous maturity of summer; the same family features appeared in both faces, but in the pale, if not sallow complexion, hollow eyes, and wasted form of Regina, scarcely could you have recognised the sister of Jacoba. Lucia, though pretty well grown, was at that period of life when she was not likely to attract much attention; and of both, indeed, I had but a hasty glance. The third sister, a child of twelve years old, pale, delicate, and little of her age, seemed still overcome with sleep, while joy, regret, and surprise seemed mingled in the sweet expression of her childish face. All three were immediately hushed into silence at the sight of a stranger.

"' Sweet blossom of my heart,' cried my friend, who had extended his hands to the two elder sisters almost without looking at them, but gazed with the deepest affection upon the youngest, embraced her with the greatest tenderness, and occupied himself exclusively with her, leaving me to entertain the others as I best could. Meantime I could not but perceive that, while he was caressing the youngest, and rapidly swallowing his coffee, he frequently stole a glance at the two elder, with an expression of grief—nay, almost of aversion, which must have deeply wounded their feelings, had not the brevity of our interview, and the numerous enquiries relative to his father with which it was filled up, prevented the singularity of his demeanour from being observed by them. Though the eyes of all of them, especially

of the elder, still dwelt upon him with the fondest emotion, I was obliged to press our immediate departure; and, after Emanuel had once more shaken hands with the two elder sisters, and kissed the younger, we hastened away, followed by the gaze of the three sisters, who lingered at the door.

"We spoke but little of the scene which had passed. I had enough to do hurrying the coachman, lest we should arrive too late for our passage. My friend sat silent, wrapped in his own thoughts; and when at last we had got safely again on board, and once more spread our sails to the wind, he manifested so decided a disinclination to allude to the subject, that I found it necessary to adjourn to a future opportunity any conversation as to the fair Jacoba, of whom I had unfortunately obtained only a fleeting glance by daylight, as she greeted us at our departure from the window of her father's apartment; but that glance was enough to render her the unceasing object of my meditations.

"We soon arrived in Lubeck. The distant sight of its stately towers restored to my friend some portion of his cheerfulness; he drew near with emotion to that city, in which, as I then learnt, his mother was either born, or had spent some years of her youth. This cheerfulness of temper, united with a more than ordinary mildness, gave me the best hopes as to the salutary effects of our prolonged tour. I was far enough from foreseeing by what chance our projected ramble was to be cut short in a single day.

"We resolved to employ the first hours of our short stay in seeing the curiosities of the town. We soon, however, turned from the traces of civil decay into the magic province of art; and with this view we entered the church of St.

Mary.

"The love for German art was then but imperfectly developed; men seemed to have no suspicion of the existence of those treasures, which, covered with dirt and dust, and, at best, the object of passing curiosity, were here left to moulder in the vaulted aisles of this vast edifice. The remarkable clock, with the effigies of the seven electors, who, notwithstanding this deficiency of number, were pertinaciously set down as the twelve apostles, then constituted the chief glory of the building. I accompanied my friend into the open church, waiting for the striking of the hour which sets the figures in motion, and casting at the same time a hurried glance on the numerous objects which on every side presented themselves to the eye. Several young people, who perceived that we wore strangers, exerted themselves as our ciceroni. One of them opened a small grated door at one side of the chapel, and invited us to enter. We walked into the chapel; and here, in better preservation than the other pictures, the walls were covered with multiplied representations of Death, who, in dancing attitudes, was leading off as his prey persons of every age, sex, and costume. 'That,' said the young man, 'is the celebrated Dance of Death.' "'How!' said my friend, hastily interrupting him, while his eyes fixed with a look of horror on one compartment of the picture, in which Death, tall and slender, was represented winding his bony arm round a young maiden, who, in a rosy coloured dress, and with the bridal garland in her hair, was vainly struggling to emancipate herself from his embrace. Emanuel spoke not another word; -he stood with his finger pointing in the position in which it seemed to have been arrested, till, at last, pale and trembling, he clasped hold of my arm, which I had extended to him, and breathed a deep sigh, as if some oppressive weight had been suddenly removed from his bosom.

"' What is the matter?' said I, anxiously.

"'I feel,' replied he, 'as if I had awakened from a deep sleep, in which a dream had long held my reason prisoner; an evil, fateful dream. which fascinated, while it filled me with terror, but which seems, at this moment, to be about to receive a natural, though humiliating solution. Stay-one other look at the picture, and then away!'

"I looked at the picture again, as well as he, without being able to perceive in it any thing beyond what I have already stated. 'My God!' said I, as he drew me hastily out of the church, what can all this mean? Let me know the

truth.'

"'At another time, perhaps,' he interrupted me, hastily-'at present, I have something else to say to you. I can travel with you no farther; I must return home, and that on the instant. By a visionary weakness, or superstitious abandonment of mind, we have perchance, brought upon ourselves irreparable misery, and reared up prodigies where every thing lay within the ordinary course of nature. I must return, to avert, if possible, still more fearful evils. Enoughenough is done already.'

"' What mean you, said I, ' by a dream? do I

not, then, possess your confidence?

"You do indeed,' he continued; 'but this is not the time for the disclosure. The man who thinks he has seen a spectre of the night, takes care not to speak of it, till day, with its cheerful light, breaks in upon him again; when the patient lies in the crisis of his disorder, the careful physician prohibits all conversation, Besides, I cannot, if I would; I have promised silence. At present, then, I must hence. I will return when 1 can. Continue your journey alone.'

"My efforts to obtain from him some farther explanation, or to retard his departure, were equally in vain. Unwillingly I saw him depart; his presence and his friendship had fanned within my bosom a gentle hope, the existence of which was first rendered clear to me by our separation. I was, in truth, as deeply in love as any one could be at a single glance; but this fleeting glance had been so brief, so incomplete, that I scarcely felt as if I could discriminate whether I was most fascinated by the portrait or the original. 'My friend,' said I, as we separated, 'I cannot bear to part with you, without some visible token of our hours of friendship. Leave me the picture of your sister. It will be to me a gratifying memorial of that talent which you do not sufficiently prize, and perhaps the prophetic herald of a

happy future.'

"What mean you? said he, turning suddenly round to me with a serious and anxious air, though the moment before he had been gaily urging his preparations for departure. 'I will not deny,' said I, 'that your sister Jacoba has so enchanted me, that I cannot part with her portrait.'

""Her portrait!" repeated he.—"Well, so let it be. Take the picture—keep it—fall in love with it—but not with my sister. Believe me, it is not that I would not give her to you, for I love the picture as I do her—nay, perhaps more.—There—with that picture you remove a load from my heart." He pressed it into my hand, and dis-

appeared.

"Let me pass hastily over the two following years. They have no connexion with my friend, or with his concerns. He returned not at the time we had contemplated; the letter which I received in his stead, seemed to breathe a spirit of returning melancholy;—of his family, he said nothing. His letters became shorter and less frequent, and at last entirely ceased. The picture, however, continued as dear to me as ever; often did I gaze upon it, though I tried to consider it only as a lovely painting. The parting words of my friend had awakened in my bosom a feeling of distrust; and, often as I looked at it, the idea occurred to me that I was involved in some ominous and mysterious tissue of events, which, in spite of all my efforts, maintained an unceasing ascendancy over my senses and my soul.

"My journey was interrupted by the increasing debility and declining health of my uncle, who possessed an estate in Jutland; he had named me his heir, and wished to see me once more before his death. Accordingly, I hurried back.

"I found my uncle better than I had expected, but in great uneasiness relative to part of his fortune, then in the hands of a firm in Copenhagen, which had lately encountered some serious losses, and of whose doubtful credit he had within the last few weeks received more than one warning epistle from his friends. The presence of a person of decision on the spot was evidently required, and I undertook the task, to which my uncle agreed, on condition, that as soon as the business was ever, I should hasten back to him, that he might enjoy as much of my company as he could, ere we were separated by that death which he foresaw could not be distant.

"I travelled as fast as possible, and found myself, on my arrival in Copenhagen, so pressed on all sides by the numerous concerns I had to attend to, that I had not a moment to spare for myself or my friends. I had not visited one of them; and, in order not to shake the credit of the house by any open proceedings, which would inevitably have led to suspicion, had shown myself as little as possible to my acquaintances; when, on the second post day after my arrival, I received a letter from my uncle, announcing that he had had a relapse, and pressing my immediate return. I had already put matters so far in train, that a friend, in whom I had confidence, might wind up the business; and as I pondered the matter in my mind, it occurred to me that it could not be placed in better hands, from his connexions in the capitol, than in those of my friend Emanuel.

"As yet I had only had time to enquire hastily after him; nor had I received any intelligence of him; for he had left the house from which his last letter had been addressed to me, a long time before, and no one was acquainted with his present abode. By accident, I recollected an agent with whom he used occasionally to be connected in business. I applied to him.

"'Your friend,' he answered, 'is in the town; where he lives, I know not; but that you will

easily learn from his family.'

"' His family!' said I, with astonishment.

"'Yes,' continued he, 'the father, with his two eldest daughters, is at present in Frederick's Hospital; he has undergone a dangerous operation, but is now recovering.'

"I felt my heart beat quicker. Jacoba, whose image I had been labouring so long to erase from my fancy—Jacoba was in my neighbourhood. I should see her once more; she was not forgotten, as I had sometimes supposed; she lived there as indelibly impressed as the traits of the dear picture, whose graceful but silent charms I had never yet met with mortal maid to equal.

"I had little time to spare, so I hurried towards the hospital, and entered the wing devoted to patients who paid for their reception. I sent in my name to the pastor; it was well known to him, and I was kindly received. The old man, for such he was, though I knew him at once, from his resemblance to his son, was still confined to bed; a tea-table stood before it; and beside it sat—I could not doubt for a moment—Jacoba, more lovely and blooming than ever; Regina, still more sickly and fading than before. Our greeting was a silent one; but I saw at once that

I was recognised by both. "The talkative old man, when he had given me the information I required, and assured me that in half an hour I would find his son at his house, continued to support the conversation almost alone. I should probably have listened with a more attentive ear to his really entertaining discourse, had not my thoughts been so much divided between his daughters, the picture, and my own recollections. I confess, at the same time, it was on the fairest of these daughters that my glance rested the longest. She seemed obviously, as I had formerly thought, the original of the miniature. Yet, methought, I could now perceive many little differences which had formerly escaped my observation; nay, even differences between her features as they appeared to me now and before. I had some difficulty in re sisting the old man's invitation to remain w him till the arrival of his son, whom he exper

at his usual hour; but my hours were numbered. After promising, at the old man's request, that I would pay him a second visit at home, along with his son—for he had heard afterwards of our short nocturnal visit—and addressing to the charming girl some expressions of interest and affection, which flowed involuntarily from my heart, and tinged her cheek with blushes, I hastened to the residence of my friend, whom I was fortunate enough to find at home.

"His lively joy at seeing me soon dispelled the depression, which, like a dark veil, overshadowed his features, and dissipated at the same time all my reproaches. I found no difficulty in opening to him the nature of the commission with which I had to intrust him, and which he at once undertook; he displayed all his former wild gaiety as he congratulated me on the fortunate influence of my journey; but he relapsed at once into his habitual seriousness the moment he learned I had seen his father, and renewed my acquaintance with his sisters, especially, as I added, with the charming Jacoba.

"'The charming Jacoba,' he repeated with a bitter sarcastic smile. 'What—still charming, beside her fairer sister, whose beauties almost eclipse those of your portrait!'

"' How so?' said I, confused—' I cannot have mistaken the name. I heard the name of Jacoba pronounced—no other found an echo in my heart! Have I not, as before, seen Regina and Jacoba?'

"'Regina, my friend,' replied he, 'has long been at rest. To-day you have seen Jacoba and Lucia.'

"'What!' said 1, with increasing confusion,
can that pale and slender creature whom I then
saw, have since come to resemble poor Regina
so closely?'

"'Again, continued he, 'you mistake. It is Lucia with whom you are captivated. Poor Jacoba is fast sinking into her grave.'

"This last reply utterly confounded me.—
'How?' said I—'I would think you were in jest,
were this a time for jesting. Is the portrait then
that of Lucia?—Incredible!'

"'Have I not already said to you,' said he, with a sorrowful tone, 'love the picture—be enamoured of it as you will—but have nothing to do with the living!'

"'I came to you,' I resumed, still more bewildered, 'with love in my heart—'

"'For Lucia—' he interrupted me hastily—' Beware! She is betrothed already.'

"'Betrothed! To whom?' cried I, with impetuosity.'

"'To Death!' repeated he, slowly. 'You yourself was present at the betrothal. Remember the Dance of Death at Lubeck. Fool that I was, to think that I could tear her from him?'

"'Explain this enigma to me, I beseech you!'
cried I, while my cheek grew pale, and an indescribable feeling of terror shot through my heart-

"'Can I?' said he—' and if I could—this is not the time. No more of my family! You cannot doubt that I would give her to you willingly and perhaps—it may be possible'—continued he, musingly—' Keep the picture—love it still—but ask me no questions. You have seen enough to perceive I am no visionary!'

"He ceased—and, notwithstanding all my questions, continued obstinately silent. I knew him of old, and was aware that any farther importunity on my part would only serve to annoy and embitter him; and, besides, I must confess I felt myself oppressed with an undefinable, but irresistible sensation of terror. As soon as I returned home, I laid the picture, which I had been accustomed to wear, in the most secret recess of my writing-desk, and determined never to look upon it again.

"Before leaving my friend, I had enquired how his studies were proceeding. He burst into a loud and sneering laugh. 'All studies,' said he, 'and particularly medicine, have become loathsome to me. I will learn nothing, since I cannot learn that which I vainly long for! What have I to do with knowledge, who have lost all relish for life itself? To me the earth is but a yawning grave—its inhabitants but living caroasses.—Even in the midst of gaiety, I am in death!'

" I saw at once that the sinking energies of my friend could only be restored by active employment; and, in truth, nothing but the activity which I myself was called on to exert, prevented me from giving way to the influence of that feeling of terror which seemed to oppress me when in his presence, or when I thought of his family. I felt that travel was necessary, and I set out; my thoughts, however, often reverted back to him, and I pondered long how I might withdraw him from a situation which seemed to be preying more and more upon his mind. I saw plainly that some singular, and to me inconceivable destiny, exercised a melancholy power over this family, to which ignorance, timidity, or superstition, had lent a degree of strength, which it never could have possessed over persons of a more sober and decided mind; and as soon as I had reached the place of my destination, I wrote to him, fully laid before him all my ideas, and begged of him to answer me with the same candour and openness. For nearly a year I received no answer. When it arrived, I saw immediately from its contents that some internal change had taken place in his mind, though what its nature might be, I could but imperfectly gather. The letter was a calm and business-like answer to mine; it exhibited no traces either of depression of spirit, or of that factitious gaiety by which he had laboured to cloak his despair. He confessed that it was his belief that a full disclosure to me might tend to ease his mind; but he added, that when that disclosure should be made, I would see at once why it had not been made sooner. Such matters, however, he continued, could not be discussed in writing. He spoke of the picture, (to which I had not alluded,) and added-

"'Is it still dear to you? I know well that our connexion and my confusion of mind may have inspired you with a feeling of terror connected with it; but, believe me, you may love it without fear. Yes, love it. I have built a fabric of hope

upon the idea, which still deserts me not. Know, then-you have never yet seen the real original of the miniature. It represents neither Jacoba nor Lucia, however much it may resemble them. Yes, I begin to hope that I myself have never till now become acquainted with the original, or rather, perhaps, that a still fairer copy of this mysterious and enigmatical picture is even now unfolding itself beneath my eye. A new riddle, you will say-and I admit it, but this riddle I can solve; only it must be verbally.'

"This letter made a singular impression on me. His words seemed to have dissipated for ever that feeling of terror with which, for some time back, the picture had inspired me. I took it out anew from its case, and, as it beamed before me again in the innocent glow of youth, I wondered how these lovely and loving features could ever have worn in my eyes an aspect of evil, or that a distant resemblance to those two girls—for that there was a resemblance I could not denyshould have made me insensible to its far higher expression, its fulness of health and heavenly grace, in which those two living beings, notwithstanding their beauty, were so visibly inferior.

"From this moment I gazed on it frequently, and with delight. My correspondence with Emanuel became more regular; still, however, he evaded my invitation to visit me, by saying the time was not yet come; and all I could learn of his studies or employments was, that he had devoted himself entirely to painting, and principally

to landscape painting.

"I myself began to perceive that country pursuits did not exactly suit my taste, and that I was in a great measure wasting my time in a residence which was situated in a neighbourhood neither remarkable for its natural beauties, nor interesting from the society it afforded, and cut off, as it were, from literary and political news. Shortly afterwards the death of my aunt followed, and I made up my mind to leave the estate.

" I hastened without delay towards Copenhagen. The portrait seemed to beckon me thither. Two years had now nearly elapsed since I had seen my friend; and during the journey, my longing to see him again, my eagerness for the solution of this dark enigma, daily increased. I found my expectation, however, disappointed; when I reached his lodging I found him not; only a letter of the following import was delivered to

" ' Just as I was awaiting your arrival with impatience, and, I must add, with anxiety and uneasiness, I received a message from home. My old and worthy father has been suddenly seized with an apoplectic stroke. He is still alive; but I have seen too many of such attacks to indulge muchaope of his recovery at his advanced period of life. As soon as all is over I shall hasten back. Wait for me patiently; or if I remain too long absent, and you are not afraid of the house of -death-then-do as you will.'

"These lines contained, as you perceive, an indirect invitation. My friend had been already, as I learned, eight days absent, nor had any intelligence been received from him during that time. In the latest newspapers which I called for, I found no announcement of death; I calculated, therefore, that the invalid was still alive, and I felt convinced that my sympathy and friendly offices might be useful to my friend in the hour of sorrow. An internal voice seemed to whisper to me, that his heart would, in such a state of mind, be more readily and confidentially opened to me. I required only to get my comfortable and wellcovered travelling carriage ready, which bade defiance to the cold blasts of autumn, which had already set in-and in four-and-twenty hours I knew I should be at his side.

"No sooner was the resolution formed than it was executed. Next morning, though somewhat later than I had wished, I was travelling southward from the capital. A sharp north-east wind whistled around the carriage, which lulled a little towards evening, as 1 reached, in the twilight, a solitary posting station, where we changed horses; but it was succeeded by a thick mass of clouds, which, gradually overspreading the beavens with their dark veil, threatened every instant to descend in torrents of rain.

"An uncovered but respectable looking country vehicle, which appeared to have arrived before me, had just been drawn into the shed; and in the travellers' room, where I sat down till the horses should be ready, I found a young female, closely wrapped in a hood and mantle, walking up and down, evidently in great agitation.

"I had thrown myself, somewhat ill-humouredly at having probably to wait here for some time, upon a seat near the window, paying little attention to what was passing in the apartment, till I was suddenly aroused by an active dispute, at first carried on in a low voice, but gradually becoming louder.

"'I must proceed,' said a clear, sweet, silvery-toned voice. 'If I can bear the wind and rain, so may your horses and yourself. know not the anxiety which urges me on.'

"The peasant, with whom the trembling and mantled female spoke, seemed immovable. are Christians,' replied he, doggedly, ' and should spare our beasts and ourselves. We shall have nothing but rain and storm all night. Here we have rest and shelter—without, who knows what may happen in such a tempest—and your friends, Miss, have given me the strictest charge to take care of you. These tender limbs of yours are not fitted to bear what I might look upon as a trifle: your health might suffer for ever.-Upon my conscience, I cannot do it.'

"'Nay, nay,' replied the young lady, 'I am strong and healthy. It is not the tempest with out, but the anguish I feel within, that may prove

fatal to me.

"The faint and touching notes of her voice awakened my deepest sympathy. 1 stept forward, put a question to her, and learned that the young lady was most anxious to reach her birthplace to-night, and had with that view availed herself of a conveyance returning from the capital :- filial duty, she said, was the motive of her

journey; and it happened most fortunately that her place of destination and mine were the same. I instantly offered her a seat in my carriage. Almost without looking at me, or perceiving my youth, which, at another time, would probably have occasioned some difficulty, she instantly accepted my offer with such visible joy, that I perceived at once that her mind was occupied by a nobler and more engrossing feeling than any cold calculation of propriety. The horses arrived rather sooner than I expected, and ere it was wholly dark we were seated in the carriage.

"The increased rapidity and comfort of the mode of travelling, the certainty that before midnight she would reach the goal of her wishes, had disposed her to be communicative; and ere we had proceeded a league, I learned, to my great astonishment, that my travelling companion was the youngest sister of my friend, who had for years been brought up in the capital, whom I had seen for an instant when a child, and whom, under that appellation, my friend had locked so tenderly in his parting embrace. She told me that the sudden illness of her father had shocked and agitated her extremely; that her brother had written to her that he was still in life, but that there were no hopes of his recovery; and finding an unexpected opportunity by means of the vehicle which was returning to her native place, she had felt unable to withstand the temptation. or rather the irresistible longing which impelled her, without her brother's knowledge, and contrary, as she feared, to her relations' wishes, to see her beloved father before he died.

" I told her my name, which she recognised at once as that of a friend whom her brother had often mentioned to her, and thus a confidential footing was established between us, which I took care not to impair by impertinent enquiries. 1 could not even, while she was under my protection, obtain a single glance of her face. Calmer consideration probably suggested to her, how easily our travelling together might afford room for scandal; so when we crossed the ferry towards the little island, she did not leave the carriage; and when we reached the town at a pretty late hour, she laid hold of my hand, as I was directing the postilion to go on, and said hastily, 'Let me This street, near the bridge, leads alight here. across the churchyard to our house. I fear to see or to speak to any one.'

"'I will accompany you,' said I. 'I will surprise my friend.' I made the postilion stop, directed him to the inn, and we alighted. The maiden leant upon my arm; I felt that she trembled violently, and had need of support.

"We walked across the churchyard towards the parsonage. Through the darkness of the blustering and rainy autumnal night, several windows, dimly lighted, and shaded by curtains, were visible. The gate, leading to the other side of the house was merely laid to. The court was empty; every one seemed busy within. The windows on this side were all dark. I saw by the inequality of my companion's step how much her anxiety was interesting.

"We hurried across the court, and entered the little narrow passage of the house, which was also unlighted. We stood for a moment drawing our breath, and listening. From the farthest chamber on the left we heard a rustling noise, and the sound of whispering voices. A broad streak of light, which streamed from the half-opened door into the passage, was darkened occasionally by the shadows of persons moving within. 'It is my sister's room,' whispered my conductress, and darted towards it. I followed her hastily. But what a sight awaited us!

"The corpse of a young maiden had just been lifted out of bed, and placed on a bier adjoining. A white covering concealed the body even to the chin. Several elderly females were employed in tying up the long dark tresses of the deceased; while others were standing by inactive, or occupied in removing the phials and medicines from the table.

"My companion had thrown back her veil at entering, and stood as if rooted to the spot. Even the unexpected shock she had encountered, could not banish from her cheek the glow with which anxiety and exercise had tinged it; nay, the fire of her eye seemed to have acquired a deeper and more piercing lustre. So stood she, the blooming representative of the very fulness of life, beside the pallid victim of inexorable Death. startling contrast agitated me the more, that in those well-known features I traced, in renovated beauty, those of the enchanting portrait; scarcely master of my senses, I almost believed that I saw again the same maiden who, two hours before, had fascinated me in the Frederick's Hospital, when, all at once, half turning to me, she exclaimed, 'O, my poor sister Lucia!'

"'Lucia!'—the name fell upon me like a stroke of lightning. So, then, she whom I had last seen in the glow of life and beauty, lay before me cold in death! What assurance could I have, that the fair vision which still flitted before me, blooming with health, and life, and grace, was not the mere mask under which some spectre had shrouded itself, or round which the King of Terrors had already wound his invisible but unrelaxing arm! The figures in the Dance of Death involuntarily flashed upon my mind. My very existence seemed to dissolve in a cold shudder. I saw, scarcely conscious of what was going on, and as if in a dream, the living beauty draw near to the corpse; momentarily I expected to see the dead maiden throw her arms around her, and to see her fade away into a spectre in that ghastly embrace, when my friend, who had apparently been summoned by the women, pale, and almost distracted, rushed in, and tore her from the corpse, exclaiming, 'Hence, thoughtless creature! Wilt thou murder us both?— Away from this pestiferous neighbourhood! If you will look upon the dead, come to the couch of our honoured father, whose gentle features seem to invoke a blessing upon us, even iq death.'

She followed him unresistingly, weeping in silence. An old servant led the way, with a

light in her hand; another, in whom I thought I recognised the features of our old attendant, beckoned me, with tears in her eyes, into the well-remembered parlour, where every thing remained unaltered, with the exception of the little work-tables, all of which had been removed but one. She placed before me some cold meat and wine, begged I would excuse them if things were not in order, and left the room, which my friend at the same moment entered.

"He embraced me with an agitation, a melting tenderness, he had seldom before manifested. 'You come,' said he, 'unexpected, but not unwelcome. I have been thinking of you for some days past, and was wishing for your presence even while you were on your way.'

"' Then,' said I, still with a feeling of disorder in my mind, 'the right time is come? Speak on,

then; tell me all!'

"' The time,' replied he, ' is come, but scarcely yet the moment. I see by your paleness, your shuddering, that the dark fate which sits upon our house has agitated you too deeply at present to admit of a calm and unprejudiced consideration of the subject. Summon your mind, eat, drink, return to your inn. I will not ask you to tarry longer in the house of death; although-I hope-Death has now knocked at our door for the last time for a long period to come. Go and compose yourself. That God should visit the sins of the fathers on the children, seems a harsh, a Jewish sentence; - that nature transmits to posterity the consequences of the weaknesses or guilt of the parent, sounds milder, and looks more true:-but, alas! the consequences are the same. No more of this.

"I drank but a single glass of wine, which, in truth, I needed, and betook myself to my inn. I took the picture, which I still wore, from my neck, but I did not open it. I was over wearied, and, in spite of the over excitement of my mind,

I soon dropt asleep.

"The smiling beams of the morning sun, as I awoke, poured new life and composure into my soul. I thought of our confidential conversation in the carriage, in which, unknown to herself, my fair companion had displayed the beauty of her mind, and I could not forbear smiling at the feelings of terror and distrust which my heated fancy had infused into my mind in regard to her and to the picture. It lay before me on the table, innocent as herself, with its bright loving eyes turned upon me, and seemed to whisper, 'I am neither Jacoba nor Lucia.' 1 took out my friend's letter, which conveyed the same assurance; calm understanding seemed to resume its ascendancy in my heart; and yet, at times, the impression of the preceding evening recurred for 2 moment to my mind.

"I hurried, not without painful impatience, as soon as I was dressed, towards the desolate mansion of my friend. He had been waiting me for some time, advanced to meet me with a cheerful look, when I found his sister composed, but in deep mourning, and with an expression of profound grief, seated at the breakfast-table.

"She extended her hand to me with a melancholy, but kindly smile; and yet I drew back with an oppressive sensation at my heart, for the picture stood before me more perfect in resemblance than it had appeared to my excited fancy. the evening before; but here there was more than the picture. I saw, too, at the first glance, a nobler bearing, a higher expression, than in the features of her sisters. In looking at them. I was reminded of the picture; in gazing on her, I forgot its existence. Our confidential and touching conversation, which still involuntarily reverted to the deceased, sank deep into my Gradually every uneasy feeling faded from my mind; and when she left us at last at her brother's request, to visit some of her young acquaintances whom she had not seen for a long time before, I gazed after her with a look, the expression of which was no secret to her brother.

"His first words showed that this was the case. 'At last,' said he, 'you have the original, or the true copy of the picture, which is an enigma even to myself, even though it be the work of my own hands. I knew well that her aspect of spotless purity would at once banish every feeling of distrust from your mind, as it has done from mine. If the picture be still dear to youif you can love her and gain her affection, she is yours; but first listen to that which I have so long withheld from you. You must judge, after hearing it, whether you are still inclined as freely to accept the offer. We shall be uninterrupted from without; and do not you interrupt me,' said he, as he drew the bolt of the door, and

seated himself by my side.

"' Mysterious as every thing is apt to appear, which ordinary experience does not enable us to explain, do not expect to hear any thing more wonderful in this case than admits of a simple explanation, when tried by the test of cold and sober reasoning. My father, without being disposed to talk much on the subject was a believer in dreams—that is to say, he frequently dreamt of events which were afterwards actually fulfilled; and in fact, in such cases, his presentiments were rarely erroneous. While a candidate, for instance, for a church, he used to be able in this way to foresee, from a vague and undefinable, but yet distinct feeling, when he should be called upon to preach for any of the clergymen in the neighbourhood. He had ten himself, on such occasions, in the pulpit, and often, at waking, could recollect long passages from those ideal sermons he had delivered. In other matters, he was a person of a lively and cheerful turn of mind. By his first marriage he had no children. He contracted a second with my mother, a stranger, who had only shortly before come into the country-very pretty, very poor-and whose gay, but innocent manner, had been my father's chief attraction. She was passionately fond of dancing, an amusement for which the annual birdshooting, the vintage feasts, and the balls given by the surrounding nobility on their estates in the neighbourhood, afforded frequent opportanities, and in which she participated rather

more frequently than was altogether agreeable to her husband, though he only ventured to rest his objections on his apprehension for her health. Some vague reports spoke of her having, early in life, encountered some deep grief, the impression of which she thus endeavoured, by gaiety and company to dissipate.

""One day my father was invited to a party given in honour of the arrival of a nobleman long resident in the capital, and accepted the invitation only on condition that my mother would agree to dance very little. This prohibition led to a slight matrimonial scene, which terminated on her part in tears, on his in displeasure. The evening before, they received a visit from the nobleman himself, who being an old college friend of my father's, had called to talk over old stories, and enjoy an evening of confidential conversation.

"' My father's gift of dreams happened to be mentioned; the Count related an anecdote which had taken place shortly before in Paris, and which he had learnt from Madame de Genlis; and a long argument ensued upon the subject of dreams and their fulfilment.

"'The conversation was prolonged for some time, my mother appearing to take no pasticular share in it. But the following day she seemed abstracted, and at the party declined dancing, even though her husband himself pressed her to take a share in the amusement. Nay, on being asked, as she stood by my father's side, to dance, by the son of the nobleman above alluded to, and who was believed to have been an old acquaintance of hers, she burst at once into tears. My father even pressed her to mingle in the circle; she continued to refuse; at last she was overheard to say—"Well if you insist upon it on my account, be it so."

"'Never before had she danced with such spirit; from that moment she was never off the floor. She returned home exhausted and unwell, and out of humour. She was now in the fifth month of her pregnancy, and it seemed as if she regretted the apparent levity which her conduct had betrayed.

"' Her husband kindly enquired what was the cause of her singular behaviour. "You would not listen to me," she replied, " and now you will laugh at my anxiety; nay, perhaps you will tell me that people ought never to mention before women any thing out of the ordinary course, because they never hear more than half, and always give it a wrong meaning. The truth then is, your conversation some evenings ago made a deep impression on me. The peculiar state of my health had probably increased the anxiety with which for some time past I have been accustomed to think of the future. I fell asleep with the wish that something of my own future fate might be unfolded to me in my dreams. The past, with all the memorable events of my life, nay, even our late dispute as to dancing, were all confusedly mingled in my brain; and, after many vague and unintelligible visions, which I have now forgotten, they gradually arranged themselves into the following dream:-

" I thought I was standing in a dancing-room, and was accosted by a young man of prepossessing appearance, who asked me to dance. Methinks, although probably the idea only struck me afterwards, that he resembled the Count, the son of our late host. I accepted his invitation; but having once begun to dance, he would on no account be prevailed on to cease. At last I grew uneasy. I fixed my eyes upon him with anxiety; it seemed to me as if his eyes grew dimmer and dimmer, his cheeks paler and more wasted, his lips shrivelled and skinny, his teeth grinned out, white and ghastly, and at last he stared upon me with bony and eyeless sockets. His white and festal garments had fallen away. I felt as if encircled by a chain of iron. A skeleton clasped me in its fleshless arms. Round and round he whirled me, though all the other guests had long before disappeared. I implored him to let me go; for I felt I could not extricate myself from his embrace. The figure answered with a hollow tone, 'Give me first thy flowers.' Involuntarily my glance rested on my bosom, in which I had placed a newly-blown rose with several buds, how many I know not. I made a movement to grasp it, but a strange irresistible feeling seemed to flash through my heart, and to draw back my hand. My life seemed at stake; and yet I could not part with the lovely blooming flower, that seemed as it were a portion of my own heart. One by one, though with a feeling of the deepest anguish, I plucked off the buds, and gave them to him with an imploring look, but in vain. He shook his bony head; he would have them all. One little bud only, and the rose itself, remained behind; I was about to give him this last bud, but it clung firmly to the stalk of the rose, and I pulled them both together from my bosom. I shuddered; I could not part with them; he grasped at the flowers, when suddenly I either threw them forcibly behind me, or an invisible hand wrenched them out of mine, I know not which; I sank into his skeleton arms, and awoke at the same instant to the consciousness of life."

" So saying, she burst into tears. My father, though affected by the recital, laboured vainly to allay her anxiety. From that moment, and especially after my birth, her health declined; occasionally only, during her subsequent pregnancies, her strength would partially revive, though her dry cough never entirely left her. After giving birth to six daughters, she died in bringing the seventh into the world. I was then about twelve years old. To her last hour she was a lovely woman, with a brilliant complexion, and sparkling eyes. Shortly afterwards I was sent to school, only visiting my father's house and my sister's during the holydays. All of them, as they grew up, more or less resembled their mother; till they attained their thirteenth or fourteenth year they were pale, thin, and more than usually tall; from that moment they seemed suddenly to expand into leveliness; though

scarcely had they attained their sixteenth year, when the unnatural brilliancy of their cheeks, and the almost supernatural lustre of their eyes, began to betray the internal hectic fire which was secretly wasting the strength of youth.

" Seldom at home, I had little idea of the evil which hung over our home. I had seen my eldest sister in her beauty, and her wane; and then I heard of her death. I was at the university. when the second died. Shortly afterwards I visited my home. I found my third sister in the full bloom of youthful loveliness. I had been dabbling a little in painting, and felt anxious to attempt her portrait, but I had made no great progress when the time for my departure arrived. I was long absent; when I next returned, it was on the occasion of her death. I was now no longer a heedless boy. I saw the melancholy of my father, and ascribed it to the shock of so many successive deaths. He was silent; he left me in my happy ignorance, though even then the deathstillness and loneliness of the house weighed with an undefinable oppression on my heart. My sister Regina seemed to grow up even more lovely than her deceased sisters. I now found the sketch which I had begun so like her, that I resolved to make her sit to me in secret, that I might finish the picture, and surprise my father with it before my departure. It was but half finished, however, when the period of my return to the capital arrived. I thought I would endeavour to finish it from memory, but, strangely enough, I always confused myself with the recollection of my dead sisters, whose features seemed to float before my eyes. In spite of all my efforts, the portrait would not become that of Regina. 1 recollected having heard my father say, that she, of all the rest, bore the greatest resemblance to her mother; so I took out a little picture of her, which she had left to me, and endeavoured with this assistance, and what my fancy could supply, to finish the picture. At last it was finished, and appeared to possess a strange resemblance to all my sisters, without being an exact portrait of any.

"" As I had intended it, however, for the portrait of Regina in particular. I determined to take it with me on my next visit, and endeavour to correct its defects by a comparison with the original. I came, but the summer of her beauty was already past. When I drew out the picture to compare it with her features, I was shocked at the change which had taken place in her, though it had not yet manifested itself in symptoms of disease. As I was packing up my drawing materials again, under some pretext or other, my father unexpectedly entered. He gave a glance at the picture, seemed deeply agitated, and then exclaimed—"Let it alone."

"'That evening, however, as, according to our old custom, we were sitting together in his study, after my sisters had gone to rest, our hearts reciprocally opened to each other.

"I now for the first time obtained a glimpse tota my father's wounded heart. He related to me first dream as you have now heard it; and

his firm conviction that almost all his children, one by one, would be taken from him; a conviction against which he had struggled, till fatal experience had begun too clearly to realize it. I now learned that he had brought up his daughters in this strict and almost monastic seclusion. that no taste for the world or its pleasures might be awakened in the minds of those who were doomed to quit it so soon. They mingled in no gay assemblies, scarcely in a social party; and even I, my friend, have since that time never thought of dancing without a shudder. Conceive what an impression this conversation, and that fearful prophetic dream, made upon my mind! That I and my youngest sister seemed excepted from the doom of the rest, I could not pay much attention to; for was not my mother, at my birth, suffering under that disease which she had bequeathed to her children; and how, then, was it likely that I should be an exception? My imagination was active enough to extend the sentence of death to us all. The interpretation which my father attempted to give to the dream. so as to preserve us to himself, might be but a delusive suggestion of paternal affection; perhaps, self-deluded, he had forgotten, or given another turn to the conclusion of the dream. A deep and wild despair seized upon me, for life to me was all in all! In vain my father endeavoured to compose me; and, finding his efforts unsuccessful, he contented himself with exacting from me the promise that this fatal secret of our house should be communicated to none.

"'It was at this time I became acquainted with you. The conflict which raged within my bosom between reason and superstition, between the struggles of courage and the suggestions of despair, could not be concealed from you, though you could form no idea of its source. I accompanied you to Lubeck. The sight of the Dance of Death produced a remarkable effect upon my mind. I saw a representation of my mother's dream, and in that too, I thought 1 perceived also its origin. A film seemed to fall from my eyes: it was the momentary triumph of sober reason. It struck me at once that the idea of this picture. which my mother had undoubtedly at one time seen, had been floating through her excited imagination, and had given rise to that dark vision. before whose fatal influence my father and I had prostrated ourselves so loud instead of ascribing the successive deaths of our family to their true source, in the infectious nature of that disease which my mother's insane love of dancing had infused into her own veins, and which had been the ominous inheritance of her offspring. The advances I had already made in the study of medicine, confirmed these views. The confined and solitary life my sisters had led, the total want of any precaution in separating those who were still in health from those who had been already attacked by this malady, was in itself sufficient to account for all which had happened. Animated by this idea, I hurried home in spite of all your entreaties. I laboured to make my father participate in my views, to induce him to

separate my other sisters from the already fast declining Regina; but the obstinacy of age, and his deep conviction of the vanity of all such efforts, rendered my efforts and pleadings una-

vailing.

"'It was only after great difficulty that I was prevailed upon to part with my youngest sister, then a mere child, who, from the close connexion in which her life seemed to stand with myself in that singular dream, had become my favourite, and on whom I felt impelled to lavish all that love, which a certain involuntary shuddering sensation that I felt in the presence of my other sisters, as beings on whom Death had already set his seal, prevented me from bestowing fully upon them. It was only on my assuring my father that my peace, nay, my life, depended on his granting me this request, that he consented that she should be brought up in the capital, under my eye. I accompanied her thither myself. I watched over her with an anxiety proportioned to my love. She was not so tall as her sisters had been at the same age. She seemed to unfold herself more slowly, and in all things, as well as her education, she was the reverse of them, Her gaiety, her liveliness, her enjoyment of life, which often inspired me with a deep melancholy, gave additional bloom to her personal appearance; I could trace in her no appearance of weakness of the breast; but she was still a tender, delicate nature, the blossom, as I might say, of a higher clime.

"'It was long before I returned to my father's house; but his sickness, which rendered a dangerous operation necessary, brought him to the capital with my two remaining sisters. What I had foreseen was now fulfilled. Jacoba had become Regina, Lucia Jacoba. I knew it would be so, and yet it struck me with horror; the more so when I observed, as I already hinted, that during the bloom of their ephemeral existence, all my sisters successively acquired a strong resemblance to their mother, and consequently to the portrait; though not so close as may have appeared to your excited imagination, who saw them but for a moment and after a long interval. I cannot tell how the daily sight of these devoted maidens, who inspired at once pity and terror, wrought upon my heart. It brought back my old despair, my old fears, which at such moments reasoning could not subdue, that I and all of us, my darling with the rest, would become the victims of this hereditary plague. My situation was the more trying, that I was obliged to invent a thousand stratagems and little falsehoods to keep the sisters, then living in the same city, apart. I could not altogether succeed, and the misery I felt at such moments how shall I describe! Your coming, your mistake, filled up the measure of my despair. When you wrote, I found it for a long time impossible to answer your affectionate letter.

"It was only long after the return of my family to their home that I regained my compo-The theory of medicine had long been hateful to me; though in the course of my researches into that fatal disorder, to which our family seemed destined, I had more than once met with instances in which the disease, after a certain period seemed to concentrate itself on its victim, so as not to be transmitted to her subsequent offspring. My father too, who, during his residence in the capital, had perceived my distracted state of mind, took the opportunity of giving me, as he thought, a word of comfort, though it only wrung from me a bitter smile. He told me of a dream which he had had after my mother's death, and which he had hitherto concealed, because its import seemed to be of a threatening nature for me; although at the same time it seemed to give him the assurance, that at least I should not perish by the same fate which had overwhelmed my sisters. He thought he saw me, whether young or old he could not say, for my face was covered, lying asleep or dead in some foreign country. My baggage was heaped about me, and on fire; but the thick smoke which arose from the pile prevented him from perceiv-

ing whether I was burnt or not.

"Though at first much shocked at this dream, yet, viewed in the light already mentioned, it had on the whole a consoling tendency; and for this reason he had communicated it to me, though still with some shrinking sensations at its recollection. It was now my turn to afford him consolation, by pointing out to him that this dream, vague and indistinct in its meaning, like most others, had probably been already fulfilled, since my effects had in fact been all burnt about me during the bombardment of Copenhagen, and I myself, in a diseased and scarcely conscious state of mind, only extricated from danger by the exertions of my friends. He seemed struck with this observation, and was silent; but I saw that his confidence in the certainty of dreams was in no shape abated. But my chief source of consolation lay in the slow and natural growth of my Amanda, who did not, like her sisters, resemble a mere hot-house plant, but a sweet natural flower, though her light and ethereal being would render her equally unable to encounter the rude breath of earthly sorrow, or the influence of a rugged clime; -and you, whether accidentally or not-(and this gives me, I confess, new hope and courage)—you have a second time been the preserver of her life, by sheltering her from the blight of a stormy and freezing autumnal night, which would have been enough to blast at once this delicate production of a more genial clime. You, like a protecting angel, conducted her to her paternal home; that home where the angel of death has now, I trust, marked the threshold with blood for the last time, since the scythe that swept away my venerable father, with the same stroke mowed down the last declining life of his daughters.

"'In truth, I begin to cherish the best hopes of the future. In her mild eye that beams with no unearthly light, her cheek that glows with no concealed fever, there are no traces of the consuming worm within; only, as I have already said, the delicacy of her frame requires the ten-

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derest care. A rude wind might blast this fragile flower; and therefore I give her to you, as the oldest, the most tried and trusted of my friends, with my whole heart; but upon this condition, that you never yield to her often repeated wish to learn to dance; for that too violent and exciting exercise, which proved fatal to her mother, which devoted her sisters, even while yet unborn, to death, and which is my terror and aversion; her tender frame and easily agitated disposition. I am sure, are unable to bear. Will yet aromise me this?"

"The picture—her picture, had, during his relation, lain before me on the table: its heavenly smile, and, still more, the tranquil and clear narrative of my friend, had banished from my bosom the last remains of uncomfortable feeling, and awakened with a still livelier emotion sympathy with this being so lovely, so worthy to be loved. What could be more fascinating than thus to become the protecting angel of such a creature! The very conviction that I had already involuntarily been so, gave a higher impulse to my love and my confidence. I promised him every thing.

"Let me be brief—brief as the solitary year of my happiness! Business still detained my friend at home, and regard for appearances would not allow me to reconduct to the capital my Amanda, to whom I had not declared my sentiments, and to whom, indeed, it would have been indecent to have done so, while her dearest relations were hardly consigned to the tomb. One plan, however, suggested itself, which appeared the more advisable from the advantages which the pure air and tranquil amusements of a country life seemed to promise to her, who was the object of our solicitude.

"The Count, with whom her mother had danced that fatal Dance of Death, now an old man, had long been in possession of the situation formerly held by his father, and was at this time an inhabitant of an estate upon the island. Always attached to the family of the pastor, he offered Amanda a residence in his family, and, on the pretext that her health might suffer from a longer residence in this house of death, we had her immediately removed from its gloomy images to the more cheerful mansion of the Count.

"Being myself acquainted with her intended protector, I accompanied her thither, and while I strove by every endeavour, to gain her affection, some expressions which escaped her, made me aware that I was already possessed of it. The close of the year of mourning was fixed for our marriage. I had already cast my eye upon an estate in the neighbourhood, which I had resolved to purchase, instead of that which had fallen to me. Partly with the view of restoring the activity of my friend, partly to escape the pain of being separated from my love, and partly because such matters are generally most advantageously managed by the intervention of a third party, I begged him immediately to set about the negotiation for the purchase. He undertook the commission readily, but his own affairs soon

afterwards summoned him to the capital, and he set out.

"The bargain was found to be attended with difficulty. The matter was studiously protracted, in hopes of obtaining a higher price, and at last, as the close of the year approached, I resolved not to wait for the purchase, but to celebrate our nuptials at once. Amanda had all along enjoyed the best health. My friend engaged for us a simple but comfortable residence in the city, but the Count would not hear of the marriage being performed any where except in his own house. The day was at last fixed; we only waited for Emanuel, who, for some time past, had from time to time put off his arrival. At last he wrote that he would certainly appear on the day of the marriage.

"The day arrived and yet he came not. The Count's chamberlain entered, and delivered to me a letter, which had been put into his hands the day before, under a cover, in which he was requested to deliver it to me shortly before the ceremony took place.

"It was from Emanuel, and ran as follows:—
'Do not be anxious should I not appear at the marriage, and on no account put off the ceremony. The cause of my detention is for the good of all of us. You yourself will thank me for it.'

"This new enigma disconcerted me; but a bridegroom must endeavour to conceal his uneasiness, and a singular chance made me at last regard the unexpected absence of Emanuel, which, in fact, I attributed to caprice, as not altogether to be regretted. The Count had, notwithstanding my entreaties, made preparations for a ball, at which, after the ceremony had been quietly performed in the chapel, our union was to be publicly announced to the company. I knew how much the mind of my friend, so prone to repose faith in omens of every kind, would be agitated by the very idea of dancing.

"I succeeded in calming Amanda's mind as to the prolonged absence of her brother; but I felt that I began to regard with a feeling of oppression the idea of his arrival, which might momentarily take place.

"The guests assembled. The young people were eagerly listening to the music, which began to echo from the great had." I was intent only on my own happiness; when, to my dismay, the old Count, stepping up, introduced his son to my Amanda, with a request that she would open the ball, while the young Countess, his daughter, offered her hand to me. I scarcely noticed her, in the confusion with which I rad up to the Count, to inform him that Amanda never danced, and had never learnt to do so. Father and son were equally astonished; the possibility of such an event had never occurred to them.

"'But,' exclaimed the son, can such a pattern of grace and dignity require to learn what nature herself must have taught her?"

"Amanda, who perhaps attributed my confusion to a feeling of shame at her ignorance, looked at me entreatingly, and whispered to me, 'I have never tried; but my eye has taught me something.'

"What could I say? and, in truth, I confess I could not see why, merely for fear of my absent friend, I should make myself ridiculous; nay, I could not but feel a sensation of pride in the triumph which I anticipated for my bride. The Countess and I were the second couple; some of the more honoured guests made up the third and fourth, and the dance began.

"After a few turns, however, the music, at the suggestion of the young Count, changed to a lively waltz; and the dancers began to revolve in giddier circles. I felt as if lightning-struck; my feet seemed glued to the ground; the young Countess vainly endeavoured to draw me along with her; my eyes alone retained life and motion, and followed the footsteps of Amanda, who, light as a sylph, but blooming beyond aught that I had ever seen, was flitting round in the arms of the Count.

"At once the door opened, and I saw Emanuel enter in full dress, but he was arrested on the threshold; his eyes were rooted on Amanda. Suddenly he smote his hands together above his head, and sank at the same moment to the ound with a cry that rang through the hall.

"This accident seemed to disenchant me. My feet were loosened. I and others flew towards him like lightning, raised him, and carried him through the hall, into an adjoining room, which served as a passage to the hall. All this was the work of a moment. Amanda, however, had observed the confusion, had heard the name of her brother; that loud and piercing cry had echoed through her heart. As if transported out of herself, she tore herself out of the supporting arms of the Count, flew across the court into the chamber beyond, and sunk, weeping, imploring, in the most lively agitation, at the feet of her brother.

"The strange appearance of Emanuel, his cry, his fainting, had created a confusion which, for a moment, I confess withdrew my attention from her. It was when her brother began to recover his senses, that I first observed her deadly paleness. Methought I saw again the diagram Lucia in my gaily dressed bride, whose white robes and myrtle wreath reminded me of the ghastly bridegroom of her sisters, who thus seemed to step in between me and my happiness. She hung, cold, inanimate, tottering, upon my arm.

"She was immediately carried to bed. She never rose from it again. Her sickness took even a more sudden and terrible character than usual, which, indeed, under the circumstances, might have been expected. Never, I may say, had my poor Amanda been in so great a state of excitement as during this, her first and last dance. The sudden shock she received, the coldness of the great room, and the still more open court, sweet by a rude autumnal wind, at a moment when the general confusion prevented any measures of precaution from being taken, had wrought terrible ravages in her tender fame,

and would have been enough, even without a hereditary predisposition to the malady, to have produced the same fatal consequences. The disease seized on her with that fatal and rapid grasp from which it derives its name; in a fortnight she was numbered with the dead.

The decline seemed for a moment to restore the physical strength of her unhappy brother. He burst out into the loudest reproaches against me, and every one who sought to withdraw him from the bedside of the invalid. It was wonderful how his weak frame bore up against it, but he scarcely ever left her side. She died in his arms; he covered the dead body with kisses; force alone could detach him from it.

"But almost instantly after, a strange dull inaction seemed to come over his mind. He reproached me no longer, as I had expected, but asked to know how all had happened, and in turn told me, with a bitter and heart-piercing smile, that he had been prevented from coming by a serious indisposition. 'I had caught, as the physicians thought, a cough arising from cold, but with the natural nervousness of my disposition, I thought I discerned in it the seeds of the long-dreaded malady, and as the physician assured me that a few days would remove it, I resolved to stay away from the marriage, in order to give his prescriptions (which were chiefly rest and quietness) every fair chance; and if the truth were as I suspected, not to disturb your happiness by any uneasiness on my account. But the day before the marriage I was seized with an inexpressible feeling of anxiety. I recollected that your marriage would be celebrated in the same mansion, perhaps in the same chamber, where my mother, with her yet unborn offspring had been devoted to death. I could not rest; some unknown power seemed to impel me forward, as if to prevent some great, some inexplicable evil. I was instantly on my way; at the last station on the road, while waiting for my horses, I dressed, that I might lose no time. I came-not to prevent-but every thing was now too clearly explained. I had come to fulfil my destiny.

"My friend remained completely resigned to his fate. The death of his sister had convinced him of the certainty of his own. With her life, his own relish for life had utterly departed. Already it seemed to lie behind him like a shadow; he felt an impatient, irrepressible longing to be with those who had gone before.

"The physicians at first maintained that his malady—for he already felt its influence on his frame—was but imaginary. And as he submitted quietly to every thing, it cost me but little trouble to induce him to travel with me. I will not trouble you with my own feelings or sufferings: I urged him to go to the south of France, the climate of which was so generally reckoned beneficial. He smiled, but as if the dying flame of love of life had for a moment rekindled in his bosom, he expressed a wish rather to go to Italy. 'There,' he said, 'he might have an opportunity of seeing and studying the works of the great

masters of art.' We reached Italy, but here his illness soon took a decided turn; he died, after a decline of eleven months, in a residence in the Piazza Barberini: and, as if the prophetic dream of his father was to be fulfilled to the letter, his whole effects, according to the invariable custom in Rome, (for in Italy consumption is regarded as peculiarly infectious,) were, on the same day on which he died and was buried, committed to the flames, with the furniture of his apartment, and even his carpet; every thing, in short, except his papers. Nav. a friend who at that time resided with us in Rome, and subsequently returned, told me that two years afterwards the apartments inhabited by Emanuel still remained unoccupied as he left them.

"I cared little, as you may imagine, during these shifting scenes, about financial concerns, and when I revisited this country, it was to find that I had returned to it only not absolutely a beggar, and destined, I fear, to make all my friends melancholy around me.

"Thus has a numerous family been effaced from the earth, though not from my heart, leaving behind them nothing but this portrait, which seems daily to hold forth the lesson, how vain is beauty, how fleeting is life!"

L—ceased, and the silence continued, while the portrait circulated once more among the now deeply affected and sympathizing assembly. The evening which had begun with loud revelry, had gradually glided into the deep stillness of night. The friends rose, and even the younger of them, who had proposed the health of their mistresses with such proud confidence and frolic vanity, separated in silence, after pressing the hand of the narrator, as if in token that he had become to all of them an object of esteem, of sympathy, and affection.

#### FOOTMARKS.

VOLTAIRE, in Zadig, has attributed to his hero a sagacity in tracing footsteps, which, no doubt, has often been considered an idle invention. Such a power, however, appears to be possessed by the Arabs to a degree which deprives even Zadig of the marvellous. "The Arab," says Burckhardt, "Who has applied himself diligently to the study of footsteps, can generally ascertain, from inspecting the impression, to what individual of his own, or of some neighbouring tribe, the footstep belongs, and therefore is able to judge whether it was a stranger who passed or a friend. He likewise knows, from the slightness or depth of the impression, whether the man who made it carried a load or not. From a certain regularity of intervals between the steps, a Bedouin can judge whether that man, whose feet left the impression was fatigued or not, as the pace becomes more irregular and the intervals unequal; hence he can calculate the chance of overtaking the man. Besides all this, every Arab knows the printed footsteps of his own

camels, and of those belonging to his immediate neighbours. He knows by the depth or slightness of the impression whether a camel was pasturing, and therefore not carrying any load, or mounted by one person only, or heavily loaded. If the marks of the two fore feet appear to be deeper in the sand, he concludes that the camel had a weak breast, and this serves him as a clue to ascertain the owner. In fact, a Bedouin, from the impression of a camel's or of his driver's footsteps, draws so many conclusions, that he always learns something concerning the beast or its owner; and in some cases this mode of acquiring knowledge appears almost supernatural. The Bedouin sagacity in this respect is wonderful, and becomes particularly useful in the pursuit of fugitives, or in scarching after cattle. I have seen a man discover and trace the footsteps of his camel in a sandy valley. where a thousand of other footsteps crossed the road in every direction; and this person could tell the name of every one who had passed there in the course of that morning. I myself found it often useful to know the impressions made by the feet of my own companions and camels; as from circumstances which inevitably occur in the desert, travellers sometimes are separated from their friends. In passing through dangerous districts, the Bedouin guides will seldom permit a townsman or stranger to walk by the side of his camel. If he wears shoes, every Bedouin who passes will know by the impression that some townsman has travelled that way; and, if he walk barefooted, the mark of his step, less full than that of a Bedouin, immediately betrays the foot of a townsman, little accustomed to walk. It is therefore to be apprehended that the Bedouins, who regard every townsman as a rich man, might suppose him loaded with valuable property, and accordingly set out in pursuit of him. A keen Bedouin guide is constantly and exclusively occupied during his march in examining footsteps, and frequently alights from his camel to acquire certainty respecting their nature. I have known instances of camels being traced by their masters during a distance of six days' journey, to the dwelling of the man who had stolen them. Many secret transactions are brought to light by this knowledge of the athr. or footsteps; and a Bedouin can scarcely hope to escape detection in any clandestine proceeding, as his passage is recorded upon the road in characters that every one of his Arabian neighbours can read."-Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys, by Burckhardt.

Genius is invoked in vain; it obeys no summons, heeds no invitation, lies not in the path of the persevering, follows not the traces of the industrious: disdaining the hand of culture, it throws forth its blossoms in all the sportive luxuriance of nature. Upon genius, every other mental plant may be engrafted; but it must itself be of spontaneous growth—an ever welcome, but always an unbidden guested by

## THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK.

#### A SCENE.

#### BY MRS. MEMANS.

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.

GRETRUDE OF WYOMING.

SCENE-A Room in an Italian Cottage. The Lattice opening upon a Landscape at sunset.

## FRANCESCO—TERESA.

TERESA

The fever's hue hath left thy cheek, beloved!
Thine eyes, that make the day-spring in my heart,
Are clear and still once more. Wilt thou look forth?
Now, while the sunset with low-streaming light—
The light thou lov'st—hath made the chesnut-stems
All burning bronze, the lake one sea of gold!
Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch, to meet
The rich air fill'd with wandering scents and sounds?
Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once more
On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest
With vesper hymns?

#### FRANCESCO.

No, gentlest love! not now:
My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,
Not on the sun, but thee! Doth the light sleep
So gently on the lake? and are the stems
Of our own chesnuts by that alchymy
So richly changed?—and is the orange scent
Floating around?—But I have said farewell,
Farewell to earth, Teresa! not to thee,
Nor yet to our deep love, nor yet awhile
Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows
Back on my soul in mastery!—one last work!
And I will shrine my wealth of glowing thoughts,
Clinging affection and undying hope,
All that is in me for eternity,
All, all, in that memorial.

### TERESA.

Oh! what dream

Is this, mine own Francesco? Waste thou not
Thy scarce returning strength; keep thy rich thoughts
For happier days! they will not melt away
Like passing music from the lute;—dear friend!
Dearest of friends! thou canst win back at will
The glorious visions.

### FRANCESCO.

Yes! the unseen land
'Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice
To call me hence. Oh! be thou not deceived!
Bind to thy heart no eartally hope, Teresa!
I must, must leave thee! Yet be strong, my love,
As thou hast still been gentle!

#### TERESA.

Oh, Francesco!
What will this dim world be to me, Francesco,
When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all—
My only sunshine!—How can I bear on?
How can we part? We, that have leved so well,
With clasping spirits link'd so long by grief—
By tears—by prayer?

#### PRANCESCO.

Ev'n therefore we can part, With an immortal trust, that such high love Is not of things to perish.

\* Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Blake; as beautifully related by Allan Cunningham.

Let me leave
One record still, to prove it strong as death,
Ev'n in Death's hour of triumph. Once again,
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy breast,
And eyes half-veil'd, in thine own soul absorb'd,

As in thy watchings, ere I sink to sleep; And I will give the bending flower-like grace Of that soft form, and the still sweetness throned On that pale brow, and in that quivering smile Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast Their delicate earthly being. There-thy head Bow'd down with beauty, and with tenderness, And lowly thought-even thus-my own Teresa! Oh! the quick glancing radiance, and bright bloom That once around thee hung, have melted now Into more solemn light-but holier far, And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes, Than all that summer flush! For by my couch, In patient and serene devotedness, Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny smiles, Thine offering unto me. Oh! I may give Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna brow, And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye, Unto the canvas--I may catch the flow Of all those drooping locks, and glorify With a soft halo what is imaged thus-But how much rests unbreathed! My faithful one! What thou hast been to me! This bitter world, This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice To greet the heavenly spirit-that drives back All Birds of Eden, which would sojourn here A little while-how have I turn'd away From its keen soulless air, and in thy heart, Found ever the sweet fountain of response, To quench my thirst for home !

The dear work grows
Beneath my hand—the last! Each faintest line
With treasured memories fraught. Oh! weep thou not
Too long, too bitterly, when I depart!
Surely a bright home waits us both—for I,
In all my dreams, have turn'd me not from God;
And Thou—oh! best and purest! stand thou there—
There, in thy hallow'd beauty, shadowing forth
The loveliness of love!

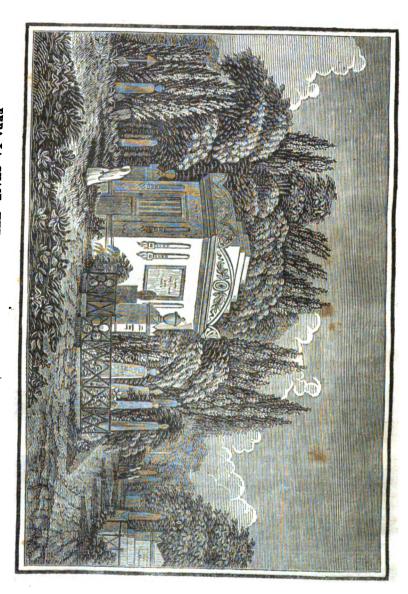
### FIRST LOVE.

Love!—I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beautous dove;
Where time seems young, and tife a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above—the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
Around—the streams their flowery margin kiss;
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this!

Yes, this is Love—the steadfast and the true—
The immortal glory which hath never set—
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew—
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!
Oh! who but can recal the eve they met
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,
While summer flows with moonlight dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow—
And all was repture then—which is but memory now:

Honour may wreathe the victor's brow with bays,
And Glory pour her treasurea at his feet—
The Statesman win his country's honest praise—
Fortune and Commerce in our cities meet:
But when—ah! when were earth's possessions sweet—
Unblest with one fond friend those gifts to share?
The lowliest peasant, in his calm retreat,
Finds more of happiness, and less of care,
Than hearts unwarmed by Love 'mid palace halls must
bear!

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FERA LA CHASE, THE CELEBRATED FRENCH BURYING GROUND.

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# PERE LA CHAISE.

Towards the extremity of that side which is opposite to Vincennes there is a grove, the plantation of which beautifully shades the monuments. All is romantic about this grove: the very tombstones, seen from the plain, appear like so many spirits or supernatural beings, warning the present generation to prepare soon to take their places among the dead. Every thing in this sacred spot furnishes useful and awful lessons. When we look to the distant prospect, and see the labourer sowing his seed, which will soon, in course, spring up, we have an emblem of the fate that awaits us after we have been consigned to the tomb. On the appearance of spring, when we see the surrounding fields covered with a fine verdure, how strikingly it conveys to us the idea, that the Almighty has power to give life to the cold clay that surrounds us! On the evening of a fine day, when the setting sun is quitting this hemisphere, leaving in its track a long ray of light, the reflections of which are for some time afterwards enjoyed upon earth, we are reminded of the last moments of the good man, resplendent in the lustre of the most exalted virtues, launching into his eternal abode, happy in the remembrance of every good action, and brilliant in his example to succeeding generations. After a stormy and dreary day, during which the sun has been con-stantly obscured backlouds, and is concealed before evening, by those black masses which at length usher in the darkest night, succeeding to a gloomy and uncertain day, what a lively image does this pourtray of the fate that awaits the wicked!

Occupied with these thoughts, we naturally begin to reflect when we also shall cease to live. A cloud appears, a gust of wind violently drives it along, and its passing shadow warns us of the rapid course of our lives. Can we still doubt the proximity of our last hour? Do we still hope, that lengthened old age, will infallibly crown a long life? Let us approach the tombstones, and there read a lesson from the epitaphs. Shall the fate of man be different from what the fate of man has been? What is the inscription we see engraved on that stone which stands on the rising ground to the right of the entrance of the grove? Does it record the death of some venerable man who has long been warned of its approach by his whitened locks and decaying frame? Ah, no! here rest the remains of a young mother who was torn from her family in the early spring of life, and at a time when the age of her only child most required the mother's care, when she herself constituted the sole impriness of her husband. Her last sighs were-

"Oh, my God! If it is thy pleasure that I should die, have pity on my husband and child."

"Jeanne Catherine Thiebault, beloved wife of Jean Julien Wie, died at the age of 23 years, on the 25th of April, 1830, in pronouncing the above words, which are engraven on the hearts of her inconsolable husband and relatives."

Unthinking mortals! death treads close upon our paths, and we know not the instant that he may arrest our course: yet we live tranquilly.

A short distance from this is the tomb of a young warrior, mowed down by the iron hand of war, in a far distant country. His mother, in losing him, saw her only hope and consolation in this life extinguished. Overwhelmed with grief, and not being able to pay the last duties to his obsequies, she erected here a funeral cenotaph, that there might be some spot on earth where she could publicly and solemnly pay respect to his memory, and alleviate in some measure the heavy affliction which had fallen upon her. principal part of the stone a bust of the young warrior is placed, encircled with a crown well furnished with oak and laurel. Underneath is this dedication, a little too ostentatious, perhaps; but it is difficult to suit every class of warriors, if bravery alone constitute the hero-

" Sta viator, beroem vides."

A carbine and sword reversed accompany this epitaph:—

"The homage of the most tender mother to the memory of the best and most unfortunate of sons. Antonie C. M. Guillaume de Grange, an only son, aged 25 years, subaltern in the 16th regiment of dragoons, died hereically on the field of battle, on the 4th of February, 1807, in the deserts of Poland."

Below this is a figure of a female shedding tears over an urn which she is holding; this is Madame le Grange. Underneath is this inscription:—

"Oh, my dearly beloved son! death alone can put an end to my grief."

A small cresset, in which spices are burned, fills up the rest of the space on this side of the stone. On the opposite side is the following elegy:—

" MONUMENT RECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE REST OF SONS AND KINDEST OF FRIENDS.

" Antoine C. M. de la Grange, an only son, subaltern in the 16th regiment of dragoons, died heroically on the field of battle, at the age of 25 years, a victim to his courage and bravery, regretted by his commanders, his friends, his comrades, and generally by all who knew him. He was the offspring of the most ancient nobles of Limoges. His ancestors have served with distinction, and have filled honourable stations. After having signalized himself by his bravery at Austerlitz, Jena, Erfurth, Spandau, &c. he met his death in the frightful deserts of Poland, in the battle of the 4th Feb. 1807. It was in a dangerous pass, at the entrance of a village. A call was made for him who dared to attempt to pass first. He immediately replied, 'I am the man,' and advanced. At that moment a ball pierced his heart. His last words on the field of battle were, 'My mother! my poor mother!' Oh, my dearly and well-beloved son, my best friend, my only good in this world! 'twas thy valour, thy devotedness to thy country which deprived me of again seeing thee, and which was the only blessing I prayed for." Oh! thou so good, so kind, so sensible, never can I weep enough, nor equal my grief to thy deserts. Thou who posseed all the qualities of the mind and heart, receive the homage of thy anfortunate and inconsolable mother, whose grief can only cease with life. Beings kind and good, pity my fate. He well deserved to live to be re-united to his

tender mother. He prayed only, as a recompense for all his hardships and dangers, to see her once more, to press her again to his heart, before either should quit this life."

Adjoining to the tomb of two princesses, and surrounded by persons of high rank, lies a shoemaker, with his wife by his side. Seeing that equality reigns among the dead, we are not surprised at this contiguity. But, if there is a place where humility ought to be practised with rigour, and above all, by one whose occupation was not the most dignified, surely it is where dust comes to dust. Agreeably to the usual custom, M. Sebastien Schacherer caused an epitaph to be engraved upon the tombstone of his wife, and, according to the common practise also, she is there eulogised. Nobody has a right to complain of this. But the smile forces itself upon us on reading how pompously he has detailed his title as shoemaker by brevet to her Royal Highness, Mademoiselle D'Orleans, conceiving, no doubt, that he should command the respect of posterity by so doing :-

Here reposes Marie Anne Lauvaureux, wife of Sebastien Schacherer, shoemaker by brevet to her Royal Highness Mademoiselle D'Orleans; died 21st Feb. 1818, aged 39 years. She was a duiful daughter, a tender mother, a sincere friend, and a model of virtue and piety. Her loss is deeply felt by her husband, her children, and her friends, whose happiness she alone constituted. Revered wife, object of my most tender affection, accept upon this tomb, now bedewed

with our tears, the afflicting adieus of your incompolable husband and children, until death shall re-unite us in the presence of our Creator."

But the most singular part of this story is, that this good husband was so sure of being shortly seized by the grim tyrant, after he had lost his better half, that he looked upon himself as dead; and, therefore, he deemed it prudent to compose his own epitaph, and have it engraved upon the stone, so that for some time before his death, we read the following inscription, in which he had not omitted any of the good qualities or estimable virtues of which he thought himself the legitimate possessor:—

"To the memory of Sebastien Schacherer, shoemaker by brevet to her Royal Highness Mademoiselle D'Orleans. An obedient and affectionate son, a good husband, a kind father, a sincere and constant friend, he devoted his life to the good of his family and friends, by whom he is sincerely regretted. By his talents and his social virtues be gained the esteem of many persons of high distinction. Every day of his life was marked by some good action. He erected this humble monument to the memory of his lamented and respected wife, in the hope of being united to her in eternity."

The hopes of this good husband were not disappointed, as he did not long survive his wife, leaving his children and relatives to add, that he was consigned to the grave on the 18th of February, 1820.

#### THEY BADE ME WOO HER-

" What are a thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?"
BYRON.

They tade me woo her—to broad lands
They say that she is heir;
And many a gem of priceless worth
Gleams in her raven hair.
They thought I loved her—as I looked
Upon her radiant face—
But surely, in that saddened glance,
No passion they could trace.

Wet to me she is beautiful:
Each smile—each thrilling tone—
Brings back a smile of other days—
A voice like music's own.
I gaze upon her eyes, till mine
Are filled with memory's team,
She is so like the gentle girl
I loved in earlier years.

She stood within a lordly hall,
And to the proud ones near:
She sung the lay, I once so loved
From other lips to hear.
It seemed, as meant, to mock my hear;
I could not bear to stay,
And listen to that hallowed strain,
Breathed in a scene so gay.

And there were dark and star-like eyes.
And forms of beauty rare—
But my lone spirit sadly turn'd
From mirth I could not share.

To dwell beside a lowly grave,
Ah! far more dear I prize
Tha memory of my buried one
Than any troing love.

### THE HUMMING BIRD.

THE humming-bird!—the humming-bird!
So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the east,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand, thousand humming-birds
Are glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about, Scarce larger than a bee, Among the dusk palmetto leaves, And through the fan-palm tree.

And in the wild and verdant woods, Where stately moras tower— Where hangs from branching tree to tree The scarlet passion-flower—

Where on the mighty river-banks,

La Plate or Amazon,
The cayman, like a forest-tree,

Lies basking in the sun-

There builds her nest the humming-bird Within the ancient wood, Her nest of silky cotton down, And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free,
As the campanero trolls his song,
And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shipping breast,
Like to the red, red rose;
Her wing is the changeful green and blue
That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy humming-bird, Ne winter round thee lowers— Thou never saw'st a leafless tree, Nor land without sweet flowers!

## BERTHA;

### OR THE COURT OF CHARLEMAGNE.

THE palace of Aix-la-Chapelle was in sight. Its stupendous buildings, broken here and there to the eye by intervening groves and eminences, filled so considerable a space on the horizon as to give the idea of a city of domes and towers, the loftiest of which was surmounted by an immense apple of pure gold, as if the gorgeous pile had been meant to be enlightened by a sun of its own. A confused murmur of exclamations arose from the procession when the end of this long journey at length appeared to draw so near; and the eyes of all were eagerly bent upon what might as yet have seemed but a palace of cloudland. The eunuch, unwilling to compromise the dignity of his mistress by a show of vulgar wonder, commanded a halt, when they had reached the brow of a beautiful hill, from which a view of the whole surrounding country could be obtained; and after allowing his followers sufficient time to gaze, proceeded to arrange the ranks, and to remove, as far as possible, the appearance of carelessness and disorder, which is usually produced by a long journey. He then instructed them to move calmly and loftily on, mindful at once of the dignity of her from whom they came, and of the respect with which it was necessary to enter the presence of one of the mightiest potentates of the earth.

When the order was about to be given for a renewal of the march, a line of black figures on horseback was observed approaching from the quarter of the palace at full speed. The embassy continued their halt, and watched with admiration the seemingly interminable succession of the file; for when the commanding officer had already reached the foot of the hill, his followers extended in an uninterrupted line to the very \* gates of the buildings. The black appearance of this formidable body was caused by the armour with which every individual was clothed from head to foot, and which had all the effect of the uniform of later times;\* they looked, indeed, as they sat grimly on their saddles, like statues of solid iron; and even the horses were defended by plates of the same metal, over which robes of rich cloth hung almost to the ground. Their offensive arms consisted, besides a sword, of a thick lance, which was not thrown like the darts, or angons of their fathers, but retained in the grasp after striking: and, wielded by these iron hands, it seemed a more formidable weapon even than the battle-axe which it had displaced. When the challenge was given to the strangers in the customary formed the time, and the eunuch had replied, as was expected, that his errand was to carry a salutation from the mighty

Princess Irene, Empress of the East, to the renowned King of the French, the visitors were invited to approach the palace of the great Charles, and the black horsemen marshaled

the way as a guard of bonour.

"I pray thee, sir," said a private cavalier, attached to the Greek embassy, riding up to the commanding officer of the escort, when the march was begun, "tell me, I pray thee, whether the Princess Bertha, whom thou knowest we are come to demand in marriage, be as beautiful as she is described by report." The soldier stared haughtily at the querist for a moment, and then replying coldly, " thou wilt see anon," spurred his steed, and rode forward. The Greek, with an angry, or perhaps contemptuous captiole, leaped to one side, and, riding up an eminence, appeared to contemplate for some time the procession, so rich in variety of manner and costume, and partaking, in such brilliant contrast, of the pageantry of war and peace. Then, perceiving the road bend round the corner of a forest, to avoid the unequal ground within, and seeming to have been rendered reckless by the relaxation of discipline permitted on a long journey, or else protected by his insignificance from the interference of the chiefs of the cavalcade, he forsook entirely the line of march, and dived into the thicket. The shade of the trees and the trickling of water rendered the air pleasant after a hasty march, although it was now near the beginning of winter; and the stranger, whose blood was quickened not only by the warm pulses of youth, but by the curiosity natural in a traveller arriving in a new and interesting quarter, gave his horse the rein, and galloped on at the will of the proud animal, so far as this was unchecked by the intervention of barriers too high to be overleaped. He had not proceeded far when he heard the voice of some one singing cheerily in the wood, and he pulled in his bridle to listen. The song seemed to be one of the war hymns of the Celts, popularly known in France, since their collection, a few years before, by the king, and the manly and well tuned voice in which it was pitched, accorded well with the appearance of the singer, who soon after emerged from a jungle and crossed the path of the Greek stran-

He was a remarkably tall man, in the prime of life, and portly and well-formed in his figure; although, critically examined, his neck would have appeared too short and thick, and his waist

<sup>!</sup> This prince did not receive the title of Magnus, or Charlemagne, till after his death.

he title " princess," is not given to her in her capacity of King's daughter. The King and his high nobles were indiscriminately styled Princes; and women of lofty rank, whether royal or not, were princesses. The terms, nevertheless, for the sake of distinction, are used in this work more frequently than otherwise in their modern sense.

<sup>\*</sup> Soldiers did not begin to wear uniform generally till under Louis XIV. in 1672.

<sup>†</sup> The French abandoned, in a great measure, the use of bows and arrows, when they established themselves in Gaul.

a little more prominent than is necessary to the line of beauty. His dress, which did not bespeak him to be raised many steps above the common rank of the people, consisted of the ordinary frock or tunic, descending to the knees, made of blue cloth and ornamented with a silk border; above this, on account of the season, was a tight vest of otter skin, with the fur on; and over all a plain cloak, not of the sweeping length worn by the nobility, but short and homely. His legs were covered with a sort of long hose, or pantaloon, fastened crosswise with parti-coloured garters. His pace was grave and firm, with nothing either of meanness or pretence; and when he turned his head at the noise made by the horseman, there seemed to be so much good-nature, approaching to joviality, in his countenance, that the stranger, checking his steed, and resting his lance upon the ground, hailed him in the manner of one who would willingly expend a little while in conversation.

"I pray thee, fair sir," said he, " if thou be not hindered for time, tell me whether the Lady Bertha be as beautiful as report speaks her."

"What is that to thee?" counter-questioned the forester, sturdily, turning a pair of large bright eyes and a long aquiline nose towards the querist.

"I belong to the embassy of the Empress Irene,\* explained the stranger, "who seeks the French princess in marriage for her son Constantine; and I would fain know whether this Bertha of thine is likely to prove a jewel worthy of being set in the crown of the East."

The cavalier of the short cloak turned a look, half of surprise, half of ridicule, upon the Greek. He appeared to be about to make some severe reply; but, checking the sarcasm which rose to his lips, he turned away with a slight, but courteous obeisance.

"Patience, patience," said he, "thou wilt see anon," and he walked leisurely away, without turning his head. The young cavalier, with flashing eyes and rising colour, debated for a moment whether he should not follow him; but looking for a longer space of time, not unadmiringly, at the lofty figure and slow and stately step of the stranger, he pursued his journey.

He had not ridden far before he fell in with a second pedestrian, a young man about his own age. His dress and accoutrements, which proclaimed him to be a sportsman, consisted of a doublet trimmed with grey fur, a short green coat fastened with a leathern girdle, tight buskins, couteau de chasse, bow and arrows, and ivory horn, suspended from his neck by a chain of polished steel. He was tall and well-formed, and showed the bearing of a cavalier of birth and distinction.

"Ho! fair sir," cried the Greek stranger, "tell me, I pray thee, if thou be not hindered for time, whether the Lady Bertha be as fair as men say she is."

\* Who neurped the throne after the death of her husband Leo. "Saint Maurice!" exclaimed the sportsman, jumping suddenly round, "what is that to thee?" and, with a look of menace, mingled with curiosity, he strode up to the inquirer.

"Nay, said the latter, "I did but ask the question as one attached to the mission of the Empress Irene, who sends to demand the Princess for her son Constantine; and I am right curious to know whether this Bertha of France is likely to prove a jewel worthy to be set in the crown of the East."

"Know then, stranger," said the sportsman, with imperious heat, "that the Princess Bertha set in the crown of the East, would show like a rich diamond mounted in worthless lead!"

"It may be so," replied the Greek, good humouredly: the comparison is difficult, I own, between lifeless metals and lovely ladies."

"And know farther," continued the other, that the she-wolf of Greece must match her cubs lower than in the house of lordly France!"

"Say'st thou?" cried the stranger: "on that quarrel I am for thee. The house of France is only too much honoured by the condescension of the Empress. Sir Frenchman, thou liest!" and leaping from his horse, he threw away his lance, and drew his sword. The sportsman, on his part, was not less nimble in disencumbering himself of his bow and arrows; and having substituted a more warlike blade for the couteau de chasse, the two cavaliers went to it with equal dexterity and good will. Their swords, however, had not clanked many times together, when both the weapons were beaten down at one stroke by a third party.

"What! tilting within the purlieus of the palace?" said the gigantic cavalier of the short cloak, whirling round the combatants a branch of a tree weighty enough to crush the best helmeted head that ever appeared in field. "Here is goodly discipline! By the holy Saint Maurice! if the King comes to know of this contempt of the royal authority, I would not give a grain of sand a-piece for your lives!—What, Angilbert, art thou mad? This stranger may have some slight excuse in his ignorance of our localities and customs; but thou, thou knowest well whom thou beardest!" Angilbert put up his sword, promptly yet sulkily.

"As for the customs and localities thou talkest of," said the Greek, in a towering passion, "I neither know nor care; I did but say—"

"Say nothing," interrupted Angilbert, "if thou art wise: what is said is past, and for the love I bear to arms, I would not see thee come to mischief through other means than cold steel and fair fighting."

"As for this house of France," shouted the choleric Greek, "I say again—"

"Bah, bah! hold thy tongue, man," said Angilbert, "and return to thy post—if one is trusted to so empty a head."

"Hark thee, Sir Frenchman," demanded the stranger, in a calmer tone; "do the customs of France in all cases thus tie the tongues of its visitors? Why may I not speak? Answer me

that. Wherefore must I not discourse with my lips?"

"Thou wilt know anon," said Angilbert, walking rapidly away and disappearing in the thicket.

The tall mediator was by this time at a considerable distance, striding swiftly along, while he used the branch with which he had extinguished the fray as a walking-staff. The Greek, leaping upon his horse, galloped after him, apparently with the purpose of repeating his interrogatories; but just as he was about to overtake him, he saw him enter by a gate that had appeared a part of the interlaced shrubbery, which in this part of the forest served for an inclosure. The tall cavalier did not answer a word to the shouts of the curious stranger, but, locking the gate deliberately after him, walked on without turning his head; and when his pursuer reached the enclosure, he found it at once too high to be overleaped and too strong to be broken, and was therefore fain to return to the road, by nearly the same route as he had come.

By dint of hard riding, he rejoined the cavalcade before it entered the palace, and, in contemplating the animated scene around, soon forgot the annoyance which the churlishness of the French cavaliers had given him. Immense galleries, surrounded by pillars, ran all round the building; and in particular, the portico, extending from the palace to the chapel, appeared to be finished with extraordinary art. Such was the extent of these galleries that they afforded shelter to the whole of the troops and inferior officers attending the court. They were divided, however, into regular compartments, each of which was appropriated for the assembling place of a particular company or class of men. the left was seen the royal guard, constantly under arms; and in the same compartment numerous officers attached to the court amused themselves with pacing up and down between the marble columns, and retailing the news of the day, while waiting for orders from their superiors. There, and in the other galleries, stoves were placed at convenient distances, and were seen surrounded by crowds of retainers, clients, and strangers, whom official duty, business, or curiosity, had brought to the palace.

In the interior, stupendous halls for the administration of justice, the reception of ambassadors, and other purposes, conferred an air of princely grandeur upon the building; and beyond these was the private apartment of the king, into which access could only be obtained by entering through seven doors. This chamber, nevertheless, was so contrived that Charles could see every individual who entered or quitted the palace; and hence, in a great measure, the strict order and decorum which prevailed throughout, where the officers were every instant aware that they were under the eye of the king. Beyond this was the wardrobe of the palace, for the white habits of the newly baptized, and the relies of the domestic officers, a new suit of which, made of serge or cloth, was presented to them every Easter.

menagerie, the aviaries, and dog-kennels; and here the spacious baths, surrounded with flights of marble steps and magnificent couches, excited in their hot springs the temptation which had induced the king to pile around them these wonders of art and industry. The great gallery leading to the church, which gave its name to the palace, was supported by columns of marble, the materials of which had been brought from Rome and Ravenna. The doors and rails of the chapel were of gilt bronze; and it was ornamented with marble pillars, beautiful mosaics, and vases and candelabras of gold and silver in gorgeous profusion.\*

It was only by means of hurried glances and questions that the inquisitive Greek saw and

A staircase led downwards to the stables, the

It was only by means of hurried glances and questions that the inquisitive Greek saw and learned so much; for when the cavalcade had entered the palace, the pomp and bustle increased to a degree which seemed to have an almost stunning effect upon its boldest members.

The door of a magnificent hall was at length thrown open, and the embassy, floating slowly in, prepared to pay homage to the mighty chief of the French. A man of a portly and warlike presence was seated on a throne, at the farther end of the room, dressed in superb robes furred with ermine. He was surrounded by a thousand lords, clothed from head to foot in cloth of gold, and, in that regal state, and proud, bold bearing, looked "every inch a king." This personage, however, was only the Constable of the Palace; and the ambassador, agitated and confounded, passed on to another hall, of which this appeared to be but the ante-chamber.

Here a spectacle of the same kind, but more magnificent in its details, awaited the strangers; and if they had not been prevented, the ambassador and his whole train would have fallen on their knees before the Count of the Palace in his ordinary hall of justice. In the third hall the Grand Master of the table presided in still loftier state; and in the fourth, the Grand Chamberlain appeared to leave no higher step to the very summit of regal splendour.

When the fifth door opened, a kind of hushing whisper was heard, and the voices of the crowd, nay, their very breathing, sank into profound silence. The procession entered the hall with no other noise than that produced by the rustling of their robes, the beating of their hearts, and the soft, measured tread of their feet upon the mingled flowers and rushes which carpeted the flows. Bucklers, cuirasses, and other arms bucklers, cuirasses, and other arms with what might have seemed the remaining world. On a seat, without arms or substant the throne of the ancient sovereigns of runca, sat the renowned Charlemagne, with twenty diademed kings standing around him, and the high nobles of his empire. Crown on head and scep-

<sup>\*</sup> Ecinhard, in VR. Carol Magn.; in premat. Alcrin. de Carol. Magn. t. 2. Collect. Duchesnian, p. 188; Antoine Mieville, Voy. dans l'Anc. France.

<sup>†</sup> So constructed to signify that a king must be able to support himself without assistance.

tre in hand, robed in purple and ermine, and blazing with gold and gems, the conqueror, noble in aspect, and almost gigantic in stature, seemed to be something more than man; and the Greeks, confounded by every thing they had encountered, bewildered by a display of power and wealth they had never seen before, even in dreams, and dazzled by the glory which was attached throughout the world to the name of the hero, were unable to support a presence so majestic, and fell on their faces upon the floor.

The young cavalier alone, of all the embassy, remained erect, and this apparently more from surprise than philosophy. He stared at the king as if he had been a spectre; and at length, wiping the perspiration from his brow—

"Tis he, 'tis he, indeed," he muttered. "I know him by the great eyes, the long nose, and the bull neck. The peasant lord, or the lordly peasant—he of the short cloak and the heavy arm! By the holy Virgin! this churl Angilbert is no ungenerous foe, to lug me, yea or nay, out of the lion's maw, into which—blisters on my tongue!—I would fain have thrust myself. As I live, there he is, bolt upright behind his master, and as fine as jewels and cloth of gold can make him!—Hark ye, fair sir, who is that handsome cavalier—he who stands next the king?"

"His nephew, Angilbert."

"Nephew! Oh ye saints! so much the better; for that is within the forbidden line of consanguinity, and Angilbert, no doubt, bristled up so fiercely for the honour rather of his cousin, than his love."

Before the young Greek had ended his meditations, the eunuch, who represented on this occasion the Empress of the East, had recovered his presence of mind, and delivered the greeting of Irene with a good grace. The reply of Charles to the powerful princess who demanded his daughter for the wife of the heir of her crown, was as favourable as might have been expected either from the courtesy or ambition of his character; and the embassy was at length dismissed from the presence, every individual overwhelmed at once with the condescension of the king and the splendour of his court.

The young Greek, ever unmindful of the form of etiquette, stood absorbed in the gratification of his curiosity, as the pageant dissolved before his eyes, and at length found, with a start, that he was the only stranger remaining in the room. When about to follow his companions hastily, a voice called to him, which he recognised, with a

thrill, as that of the king-

"Ho! young sir, a word with thee;" and obeying what in that place was a command, he walked to the other end of the hall, where the monarch stood in conversation with his courtiers. Charles then opened a small door behind, and beckoning him to follow, disappeared: and the Greek, mutering an invocation to his patron saint, followed him in silence into the passage. They walked on for some time almost in darkness, till the king, suddenly throwing open a door, slapped his visitor familiarly upon the shoulder. "Thou art

impatient," said he, "to know whether the merits of the Princess Bertha equal her reputation; and I deem it a duty of hospitality to gratify so laudable a curiosity. Wait in this apartment, and thou wilt see anon." The Greek entered the room, and the door was shut behind him.

Ardent as Charles imagined the youth's curiosity to be with regard to his daughter, it was for some time entirely forgotten, so much was he absorbed in examining the magnificent chamber where he now found himself. The few articles of furniture with which the customs of the age and people had garnished their dwelling-houses, and which, indeed, consisted of nothing more than stools, benches, and tables, here made up for their want of variety by the extraordinary richness of each individual piece. The stools and benches\* were covered with fine carpeting, and three of the tables were of silver, and the fourth of gold. The silver tables exhibited the most rare and beautiful workmanship, the surface of each presenting a picture in carved work. On one the city of Rome was displayed; on another that of Constantinople; and on the third the whole world. The table of gold, of a plain and solid construction, appeared to be used in common by the king, for on it lay his implements of writing, books, and other articles. The books, which, indeed, formed nearly his whole library, consisted of some of the works of Saint Augustine, the Psalms of David, a history of Jerusalem, and certain chronicles of the ancient kings of the Franks. These, and more particularly the City of God of Saint Angustine, of which he was a great admirer, Charles was in the habit of having read to him every day after dinner, to prepare him for his customary nap of three or four hours.† Notwithstanding the display of writing materials, there lay a glove beside them stained with ink, which gave rise to a just impression on the part of the visitor, that this great prince had not yet succeeded in learning the mystery of the alphabetical signs, and adopted, therefore, the practice common in his age, of using for a signature a daub made with the end of his glove. A sword, with the hilt carved, for sealing letters, and a wine cup of gold, enriched with sapphires, completed the furniture of the table; although the latter was probably more for show than use, Charles, unlike his subjects, being said to be a decided enemy to drinking.

While the stranger was engaged in examining curiously these tools of royalty, he was startled by hearing the breathing of some person near him; and looking up, he saw a lady gazing at him, with a mixture of surprise and bashfulness. She was of the age when the greenness of

Eginhard in Vit. Carol. Magn.

<sup>\*</sup> Bancs; these were used at table, whence the word ban-

<sup>†</sup> Poesies de Fortunat.

<sup>§</sup> His enactments against this sort of excess show what was its extent among the people. Challenges to drink are forbidden in his Capitulaires; as also "drinking healths to the dead saints." The latter practice was anothermatized by a council of Nantes; and Hinemar, Archbishop of Rheims, wrote against it.

youth is ripening in its last summer into womanhood. Her stature exhibited the golden mean between short and tall; and her complexion was so brilliantly fair, and her eyes so dazzlingly bright, that the young Greek was uncertain for a moment whether his imagination had not conjured up one of those aerial forms which exist only in the day-dreams of poetry. In another moment she moved—retreated; the sapphire cup fell from his hand, and he stepped forward, as if to catch the vision ere it faded. Gracefully bending, sweetly smiling, and brightly blushing, the maid of France gained the door; her eyes lightened for an instant upon his heart, and she melted from his view.

The Greek smote his brow with his two hands; he gasped for breath; his thoughts in vain demanded utterance—"Bertha! Bertha! Bertha! Bertha!" was the only sound emitted by his trembling lips. "Bertha! Bertha! Bertha!" he repeated, in a succession of sighs, rather than of breathings, and sank upon his knees on the floor. At this moment the door opened, and an officer of the court entered.

"Sir," said he—"Oh Jesu!" starting back at the singular posture of the stranger.

"Oh Bertha!"

"The king desires thy company-"

"Bertha!"

"In the great bath."

"Bertha! Bertha! Why—what who art thou? what dost thou want?"

"I?—nothing. It is the king who wants thee, and I am commanded to wait upon thee to the great bath, where he is." The Greek followed his conductor like a man in a dream; and when at length he found himself in the midst of the thick vapours of an immense bath, where he could see a number of naked figures plunging in the smoking waters, he began to doubt whether he were really awake.

The bath, supplied by the celebrated hot mineral springs of the place,\* was so large and so deep as to admit of many persons swimming in it at once. It was completely surrounded by a flight of marble steps, which conducted to the water's edge; and here and there luxurious couches were placed for the accommodation of the bathers. Our adventurer, however, had litthe time for examination; his conductor, finding him stand idly staring around, snatched off his cloak without ceremony, and then began to tug at his tunic. The stranger, accustomed to undress himself, and seeing that it was here absolutely necessary, then pulled off his clothes without resistance; and in another moment found himself swimming in hot water with the King of France, his sons Charles, Louis, and Pepin, and several officers and soldiers of the guard.

"And the Princess Bertha?" said Charles, laughing,—"what think'st thou of the little French maid? Is she a jewel worthy to be set in the crown of the East?"

"Ay, in the crown of heaven!" cried the Greek. "Angilbert was right; the proudest diadem of the world will show but as worthless lead beside that glorious gem!"

The fond father appeared to be as much delighted with the enthusiasm of the stranger as the latter was with the frankness of the king and the beauty of his daughter; and we shall now leave them for a space, to follow to her apartment the fair subject of their conversation.

Bertha retired to her chamber, wondering at the fancy her father had taken to send her so stealthily, without form or introduction, into the presence of a stranger; but, attributing his conduct, in this instance, to an ebullition of the playful and social feelings he so often manifested in his intercourse with his children, she resumed her work without bestowing farther consideration on the subject. This work was nothing more than spinning, which was an accomplishment, it should be said, not shared by every young lady of the time; but Charlemagne is allowed in history to have been particularly attentive to the education of his children. Bertha, also inheriting her father's love of music, knew how to wile away the hours of her task with singing; and on the present occasion, instead of the church hymns, which had been her usual amusement ever since the king had kindled a religious war by importing the Italian tunes, she sang one of the lais d'amour of the day, which probably resembled more nearly the song adopted as a motto to this historiette than any modern composition.

The natural melody of her voice, like the wind "breathing on a bank of violets," stole new softness from the subject, till at length it seemed to become languid with its own richness; and the concluding lines of the lay fell in broken and dying gusts of harmony from her lips—

"Est miens leigement,; Je le sal de fy—5 J'aim' bein lolaument, Et s'ai|| bel amy."

The silence which followed the song was interrupted by a whispering sound at the door, and, supposing one of her maids was there, she desired her to come in. The door slowly opened, and a man entered the chamber.

"What, Angilbert! cousin! How now, sir?" said the maiden, blushing, half with medesty, half with anger;—"in my own apartment!"

"Thou may'st forgive it, Bertha," said Angilbert, taking both her hands gently and mourn-fully; "it is for the last time!"

"In the name of the Virgin, what means this? Thine eyes are wild, and yet thy cheeks pale; thy hands burn and tremble, and thy step is feeble and uncertain? Art thou unwell, my cousin, my dear Angilbert? Yet, haste, O haste thee

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<sup>•</sup> These baths, before the time of Charlemagne, had been fitted up by some Roman lord or governor, named Granus, and the place, therefore, was known by the Latin name of Aquis-Granum.

<sup>†</sup> In promat. Alcuin. de Carol. Magn. Collect. Duckmanian; Eginhard, in Vit. Carol. Eginhard assures us, that not one of the company usually assembled in the bath, swam better than Charlemagne.

I He is my liege vassal—he is devoted to me for life.

<sup>&</sup>amp; D'agurance.

away from a spot so perilous; I will follow thee to some more public room; we are lost if thou art found here."

"We are lost, at any rate," replied Angilbert; but worthless as life seems to me now, I would not endanger thine for an empire. The king is in the bath, and we are safe for at least an hour."

"Then tell me what has happened to pale thy cheek, my Angilbert? Art thou ordered for Rome? or is the blow dealt through me? Say in what worst alternative my lot is cast, and whether thy faithful Bertha must break her heart in a convent or on a throne."

"Thou hast said it. The Greek Empress has sent to demand thee for her son, Constantine."

"But my father will not consent; he loves me too well to part with me; no—never think it, Angilbert!!"

"The king will sacrifice his affection to the interests of his country and his daughter. He will part with thee, Bertha!"

"But not to her—not to the house of Irene, that cruel and usurping queen—No, no—never! never! never!"

"Alas! I have just come from the audience the affair is settled, and thou art lost to Angilbert!"

The blood forsook Bertha's cheek, her eyes closed, and she sank fainting into his arms. Distracted with terror, and ignorant what to do, he laid her down upon the bench, hung over her pale form, fanned her face, pressed her hands, and finally was on the point of calling aloud for aid. The warm stream of life, however, soon returned to flow through its paradise of beauty, and as his mistress opened again her bright eyes, Angilbert clasped her in his arms, and showered upon her brow, and cheeks, and lips, the kisses of his love and his despair.

The hour allowed by the lover for his visit passed quickly away; and, in mingling tears and vows, they had as yet neglected to consider seriously the situation in which they were placed, and to inquire whether any possibility of escape existed, however wild and desperate.

Another hour passed away more quickly and less sad; and the lovers, whose only lights were each others' eyes, at length perceived that the evening had come down in silence and darkness.

"So much the better," said Angilbert, in reply to the startled remark of Bertha. "Under cover of this friendly shade I can retire in safety when I will; let us then steal one other hour of mournful joy, and then—then, sweet, good-night!"

The third hour passed away

# Than meditation or the thoughts of love,

and they again looked round. The thick clouds had rolled from the face of the sky, and the moon stood full and bright in the serene heavens. It was as clear as day and as silent as night; and as the horn of a sentinel on the ramparts echoed through the court, the lovers feeling that the moment of separation had indeed arrived, glided with noiseless step to the window to look together upon the beautiful moon.

An extensive open court was before them, across which lay the way of Angilbert, and the only egress from this part of the palace. The court was surrounded by piazzas, and the moon light, streaming upon the marble pillars, made them appear of dazzling whiteness. Below, however, was spread a carpet still more purely white; for during the hour of darkness a beavy fall of snow had descended, and the whole pavement of the court was covered with what might have seemed a sheet of virgin silver. There was not a breath of air to ruffle this beautiful surface; and as the women of the royal family-all but Bertha-had long since retired to rest, with their whole household, its purity was unsullied, and its regularity unbroken by human foot.

"Thou tremblest, oh, my love!" whispered Angilbert; " the cold of this heavenly night has fallen upon thy heart. Farewell, farewell-retire to thy repose; and for me, before seeking my sleepless couch, I will offer up a prayer in the chapel to its holy protectress, the blessed Virgin, for thy health and life." Trembling, till the agitation seemed a nervous affection, but clinging to his embrace with the strength of despair, Bertha raised her eyes, which had been fixed with speechless terror upon the court, and her lover saw that her face was as white as the snow itself. She at length pointed with a shudder to the snow; and as a terrible thought struck like lightning through the heart of Angilbert, he smote his breast, and groaned aloud.

"A man's footsteps," cried he, "to be seen in the morning in the midnight snow—and from thy apartment! Wretch that I am, I have destroyed her whom I love more than life! Hark! that distant noise of doors and voices—the king is retiring to bed; the door of egress from the court will be locked; nay, thy father may come here himself, as is sometimes his wont, to ask if thou art asleep! What is to be done? There is not a moment to be lost; lead me thy shoes—alas they are too small! Quick, quick, set thy woman's wit to work—arouse thee, best; thee—awake, awake, for by the holy Virgin, I am duller than an owl, and more helpless than a babe!"

The noise they had heard was indeed the breaking up of the court; for Charles, aleeping enough in the morning, after dinner, to satisfy nature, cared not about the time of retiring; and, even when in bed, was in the habit of receiving visitors, and transacting business during a great part of the night.\* The Greek stranger had had the honour of seeing him sup, when be observed, with surprise, the temperate babits of so great a prince. The supper consisted of only four dishes, principally roast game, brought to table on the spit by the chief huntaman; and during the repast the king drank wine only three or four times, getting up without ceremony as soon as his appetite was satisfied. † The affair, however, was conducted in other respects with all belitting pomp and circumstance. Besides

<sup>†</sup> Ibid.



<sup>\*</sup> Eginhard, in Vit. Carol. Magn.

the candelabras with which the room was furnished, attendants stood round the table with great wax candles in their hands; and the tassled table-cloth was laid double, and folded with the nicest regularity.\* The drinking cups were of gold and silver, and some of them enriched with precious stones.

"And now," said the king, rising-" now that we have finished the more important business of the day, let us make the tour of our palace, as our brother, the Caliph Aaron of Persia, does of his city, to ascertain that proper order is kept throughout. The Count of the Palace will have the goodness to remit to my hearing such cases ma have stood over from intricacy or other causes, from the forenoon; and all visitors on pressing business may be informed that in half an hour I shall be in bed and ready to receive them." Charles then led the way from the banquet-hall, followed at a distance by some of his officers, and more closely by the Greek stranger, with whom he continued to converse familiarly on subjects connected with the affairs of the East, and the adventures of his journey.

They thus visited every station of importance in the building, challenged the sentinels, and looked out into the appearance of the night; and the stranger, at every step, had fresh cause to wonder, not only at the extent and appointments of the place, but at the admirable discipline established throughout. The king was at length about to retire into his own apartment, and had already bid good-night to his companion, when

suddenly recollecting something-

"A word with thee," said he; "let us walk this way alone, and make the tour of the inner court, where the moon seems to shine so bravely on these marble piazzas, that will look, I'll warrant thee, like columns of ice rising from their pavement of snow. What! thou hast not all the curiosity to thyself; I, too, am impatient to ask questions, and I will pray thee to give me some tidings of this Constantine of Greece, who sends so far for my daughter."

When they had reached the inner court, they stood still for a moment to admire the regularity of the buildings and the extreme whiteness and smoothness of the snow which covered the pave-

"And now of this Constantine," resumed the king; "what manner of man is he?"

"Why," replied the stranger, "he is a man-'faith he is the son of an Empress, and that is saying much as the world goes."

"Thou art in the right," returned the king; "but is he brave in action, agreeable in person,

and honourable in purpose?"

"He is as brave as his sword, which cares not a jot about the quarrel, so there be but fighting; his person offends not, when his holiday suit is on; and some say he is more honest than wise."

"Truly, a flattering portrait! My daughter will be but too happy in such a husbau

is Bertha's apartment across the court—that with the open window-a dangerous neglect, by the way, in weather like this; do thou stand here while I go and shut it; and if she be awake, thou wilt be able to tell Constantine how sweetly the voice of his mistress sounds at night."

"Stay, sir!" said the Greek, seizing hold of

the king's mantle. "Hold! hush!"

"How! What! Ha! It was a voice-it was. in faith! Think'st thou? 'Tis she herself. She is awake and waits for me; that is my customstand aside."

"Hush! Look!"

"That is a shadow on the wall, indeed! She is up; she has not gone to bed. Thou art right —it is a shadow.''

"Two-two!"

"Ay! Say'st thou? Right again; stand aside -it must be her woman."

"A man's, by this light!"

"St. Maurice!" muttered the king, grinding his teeth; and as his hand sought the hilt of his sword, the trappings rattled with his agitation.

The two shadows disappeared from the inner wall; and as the next instant the door opened, the Greek drew back the king, per force, into the shade of the plazza.

All was silent for some moments, that appeared ages to the witnesses; till at length a singular spectacle presented itself. The Princess Bertha appeared emerging from the doorway, faltering under the weight of her cousin Angilbert, whom she carried in her arms! Panting-totteringswaying to and fro under the unusual burthen, she advanced slowly and painfully across the court, till at length she succeeded in setting down her lover under the piazzas beside the astonished witnesses, where no tell-tale snow could receive the print of his feet. The king's sword flew like lightning from its scabbard, and without uttering a word he would have cleft the skull of Angilbert in twain, had not the Greek suddenly caught him in his arms.

"Fly for thy life!" cried he, during the fierce but short struggle that ensued. "Away, if thou be'st a man! Hie thee-haste-vanish, in the name of the foul fiend! What, art not gone? Wilter stir? wilt not budge? Oh, dolt-headed animal!-Most clement king; most just and merciful lord! hear before thou strikest! - One moment-a space that might serve to wink in! Jesu-I can no more! There, go an thou wilt! go, with a fury to thee! I'd as lief hold a hungry lion!" And Charles, with a mighty effort, deshing his athletic opponent upon the pavement, sprang to his victim.

"Strike here!" cried Bertha, throwing herself suddenly between-and herfather's sword, which . he was unable wholly to check in its furious descent, would have drunk the blood of her shoulder but for a thick gold chain which intervened.

"Harlot!" exclaimed the king, in a voice hoarse with passion; "speak, ere thou diest! Tell me of my shame, that may curse thee, ere l kill thee!"

"I am no such name," said the Princess, Digitized by

<sup>• &</sup>quot;Candida præponant nivels mantilia villis." Nigellus de rebus gestis J.udovisi Pii.

<sup>†</sup> Haroun Alraschid.

"the Tenth," venerable divines, and members of parliament. There was my Lord So-and-so, calling to his Grace of Such-and-such, and there was the gallant Colonel Somebody, shaking hands with the Hon. Major Nobody; while old Lady Asterisk, with a fat poodle under her arm, which she would not resign, made way after her fair daughter, who was leaning on a gay captain of the Guards. Through this glittering phalanx of the aristocracy, I slid myself, by degrees, and at length got snugly ensconced in a corner of the room, nearly opposite the point of my mission. The noble crowd broke into groups; there was a truce to the levelling of glasses, and the buzz and murmur-the "beautiful!" "superb!" "unique!" "unquestionable!" died away, as the auctioneer mounted his rostrum. He was a man of much polished amenity, with powdered hair, a blue coat, linen of unsullied purity, and a smile of unceasing urbanity. His commendations of the various lots were delivered with courteous intonations of voice, and measured cadences, and seemed to pay deference to the judgment of the company, while, in fact, they did much to di-

Lot after lot was put up, struggled for, and knocked down to the triumphant opponent; at length "Lot 37" was announced, and my heart

bounded into my very throat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the orator, "the cabinet gem now submitted to competition is, perhaps, one of the finest specimens by the divine Urbino, ever consigned from Italy to this country. The eye of the connoisseur need but glance upon it, to create a conviction of its originality, its singular beauty, and its perfect preservation; and when I inform you that it is from the Palavacini Gallery at Rome, of which it was, for ages, the distinguished ornament; and, at the same time, refer to the known taste and consummate judgment of its late noble possessor, by whom it was purchased for a sum which I fear to mention, you cannot hesitate to mark your just appreciation of this invaluable work. What sum shall I have the honour of naming as a commencement? One thousand, seven hundred, five hundred, three hundred, one hundred guineas?" and he glanced round the brilliant assembly; his eye fell upon mine; I nodded, he bowed. "One hundred guineas, ladies and gentlemen, I am authorised"-he was interrupted by a second bidding, a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a dozen heads were nodding against each other, like Chinese mandarins on a mantel-shelf. The vertebræ of my neck was in perpetual motion, and it required the quickness of thought, and the vigilance of Argus, to keep pace with my rivals. The picture rose rapidly; eleven hundred guineas were bid for it, and a momentary pause took place. I breathed more freely; "the task is nearly over!" exclaimed 1; but as 1 listened in expectation of the sound of the hammer, the doors were thrown open, and a little old man, wrapped in a roquelaure, with his hat on one side, and every mark of disorder in his appearance, rushed into the room.

"Is it gone? Is it gone?" he exclaimed, driving every one right and left, "the Raffaelle! the Raffaelle! Am I. too late?" The auctioneer suspended his blow, and murmurs of "his Grace!" -" his Grace!" ran round the room, while clusters of peers and peeresses crowded towards him; but pushing them aside, he flew up to the easel, uttered a fervent thanksgiving, and actually seemed to devour the picture with his eyes. Then pulling a cambric handkerchief from his pocket, that scented the whole place with otto of roses, he flung his hat upon a chair, and wiped his face, literally scarlet with the haste of his entre. The auctioneer politely hesitated to proceed. "Go on, go on, my good Sir!" cried out the stranger. "I am quite ready to commence-eleven hundred and fifty guineas .- I heard of the sale only two days ago at Antwerp." he continued, turning to the marchioness of ----, "and travelled day and night, lest the stupidity of an agent might cause the irreparable loss of this treasure—am but this instant arrived, having neither eaten nor drank upon my way-my cigar was every thing—but who is that young man, with black hair, bidding against me?"he inquired. "A Mr. Montague," replied the Peeress, pointing her glass at me; the Duke followed her example-two pair of aristocratic eyes of the first class, were bent upon my burning cheeks at the same instant. "Montague-Montague, what Montague?" said his Grace, without altering the position of his glass. "The nephew of Colonel Rivers, ofthe Lodge, Westmoreland." The Duke started. "Colonel Rivers, did your ladyship say? Is it possible? Why Rivers was as unlucky as myself about the picture at Rome."-" Twelve hundred guineas," insinuated the auctioneer; his Grace nodded. "Twelve hundred and fifty." I did the same, all eyes were upon me; the Duke drew himself up in an attitude of cool determination, and looked at me as though he could smile me into insignificance. A dead silence prevailed, dowagers, peeresses, earls, and officers, were gazing upon me, for I was comparatively, unknown; and the presumption of opposing his Grace, filled them with surprise. My situation was, to me, frightfully conspicuous, and I had scarcely presence of mind to maintain the contest, when a familiar voice exclaimed, "Egad! there's my friend Montague, throwing away hundreds against the Duke of L-;" at the same moment a fine military-looking fellow, full six feet high, in dashing regimentals, seized me by the hand: it was Sydney. "Why, my dear boy," he whispered, "it's madness to bid against his Grace-he'll never give in, or supposing he does, by Jove you'll get a dear bargain." At this instant he was called away by a brother officer; my embarrassment reached its climax; the "inestimable gem" already stood at thirteen hundred guineas; what it might run to, there was no imagining. I faultered, paused, lost time; the Duke perceived my irresolution, threw in another bidding, and at the same moment a hundred glasses were, pivot-like, turned round at me: this completed my confision, and Digitized by

before I had decided upon my conduct, the hammer of the auctioneer descended upon the pulpit,

and terminated the question.

His Grace clasped his hands with delight, and flung a glance of exultation at me, while the sparkling circle around himt became lavish in congratulation and panegyric. I shrank away from the scene of my defeat, forgetting that Sydney was unacquainted with my address, and would feel excessively surprised at my behaviour. In an unenviable state of mind, I reached my hotel, and was informed by one of the waiters, that a person inquiring for me, was below; I rushed up stairs, and desired the stranger to be sent to me; he entered—it was Lewis—my uncle's confidential servant.

"My master was so anxious to see the picture, Sir, as soon as possible," said he, bowing, "that he dispatched me in a post-chaise, yesterday morning, with instructions to travel all night, so that I might have time to take refreshment, and then set off with it as soon as it could be packed." His eye wandered round the room, as if in quest

of "the gem."

"But I have not got it, Lewis." The fellow looked as if a thunderbolt had fallen before him: he gasped with astonishment and alarm, and so forcibly did his expression convey to me an idea of my uncle's rage and disappointment, that I could not help, in the bitterness of my feelings, ing him, haughtily, into the kitchen, while I scawled a few lines of vindicatory explanation. I tore the paper fifty times before I finished a letter to my satisfaction; and, when it was achieved, I sealed it nervously, and ringing for Lewis, who reappeared, evidently frozen with panic, I slipped a douceur into his hand, and desired him to make what speed he could to his master. In a few days, I was favoured with the following from my uncle:-

"Sin—Had I confided my late important mission to an enemy who sought to defeat me in my topes, I could not have been surprised at an unfavourable result; but when I selected my nephew as the transactor of this little affair, I relied upon experiencing no disappointment. The issue proved that I was mistaken in my idea that you would have felt a pleasure in doing me a favour; and with every necessary apology for the liberty which I took in intruding upon your time, no doubt seriously engaged,

"I beg to subscribe myself,
"Yours, &c. &c.

"RICHARD RIVERS."

Here was a comfortable communication for a man desperately in love with his daughter. I had some thoughts of a bullet, or a bottle of laudanum, and as these passed away, I determined to fling myself into the first chaise that could be got ready, and hurry down to Westmoreland, to make personal explanation. No, no, I would not do that—it might be rash—at all exemts it required more nerve than I could command. "I will wait a few months," I decided. "Lord — insists upon returning me member for —, and when my election is carried, the

interest that my uncle must naturally experience in my political conduct, will, no doubt, do away with every discordant impression."

The picture-mania of the connoisseur is by no means caricatured in the preceding sketch; it equals the passion of the virtuoso in butterflies and tulip-roots, and the venerable loungers who are in the habit of attending the principal picture sales, have been frequent spectators of competitors for some "unique"—some Leonardo, Raffaelle, Rembrandt, Parmigiano, or Waterloo, carried on with a heat, violence, and personality, highly amusing to all whose feelings were not enlisted in the cause. The finesse, vigilance, espionage, affected agerness, and ultimate recklessness of the bidder, whose heart is languishing upon the beauty of some disputed vestige of the olden time, shining through the mists and darkness of centuries, can scarcely be imaginedthey must be witnessed to be estimated. subject would afford something apposite to the genius of a Cruikshank.

# THE INDIAN SPARROW.

IT seems that the pigeon is not the only leftercarrier of the feathered race, for it is said of the Indian sparrow, that "he may be taught with ease to fetch a piece of paper or any small matter that his master points out to him. It is an attested fact, that if a ring be dropped into a draw-well, and a signal be given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation; and it is confidently asserted, that if a house, or any other place, be shown to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately, upon a proper signal being reade." What an invaluable treasure must be such a bird to any unfortunate Mrs. Knibbs, who is reduced to the necessity of a clandestine correspondence with her lover! Hard hearted guardians should have an eye upon him, for he would assuredly be preferred to any other messenger-not only for the romance of the thing; but for his sure secrecy; and for his wings, which seem swift as even the impatience of love could desire. It seems, likewise, that he is taught to steal the plates of gold which the young Hindoo women at Benares wear between their eyebrows. Upon a given signal, they pluck these golden ornaments from the foreheads of the ladies, and carry them in triumph to their lovers. This is the bird of which it has been said that it illuminates its nest at night with fire-flies, which it affixes to the walls with clay. That the fire-flies are so placed, and at night, there seems no doubt, but naturalists differ as to the intention, and probably will continue to differ until the bird himself shall declare it. Some say it is for their light; others, that they feed upon these insects. W. Jones leans to the latter opinion; but a letter from a gentleman, long resident in India, quoted in the "Architecture of Birds," favours the former, which is certainly the more agreeable.

#### SONG.

THERE was a bright and sunny time
When every hope was gay;
But the vision's gone, and each fairy dream
Has floated far away!
There was a time when I believed
She whom I lov'd was true:
I twined her roses—flowers she gave,
But ah! Aer flowers were rue.

There was a time, when I was glad, And joined the feative scene;
Now all is gone, and nought remains
To trace where joy has been.
I am forgotten—though her form
In Fashion's hall still dwells:
No one is there to name my name,
And none my anguish tells.

She may seem happy—may seem gay, But who knows what she feels? Can hearts be read?—There is a grief No balsam ever heals. What though I pass, as all things must, And join the silent dead; Her faithless heart no joy can know, Its peace, for e'er is fied.

### TO THE WINDS.

GIVE me a voice like yours, ye winds, to woo
The virgin flowers with Spring's unwritten song;
Or moan o'er buried loveliness, as through
The prison bars of night, ye sweep along;
Or where ye, in your vengeance, stoop to strew
Earth with your wrecks, to mingle with the throug
Of spirits who lift up their shout of joy,
And glory in your license to destroy!

I envy you your freedom. I would trip
Over the mountain swifter than the night.
I would go forth with every dawn, to sip
Dews from their morning refuge, ere their flight.
I would rest on the unconscious maiden's lip,
And who should spurn the arrogated right;
Or press the ringlets of the coyest fair,
Whose cheek would burn to know that I was there.

I envy you your fleetness. I would see
Once more the world at old Wachuset's feet,
As, in youth's first unwasted ecstacy,
I look'd in wonder, from your rocky seat,
On all my native hills, broad, green, and free,
And I would break to waves the silvery sheet,
Whose waters bore me, ere I learn'd the strife
Which troubles all the waters of my life.

# THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

,X

GLASS BASKETS.

Baskets in a variety of elegant forms, adapted both for use and ornament, may be constructed of glass, riband, &c. on the same principles as boxes. To describe, or even enumerate all the shapes in which glass baskets are made, would be needless, and encroach upon our limits: they admit of almost every combination of figure, and afford a good opportunity for the display of taste find elegance in their construction. We shall defer a few select patterns only, which may be copied with advantage; and various improvements may be made upon each of them, before any decidedly new combinations of form are attempted.

For the first shape which occurs to us, the following pieces of glass are to be procured:—A front and back, matching exactly with each other, as a, fig. 1; two ends, as b, the sides of

which must be of the same length as the two lower sides of the back and front, represented in dotted lines (Fig. 1, a;) an oblong piece for the bottom, the sides

of which must be equal to the lower edges of the front and back, and its ends equal to those of b; and two other oblong pieces for the covers, the sides of which must be of the same length as each of the upper edges of the front and back, a; and their ends equal to those of the side pieces, b. The front, back, sides, and bottom of the box are to be fastened together by means of narrow

riband, in the same manner as the different parts of glass boxes; a piece of stout wire, covered with silk, is then to be fixed by its ends from the upper point of the back to the upper part of the front; and to this wire the two covers, c, after being neatly bound with riband, are to be fastened by the upper corners of their binding, either with hinges of strong silk or fine tough wire. The handle may be made of pasteboard, strengthened with wire, covered with silk, and sewn by its ends to the upper points of the back and front.

The interior of the basket may be lined with puffed silk and wadding, or in any other matter that fancy may dictate; all the edges of the lower part of the basket, the covers, and the handle, should then be furnished with fringed riband, or fringed silk, tacked to the binding; and if the glass be plain, a fine medallion, encircled by a wreath of

roses, &c. in wax, or rice paper, or a fine bouquet of slowers only, may be gummed to the centre of the front and back pieces (Fig. 2.) Transparent glass may also be used, and the interior parts decorated with paintings on velvet; or the various pieces which compose the basket may be formed of painted, instead of transparent or plain ground glass. The edges and handle may also be ornamented in a variety of modes, and with various neat and elegant armings.

# THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

"Lady, to look with mercy upon the conduct of others, is a virtue no less than to look with severity on your own."

M. G. LEWIS.

In the course of a tour through England, business of importance compelled my friend, Charles Lawrence, and myself, much against our inclinations, to revisit, for a while, the smoke-impregnated air of the metropolis; and having given up our apartments in town, when we first set out on our expedition, we were under the necessity of seeking for others, during our temporary stay. In our peregrinations we were attracted by a bill in the parlour window of a respectable looking house in — — street, announcing "lodgings to let," and, on enquiry, found them to be exactly what we were in search of. The persent of our destined landlady was far from de-ficients bulk or rotundity, and her carbuncled visa seemed to argue her as one not in the least disinclined to the enjoyment of creature comforts.

Somewhat fatigued with the journey, I was sitting by the open window soon after our arrival, contrasting the view of sundry stacks of chimneys, which it afforded, with the expansive prospects we had so recently quitted, and drawing a comparison between the odour arising from the workshop of a neighbouring tallow-melter, and that of the keen and wholesome air which sweeps from the Northern hills, extracting, as it flies, the perfume of every flower that graces its course. I was also speculating on the—I am at a loss for a name—but our good hostess applied the epithet of "garden," to a piece of ground, about fifteen feet square, considering, probably, that as the gravel, which formed the principal part, was bordered by some sterile mould, through which a few odd-looking things, of the vegetable world, were with difficulty fighting their way about two months after the proper season for their appearance; and the middle of it was decorated by some half-dozen flower-pots, containing drooping unwatered geraniums, that it was well entitled to that honourable designation, and she, no doubt, flattered herself with the idea, that it imparted a highly rural air to her premises, and rendered them as completely rus in urbe as could be expected in London. Whilst enjoying my cogitations, I was interrupted by Lawrence, who had just opened a drawer with the intention of depositing something in it, and, uttering an exclamation of surprise, he advanced towards me, holding in his hand a small, but exquisitely finished coral necklace.

"See," said he, "what our good hostess has left."

I examined the necklace closely, and found engraved on the clasp, H. F. to M. C.

"A love-token, no doubt," said l.

"I think so too," replied my friend, "let us ring for the landlady, and restore it to her."

He accordingly did so, and on Mrs. Watkins attending the summons, I placed the trinket in her hands, telling her where we had found it.

"Alack! sir," said the old woman, " it belonged to my last lodger, poor thing."

"It was careless to leave it behind," I observed, "the more especially as it appears, from what is engraven on the clasp, to have been a gift."

"Ah! sir, the poor misfortunate inhappy cretur couldn't help it," and a tear started into the old woman's eye as she spoke.

"Was she unfortunate then?" inquired Law-

"Alas, sir, it would make you melancholy to hear her sad tale."

"Perhaps you will oblige us by narrating it," said I, "and as we have nothing at present to attend to, it will serve to guile away an hour."

There needed but little persuasion to induce our good hostess to comply with our request, and seating herself in an arm-chair opposite, she commenced her relation; prefacing it, however, with the observation, that it was lately that the facts had come to her knowledge—for "had she known the rights on it afore, she wouldn't have let the lodgings to 'em." From a vast proportion of circumlocution and redundancy, we succeeded in extracting the following matter:—

Maria C- was the daughter of a deceased clergyman of the highest character. Like tor many of his sacred profession, it was his lot to struggle with poverty; nevertheless, he had cont trived to give his beloved and only daughter an excellent education. But his death occurring when she was little more than seventeen, left her alone, unprotected, and moneyless. By her indefatigable industry, however, aided by the exertions of one or two friends, she was enabled to form a connexion as a portrait painter; and the merits of her private character, together with the talent, assiduity, and perseverance she displayed in her profession, soon deservedly procured her employment. Her means, consequently, were rapidly increasing, when a circumstance transpired, which at once crushed her budding fortune.

She was unfortunate enough, one morning, whilst making some purchases at the Bazaar, to attract the notice of Henry Fitzgerald, who followed her, unperceived, through all the interstices of the stands, ogled her through the intervening array of controlls, &c., and finally watched her home, who his surprise, he discovered, by the plate upon the door, that it was no other than his own mamma's protegge.

"Capital," thought he\_as he slowly retraced his steps; "an admirable opening for an introduction."

On the following morning, Maria was surprised by a visit from a tall and elegant, yet somewhat delicate-looking young man, who announced himself as the son of Mrs. Fitzgerald, and resquested she would take his likeness for that lady. stipulating, at the same time, that the transaction should be kept a profound secret from his mother, as he said be wished to surprise her with a present on her birth-day, which was at hand.

Promising to call or send on the day appointed for the picture to be finished, Henry placed a morocco case in the hand of Miss C--, and desiring her to accept payment in advance, departed.

Henry Fitzgerald wanted a year of his majority, and his immense fortune depended on the will of his mother, should he marry without her consent before he reached that period. But Henry saw and loved Maria—Maria, the humble portionless Maria, was preferred by him to the rich and titled dames who were contending for his smiles. He loved her ardently, passionatelymore than all, sincerely; and it was his decided resolution to make her his wife, so soon as he was legally master of his actions.

Maria, the fond, confiding Maria, believed him true, loved him, and accepted his proffered troth. He visited her secretly, and poured forth the vows of affection with all the impassioned ardour of his nature. A few months, and Henry would be empowered to espouse her without injury to his fortune.

Both were young, both were inexperienced, for Henry was no profligate, no selfish man of the world, or of dissipation, but the soul of sincefity and bonour.

In a moment of delirium they were lost! \*

Henry was sitting one evening alone with his · Maria, and endeavouring to calm her fears by renewed protestations of sincerity-one arm encircled her slender waist, and he was imprinting upon her tearful cheek the kiss of affection, when the door suddenly flew open, and a little, thin, hatchet-faced old woman entered, dressed in the extreme of juvenile fashion. Henry started up at her entrance, but her quick eye discovered the posture in which he had been sitting, and she exclaimed, "Eh!-What! Mr. Pitzgerald here! Bless me! I really beg pardon, Miss C-, I was not aware you were so pleasantly engaged, or I certainly should not have intruded. The street door I found open, accidentally I suppose, and I thought the liberty of your oldest customer allowed me to come up without being formally announced, to inquire if you had copied that lit-. tle effigy of my dog. You may send in your demand, Miss, as soon as you please," added the old woman, pursing up her skings has an expres-sion which she intended to be seen scorn and dignity, " and I will instantly discharge it, as I

cannot, of course, continue my patronage after this discovery. Gracious! who would have believed it.-Well, I declare! Good evening, Mr. Fitzgerald, I suppose I shall have the honour of meeting you at Lady D-—'s to-night."

"It is not my intention to go there, Madam," said Henry, his indignation mastering his usual courtesy-" I suppose," continued he, " this circumstance will be known before this hour tomorrow over all the space intervening between Portland Place and Paddington?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the old woman, tossing her head, "my character both for philanthropy

and secresy is too well known."

"Pshaw!" said Henry, contemptuously, as the intruder left the room. "My love," said he, turning to Maria, who had covered her face with her handkerchief on the first entrance of the old woman, and now leaned back in her chair in an agony of tears, "do not let this untoward circumstance prey upon your spirits-I will supply . you with money. You shall leave this place immediately and give up your business, by which you will avoid again coming in contact with those whose knowledge of this event (which, depend upon it, that painted hag of quality will most industriously spread,) might cause to treat you with contumely. Courage, my only love! let a few months elapse, and I call my Maker to witness you shall be my wife; and, as I before have often said, we will immediately retire to my seat in Dorsetshire, where we will take up our permanent abode, and seclude ourselves forever from those heartless fools, whom still greater fools are pleased to term "the world."

Henry was not mistaken, for the story of poor Maria's shame was soon generally known both in her own small circle of friends, and amongst the numerous and noble connexions of the highborn Henry.

The honourable Miss Sneyde, for such was the name of the lady, with praiseworthy perseverance ceased not driving about town the next day, to the manifest chagrin of her coachman, and the endangering the wind of the fat old family horses, until she had communicated the discovery to about fifty friends, and in the evening an extra quire of paper was put into requisition for the purpose of imparting the momentous intelligence to those whom time or other circumstances had not permitted her to favour with a morning call.

"Let a few months elapse, and I call my Maker to witness you shall be my wife."

Such were the emphatic words which Henry spoke, and from his heart, to his Maria, the last time he visited her.

But two days elapsed from thence, and Fitzgerald was stretched on a couch of sickness, a prey to an internal disorder which no medicine could cure, and his delicate constitution was fast sinking under its baneful influence. Still Maria was not forgotten-he supplied her, through the medium of his faithful groom, with money, and endeavoured to buoy his spirits with the hope of eventually recovering, and attaining the beight

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of his worldly ambition—the legal and undisputed possession of his chosen Maria.

\* \* \*

The last agonies are upon him—a few moments longer, and the mortal career of Henry Fitzgerald will be closed for ever!

Sumptuous was the couch on which reclined his decayed form; soft was the pillow which supported his dving head: splendid the coverlid on which rested his white and wasted hand. But did the luxury which surrounded him retard one moment the gentle, but perceptible approaches of death-impart the glow of health to the hectic of his cheek, invigorate his languid frame, or stifle the reproaches of conscience, with which his last mortal hours were embittered? Each fleeting moment, as it flew towards eternity, warned him of his proximity to the tomb, and reminded him how impossible it was to render that justice to his Maria which her wrongs demanded. But it was too late-and, however just and honourable his intentions, however sincere his professions, Henry was now doomed to labour under that most distressing of all reflections to a sensitive mind, the consciousness of having wronged an innocent and confiding creature who loved him, and whose affections he returned with a tenfold warmth. But Henry felt his end approachingthe grave already yawned to receive its victim, and he was about to quit this world, leaving his orphan and friendless Maria alone and unshielded from the poisonous breath of calumny-exposed to the rude taunts of scorn, and undefended from the bitter revilings of a censorious world. Fitzgerald felt that he, and he alone, was the cause of her ruin, and the consciousness smote him in his dying hour, and strewed his pillow with thorns.

Henry had lingered for some months, and, understanding that dissolution was certain, at his earnest request the injured Maria was sent for—she stood by his bedside, and endeavoured, by

her attentions and uncomplaining gentleness, to soothe his mental torture. She never reproached him, and still nourished the hope of his recovery, and entertained full confidence in his honour. Yet her cheek was pale—her form attenuated, and the deep lines in her once blooming cheek showed the ravages of sorrow, remorse, and grief! Each look of kindness from her mild, yet tearful eye, struck a dagger to the heart of her adoring Henry—each soft and endearing word carried with it volumes of reproach to his faulty, yet repentant spirit.

She watched the looks of the sufferer with an intense agony—she saw a yellow hue overspread his fine features—she saw his eye change—she heard an awful rattling, to which no other sound can be compared, in the throat. "Maria—beloved Maria—I am dying—I leave you, my adored one.—My mother—it is my last request—take my Maria under your care—cherish her—protect her for my sake—be unto her as a parent—the fault—the fault—Oh, God, forgive me, was mine"—and Henry spoke no more.

Even the haughty mother of Fitzgerald was for a time affected, but, soon recovering her proud, unbending spirit, she pointed with stern and significant gesture towards the unfortunate Maria, who had fallen senseless on the corpse of her lover. The hint was understood—she was conveyed from the apartment, and restoratives applied. No sooner, however, did sense return, than, by order of the proud mother of her Henry, she was spurned from the door.

It was night—it was stormy—it was cheerless, as the unhappy girl wandered from the house of her departed lover! Her reason could not support the weight of her accumulated misfortunes, and, in a fit of despair and madness, she sought the shade of her Henry beneath the dark waves of the river. A striking example, that guilt, even when atonement is intended, will always meet its due punishment from a justly offended God,

### CANZONETTE.

I'll come to thee when the eve's pale star Rises above the sea, It shall light the way for my fairy barque To thee—to thee!

And though thy sire may coldly frown
On the heart that beats for thee,
Fear not, a more than father now,
Thou shalt find in me!

Fear not, nor heed those frowns, For I have smiles in store, And truth, as no passion'd knight For maiden ever bore.

When the chimes are heard again, And the convent bell is rung; When the moon is in the sky, And the vesper hymn is sung—

I'll be with thee, my boat
Shall wast us down the tide;
And ere the morning dawns
Thou'lt be my bride;

### SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR.

List, love, list,
The night bells chime;
Come, come with me,
To Agnes' shrine.

Long, long has the sun suck behind the dark mountain,
The valley beneath us is silent and dim;
Naught is heard but the gush of the silvery fountain,
The sounds of the convent's last evening hymn

Starlight is on the water, My light barque on the tide; Fairest of Italy's daughters. Away and be my bride:

My oars shall strike the sparkling wave. Our boat fly swift along; Each pearly tear I'll chase away, And charm thee with my song.

Come, my love, come,
The night bells chime;
Come, my love, come,
To Agnes' shrine.

Original.

# REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1.

It has occasionally happened, I presume to every professional man, to have observed a sort of poetical justice in the results of schemes of villany or oppression, and to have marked the punishment of crime, closely connected with, and consequent upon its apparently successful issue. I do not assert that punishment, immediate and specific, always follows the perpetration of injustice; but instances do sometimes occur, where wrong and retribution are as evidently associated as the flash of the lightning and the loud witness of the thunder. Where such cases do occur, the triumph of society in the apparent interposition of Heaven, to avenge the injury done to social order, is too just to allow sympathy for the offender.

> "Tis sport to see the engineer Hoist with his own petard."

I was once applied to by a respectable and industrious mechanic, for advice under circumstances of considerable hardship. Upon a lot in the suburbs of the city, he had, a year or two before, erected a brick house for his own residence with the earnings of his labour, and supposed, that having thus provided permanent shelter for his family, he could, without anxiety, apply himself to his business. Unfortunately, however, for him, the owner of the adjoining vacant lot, finding from the rise in value of real estate, that this unimproved ground would command a good price, bestirred himself to measure and lay out his lot, and in the course of his operations discovered, or supposed he discovered, that the house of Mr. Wharton, my client, encroached about a foot on his western boundary. Being what, in scriptural language, is called " a hard man," but what, in more modern parlance, is designated by a more emphatic term, this unrighteous neighbour resolved to profit by the necessities of Wharton, and knowing that to tear down that part of his house which stood over the supposed boundary would entirely ruin the building, demanded such a sum to release his claim as would have purchased ten times the quantity of ground occupied, even at the advanced price.

Indignant at such extortion, and totally unable to comply with so unreasonable a demand, Wharton had refused to acknowledge the title, or to comply with the terms of his unconscionable neighbour, declaring at the same time, his opinion of him in terms more intelligible than courteous. In consequence, his vindictive, coming in aid of his avaricious feelings, Mr. Turner immediately set in motion the enginery of the law, to avenge the insult affered by Wharton to his self love, and if, as is generally said, a

long purse were the best friend in a lawsuit, must have prevailed.

After having heard the details of the case, I directed my client to send me his title papers, and proceeded to investigate, in the proper office, the title of his opponent; his ground, I found to have belonged to Onesimus Wharton, "commencing," said the deed, "at a corner of Humphrey Collinson's ground, and extending thence westward, One Hundred and Ninety-three feet." This lot had been afterward conveyed by Onesimus Wharton to Ernest Obermeyer, for the consideration of "one dollar, and of other good causes and valuable considerations, the said Onesimus thereunto moving," and by Obermeyer to Cuthbert Turner, the present plaintiff.

On my return to my office, I found the papers of my client, and discovered that his eastern boundary commenced "at the distance of One Hundred Ninety-three feet west, from the west line of Humphrey Collinson's ground;" this west line, therefore, of Collinson, being the "punctum saliens" to both lots, would, when ascertained, settle the question as to the division line of the present litigants.

I will not tax the patience of my readers, to follow me through the musty parchments and ancient surveys with which I grappled, in my researches to discover the true location of " the west line of Humphrey Collinson's ground," but the issue of my investigations was conclusive, that the point assumed by the plaintiff as the starting point, was three feet and some inches, more westward, than the true corner, and of course my client's building was fully within his own eastern boundary. Gratified as I was to have ascertained this fact, my satisfaction was greatly enhanced by the delight of Wharton when I communicated the result of my researches and showed him the outline of the argument, by which I trusted to establish my view of the case. Cautioning him to preserve perfect silence as to our defence, lest the ingenuity of the opposing counsel, might so load our case with legal subtleties, as to perplex the jury, 1 exhorted him to entire composure of mind, and to avoid conversation with any one respecting the suit.

Those of my readers who are of the profession, will readily estimate the necessity of such cautions, particularly to clients whose feelings of any kind are much interested in the matter at issue; there is among all classes, a "caccethes loquendi," a most insurmountable propensity to impart to others, those things which interest ourselves—a natural, and perhaps amiable egotism, from the effects of which I apprehended some embarrassment.

In the earlier years of my professional career, before experience had taught those severe, but salutary lessons, which she alone can teach, I had communicated to a client, in the fulness of my own exultation, and in the first bloom of my self complacency at the discovery, a neat and cherished plan to overthrow the whole case of the other party. He, as indiscreet as his counsel, in half an hour afterward, having accidentally encountered his adversary, let out as much of my new born scheme, as sent that adversary to his attorney, who instantly so changed the form of his attack, as wholly to render inoperative the mode of defence on which I so plumed myself. My present client, however, was more prudent; at least I am not aware that he suffered any thing to exude to the detriment of his cause, which in due time presented itself before a jury.

The opening of the case alleged, as usual, the right of the plaintiff to a front on -— street of one hundred ninety-three feet, "commencing at a corner of Humphrey Collinson's ground," and that the defendant had encroached, &c. In evidence were adduced the deeds of which I had before examined copies, and sundry old men, who, to all appearance, had survived their memory and all their other faculties, testified to what had always been held the corner of Collinson's lot, in the days of their youth. While these relics of antiquity were detailing their early reminiscences, I glanced over the deed from Onesimus Wharton to Ernest Obermeyer, and almost sprang from my chair at what I found there. Recovering, however, from this involuntary expression of surprise, I kept myself down to the level of a decorous attention to the slow-coming facts of the aged witnesses, and bore without interruption their excursive flights from the matters in question-merely ceasing to write down their testimony, when they indulged themselves in irrelevant recollections of the olden time. As the evidence for the plaintiff closed, the faces of the jury bore that air of puzzled candour-if I may so express myself-which seems to indicate their entire comprehension of what has been laid before them, mingled with astonishment that facts, apparently so conclusive, should be controverted: joined, rather comically, with a noble resolution to hear the other side of the case. Feeling confident, however, that I knew more of the matter than they did, the jury's benevolent resignation of look only added to the amusement that I felt in anticipation of my certain triumph; so, putting on a sedate and modest cast of face, and addressing myself to what I knew were their secret thoughts, I began :- " After the testimony and documentary evidence of the plaintiff, you are doubtless surprised that I should attempt the apparently hopeless task of unsettling your present firm persuasions. Such of you, however, as have been frequent occupants of a jury-box, must recollect instances of entire revolution in your sentiments, when the seemingly irrefutable conclusions of one party have been met either by argument or fact that entirely reversed the whole character of the case, and left you to wonder at your own precipitancy in so promptly and prematurely judging the merits of the controversy. Such a case will this prove—we are prepared to show that the point or line which the old people examined have declared to be the corner or line of Collinson was not "the western line," alluded to in the deeds of the plaintiff, but became his western line by a purchase of a strip of ground three feet eight inches in front, running parallel with his old line, and afterward conveyed to Onesimus Wharton, and forming part of the lot conveyed by him to Obermeyer for a pasture ground. We will farther show you that the defendant, if he had encroached on his eastern neighbour, is not liable therefor to the suit of Cuthbert Turner. the present plaintiff, who does not own a foot of ground in the lot he claims as his." Breaking off thus abruptly, I had nearly smiled to see the look of wonder with which this assertion was received by the jury, who bent eagerly forward, their curiosity fully excited to hear the proof which I had promised them. A few old deeds and plots endorsed on them, with trees for corners, quite proved the first position which we had assumed, and demonstrated incontrovertably, the true corner of the original lot of Collinson. For the second, I laid hold of Wharton's deed to Obermeyer, a link in the plaintiff's chain of title, and read to the astonishment of all, and of none more emphatically than of my own client, the words of conveyance "to the said Ernest Obermeyer."—" To have and to hold the said lot or piece of ground, with the appurtenances, to him, the said Ernest Obermeyer," and there stopt the important document in its description of what lawyers call "the quantity of estate granted." To render this part of the case intelligible to the general reader, it must be explained, that to grant the fee simple, or any estate greater than for life, the word "heirs" in a deed is indispensable. Of course, the estate reverted to Onesimus Wharton or his heirs, immediately upon the decease of Obermeyer, who could not convey to Turner more than he himself had.

In reading over the record of this deed in the office, I had glanced carelessly over that portion of it which was now found so important, my attention being directed exclusively to the starting point, so often alluded to. The remainder of my narrative is soon told. The charge of the court and the verdict of the jury followed as matters of course, but I did not know until after the conclusion of the suit that my client was sole heir to Onesimus Wharton, and of course the owner of the lot on which he was said to have trespassed, and which, from the spread of the city, soon became of very considerable value.

The present is an age of excitement—of theory and of professed improvement. The great danger is, that the solid acquirements of our ancestors—the results of their hard labour and patient investigation will be exchanged for the wide and endless projects of experiment.

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# THE MIRROR OF THE GRACES.

" Costly your habit as your purse can buy
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
Por the apparel oft proclaims the woman."

SMAKSPEARE

EVERY person of just observation, who looks back on the fashions of our immediate ancestors, and compares their style of dress with that of the present times, will not hesitate to acknowledge the evident improvement in ease and gracefulness. A judicious dresser will select from each mode that which is most distinguishable for utility and grace, and, combining, adopt them to advantage. This is the art which every woman, who casts a thought on these subjects, ought to endeavour to attain.

Elegant dressing is not found in expense; money, without judgment, may load, but never can adorn. You may show profusion without grace: you may cover a neck with pearls, a head with jewels, hands and arms with rings, bracelets, and trinkets, and yet produce no effect, but having emptied some merchant's counter upon your person. The best chosen dress is that which so harmonizes with the figure as to make the raiment pass unobserved. The result of the finest toilet should be an elegant woman, not an elegantly dressed woman. Where a perfect whole is intended, it is a sign of defect in the execution, when the details first present themselves to observation.

In short, the secret of dressing lies in simplicity, and a certain adaptation to your figure, your rank, your circumstances. To dress well on these principles—and they are the only just ones—does not require that extravagant attention to so trivial an object, as is usually exhibited by persons who make the toilet a study.

"Show me a lady's dressing-room," says a certain writer, "and I will tell you what manner of woman she is." Chesterfield, also, is of opinion, that a sympathy goes through every action of our lives: he declares, that he could not help conceiving some idea of people's sense and character from the dress in which they appeared when introduced to him. He was so great an advocate for pleasing externals, that he often said, he would rather see a young person too much than too little dressed, excess, on the foppish side wearing off with time and reflection; but, if a youth be negligent at twenty, it is probable he will be a sloven at forty, and disgustingly dirty at fifty. However this may be with the other sex, I beg leave to observe that I never met with a woman whose general style of dress was chaste, elegant, and appropriate, that I did not find, on further acquaintance, to be in disposition and mind, an object to admire and love.

A passion for dress is so common with the sex, that it ought not to be very surprising, when opulence, vanity, and bad taste meet, that we should find extravagance and tawdry profusion the fruits of the union. And it would be well if a humour for expensive dress were always confined to the fortunate daughters of Plutus; but we too often find this ruinous spirit in women of slender means, and then, what ought to be one of the embellishments of life, is turned into a splendid mischief.

A woman of principle and prudence must be consistent in the style and quality of her attire; she must be careful that her expenditure does not exceed the limits of her allowance; she must be aware, that it is not the girl who lavishes the most money on her apparel that is the best arrayed. Frequent instances have I known, where young women, with a little good taste, ingenuity, and economy, have maintained a much better appearance than ladies of three times their fortune. No treasury is large enough to supply indiscriminate profusion; and scarcely any purse is too scanty for the uses of life, when managed by a careful hand. Few are the situations in which a woman can be placed, whether she be married or single, where some attention to thrift is not expected. Hence we see, that hardly any woman, however related, can have a right to independent, uncontrolled expenditure; and that. to do her duty in every sense of the word, she must learn to understand and exercise the graces of economy. This quality will be a gem in her husband's eyes; for, though most of the moneygetting sex like to see their wives well dressed, yet, trust me, my fair friends, they would rather owe that pleasure to your taste than to their pockets.

Costliness being, then, no essential principle in real elegance, I shall proceed to give you a few hints on what are the distinguishing circumstances of a well-ordered toilet.

As the beauty of form and complexion is different in different women, and is still more varied, according to the ages of the fair subjects of investigation, so the styles in dress, while simplicity is the soul of all, must assume a character corresponding with the wearer.

The seasons of life should be arrayed like those of the year. In the spring of youth, when all is lovely and gay, then, as the soft green, sparkling in freshness, bedecks the earth, so light and transparent robes of tender colours should adorn the limbs of the young beauty. If she be of the Hebe form, warm weather should find her veiled in fine muslin, lawn, gauzes, and other lucid materials. To suit the character of her figure, and to accord with the prevailing mode and just taste together, her morning robes should be of a

length sufficiently circumscribed as not to impede her walking; but on no account must they be too short: for, when any design is betrayed of showing the foot or ancle, the idea of beauty is lost in that of the wearer's odious indeficacy. On the reverse, when no show of vanity is apparent in the dress—when the lightly-flowing drapery, by unsought accident, discovers the pretty buskined foot or taper ankle, a sense of virgin timidity, and of exquisite loveliness together, strikes upon the senses; and admiration, with a tender sigh, softly whispers, "the most resistless charm is modesty!"

In Thomson's exquisite portrait of Lavinia, the prominent feature is modesty. "She was beauty's self," indeed, but then she was "thoughtless of beauty;" and though her eyes were sparkling, bashful modesty" directed them

"Still on the ground dejected, darting all Their humid beams into the blooming flowers."

The morning robe should cover the arms and the bosom, nay, even the neck. And if it be made tight to the shape, every symmetrical line is discovered, with a grace so decent, that vestals, without a blush, might adopt the chaste apparel. This simple garb leaves to beauty all her empire; no furbelows, no heavy ornaments, load the figure, warp the outlines, and distract the attention. All is light, easy, and elegant; and the lovely wearer, "with her glossy ringlets loosely bound," moves with the zephyrs on the airy wing of youth and innocence.

Her summer evening dress may be of a still more gossamer texture; but it must still preserve the same simplicity, though its gracefully-diverging folds may fall, like the mantle of Juno, in clustering drapery about her steps. There they should meet the white slipper

"-of the fairy foot,

Which shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute."

Female youth, of airy forms and fair complexions, ought to reject, as too heavy for their style of figure, the use of gems. Their ornaments should hardly ever exceed the natural or imitated flowers of the most delicate tribes. The snow-drop, lily of the valley, violet, primrose, myrtle, Provence rose—these and their resemblances, are embellishments which harmonize with their gaiety and blooming years. The colours of their garments, when not white, should be the most tender shades of green, yellow, pink, blue, and lilac. These, when judiciously selected, or mingled, array the graceful wearer, like another Iris, breathing youth and loveliness.

While fine taste, as well as fashion, decrees that the beautiful outline of a well-proportioned form shall be seen in the contour of a nicely adapted dress, the divisions of that dress must be few and simple. But, though the hoop and quilted petticoat are no longer suffered to shroud in hideous obscurity one of the loveliest works in nature, yet all intermediate covering is not to be banished. Modesty, on one hand, and health on the other, still maintain the law of "fold on fold."

During the chilling airs of spring and autumn,

the cotton petticoat should give place to fine flannel; and in the rigid season of winter, another addition must be made, by rendering the outer garments warmer in their original texture: for instance, substituting satins, velvets, and rich stuffs, for the lighter materials of summer. And besides these, the use of fur is not only a salutary, but a magnificent and graceful appendage to dress.

Having laid it down as a general principle, that the fashion of the raiment must correspond with that of the figure, and that every sort of woman will not look equally well in the same style of apparel, it will not be difficult to make you understand, that a handsome person may make a freer use of fancy in her ornaments than an ordinary one. Beauty gives effect to all things; it is the universal embellisher, the setting which makes common crystal shine as diamonds. In short, fashion does not adorn beauty, but beauty fashion. Hence, I must warn Delia, that if she be not cast in so perfect a mould as Celia, she must not flatter herself that she can supply the deficiency by gayer or more sumptuous attire.

### A FEW FRIENDS.

" And what is friendship but a name?"

Every thing that Cicero has said in his Treatise De Amicitia is very fine, and very good, and very true; but he does not seem to have been altogether aware of the fulness of meaning contained in the word friends.

A man invites a few friends to dine with him.—They come, they eat, they drink, they talk, they criticise, they depart. They have praise and blame for the cook, and they speak learnedly of the wine; and, in nine cases out of ten, somewhat censoriously of the host. For either he has been too ostentatious in his liberality, or too niggardly in hospitality; and he seems almost required to ask pardon of those whom he has fed for the manner in which he has fed them. Then the entertainer becomes, in his turn, the entertained, and takes his turn also in the delights of culinary criticism and friendly censoriousness. These are friends by the table, cemented by the various combinations of fish, flesh, and fowl, closely adhering so long as that lasts which holds them together; but that failing, they fail, and depart, and separate.

A man writes a book, prose or poetry, as the case may be. He, of course, thinks it very fine, but he is not quite satisfied that all the world must of necessity be of the same opinion; therefore, he shows it to his *friends*, and asks their candid opinion—and they read it, and give him (excuse the pun, gentle reader) their candied opinion. They advise him, by all means, to publish it—they are sure it must succeed. It is published, and it does not succeed; and then these friends wonder that any man could be so simple as to imagine that such a thing ever could succeed; and they wonder that he did not see that what they had said was not their real opinion;

but, being his *friends*, how could they do otherwise than praise the book?

A man grows rich, and rises in the world. Thereupon all his neighbours and acquaintance congratulate him upon his fortune, and are ready, in the plentitude of their wisdom, to teach him how to spend his newly-acquired wealth. And he, who before his prosperity, scarcely knew that he had a friend in the world, is now informed how delighted his countless friends are to hear of his success.

A man grows poor, and sinks in the world. Forthwith he hears, or he may hear, if he have patience to listen to them, sage lectures upon prudence, and many edifying dissertations upon discretion. He receives many a humiliating lesson, and observes many an altered look; he has a great deal of pity, and very little help; and he is recommended, in the most delicate manner imaginable, not to spoil the pleasures of his prosperous acquaintance, by his unprosperous presence: and, while he fancies that he has not a friend in the world, he is given to understand that his friends are very sorry for him, and his friends, as all his friends say, ought to do something for him; but, unfortunately, he has tired his friends all out.

A man, just beginning life, marries a woman whose family is not so good as his own. Therespon father and mother, and uncles and aunts, and brothers and sisters, and cousins, first, second, third, and fourth, put themselves into a unanimous passion; co-operate in a system of unanimous sulkiness; insult the young woman, and eschew the young man, more especially if the newly-married couple are in need of any assistance or countenance. And then, when the persecuted couple are suffering under the pangs of poverty, and the mortifications of desertion and solitude, the world saith, with a most edifying gravity, "The young gentleman's friends did not approve of the match."

A young man comes to his fortune as soon as he becomes of age. He buys horses and dogs, and runs races, and lays bets, and plays at cards, and sometimes wins and sometimes loses; he gets into scrapes, and fights duels; he finds himself none the richer for his winnings, and much the poorer for his losings; and if he cannot spend or lose his money fast enough himself, he has myriads of friends who will borrow it of him, and do their best to assist him in dispersing it. Then at last he smashes, or is done up; and then all the world, with its long, moral phiz, says—"What a pity it is that his friends led him into such extravagance!"

At midnight there is a noise in the streets—women are shricking, and men are hallooing, and some are calling for help; and there is a well-dressed man swearing at a constable who attempts to hold him, which well-dressed man has obviously been rolled in the dirt; his hat is as flat as a pancake, his eyes are as red as herrings, his tongue is like a weathercock in a whirlwind, and he must be trussed like a boiled rabbit before he can be managed; and all the account he can

give of himself the next morning is, that he had been dining with a few friends.

Warwick, in his "Spare Minutes," thus describes common friendship:—"When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, thinke I, is the friendship of the world. Whiles the cap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarme in abundance; but, in the winter of my neede, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friends."

# PURITY OF WATER.

THE purity of water is indicated by its specific gravity. By a late act of parliament it is defined that a cubic inch of water purified by distillation weighs, at the temperature of 62 degrees, barometer 30 inches, exactly 252,458 grains. An imperial pint of perfectly pure water weighs precisely 20 avoirdupoise ounces at 62 deg. Any water heavier than this must be less pure. That the lightest water is the best, is an old and true principle. Pliny says that some judge of the wholesomeness of waters by contrasting their weights. Celsus alludes to the same practice-"nam levis pondere apparet." Hippocrates thought that the best water is that which heats and cools in the shortest time; and his echo-and expositor, Celsus, affirms the same thing. Hoffman informs us that rivers of a rapid current, or which fall down mountains, afford a purer water than those that are more slow; and hence, he says, that ships coming out of the river Maine into the Rhine draw more water, and sink deeper in the latter, because the waters of the Rhine fall from the highest mountains of the Grison country .- Dr. Lardner's Treatise on Domestic Economy.

### GOOD OLD TIMES.

THE ensuing year (1581, during the reign of good Queen Bess,) commenced with a series of tortures, the recital of which is calculated to excite both pity and disgust. Some persons were confined in a dungeon twenty feet below the surface of the earth; others in the "Litel Ease," where they had neither room to stand upright nor lay down at full length. Some were put to the rack or placed in "Scavenger's Daughter," (Scavengeri Filiam,) an iron instrument, by which their heads, hands, and feet were bound Many were chained and fettered; together. the still more unfortunate had their hands forced into iron gloves, which were much too small, or were subjected to the horrid torture of the boot. [The persons so treated were all Catholics.] In addition to these severities, Sir Owen Hupton, the lieutenant of the Tower, compelled them, by military force, to attend divine service in the chapel of that fortress, and then said in derision, "That he had no one under his custody who would not willingly enter a Protestant church." -Memoirs of the Tower of London, by John Britton and E. W. Bayley. Digitized by GOOGLE

# BUY MY ROSES.

BY LAURA PERCY.

Buy my roses, ladies, buy, I pluck'd them fresh this morn; Fear not—I offer you to-day A rose without a thorn.

Unlike the flowers so bright and gay,
That gem the paths of life;
But fade like fairy dreams away,
Or vanish into strife.
Unlike the flower that tempts the eye,
But when 'tis gathered stings;
Its pain remains—its beauties fly,
Far, far away on wings.

Then buy my roses, ladies buy,
1 pluck'd them fresh this morn;
Fear not—I offer you to-day
A rose without a thorn.

Like true and pure fidelity,

These flowers are ever found;
They'll raiso no tear in beauty's eye,
Nor tend'rest bosoms wound:
And though the leaves may fade away,
As all earth's things depart;
Their fragrance ne'er can know decay,
But still dwell round the heart.

Then buy my roses, ladies, buy,
I pluck'd them fresh this morn;
Fear not—I offer you to-day
A rose without a thorn.

### LINES.

BY H. C. DEACON, ESQ.

"We're no dead when we are dust, Master of Logan."

O, my the living God! who spreads
His own great-mindedness around,
The purple zenith o'er our héads,
The beauty of the flower-robed ground—
By all the mighty orbs that lead
Their progress through th' unfathomed sky,
Though earthworms on this flesh shall feed
Yet my soul's strength shall never die!

Tell me not that I breathe the breeze
That every insect breathes with me,
That the wild wind that shakes the trees
Is portion of my soul and me—
The breath of ages I inhale,
But agitates my dust awhile,
Then passeth like an ancient tale,
Earth's new-born children to beguile!

Within the flesh I feel a power
That holds not kindred with this sphere;
Born like the Aurelia, for an hour
To act its part—then disappear:
Perish the shell!—for that is clay,
The worm must feed—the grave be fed,
But the freed spirit soars away,
Triumphant o'er the charnel'd dead!

# THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE philosopher leaves the fashion of his clothes to the tailor; it is as great a weakness to be out of the fashion as to affect to be in it.

The reason of things lies in a narrow compass, if the mind could at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses of the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to a mind in pursuit after philosophical truff.

There are few families but what are at one end related to the greatest princes, and at the other to the meanest peasants.

Politeness seems to be a care, by the manner of our words and actions, to make others pleased with us and themselves.

Who has no friend and no enemy, is one of the vulgar; without talents, power or energy.

The finest dressed, the most talkative, and the richest, are not always the most intelligent, though they may be the most worshipped.

What is the world which we ransack, but a stupendous charnel-house? Every thing that we deem most lovely, ask its origin—Decay?—When we rifle nature, and collect wisdom, are we not like the hags of old, culling simples from

the rank grave, and extracting sorceries from the rotting bones of the dead? Every thing around us is fathered by corruption, and into corruption returns at last. Corruption is at once the womb and grave of nature, and the very beauty on which we gaze and hang—the clouds and tree, and the swarming waters—all are one vast panorama of death!"

Rewards are proportioned to success, not to merit.—Success itself is a reward.

Those women who wed for money, are in the likeness of hypocrites; they live in a long prostitution, and have not always the plea of necessity.

A man gets a kind of respectability from the mere fact of having a family. I have hushed my passion when about to retort insolently to another when I thought of his children.

The head of Esop is said to have been large to deformity. The head of Attila the Hun of the Mongolian species is mentioned as being of a preternatural size.

The first balloon was made in Paris, on the 27th day of August, 1783, under the direction of Messrs. Chartes and Blanchard. It was com-

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posed of Taffeta plastered over with an elastic gum, and was filled with inflammable air, obtained by the filings of iron in Vitriolic acid. It weighed 40 lbs. It rose to Wout 12,000 feet and fell in three quarters of an hour.

Whenever you speak any thing, think well, and look narrowly what you speak; of whom you speak; and to whom you speak, lest you bring yourself into great trouble.

At Shuster, a city at the foot of the Bucktiari range of mountains, in Persia, there is a bridge eighty feet above the waters of the river Karoon. From the summit of this bridge, the Persians throw themselves in sport, and with impunity, into the river below.

Our pleasures are for the most part, short, fatse, and deceitful; and like drunkenness, revenge the jolly madness of one hour, with the sad regentance of many.

Never expect any assistance or consolation in thy necessities from drinking companions.

A virtuous man who has passed through the temptations of the world, may be compared to the fish who lives all the time in salt-water, yet is still fresh.

How much pains have those evils cost us which have never happened.

The winter with his grisly storms no longer dare abide.

The pleasant grass with lusty green the earth hath newly dyed,

The tree hath leaves, the boughs do spread, new changed is the year,

The water brooks are clean sunk down, the pleasant boughs appear.

The spring is come, the goodly nymphs now dance in every place:

Thus hath the year most pleasantly so lately chang'd her face.

Spiders are excellent barometers: if the ends of their webs are found branching out to any length, it is a sure sign of favourable weather: if, on the contrary, they are found short, and the spider does not attend to repairing it properly, bad weather may be expected.

A bigot counterworks his Creator, makes God after man's image, and chooses the worst model he can find—himself.

What an eccentricity of wickedness was it to appoint any place where a murderer should get shelter—a church too! but such were, and are (abroad) called sanctuaries. Lancaster Church was reserved by Henry VIII. as a sanctuary, after the abolition of that dangerous privilege in the rest of England.

It is only when the rich are sick, that they fully feel the impotence of wealth.

The annual average quantity of dew deposited in England is estimated at a depth of about five inches, being about one-seventh of the mean quantity of moisture supposed to be received from the atmosphere over all Great Britain, in a year, or about 22,161,337,355 tons, taking a ton at fifty-two gallons.

Diogenes being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards meeting with some Lacedemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "And this also is pride."

Silver has increased in value thirty times since the reign of William the Conqueror.

Care, the consuming canker of the mind,
The discord that disorders sweet heart's tune,
The abordive bastard of a coward mind,
The lightfoot lackey that rune post by death,
Bearing the letters which contain our end;
The busy advocate that sells his breath
Denouncing worst to blim who's most his friend.

The susceptibilities that we create or refine by the pursuit of one object, weaken our general reason; and I may compare with some justice the powers of the mind to the faculties of the body, in which squinting is occasioned by an inequality of strength in the eyes, and discordance of voice by the same inequality in the ears.

Proverbs—Beware of enemies reconciled and meat twice boiled. Beware of a silent dog, and still water. Crosses are ladders to heaven.

### RECIPES.

TO RAISE THE NAP ON CLOTH.

When woollens are worn thread-bare, as is generally the case in the elbows, cuffs, sleeves, &c. of men's coats, the coat, &c. must be soaked in cold water for half an hour, then taken out of the water and put on a board, and the thread-bare parts of the cloth rubbed with a half-worn hatters' card, filled with flocks, or with a prickly thistle, until a sufficient nap is raised. When this is done, hang your coat, &c. up to dry, and with a hard brush lay the nap the right way. This is the method which is pursued by the dealers in old clothes.

TO REVIVE THE FADED COLOUR OF BLACK CLOTH.

If a coat, clean it well, as described in scouring blues, blacks, browns, &c., then boil from two to four ounces of logwood in your copper or boiler half an hour; dip your coat in warm water, and squeeze, it as dry as you-can, and put it into the copper, and boil half an hour. Take it out and add a piece of green copperas about the size of a horse bean; boil it another half hour, then draw it, and hang it in the air for an hour or two; take it down, rinse it in two or three cold waters, dry it, and let it be well brushed with a soft brush, over which a drop or two of olives has been rubbed: stroke your coat regularly over. The whole expense of this process (the firing excepted) will not exceed a few cents. If any part of the coat, &c. should be worn thread bare, the nap must be raised with a prickly thistle, &c. and the coat will look as new. Some dyers use old black liquor, instead of logwood and copperas. Digitized by

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

Vacalla 1295.

### THE DUTCH MAIDEN.

AH, lovely maiden! why so long Unkindly hast thou spurned my love? When shall my true, my mournful song, So oft repeated, pity move?

Seest thou you glorious Rhine that flows, Careering proudly, glittering bright! No wave that in the sunshine glows, Once pass'd, again shall cheer thy sight?

Ah so, believe me, life must fly, Ah, so believe me, beauty fade, Nor wealth, couldst thou rich hoards supply, Time's rapid footstep e'er has stay'd.

Thy bouyant life, thy beauty, then, Enjoy while they are surely thine; Wait not to call them back again, Or o'er neglected hours repine.

Now, all around, love's purple light, Its bless'd enchantment strives to throw; Oh! wouldst thou linger till the night Of death has shrouded all below?

# THE JUDGE AND THE FREEBGOTER.

A BORDER TALE.

It was by the dull light of a grey, misty morning, that Willie Armstrong, the hardy descendant of the famous freebooter Johnnie Armstrong, was seen buckling on his leathern belt, and making other preparations, which betokened that he was on the eve of a marauding expedition. His wife stood gazing on the countenance of the handsome and daring moss-trooper with tearful eyes and half reproachful looks; at length she exclaimed,

"A wilful man will hae his way, but I tell ye, Gilnockie, that nae good will come o' this outbreak—will naething persuade you to let this raid alane?"

"Gie ower your fleeching, wife," said Willie, as he thrust his pistols into his belt, "and dinna let us part with the tear in your eye; and trow ye me, ye will hae weel filled barns and byres by the time I come hame."

"Willie, Willie," replied his wife, laying her hand on his arm, "are ye sae sure that ye will ever come hame? I would rather want meal and milk than that any mischance should come ower ye. The borders hae long been quiet, and—"

"The mair the pity," answered Willie, "certie, woman, I think mair o' the spree than the profit it may bring; I'm clean doited with daidling out and in about the auld tower—there's neither faith nor marrow in the men now-a-days. Think of the time of my forbears, Alice, when the Armstrongs were as plenty as blæberries—Hech! they are dwindled away both in clan and land."

"And whatfore will ye make what's little, less, Willie?" replied Alice. "The warden of the marches will show you sma' favour if ye should fall into his hands; and I would like ill to see your neck filled with a Jeddart cravat."

"Hout, Alice, I dinna gie the value of a bodle for the warden; and let the warst come to the warst, the Earl of Traquair winna see a hair of my head hurt—but it's time I were mounted, in place of maundering here; a band of the Elliots are to meet me in the Dowy Glen; nae fear but we'll keep a merry Christmas with good fat mart, and I'll bring ye some braws to busk ye, fine as ye hae a good right to be."

"I care nae for braws, Gilnockie, and that ye ken. Let the Elliots rieve and herry as they will, but hae ye naething to do with them."

"I canna gang back of my word, Alice, let what will come o' it; but I maun away, it ill sits an Armstrong to be hindmost."

"Kiss your bairn before you gang," said Alice, as she lifted her young son from his cradle.

"That I will, and you too," replied Willie; and after bestowing a hearty kiss on each, he hurried out of the tower, flung himself on his horse, and rode roundly away.

The day passed heavily, the night drew on, and still Armstrong did not appear. Her faithful servant, Wattie Winshaw, tried to persuade Alice to go to bed.

"Dinna speak to me about going to bed, when for any thing I ken to the contrary, I may be by this time a widow, and my bairn fatherless."

"Trow me, mistress," replied Wattie, "there's little fear o' that, he's no the gear that will tyne, so just try and get a gliff o' sleep."

"I canna sleep," answered Alice; "but tell me what kind of night is it."

"It's dooms dark," replied Wattie; "but see, the dog is cocking his lugs; I'll warrant he hears something—faith he's right, that's the tramp o' my master's naig."

"Bless you for that word," said Dame Armstrong, as she threw some fresh fuel on the fire, while Wattie ran out to welcome his master. In a few moments he returned with a sorrowful countenance—

"It's no Gilnockie, dame, but Bobbie Elliot, who wants a word o' you."

Alice hurried to the gate, where she found Elliot, whose appearance showed he had been engaged in some desperate fray, anxiously awaiting her. "Where's Gilnockie," said Alice, hastily, "and how comes it that I see you here your lane, Bobbie Elliot?"

"I'm loth to tell you, dame," replied Elliot, "but it canna be helped now. We have been worsted in the fray, and Gilnockie is by this time

in Jeddart jail."

"My malison be on you and your whole clan, Bob Elliot," exclaimed Alice, "for wiling awa my poor Willie to meet his death; ye hae taken good care of yoursel, I trow; ye should think black burning shame to come to Gilnockie, to bring such dool tidings to a wife and mother."

"Whist, whist, dame," answered the free-booter, "I'm no the coward loon ye think me—look at this muckle gash on my cheek, woman, it would hae fa'en to Gilnockie's share, if I hadna come between him and the Southern, and my left arm is broken by a pistol-shot, and hangs down like an old clout, so I hae done my best to keep Willie scatheless; and besides this, I hae come at the peril of my ain craig to bring ye the news, and to help to drive off your horse and kye to a safe place till the hobbleshew is ower."

"Let the gear gang," exclaimed Alice; "what is it in comparison to a husband's life? Saddle the brown mare, Wattie, it's time I were off to Jedburgh. Bobbie Elliot," she continued, "ye hae muckle to answer for—but ye are a wounded man, light down then, and come in and take baith meat and drink. I hae maybe let fa' ower sharp words, but muckle should be forgien to a waeful wife."

"Naedoubt," said Elliot, as he followed Alice into the tower, "but ye maun hae a sorrowfu' heart. I hope, however, that the matter is no past remeid—gang ye to Willie, and lippen the gear to me."

"I maun lippen to you what is dearer to me than house or land, horse or kye, and that is my young son. Ye maun take him to my brother, for I canna leave him here, and as little can I take him with me into a dowie prison."

"I'll do that blythely," replied Elliot, "and trow me, dame, we'll get ower this bruist yet."

Alice's preparations being soon completed, she mounted behind Wattie, and ere day dawned she was far on her way to Jedburgh.

"So, thou art there again, thou ill-conditioned reiner," said the jailer of Jedburgh, Andrew Cutler, better known by the name of Gustygowl.

"'Deed am I," replied Gilnockie, coolly; "certie, I like your company as ill as ye like mine, and your quarters far mair."

"And what the sorrow brings ye here then? Is it no your ain faut?—I'se warrant ye'll get a tow round your thrapple this time. It's the warden's order that ye are to be hanged, and by my faith ye're cheap o' it. Three times ye hae been under lock and key in Jeddart jail."

"Three times are cannie," said Gilnockie, carelessly.

"That's to be seen," replied Gustygowl;

"whatfore could ye no settle down at Gilnockie tower, and gain thy living in an honest way, in place o' maundering through the country, rewing and riving other folks' goods and gear?"

"Ye ken the auld saying, Gustygowl, that what's bred in the bane will ne'er come out o' the flesh. I'm a true Armstrong, and will be ane

to the end."

"And it's likely ye'll gang the same gate, for I'm thinking ye'll no find it an easy job to get out o' the warden's grip."

"A's no tint that's in danger," replied the borderer.

"Ye'll be hanged, for as bauld as ye look," said Gustygowl.

"We'll see, as the blind man said," responded. Gilnockie. "But harkye, Gustygowl, there's sma' doubt that my dame will be here as soon as she hears of the strait that I'm in—now mind, you're to let me see her when she comes."

"It's mair than ye deserve, ye rewing loon," replied Gustygowl, as he withdrew, after care-

fully securing his prisoner.

Wattie Winshaw having put the brown mare to her utmost speed, the travellers, in less time than might have been expected, arrived at Jedburgh, and Alice repairing to the prison, was quickly admitted.

"Wae's me, wae's me!" she exclaimed, on entering the damp, dark cell where her husband was confined. "Oh, Willie, whatfore would you no be warned? Didna I tell you what the upshot would be?"

"Gudewife," said the borderer, impatiently, "if you hae nae better comfort to gie me, ye might as weel hae staid at the auld tower. We maun think how I am to get out o' this dowie place."

"I doubt, Willie, you'll find that a kittle job, for the warden's wud bout 'the outbreak. I'm feared it will gang unco hard wi' ye. Oh, Willie, am I to be left a desolate widow in such troublous times?"

"I'll no die this bout, wife," rejoined Willie, "so speak at leisure about being a widow. I'll cheat the woody yet."

"What can I do to help ye, Willie?" said Alice, "for weel ye ken I would gang through

fire and water to save ye."

"I dinna misdoubt it," replied Willie, "for ye hae aye been a good wife to me, though something ower saft for the marrow of a rewing borderer—but ye canna help that. Ye hae often heard tell, how that in the auld rewing times my forbears did good service to the Earls o' Traquair, and mony a fray hae they helped them out o', and the Earl that now is has been obliged to me mair times than ance. So I see naething for't, Alice, but that ye speed awa to Traquair House, and tell the Earl the case that I'm in, and that I look for help from nae other hand—and say to him that I ken I've been in the faut, and that he kens the nature o' a borderer ower weel to be hard upon me."

"I'll do my best," replied Alice, "but nas doubt he'll expect you to gie caution for your



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good behaviour in time coming, and that you'll gie up a' dealings with the Elliots."

"Say ye naething o' that, if he says naething to you," retorted Willie, hastily; "but awa with ye, and good speed may ye come."

Alice, having summoned her faithful escort Wattie, set forward to Traquair House with all speed. On arriving there, she craved an audience of the Earl, and was informed he was at dinner.

"Aweel," said Alice, "I maun just wait till his Lordship has had his vivers, but as my business is a matter o' life and death, I trust you'll bring me to the speech o' the Earl as soon as may be."

"You'll readily has to wait a good while," said one of the domestics, "for he has the sheriff of Jedburgh with him anent some rewers that are to be hanged for a raid on the borders. I trust ye has naething to do with any of them."

"It can make little difference to you whether I hae or not: I'll tell my tale to nane but the

Earl."

And Alice drew her bood over her face and remained silent, and the retainer muttering "a saucy dame," joined his companions, who were lounging about the hall. At length Alice received a summons to attend the Earl, which she obeyed with a beating heart; and on being ushered into his presence, she bent her knee to the Earl, while the tears sprung to her eyes.

"Ye see before you a sorrowfu' woman, my Lord," said Alice, "and ane that will ere long be a widow, unless you take pity on her."

"Rise, my good woman," said the Earl, "and tell me how I can serve you—what has put your busband's life in peril?"

"Just the auld story, my Lord, a rewing splore on the borders: my husband has been taken, and now lies in Jedburgh jail, and the warden threatens to hang him."

The Earl's brow grew dark.

"I fear, dame," said he, "there is little hope for him—the English borderers are loud in their complaints, and the warden is resolved to have the aggressors brought to justice; I cannot interfere."

"Oh! dinna say that," cried Alice, "for Willie lippens to you; 'Alice,' said he to me, 'the Earl winna let a hair o' my head be hurt, for weel he kens me and mine have stood mony a tulzie between him and his unfriends."

"I never was obliged to an Elliot that I can recollect," replied the Earl.

"Elliot!" exclaimed Alice, "na, na, it's Willie Armstrong o' Gilnockie that I speak o' to your Grace; I'm his poor wife, for lack o' a better."

"Gilnockie!" said the Earl in an anxious tone; "the sheriff told me the raid was committed by a band of the Elliots."

"I wish it had been only them," replied Alice; but who should come to the tower but Robbie Elliot, and he wiled Gilnockie to join them, black be their fa'."

"Why did you not hinder him, my good dame?" asked the Earl.

"Hech! my Lord, ye ken little o' the nature

o' men, when ye speak that gate; a' that their wives say to them gangs in at ae lug, and out at the other."

"Well my dame," said the Earl, "I will speak for his life, but only on condition that he promises that he will never lift nor rieve in all time coming."

"Nae doubt," replied Alice, "this mischance should be a warning to him, but your Lordship had as good take his promise and tie him up strait; but my Lord, we manna tent time, for fear the warden takes him in hand sooner than we reckon on."

"I'll see to that," replied the Earl, "and tell Gilnockie I will be in Jedburgh to-morrow to speak for his life."

"My blessing be upon you," exclaimed Alice.
"Oh, my Lord, ye hae lightened my heart o' a heavy load, for the warden minna say nay to your Grace, and now I'll speed back to poor Willie." And Alice, anxious to relieve her husband's mind, quickly retraced the road to Jedburgh.

"Aweel, wife," said Willie, as she entered his dismal abode, "what speed hae ye come? did ye get speech o' the Earl?"

"'Deed I saw him," said Alice, in a doleful tone, "and he's sair angered at this raid. 'Alice,' said he, 'whatfore did ye let Willie gang on this fray?' Hech! my Lord, said I, ye ken very weel that neer ane o' the name o' Armstrong but will hae their ane gate; they were aye a camstrary race and winna do but what they like, and as for Willie, tows wouldna hae held him, far less a wife's breath."

"Ye had little to do my woman, to disparage me and my forbears that gate;" said Willie, angrily; "muckle gude your going to the Earl has done, truly."

"Whist, Willie, till ye hear the upshot. Do ye no see, man, that my way was the best? If I had said ye were in the right about this business, it would just have set up the Earl's birse."

"Aweel, aweel, say awa, and let's ken the end, for Gustygowl has been here saying that there was sma' doubt that hanging will be the least o' it, and I think I see a Jeddart tew fleeing before my een. What mair said the Earl?"

"He said that he would speak for your life, but that ye maun make oath that, as long as ye live, ye will neither lift horse nor kye."

"Said he ony thing anent sheep?" interrupted Willie.

"Heard ever ony body the like o' that?" said Alice. "Ye are thinking o' being at the auld trade, and ye not out o' prison yet. I tell ye you're neither to lift corn, born, boof or noof—beek, man, it's a waefu' thing to see you thinking o' rewing and lifting in place o' being thankfu' that life has been spared."

"And what need I care to have life spared, if I'm to be hampered this gate? I would rather they would hang me out o' hand, as they did my forbear Johnnie."

"Are ye delecrit, Willie?" replied the dame.
"Am I no worth living for, nor your bairn; and

as to gear, I'm sure we have plenty; but little mair need be said anent the matter, for I promised to the Earl ye would be glad to make ony paction, so that your life was spared."

"Ye were unco ready," retorted the borderer, but since ye did say sae, I reckon I maun abide by it."

"Now ye speak like a reasonable man," said Alice, "and as the Earl is to be here the morn, I trust you'll soon be out o' this dolefu' place."

Soon after this the door of the dungeon opened, and the jailor entered. "It's time, dame, that ye were awa," said he, "for a'm gawn to lock up. I hope Gilnockie's taking a thought o' another world, for he has been a reckless man. I have long forseen the end he would come to."

"Haud your tongue, ye auld boding ravin, and take your ill-faured face out o' my sight; I'll

soon be out o' your hands."

"Aye, when the hangman gets you into his," answered the jailer, as he ushered Alice out of the dungeon, and turned the key on his prisoner.—"Certie, dame," he said, "ye have a bauld marrow."

"He canna bide being tethered," replied Alice, "it just puts him by himself, but I hope

be'll no be long in your lodgings."

"There's sma' doubt o' that," replied the jailer, "for the warden makes short wark o' such matters—take my word for't, he'll neer see Gilnockie tower again."

"Maybe, and maybe no," answered Alice, as she slowly turned from the gate of the prison.

Long did the night appear to the anxious wife, and as soon as daylight broke, she repaired to the jail, and was soon after admitted to her husband. It was midday, however, before the Earl arrived at the jail and demanded to be conducted to Gilnockie's cell.

"This way, my Lord," said Gustygowl, as he stumped before the Earl with a ponderous bunch of keys in his hand. "Gilnockie is a rewing loon, and he winna be the waur o' a hanging, so

please your Lordship."

"Peace, fellow!" said the Earl, "it becomes not such as thou art to speak thus of a bold borderer of high name and hereage." Gustygowl, too much confounded to venture a reply, hastily undid the fastenings of the cell, and unhered in the Earl in respectful silence.

"Ah, Gilnockie," said the Earl, "I am right

sorry to find you here."

"You canna be half so sorry as I am," replied Willie, cheerfully; "but I hope, with your Grace's help, to change my lodgings before long."

"If you don't take warning, Willie," said the Earl, "I prophesy that the gallows will be your end at last. The warden is highly incensed."

"He makes a din about naething," replied Willie; "I'm sure little fell to my share but twa tethers."

"Twa tethers!" said his Lordship in surprise, "and did you peril your life for twa tethers?"

"I'll no say but there might be two colts at the end o' them," said Willie, coolly.

"You are a bold man, Gilnockie," said the

Earl, " to jest thus when the halter is waiting for thy neck."

"Aye, but I ken your Lordship would like ill to see me fitted with a St. Johnstoun's tippet;

ye'll hae got my pardon?"

"I have," replied his Lordship, "but it was no easy matter, and there are conditions annexed, to which you must agree before you leave this place."

"Oh, my Lord," exclaimed Alice, "he'll agree to ony thing, so that his life be spared."

"Haud your lang tongue, ye sorrow—wha gied you leave to put in your word?"

"Come, come, Gilnockie," said the Earl, "you must not find fault with your dame—I assure you she pleaded your cause most warmly."

"I dinna doubt it; there's na gude wife but would hae done as muckle, but natheless I'm obliged to her; now what does your Lordship expect me to promise?"

"That ye shall neither reive, nor lift, nor join raid or feray from this time henceforth—and I have become security for these terms being kept, being assured that if you give me your word to that effect that you will keep it."

"My Lord," said Willie, while a tear dimmed his eye, "1'm proud o' the confidence ye put in my plighted word, and fiend hae me, if I ever wrang it; and I swear by bread and salt never to lift horn even, hoof or woof, and never in ony way to break the peace of the border."

"I ask no more, Willie," said the Earl, " you are now free; but I recommend you not to leave Jedburgh till the evening, as you have some ill-wishers here, who will not be pleased to find you

have escaped so easily."

"That, for the tinklers," exclaimed Willie, snapping his fingers; "but, my Lord, here am I, Willie Armstrong, ready to ride, to run, to fight or steal for you if you should ever need my helo."

"Thanks, Gilnockie," replied the Earl, smiling, but I have no occasion for any of those services at present; however, as no one can tell what turns fortune may take, perhaps I may some day put you in mind of your promise."

"The sooner the better, my Lord," said Willie, with great glee, and if you should want me for a fighting bout, I'll be blythe to your pleasure."

"Ye are gaun aff at the nail, Willie, and before his Grace, too, wha nae doubt would expect to see a man just saved frae the hangman's hands demean himself with mair discretion," said Alice.

"Neer a bit," retorted her husband, " the Earl

kens what stuff I'm made o'."

"Aye," replied the Earl, "for a rewer, thou art not the worst of the kind. Farewell, Gilnockie, speed ye hame and live a peaceable and quiet life."

"It gangs sairly against the grain," replied Willie, "natheless I have passed my word and I'll keep it, though I ken a peaceable life will make me gaunt my chafts aff; farewell, my Lord, and dinna forget Willie Armstrong."

No sooner had the Earl departed than Willie roared lustily for the jailer who quickly made his

appearance.



"What the sorrow makes ye come at that daundering gate?" cried Willie. "Hast ye, and take aff my handcuffs, ye dour loon, that I should ban, and let me quit o' you and your four stane wa's."

"It will be a happy riddance when your back's turned," retorted the jailer, "but it's a pity for honest folks that the woody has na got its due—

but there's a good time coming."

"You're just mad, Gustygowl," said Willie, that ye canna see me hanged, and that a' your prognostifications are no worth a bodle; but take aff my shackles, certie man, I bear ye nae ill-will for a' that's come and gane."

"'Deed no," said Alice, who thought it as prudent not to irritate so formidable a personage— "it's just his way, but I'm used to it."

"Rather you than me, dame," replied Gusty-gowl, "but where are ye gaun?" he continued, seeing Willie striding towards the door.

"Where am I gaun? hame to be sure," retorted the borderer.

"You are not to stir a foot till some o' the Earl's men come for ye, and that will not be till the gloaming; this was his Lordship's orders, so you may sit down and rest your shanks till I come back for ye."

"Aweel," replied Willie, "I fancy I maun do as I am bidden, but it's a trade I'm little used to."

"I can answer for that," said Alice with a good humoured smile, as she left the prison to prepare for their return to Gilnockie.

Late in the evening, several of the Earl's retainers arrived at the prison, from whence they escorted Armstrong and his dame in safety to the tower of Gilnockie.

Alice sent directly for her little son; she afterwards had the cattle and other gear brought, and then set about the difficult task of reconciling her husband to the employments of ploughing, sowing and reaping, all of which he held in high disdain, and had not Alice taken management of their affairs into her own hands, there would have been a lack of plenty in kitchen and hall.

"I'm just clean taivert," said Willie one day, in a desponding tone, as he seated himself near the fire; "I'm doited a' thegether with no haeing a hand's turn to do."

"I wonder to hear ye, Gilnockie," said Alice; "naething to do, truly, are there nae staves wanted in the dookit park? and—"

"Is that wark for me, wife, that hae been used to sword and lance? I would like to ken what my forbear, Johnnie Armstrong, would have said if his wife had evened him to any thing o' the kind."

"Your pride beats a', Gilnockie," said Alice.
"Nae doubt, Johnnie had four-and-twenty belted knights to do his bidding; but they couldna keep him frae the gallows-tree for a' that."

"It was a shamefu' deed, wife; it's weel kent that he only took frac the rich to gie to the poor. I wish I could play ower the part he did."

"And meet with the same end," said Alice; "put awa such merlegoes out o' your head, and settle quietly at hame."

"I canna settle," retorted Willie, " so I'll gang

to the fair the morn, and see if that will waken me."

"'Deed ye'll do nae such thing; ye has nought to sell, and as little to buy; and ye ken very weel there's never a fair but there's a tulzie, and there's never a tulzie but you're sure to be in the middle o't. Hear reason, Willie, and dinna put yoursel in the way o' breaking your word to the Earl."

"Aweel," said Willie, with a deep sigh, "I trow I maun think o' the fair, so I'll gang and shoot at a target."

"Ye had muckle better gang and shoot at a fat buck," responded his careful wife.

Thus matters continued for a considerable time, when one night, as Willie and his wife were preparing for rast, a rider was heard approaching the house at full speed. Willie, delighted at any thing that promised to break the monotony of his life, hastened to the shot-hole to reconnoitre and question his unexpected visitor.

"Wha may ye be that comes so late to Gilnockie tower?" asked Willie.

"A friend," answered a well known voice, but come down yourself, Armstrong, and let me in, for my business requires secrecy and dispatch."

"I'll be blythe to do that," replied Willie, in a joyful tone; "wife, stir up the fire and put a' things in order, while I run down to open the gate."

"Ne'er a gate shall be opened this night, if I can help it. This will be some o' that born deevils the Elliots; now, Willie"—

"Haud out of my road, ye gomeril; does it set us to keep the Earl o' Traquair standing like a beggar at our gate?" saying this, he thrust her aside and hurried away.

"Preserve us a'!" said Alice, "who would hae thought o' the Earl coming at this time o' night?"

"Well, my fair dame," said the Earl, as he entered, followed by Armstrong, "how goes it with you here? I hope Willie has kept faith with me."

"That I hae," replied Willie; "but your Grace maunna keep me ower strict to one portion—l'm wearving sair for a splore."

"Perhaps that may not be so far off as you think," said the Earl.

"That's the best news I've heard for a year and a day!" exclaimed Willie, cutting a caper; "for ony sake, tell me a' about it."

"Before I begin, I must ask you to give my horse a feed, as I must soon take the road again," said the Earl.

"I'll raise the house in no time," replied Alice, "and get the best supper we have for your Grace, and see your horse weel tended besides."

"No, no, dame," said the Earl, "I don't wish any of your people to know of my being here."

"Then I'll do every thing mysel'," replied Alice; "a borderer's wife can supper a horse at a pinch, as weel as the best loon among them; so I'll gang and leave ye to your cracks," and away went Alice.

"Gilnockie," said the Earl, "I am come to

claim the offer you made me in Jedburgh jail. I need your services—will you give me your aid?"

"That will I, my Lord, with right good will; only tell me what 1 am to do. I hope there's some fighting in the case?"

"No," said the Earl, "it is no fighting matter."
"The mair's the pity," answered Willie, "a

wee bit tulzie would hae been a grand thing for me; but will your Grace be pleased to let me ken the outs and ins o' the business?"

"I am likely, Armstrong," said the Earl, " to lose the best part of my estate, in consequence of a plea before the Court of Session."

"I heard some clavers about this," replied Willie, "but I dinna believe a word o' it."

"It is too true, however; but I would gain it if the President, Lord Durie, were on my side, which unfortunately he is not," said the Earl.

"The misleart loon!" exclaimed Willie, "can

he no be brought round?"

"No," replied the Earl, "but he might be brought off. His absence would answer my purpose quite as well as if he were on my side."

"Aha!" exclaimed Willie, in great glee, "I think I see what your Grace is after; I'll be blythe to put this auld sneck-drawer o' a President out o' the way."

"But, Gilnockie," said the Earl, "before you engage in this business, I must show you that I have justice on my side, and explain to you—"

"Neer fash your beard about it," replied Willie, "I'll take your Lordship's word for it."

"Well, then," answered the Earl, "I wish you to carry off Lord Durie, and confine him for a few months. A new President will be appointed, and I will gain my cause. Will you do this?"

"There's my hand on't," replied Willie; "and ye ken, my Lord," he continued, laughing, "he is neither corn, horn, hoof or woof—so I dinna

break my paction with ye."

"True," said the Earl, "but at all events, I will stand between you and the consequences. The next thing to be considered is, where you will hide him."

"I'll put him in a place that naebody will think o' looking for him, and that's the auld Tower o' Graham, abune Moffat, which is far enough frae house or ha'. Naebody lives in the tower but an auld wife they call Elspeth Broche, and her son, a bit callant that herds sheep on the muir round the place. Aye, aye, muckle gear has been hidden in the auld Tower o' Graham, in the heartsome raids; so ye see, my Lord, its a real convenient place."

"I dare say you have found it so before this," replied his lordship, smiling; "but we will say nothing on that score—your readiness to assist me in this matter will not be soon forgotten."

"Dinna speak o' that, my Lord, ye hae a right to my life if this should cost it; certie, I never turn my head or scart my neck without thinking o' a Jeddart tow; and I'm right glad that I can do ony thing to please your Grace. But how will I gang about it?—I would think little to gather a band o' borderers, and rive the auld rudus loon out o' his hole in the face o' day." "No, no, Gilnockie," said the Earl, "that will never do: but he takes a ride almost every afternoon on Leith Sands, and he is generally unattended: perhaps you may make some use of this circumstance."

"Never fear but I'll make use of it," replied Willie, with a grin; "I'll hae the auld carline croose in the Tower o' Graham before another week is over. But your Lordship looks unco' disgashet—you'll surely bide with us the night?"

"That cannot be," said the Earl; "no one must know of my visit here, so I will depart as soon as my horse is sufficiently rested."

"You maun surely take some vivres," said Gilnockie, "and here comes Alice with the best o' every thing within the wa's o' the auld tower."

"Ye may say that," replied Alice, " and I hope your Lordship will taste our cheer, and muckle good may it do you!"

The Earl having partaken of some refreshment, soon after took leave of Armstrong, who lost no time in making preparations for his expedition, in which he was assisted by Alice, who was too well aware of the Earl's power and influence to fear any bad consequences from the abduction of the Judge.

Willie having attired himself in the dress of a douce country carle, threw a large plaid across his shoulders, and mounting a strong black horse, he rode straight to Edinburgh, where he arrived without meeting with adventure or mischance.

To make sure of his man, Willie visited the Court of Session, and after taking good note of the President, he repaired to a hostelrie in one of the suburbs, in order to rest his horse for the approaching journey.

On the afternoon of the succeeding day, Willie mounted his horse, and hied down to Leith Sands, and in a short time after he had the satisfaction of seeing the President, unattended, coming towards him, and Willie slackening his pace to that of the reverend judge, rode gently on.

The powerful black steed which Willie bestrode, at length attracted his Lordship's attention.

"A handsome nag that, friend," said his Lordship.

"Troth, sir," answered Willie, touching his bonnet, "he's no an ill bit o' horse-flesh—he's grand at a trot, and as for a gallop, there's no his marrow between this and Jedburgh."

"Where do you come from, friend?" asked his Lordship.

"South a bit," replied Gilnockie.

"Not far from the border, I suppose?"

"No very far, the mair's the pity; they're wild folk thereabouts."

"They are a set of unhanged blackguards," retorted the President—"they think as little of breaking the law as I would of stringing up the first that fell into my hands. I wonder they have let you keep such a beast as that, for a fleet horse has saved many a neck from the gallows."

"Ye may say that, replied Willie. "Blackfoot would be a grand prize to some o' the rewing loons; it's a pity they canna keep themselves out

o' mischief."

"Is all quiet on the borders at present?" asked his Lordship.

"'Deed there's neither mouse nor maukin stirring, that I ken o'," answered Gilnockie.

"We had news here of a raid committed by the Elliots and Armstrongs, and that Gilnockie was taken, but afterwards liberated by the Earl of Traquair's influence, for which his Lordship is much blamed. What do they say about it up with you?"

"Sir, some say ae thing, and some anither, but nae doubt Gilnockie was no that ill pleased to get hame again."

"They should have hanged him when they had him," said his Lordship.

"It's my belief," said Willie, "that deil haet else will settle him; the neb o' him is never out o' mischief.—Ho, Blackfoot—steady, sir."

"Your horse pleases me much," said the President. "Have you a mind to sell him?"

"I dinna ken," said Willie, scratching his head; "I'm unco loth to part with him; however, if ye offer a gude price I'll no say but I may—would you like to tsy him?"

"With all my heart," answered the President. The exchange was quickly made, and Gilnockie having proposed to try a canter on the figget Whins, a desolate track of land lying eastward of Leith, away they rode. For a while they continued at a gentle canter, Gilnockie then broke into a gallop, and Blackfoot disdaining to be left behind, pressed forward at full speed.

"Hooly, booly, friend," cried the President, almost out of breath, "do you think we are riding a broose? It's time for me to be turning homewards, for it's getting dark, and there's an easterly haze coming on. Will you sell your horse or not?"

"'Deed, sir, I mann take a thought about it, but I would like to let you see how weel Blackfoot can carry double; he would make nae mair e' you and me on his back than if we were twa bumbees."

On saying this, the freebooter sprung up behind the President, threw his plaid over his head, turned the President's horse with his face homewards, bestowing on him a hearty lash as a hint to be off, and giving Blackfoot the spur, away they went helter-skelter. While Willie guided his horse with one hand, he employed the other in holding the plaid so firmly over the head of the President that he could not utter a sound. The haze had now changed into a drizzling rain; the night was dark and gloomy, and Willie striking into the most unfrequented roads, urged his horse to his utmost speed, and never drew bridle-rein till he stood under the walls of the old Tower of Graham.

As Gilnockie had taken means to apprise Elspeth and her son Gibby of his projected visit, they were prepared to receive him; and Gilnockie hastily dismounted, assisting Gibby to carry the President into the tower, who, being nearly insensible through cold, terror and fatigue, was incapable of offering any resistance. After Gilnockie had rested himself and his steed, and had

given Elspeth and her son instructions how to treat their prisoner, he mounted Blackfoot once more, and hastened to inform the Earl of the successful issue of the bold adventure.

When the President recovered his perception, great was his horror and dismay on finding himself immured in a gloomy dungeon, lighted only by a small slit in the wall, so high up as to be entirely out of his reach. His provisions were thrust through a hole in the wall, so that he saw not the face of a human being.

Struck with astonishment at this unaccountable adventure, he began to imagine that he had fallen into the hands of witches and sorcerers. He never heard the sound of a human voice, except when Elspeth called on Madge, her cat, or Gibby, or his dog Batty, when he supposed they were summoning a congress of evil spirits to assist in their works of darkness. Meanwhile the disappearance of the President threw his family into a state of the greatest alarm. Inquiries were made in every direction, but all that they could learn was that he had been seen riding as usual on Leith Sands; and his horse being found there, it was believed that by some unfortunate accident he had fallen into the sea, and that his body had been carried away by the retiring tide. After a time, his family losing every vestige of hope, went into deep mourning, another President was appointed, and matters went on in the usual train.

One of the first causes which came before the new President, was that of the Earl of Traquair: a decision was given in his favour immediately. after which his Lordship sent instructions to Gilnockie to convey the President back to Edinburgh. Willie accordingly hied to the Tower of Graham, where he arrived in the dusk of the evening. On entering the dungeon, he found the President reclining in an old worm-eaten chair. and buried in a profound sleep. Willie once more fastened his ample plaid over his head, and assisted by Gibby, he bore him out of the tower. set him on horseback, and springing up behind him, spurred Blackfoot on, and after a rapid journey, during which he never uttered a word to his prisoner, he set him down late in the evening on the very same spot of the figget Whins, from which he had carried him off, and then turning his horse's head was out of sight in a moment.

Great was the surprise and consternation of the President, when on disengaging the plaid he found himself on the well known spot. Believing that this was some new delusion of the juggling fiends, he every moment expected the scene to disappear, and he stood gazing until the advancing sea warned him of its bounds. Still doubting the evidence of his senses, he accosted the first person he met with, "Can you tell me, friend, if I am near Edinburgh?"

near Edinburgh?"
"'Deed are ye," replied the pedestrian, "I'm
gaun there mysel', and as ye seem to be a
stranger, I'll let you see the way; good fellowship
will shorten the road, and to tell the evendown

truth, I am no ill pleased to hae a companion, for

this is a unchancy place."

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"It has a dreary enough look, as far as I can

judge by this light."

"Ye maun say that," replied the stranger, "mony a queer thing has been done in the figget Whins."

"And so this is the figget Whins?" said the President.

"Oh, aye," answered the stranger, ye'll hae heard, no doubt, that it was here auld Lord Durie met his death?"

"And so Lord Durie is dead?" said the President.

"Dead as a door nail," replied the stranger; "he rode down here as day, and was never seen mair. Some said he was sae pricked in his conscience at having given wrong decisions that he flung himself into the sea; but the new Lord President"—

"So you have got a new Lord President have

you?"

"Oh, aye, and he says that he thinks he maun hae fallen off his horse in a ploplectic fit, for that he used to hae merlegoes in his head, and that was the way he sometimes gied such daft-lifie decisions; but ae thing is certain, he'll never mair be seen in this world."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the President. "I have great doubts of Lord Durie's

death."

"Aye!" replied the stranger; "by my fey, if he's living he had better be looking about him, for ane man has stepped into his shoon in the Parliament House, and another is likely to step into his shoon at hame; for if a' tales be true, the sheriff is making up to my lady, and"—

"Good night, friend," said Lord Durie, "I know the road now, and need not your guidance."

In high indignation the President hurried to the Parliament House, where his successor was then engaged in the duties of his office. On the sudden appearance of Lord Durie in court, the lawyers stood aghast, the judges were petrified, but what was the horror of the new President when Lord Durie, looking sternly on him, exclaimed.

"My Lord President, in twenty-four hours I will summon you to your account;" then retreating as quickly as he had advanced, he vanished from their sight. He had no sooner disappeared than the court broke up in confusion. The new Lord President went home and took to his bed, believing he had received a summons to the other world; lawyers shook their heads, and hinted at evil practices, and the judges adjourned to talk over the strange affair, and wonder who would be the next Lord President.

Meanwhile Lord Durie hastened to his house, and arrived there as his lady and the sheriff were sitting down to supper. The sheriff, in order to save his garments, had fastened the table-cloth to his button-hole, and he was in the act of dissecting a fat goose, which smoked before him, when Lord Durie gave his accustomed knock at the street-door.

"Gude preserve us a' my lady," said the old

servant, who stood behind her chair; "if my lord werena dead and gane, I would swear that was his knock."

"Whisht, you ass!" said the sheriff; "I hope his lordship is in a better place."

"I dinna misdoubt ye," answered John, "but preserve us! there it's again."

"Leave talking, John," said the lady, with a frown, and go and see who knocks so boldly.

John had no sooner opened the door, than turning his back, he rushed into the kitchen, exclaiming, "a wraith, a wraith! my master's wraith!-The maid servants, terrified out of their senses, raised the most hideous outcries; the dogs barked, and the din became tremendous. Unmindful of the uproar, Lord Durie hastened to the supper-room. At his appearance the lady sent forth shrick upon shrick, the sheriff sprung from his chair and took to his heels, and forgetting he had fastened the table-cloth to his coat, dragged the whole apparatus of the table after him; and as he rushed down the stairs, the clatter of knives and forks, the crash of china, the smashing of plates and dishes, completed the confusion.

"Oh, sirs!" groaned John, "heard ye ever the like o' that? I wonder whether he has come for my lady or the sheriff! whoever it is, they are unco sweert to gang with him. Na, they're ringing the bells now."

"That will be my lady ringing for help," said one of the maids. "Gang up, John, and take

her part."

"Deed I'll do nae such thing; I havena' the gift o' dealing with wraiths. Hear to such an awfu' rampaging," continued John, as scream after scream came from the chamber, and peal followed peal.

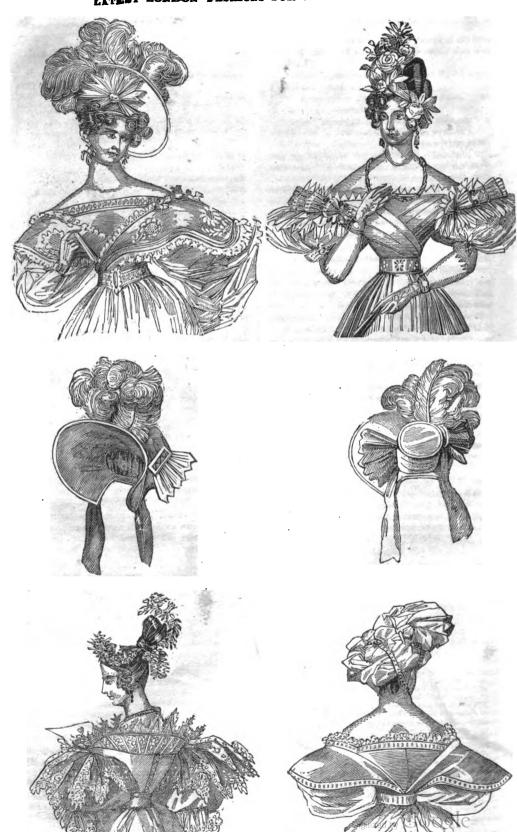
At length Lord Durie groped his way to the kitchen, stumbling at every step over the fragments of the supper; and having by dint of blows convinced John of his presence in the body, the uproar ceased, and the domestics hastened to the assistance of their lady, who, on being at length convinced that it really was her lord that she saw, and not his wraith, showed so much joy at his return as entirely to dissipate his lordship's displeasure at the tete-a-tete which he had so unexpectedly broken up. The new Lord President was forced to abdicate. Lord Durie was reinstated in his office, and thus ends the tale of the Judge and the Borderer.

### NOTE.

Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little deabt of its fromdation in fact.—The judge, upon whose person this extraordinary strangem was practicad, was fir Alexander Gibson, Lord Duris, collector of the reports, well known in the Scottish law under the tittle of Durish decision. He was advanced to the station of an ordinary lord of session, 10th of Joly, 1817, and died, at his own beause of Duris, July, 1866. Betwint these periods his whinsical advanture must have happened; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own prevusales, that he had been uptrised away by witcheraft; nor could be himself be convinced of the contexty, until, many pears afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were salted once more with the sounds of Madge and Batis, the only notes which had eslaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but, in these discretely of the Scottich Border.



LATEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR CAPS AND BONNETS.



# THE DEATH OF RAPHAEL.

### A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCRRR.-RAPHARL reclined upon a Couch in the open Air, on a Terrace filled with flowering Shrubs; a gentle green elope descending from it to a rapid Stream, beyond which is the open Country, and the City of Rome in the distance, with the Sun setting behind it.

ERTER TO HIM GIULIO ROMANO WITH AN UNFINISHED

How fares it with you, Sir?

RAPHARL.

Giulio Pippi-Is it so ?

GIULIO.

The same, mine honour'd master. I have brought, as you did ask me some days past, The sketch of your young scholar, Florio: Is it not brave?

[Places it before him.

BAPHARI. A little further to the left, Giulio, So that the sun's light jar not with its own: Why, aye, there's matter in that stripling's dreams, Knew he but how to guide it-here 'tie lost; A crude, raw, immatured sublimity, Bursting by fitful starts upon the sense, And wasted in a wrong pursuit withal; For that boy knows not his own pow'r as yet, Much less the paths in which he murt direct it. Mark thou this sketch, Giulio; 'tis a tale Of Lesbian Sappho and her traitor love. Whose wavering heart the nymph had vainly tried, To bind in constancy with those sweet sounds That oft had bound a thousand hearts more worthy: Look at the face, as turn'd to his she sees In one wild glance, how cold and powerless The burning spell that chain'd him once hath grown. And as the heavenly cadence dies away, He turns him idly with a faithless sigh, Wasted to Lesbian Daphne: look thou here, Mark but her eyes-by heaven there's fire in them, Pow'r that would rase a temple! and her lip, Albeit sweet music hath held empire there, Looks in its full and scornful beauty, like A parting thunder-cloud, just at the pause Before it sends the forked lightning forth, To blast beholders! On her marble brow There sits a proud regality—look! look! With what a mighty and a fearful grasp The enchained soul is held within that space Of spiritualized mortality! So far 'tis noble; but he has outdone Himself and his original, stepp'd out Of judgment's boundary, and beauty's line, In this tall, graceless form; Gods! Need the soul Of Lesbian Sappho, pictur'd in that face, To be thus mounted on a giant length? Why he hath marr'd all beauty, and all truth, With its ill-judg'd proportions; and look here-Those clustering locks, that should be dark as Erebus, Steal, like her cheek, their colour from the sun. That arm falls not ungracefully, but wants The voice that might speak things unutterable. But he !- mark you not here, Giulio, How fearfully our pupils' genius wancs When it would picture softness: why he looks More like a pouting schoolboy, just denied A summer holiday, than Venus' protege; And here again, how his conceptions fail-This rugged scenery, and northern sky, Would better suit some wild romantic tale Of chain'd Prometheus, or the fearful night When chaos came again: there bid him turn Amid the dim, the horrible, his steps,

It is said of Raphael, that his intense sense of the beautiful destroyed him.

And never venture e'en to let the sun Throw his beight beams on them .- Of this enough. Oh! I have had a dream, A vision of such heavenly things, Giulio, That but to look upon this world again, Makes my soul flutter like a prison'd bird, Eager for light and liberty!

O! for a glimpee, a shadow of that dream, Ere thou shalt send it on its glorious way To immortality!

Ha! sav'st thou so ?-

### BAPHARI.

It would indeed be glorious—but no! There are no tintings on this barren earth, To picture forth that brightness; it must die! And see, mine arm falls powerless, as though In mockery of such vain purpose : Enough that I, if but in thought, have trod The jewell'd pavements of Elysium, And held high converse with celestial things: But list, Giulio:-Methought I stood Upon an eminence, whose velvet sod Sprung freshly 'neath my footsteps; round me breath'd Rich airs, not laden with the sickly perfume Of summer flowers that blossom but to die, And leave the track of their mortality Upon the laggard senses they have pall'd; But such as on th' eternal morning shall Thro' the earth-mantled soul their essence waft, And blow it into life! Beneath me slop'd A flower-enamel'd valley, whose bright paths, In wildest, but most sweet magnificence, Had intertwined them on their many way, Till each was wreath'd in one. Here a sunny lawn Lay laughing in unshadow'd loveliness, While o'er its emerald crest the rich cascade Of snowy marble, in fantastic play Sprinkled an everlasting dew. Clustering here, The woodland canopy in grandeur tower'd: And 'twixt the opening branches might be seen The twilight turf, the coyly wandering path, The brook, whose broken crystal as it swept O'er the bright pebbles, sent a silvery sound Of dreamy music. A rich river roll'd Its glittering waves in conscious majesty. Winding round flower, and shrub, and forest tree, And gardens, for whose golden fruit th' Hesperides Had well foreworn their trust. Upon its banks Bright forms were wandering, the spirits of Earth's best'and fairest :-- how much more than fair, Thus robed in glory, was their gorgeous beauty! Floating around celestial music stole. From voices and rich instruments, alike Harmonious; and ever and anon A burst of choral harmony ascended, Breathing of praise, and pray'r, and scraph joy, And adoration, on its winged way, To God's own footstool. Rapt as I stood, methought A form advanced, upon whose radiant brow Gitter'd a star-gemm'd coronal, that threw A dazzling brilliance round her seraph beauty, Mine eyes scarce brook'd to pierce thro'. O, my Giulio, Sure 'twas no faver'd wild imagining, No vain illusion sent to mock my soul With meteor-lustre; -for she smil'd upon me; (So heavenly-tuned, and yet so soft a smile!) And held her snowy hands so winningly To woo me from that lowliness in which IOOQIC

Again:

I bent before her, worshipping almost, That scarce I yet can think reality Had not its share in such celestial vision, Though at that blissful pause the magic broke, And left me—even here!

#### GIULIO.

'Tis thus with all our brightest dreams; they fade Ere the tranc'd soul has gather'd half their sweetness: But thine was passing sweet. Saw'st thou nosse clee?

#### RAPHAEL.

Methought I stood upon a city's verge, The city of th' Eternal: at my fect A river sparkled, whose luxurious waves Swept round its stately base: beyond them rose The glittering walls of parest marble, studded With chrysolite and diamond gems, extending Far as the eye could reach around that world Of sun topp'd palaces, within whose bound No bribed corruption dwelt. In priceless pearl, Diamond, and jasper, and the sunny topas, And violet amethyst of purest lustre, Were wrought its burnish'd gates; meet entrance to Th' untold magnificence within. There arose Temple on temple, whose rich architecture No human hand had wrought; pillar, and arch, And stately colonnade, beneath whose shadow The golden pavement laugh'd in its own light; And dome with more than classic grandeur moulded, In perfect beauty, from its splendid summit To the majestic sweep of the broad steps That cast a blaze below! O, how I long'd To throw away the remnants of mortality, That clung about me like a leaden chain, Forbidding entrance there! Anon, wethought, A deafening sound, as of the latest trump, Peal'd thro' the echoing concave; I tura'd, And far beyond me in the distance rose A mountain, whose stupendous frontage might Be deem'd Elysium's boundary: Upon it stood the forms of many, some Celestial ones, and some on whose wan brows Not distance e'en could hide the guilt or woe, Stamp'd in, irradicably deep, detailing The soul's dark earthliness, or low abasement, With all the sum of what each had to plead His title to that bright inheritance. The trumpet ceas'd, and then methought a voice Peal'd thro' the heavens :- " All ye whose feet have trod The paths of purity, and now with heart Of chasten'd hope and adoration, seek Your long reward, behold it waits you here! Welcome, ye chosen happy ones! but ye Whose paths were evil, and whose deeds arose. Offence continual to God's holy place, Behold we hide from you the things of life. Unfitting to the darkness ye inherit!" With that, methought, some few more blest received The bright award of immortality ;-The rest, (woe's me, many more by far!) Those angels soized, and from the topmost height, Huri'd headlong, like the giants that of old Warr'd with Olympian Jupiter. Then pass'd away that sin-girt bill, and all The gloom that compass'd it, while in its place, Once more before mine eyes that valley slop'd I erst had dream'd of; the same form Of seraph loveliness, again before me Stood in new lustre, and now bending down To the clear crystal tide that roll'd beside her, Laved in its silver waves a sparkling cup, And with a smile advancing as before, Held to my lips the living water, which To taste is -not to die! And then once more, Even as that water kies'd my lips, it broke, That splendid vision! and again I gaz'd On the dim spires of Rome!

#### GIUMO.

'Twas wond rous strange; Such things could not be earth-born: thou hast been Communing with some holler natures, sure, To shape thy dramms so gorgeously.

#### PAPHARI.

And yet of all that glory, all that light, And loveliness, the ruling-star, these eyes, Even here, have seen and worshipped.

GIULIO.

Canst thou not guide
A weary pligrim of this leaden earth
To pay his adoration to its beams,
And by their light embody all the rest?

#### .....

And thou wilt find it in that woman's eye, Within whose soul of purity young Love Hath raised his everlasting throne. Around Jehovah's dwelling-place, whate'er of light, Of glory in unmatch'd magnificence, Bursts on the enfranchised soul, is wrought in love-Immortal, harmonizing, boundless love; Mellowing to raptur'd and adoring wonder, What else would sternly awe; and thus much learn, That more as thou dost well and wisely love, Not her alone to whom thy vows are paid, But all thy kind, in action and good faith, Even so much nearer does thy soul approach The portals of perfection. O, might I, Thus passing from thee, thou night mantled earth, Go from men's eyes and hearts as peacefully, As they from me, or as yon glorious sun, That gives and takes a blessing on his track ! That thou, bright orb, might'st hear no ruder word Breath'd o'er my dust, when thy returning beams Have left their ocean bed to say of me-" Where is he ?"

### givLio.

O, speak not thus! long years of fame, Unblemish'd and undying as the past, And love, and hope, that sun shall shine upos, And yet record for thee!

RAPHALL.
Thou art no prophet, my Girlio,
For even as thou speak'st my struggling soul
Expands her wings to join him in that flight;
And see! he lingers on th' horizon's verge,
As chiding at my stay—I come! I come!
Give me thy hand, Giulio! dying thanks,
Poor recompense for all thy watchful love,
I leave thee as this hour's remembrances:
And say this for me, when defaming men
Shall paint with darker tints the end of Raphael,
That when the shadows of the earth grew disa,
His dreams were all of brightness—Mercy, Heaven! [Diss.

# TO THE SUN.

" Almo sol, tu col crine aurato ardente."

Blest Sun! thou comest with thy radiant hair
Of beamy glory, shedding joy and light.
On wakening worlds, what time thy chariot bright
Flames through the glowing fields of eastern air,
But lightens not the darkness of despair,
Which evermore involves, in deepest night,
My clouded mind, to which alone the sight
Of her, than e'en thee, heavenly Sun, more fair,
Can bring delight. Thou usher'st in the day,
To earth and heaven; but never can remove
From these sad eyes the tears, nor chase away
My settled gloom, if the sweet looks of love,
Of her who causes all my bosom's strife,
Illumine not with favouring smiles my life.

# THE ROBBER STURMWIND.

In one of the suburbs of Wilna, in Lithuania, lived the widow of a German mechanic, named Margaretha, though her neighbours called her, in their provincial dialect, Malgorschata. She had an only daughter, seventeen years of age, who was known throughout the suburb by the appellation of the fair Susanna. Both mother and daughter supported themselves by their labour and the produce of a small garden attached to their old dilapidated cottage. Their dress was simple, and of the fashion usually adopted by the Germans of small condition, who are scattered through that country; except on Sundays and holidays, when an antiquated and well preserved chest, afforded them the means of a better appearance, and a few hours of peace and comfort broke the dull uniformity of their existence. On those occasions, they never failed to attend divine service, and then, if the weather were fine, took the path to the river side; for Susanna always found pleasure in watching the clear stream as it rushed down its steep rocky bed, between the green sunny banks.

When they returned, the neighbours, who on holidays were usually to be found sitting at their doors, would greet old Margaret with kind enquiries, for she was a general favourite; and as to her daughter, the young men said, that even the sparrows looked out of their nests when the fair Susanna passed by. Work being laid aside on these occasions, some of their friends often came in to pass the evening with them, which was frequently concluded with songs.

In Lithuania, even to this day, an opinion prevails among persons of the middling classes, that dreams on the night before St. Andrew's day, are peculiarly prophetic. On the eve of this day, several young girls were assembled with Susanna at Margaretha's cottage, and they mutually promised to be particular in remembering their dreams, in order to relate them to each other at their next meeting. On the next holiday, therefore, they confided to each other their dreams, and the hopes and expectations which they founded on them. When it was Susanna's turn, she seemed unwilling to relate her's, and excused herself by saying that she could not **R**member it clearly; her companions declared that this was an evasion, and contrary to agreement. The gentle Susanna at length complied, and said:—"You will accuse me of vanity, when I tell you what I have dreamed; but as you insist on it, I must relate the truth. I saw a rich nobleman, who asked me in marriage, and my mother encouraged his suit; on which his servants brought a number of presents in covered baskets. My mother placed them in a row, and uncovered them; they contained all sorts of fine linen, beautiful laces, and costly golden chains and clasps; and one basket was entirely filled with pearls." "What do you say, dear Susanna," exclaimed one of the girls, "pearls! they signify tears! and you saw a basket full?" "Well, then," said Susanna, "you must not envy me my noble spark, since his presence forebodes me tears."—"How could we be jealous of your good fortune," replied one of her companions; "were you to marry the son of the Wojewode of Wilna, and bocome our gracious lady, we should feel only pleasure in hearing it."

Some weeks after this conversation, a well dressed man, mounted and attended by a servant, halted before the door of Margaretha's dwelling; and having inquired of those who were standing about, whether Frau Malgorschata lived there, he alighted. Margaretha came out to receive him, and he said that he wanted a variety of linen made up, and had been recommended to her as a quick and clever workwoman. He therefore requested her, if she would execute the order, to take from the servant some pieces of linen, to make him what was necessary. There was in the stranger's manner so much courtesy and apparent friendship, that Margaretha was delighted with her unexpected customer; and Susanna, who came to take in the linen, undertook the proposed work with pleasure.

The stranger said he should return in eight days—glanced rapidly at Susanna—and left the house. Margaretha spread out the linen, and praised its fineness, and said with a sigh:—"Ah! if I had but half of this to make up as a dower for you, my dear child!" "And why so, dearest mother?" replied Susanna, blushing, "since I am so happy with you—and marriage would perhaps seperate us." "My child," answered her mother, "thou art younger than I, and please God will live longer; and how can a poor maiden like thee, an orphan too, get through the world without the protection of a husband? I trust I shall yet live to see thee married to some worthy man." Susanna thought on her dream and shuddered!

Eight days passed and the stranger returned. He came this time on foot—asked if his orders were completed; and when Margaretha displayed the work, already finished, he admired its neatness, and, paying for it, requested that she would keep it till the next day, when he would send his servant to fetch it. In the same affable friendly manner, he informed himself of Margaretha's circumstances and employment. He addressed some questions to Susanna, but she scarcely dared raise her eyes towards him; for, although his manner was most courteous, there was yet something in his exterior, which filled the shy girl with fear. He was a tall, large man, with black eyes, deeply set, whose glances did not add much beauty to the sharp and earnest expression of his features. When he arose to depart, he repeated that his servant should call the next day.

Instead of this, however, he came himself—rested a short time, and informed them, amongst other conversation, that he was a nobleman of

2

Samogitia,\* and was obliged to remain in Wilna for some time, on account of a law-suit. He shortly afterwards sent more work, and paid handsomely for it, so that he was considered an excellent customer. He seemed to take pleasure in conversing with Susanna; and as he always observed the greatest propriety, both in his manner and discourse, she had no pretence for avoiding him. His visits were not unnoticed in the neighborhood, and Susanna's companions began to rally her on her conquest and the probable fulfilment of her dream; but he had no place in her heart.

The year was now nearly expired, and Christmas week commenced with its games and merriment. In that country it is still the custom for young women to endeavour to discover the approach of their nuptials, the condition of their future husbands, and their good or evil fortune in marriage; fate, at other times so inscrutable, may, in these holidays, be investigated in various manners. A large party was assembled on Christmas Eve, at Frau Margaretha's: cards and coffee were examined, tin and wax were melted; their shoes were thrown out at the house door, and from the position in which they fell, they decided who would be married within the year. All these circumstances had predicted marriage to Susanna; yet one of her companions proposed that they should go up the street to a crossing and ask the names of those who passed by.

It is considered an indisputable fact, that if a girl, on any evening in Christmas week, goes to the crossing of two streets, and asks the first man who passes his Christian name, and he answers her, that she will learn the name of her future husband. The timid Susanna could scarcely be persuaded to accompany them; but her natural

pliability induced her to consent.

The girls asked those who walked along their names, and the men, acquainted with the custom, replied, either with their own or some other, as it pleased them. Susanna hung back to the last; and she was now obliged to wait some time, for no one came by. At length they heard the step of a man: spurs clinked on his feet, and his long sword rung on the frozen ground. She ventured to say:- "Have the goodness, sir, to tell me your name?" The unknown stood still a moment, and replied:-"I am called Basil." At the same time the breeze opened his mantle for a moment, and though the night was dark, they could discern on his Polish dress, a belt richly worked with gold. in which were placed two large pistols highly polished.

Fear came over them, and poor Susanna fell senseless in the arms of her companions. The stranger drew his mantle around him and walked on, whilst they hurried back to the house .-Susanna's emotion arose from the coincidence of the stranger's name with that of the nobleman who had for some time visited them.

When Margaretha saw her daughter enter. pale and almost helpless, she chid the others for their foolish tricks; but they assured her there was nothing terrific in what they had done.-"Susanna has asked the name of her intended husband," exclaimed these merry girls, "and he is to be called Basil!" "Basil!" said her mother, "that is the name of my Lord Opalnisky!"-"Good; 'tis all right," replied they, "both dream and name; we wish you joy, dear Susanna-you will be my Lady Von Opalnisky, that is certain: from what is fated, neither horse nor coach can save us." This proverb, though Susanna had so frequently heard it, now fell heavily on her heart; she thought her fate, as the bride of Opalnisky, was inevitable, and fell into a melancholy abstraction, from which her companions' mirth and jokes could not distract her during the remainder of the evening.

Opalnisky continued his visits three weeks longer, and then called one morning just after Susanna was gone out for her mother. In a few words he acquainted Margaretha with his intention, namely, of marrying her daughter, should she consent to the proposal. Although many little circumstances, the conversation and predictions of their young acquaintances, and the frequent visits of Opalnisky, had given her some suspicion of what he now avowed, still the offer surprised her; and she requested a short time for consideration, and to make her daughter acquainted with the proposal. He was satisfied and took leave. As soon as Susanna returned, her mother began to converse about Opalnisky -spoke of his fortune-praised his good qualities, and concluded with the offer which he had made. Susanna felt all her antipathy return; but her mother continued to speak in his favour, said all that mothers in such cases are accustomed to say, and recommended her seriously to reflect on it, to examine her heart, and to name her decision at the next interview.

Susanna remained the whole afternoon in deep and sad reflection. She thought of Opalnisky always with a sort of horror; but she perceived that her mother advocated the union; and, besides, she was impressed with the notion that he was destined to be her spouse, by an inevitable fate. His rank and fortune, too, gave her the prospect of assuring to her mother an easy and comfortable life; this consideration was decisive; she gave her word to be his wife-prayed to God for strength to persevere in her resolution, and went to bed. Margaretha, when she learned her decision, praised her sensible, obedient child, and felt convinced, notwithstanding her son-inlaw was to be a foreigner, that they would all be happy. When Opalnisky appeared at the appointed time, she assured him of Susanna's consent as well as her own. He was transportedhe approached Susanna, pressed the pale submitting girl in his arms, made her some valuable

<sup>\*</sup>Or Schamalt, a province of Lithuania.

<sup>†</sup> If a shoe fell with its point towards the street, its possesor would certainly wed; but if the point were turned towards the house, she was to remain single, at least till the expiration of the year.

tA German saying-Digitized by JOOQ C

presents, and again embraced her. He then requested that the marriage might at present remain a secret, for which he said he had weighty reasons; and added, that in a week he would return with one of his nearest relatives, and the day for the ceremony should be fixed. Poverty is generally compliant towards riches, and so Frau Margaretha made no objection to any of Opalinsky's proposed arrangements. Thev separated after the happy lover had kissed the fair but pale cheek from which timidity and emotion had chased the roses. The same day he sent, as a present, a large basket full of linen, silk, and other materials for dresses; as fine and beautiful as the maternal affection of Margaretha could desire.

On the last day in the week, he returned, with a man richly dressed, whom he named as his cousin. He said that, on his own part, all was ready for the marriage ceremony; but since his temporary and only residence in Wilna was with a Jew, he had bethought him to have it solemnized near the town, on the estate of his cousin, and then to take his young bride immediately to Samogitia. Should this be approved of, he would return in the morning with another friend, and fetch both mother and daughter.

Margaretha acquiesced—Susanna scarcely breathed, and the gentlemen departed. The next morning they appeared with three sledges and another friend. Opalinsky had brought two fur pelisses; one of sable for Susanna, another less costly for her mother. Susanna stood like a victim adorned for sacrifice. Her mother's heart was touched; she had not contemplated the marrying her child so hastily, and so coldly; but there was something in the superior condition of her son-in-law, which seemed to confuse her; and when the sledges drove up, she suffered herself to be led from the house, and they set off rapidly through the snow.

About a mile from Wilna, near the road to Kanen and Riga, lies a small church: here the sledges I alted. The door was open, and a priest appeared within: he performed the ceremony with visible haste, and a similar impatience was apparent in the bridegroom and his two friends: the church was ill-lighted, empty, and silent, and filled the bride with a dreary feeling of apprehension.

The solemn rite concluded, they set forward again in the same order; for two miles they put their horses to the greatest speed, and reached a small solitary inn. The host, (a Jew.) received his guests with abject civility, and conducted them into a warm, comfortable room, where a table was spread with food and wine; and soon a bowl of punch was added.

"Mother," said Opalinsky, "this wedding has been hastily solemnized, with the disadvantages of travelling; but I hope to see you soon again, a guest in mine own castle." Frau Margaretha made a confused reply and Susanna sat still, with a breaking heart, and spoke not. In the mean time, the men ate and drank, and were becoming noisy; but Opalinsky suddenly exclaim-

ed:—"Enough, friends! another time we can enjoy ourselves longer. But now, Sokol, take my
good mother with thee, and conduct her back to
her own house; and I go with my bride to the castle." The words were scarcely spoken, when
mother and daughter were locked in each other's
arms—separated by the men, and seated in different sledges, and they scarcely felt themselves
parted, till they perceived the sledges moving
rapidly in contrary directions.

The one in which Susanna and Opalinsky rode was covered; and they were, besides, protected from the cold by cloaks and furs. Opalinsky butting his arm round, and pressing her to his side, said:-"To-night we shall travel, and at break of day we shall reach my castle." Susanna answered not, but looked fixedly and unconsciously at the snowy landscape, surrounded by a dark pine forest; her recollection was confused, and of the future she could form no idea. After driving with great velocity for three hours, the sledge stopped in the open field: no house was in sight, but a number of men were lying on the snowy ground, around a half-extinguished fire. They sprang forward, brought out fresh horses, led away the others, and again the sledge went onwards, as quick as thought. Susanna frequently closed her eyes, but not in sleep; her companion, if not sleeping, was at least silent, and appeared to slumber.

The horses were changed several times: Opalinsky's arrival always seemed to be expected. and when they stopped at an inn, whatever he ordered was brought with the most prompt attention, and his commands implicitly obeyed .-The grey dawn began to appear when they entered a forest path, on which the snow lay so deep that the horses could scarcely get on; they presently stopped at the foot of an eminence, where the forest was more open and lighter .-"Dearest," said Opalinsky, "we must alight and conclude our journey on foot." Susanna followed him, and he assisted her through the thick underwood, up a steep acclivity. She soon perceived the ruins of old walls and towers, which looked drearily over the snowy pine tops, in the cold morning light. "This is my castle, love," continued Opalinsky; "a little decayed, it is true; but it contains chambers which can shelter us against more than rain and wind. Thanks to the crusaders,\* who built such firm walls, that neither time nor man has been able to destroy them. They walked through the ruins till they came to an opening, through which nothing but the interior of a dark vault was perceptible.-Opalinsky whistled, and spoke some words in the Schamarte language, and presently a light appeared below, and a flight of rude wooden steps was placed against the opening.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Susanna, "where am I?—where are you leading me?"

<sup>\*</sup>When Samogitla was in the procession of the German order, many castles were built for the protection of the country, whose ruins yet exist, and are called by the Samogitian peasantry, the German walls.

"No fear, if you please, and no noise," returned Opalinsky, drawing her forcibly to the aperture; "the steps are strong enough." Susanna descended trembling, and Opalinsky followed. Below stood two men, similar in the wildness of their dress and countenance to those who had taken the horses from the sledges .-They held lighted branches of fir wood, which cast a gloomy glare on the walls of the bare vault. After passing through other similar excavations, they stood before a massive oak door, on which Opalinsky knocked, and it was unbolted withinside. They then entered a large vaulted apartment, in which several lamps were burning, and day-light seemed perfectly excluded; various kinds of arms hung on the naked walls, and ten or twelve men, of rough and repulsive exterior, sat round a table, some occupied at dice, others looking on, and all drinking out of large cans. There were also two women there, whose manner was bold and unpleasing. "The Captain!" was re-echoed by many voices as they entered, and all rose in confusion. He passed the frail fair ones contemptuously, nodded to some of the men, and passed on to another chamber, where stood a lamp burning on a table, and arms hung against the wall.

"This is our dwelling, dearest," said Opalinsky, "day-light only is wanting; for, in all other

respects, it is warm and comfortable."

"Tell me, for God's sake," said Susanna,

"where I am, and who you are?"

"My treasure," replied he, "many questions answer themselves; and what may be guessed with certainty, needs not asking."

"Horrible man!" she exclaimed, with a piercing shriek, "you are a robber captain! and this

is your abominable lurking place!"

With a malicious laugh, he rejoined:—"You have said it, though in a rude manner. Yes! I am the leader of a brave band, some of whom you have seen; and you may think yourself lucky that you belong to me, and not to one of them.—I was prepared for a little whining and affectation when I undertook to bring you here, and my fondness will make me indulgent; but have a care! do not exhaust my patience. I love you, and will remember that I am your husband; but recollect that I am also your lord; think on that. I have now many things to attend to, and in the evening we shall meet again." And so saying, he left her, and closed the door.

Opalinsky bolted the door on the outside, and Susanna remained the image of misery. For some time she sat in mute despair, unable to reason or think coherently till a flood of tears broke from her eyes, and deep sobs relieved her oppressed and swelling bosom. Her situation was indeed pitiable: no one was near to give her consolation or hope; and all was silent, except when the vaulted roof echoed her lamentations. After an hour had thus passed, a servant entered, placed some food on the table before her, and left the room; and she again heard the bolts drawn. In the adjoining chamber, there appeared to be a large party assembled at a feast;

and, amidst the confused sound of cans and pitchers, the voices of men, and the clatter of knives, Susanna heard the notes of a guitar, which seemed to be touched by a skilful hand.

The music fell like balm on her heart; but when she distinguished some of the words which were sung to it (although, on account of the thickness of the walls, they could not be clearly heard) her horror of the place in which she was confined returned. But her sorrow gradually abated, when the idea of flight occurred to her mind. How was this to be accomplished or even begun? she examined the damp stone walls of her subterranean prison: it had no window, and apparently no outlet except the bolted door; and even if that were found open, she would have to pass through the large vault, which was general-

ly full of men.

Still brooding over this thought (and often between while, when hope failed her, wringing her hands) she heard the door unfastened and Opalinsky entered. He was just risen from supper, and half intoxicated: his cheek glowed with wine, and his large black eyes shot fire. "What!" said he, "is my pretty bird still in tears?" Fear robbed Susanna of all self-possession; she shrunk from his approach and fainted. When she revived, Opalinsky was gone, the lamp burnt out, and all was perfectly silent. "Ah!" she exclaimed, mournfully, "daylight never enters here! merciful God! would that I might never live to see another day." After some time, the same attendant who had brought her refreshment, entered; he replenished the lamp and lighted it .-"It is day without," said he, "and our Captain will presently visit you:" and very shortly Opalinsky appeared. Breakfast was brought in, and he invited Susanna to the table, and helped both her and himself, saying:-"Lay aside these caprices, my treasure; and believe me there is nothing which one may not be accustomed to by use; and you will not want for leisure to grow accustomed to all about you here. You will soon find that our mode of life is far from being so miserable as the shabby townsfolk have, no doubt, represented it to you. Besides, you shall not always live underground, as now but often enjoy the open air: and when you mix with other people, it shall be with an appearance becoming your beauty and my consequence. It is now daylight," continued he, "and I must leave you again till evening-farewell, and here is something to amuse you," and he laid before her a valuable ornament, set with precious stones, and departed.

When Susanna saw the jewels sparkling before her, the thought crossed her mind that they might be very useful to her, and she determined to retain them. On turning, she saw, for the first time, that the door was not quite closed, and looking into the large chamber, she perceived only two men who were sleeping on the benches. Induced by the unusual stillness, she took courage to step on softly, and found herself in the entrance vaults, through which Opalinsky had led her. These were not lighted by hay lamp,

but the day faintly glimmered through an open-The sight of this entrance to the ing above. free air rejoiced her, and hastily she stepped towards it. Coming into the chamber where it shone, she looked wistfully at the high opening. which now seemed perfectly unattainable, when she suddenly heard the rattling of keys near her. and a voice said:-"Lady, why are you come hither? Go to your own apartment, I beg of you; if the Captain should return suddenly, it would go hard with me for leaving your door open." Susanna turned towards the speaker, and by the faint light in the cave, she recognised in him the servant who had brought her meals and trimmed her lamp. "Good man," she replied, "suffer me to be a few instants here, it is so dull and lonely in the dark vaulted room: and here the air is so fresh, I cannot bear to leave it." "You will soon be used to the air of the chambers, like me and others; go now, I beg of you." The entreating tone of the man gave Susanna more fear than reverence for the Captain, and she ventured, instead of obeying immediately, to continue the conversation. "Another minute, and I will; but tell me, do you expect your Captain soon?" "Who can tell when he comes? probably not till night; perhaps not then: for he is at break-neck work to-day."-"Friend," said Susanna, "you seem not to find it so merry a life as your Captain; you are a discontented robber." "A poor one, at least; and he is rich. But go now, lady; I must close the doors." "One word yet," said Susanna, "let me out through that opening, and I will give you what will make you rich," and the showed him the jewelled ornament. "Then were I a fool to be kept here longer like a dog-yet hold," and he took the ornament, examined it, and went farther into the cave. Susanna looked on, doubting and fearing, she heard him close the inner door and lock it: he returned with rapid steps to the trembling girl, and said:-"I have long wished to leave this cursed hole: twice the Captain has mortified me, and done me injustice in dividing the plunder, and I have sworn to be revenged.— You give me the opportunity and the means.-This jewel, however, should have been mine; it fell to my share, and he shamefully deprived me of it." He then took from a dark corner, a ladder, laid it against the opening, and desired Susanna to ascend. "You need not fear," said he, "I have shut the door, and caged the two birds that you saw asleep: there is another entrance, but the Captain has the key of it." When the fugitives had clambered out of the subterranean dungeon, the robber accompanied Susanna some way into the forest, and then said:—"I dare not go farther with you, for I must follow my own road, and keep out of the way of my late companions. You must go in this direction, and will soon come to the frontiers of Courland, where you will find amoad; and, not far on, a village.-Farewell, lady." He turned aside, and she soon lost sight of him amongst the underwood.

Susana found herself, for the first time in her life, alone: she was far from human help, in the

midst of a thick wood, though all was desolate and strange to her. She, however, thanked God for her deliverance, and hastened forward, though not without trouble and fatigue. After some time, she reached a broad road, which intercepted the forest; but timid and prudent, Susanna kept close to the trees, fearful of being seen.-Suddenly she perceived a party of men riding towards her. Her first movement was to conceal herself behind the trunk of a large tree, whence she observed them. They were all armed; and two who rode before the rest, were engaged in loud conversation; and, listening attentively, she found that they spoke German. Their language, and indeed the style of their dress and behaviour, soon convinced her that they could not belong to Opalinsky's troop; and compelled by her miserable situation to seek the nearest protection, she quitted her hiding place and threw herself on her kness before them, exclaiming "Save me! save me!"

The beautiful form and features of the fugitive, her long hair which had escaped from its fastenings, and hung down over her rich fur pelisse, gave her the air of some persecuted princess of a fairy tale. "By heavens, Herman!" eried one of the gentlemen, "if your forest afford such game as this, I marvel not at your fondness for the chase." "Stay your speech yet, Firks," replied the other, "and let us assist this poor damsel; something strange seems to have happened here." Saying this, he alighted, took Susanna by the hand, raised her, and after promising her all the assistance in his power, requested to know how she came there, and whom she feared? Susanna told him of her mother's name and residence in Wildau (so the Germans in Wilna call the city) of her acquaintance with Opalinsky, his shameful deceit, and concluded by entreating him to take her to the nearest village, that she might be secure from again falling into his power.

"This Opalinsky," said Herman, turning to his companion, "must be the famous robber captain, who is known in this neighborhood by the name of Sturmwind.\*\* a name which he has received from the astonishing rapidity and boldness with which he achieves his exploits. I have often heard of him, but knew not till now, that we were such near neighbours."

"I hope," returned Firks, "that your neighbourly feeling towards this celebrated person will not induce you to leave this forlorn maiden in the forest."

"God forbid!" said he; "I propose returning with her as far as the inp, and leaving some of our people with her; and when we have had a little more sporting, to conduct her to the castle, where my wife will take care of her till we can provide her with some conveyance to Wilna."

"Good!" said Firks, "tis most chivalrously planned; but who is to be the knight-errant which shall take the fair Angelica on his steed!" "The house is not far distant," said Herman,

<sup>\*</sup>Sturm-wind, or hurricane.

"I am already dismounted, and will accompany this poor child on foot." "And I will be an escort," added his companion, alighting. The servants followed, and Susanna walked silently with her noble protectors, who forbore to distress her, by asking any farther questions. They reached the inn, or rather pot-house, for it was no better, and she was recommended to the especial protection of the host. It happened to be a holyday, and as a good number of farmers and peasants were assembled there, the two noblemen considered that the place was sufficiently secure for their fair charge, even should Opalinsky track her flight; they left her, therefore, promising to return for her soon. Susanna satsilent in a corner of the public room, whilst the Courland peasants were singing and bustling about. She understood not a word of their language, nor did they trouble themselves about her: only the host, who was a German, came in sometimes, and asked her, with a knavish smile, "if Mamsell had no commands?" Susanna's dress and appearance, for she had re-arranged her beautiful hair, gave her the style of a person of higher class; but seeing her arrive on foot, in the company of two noblemen, it was not very extraordinary that he should imagine her to be some adventuress. His manner annoved and abashed her, and she drew still further into the corner. But her attention was presently attracted by the discourse of two young men who sat near her, and spoke in German. They had called for a jug of beer; and one of them unbuckled his knapsack, took out the contents which appeared to be in great confusion, and re-arranged them, while the other looked on with some curiosity, and said:-"It was fortunate, Master Andrew, that your money was not packed with the rest of your articles." "I think so myself," said Andrew, "considering my adventure. I was cautioned, when I left Wildau, to avoid travelling alone, because the robber Sturmwind had made the roads unsafe; and I followed the advice as far as I could, travelling with the carriers, and came safely enough into Schamait.\* But on the borders, the carriers thought proper to halt a day, to rest their horses. The delay appeared useless to me, for beyond the Courland frontier I thought there was nothing to fear, and went alone to Schonberg, where I slept, and this morning set out to Bauslee."

"I went nearly the same road," said the other,

"and met with no mishap."

"You were luckier than I," replied Andrew; "I had not walked above two hours when the robbers came upon me. It was in an open field, and I could see no one far or near, when suddenly two men rushed from behind a low hill, where they must have been lurking, armed with cudgels and knives. I pretended to be so terrified as to drop my walking stick, and begged for mercy; for, shabby as it looks, I have nine ducats in a hollow place near the top; and I was sure if I did not defend myself with it they would never

think of taking it. Of course they seized my knapsack, and rummaged over the contents, and not finding what they wanted, they examined my pockets, threatening me dreadfully if I did not give them my money. I told them, that except the few pence which they had already found, I had nothing; but I should still have been worse used if they had not been interrupted by a horseman who rode up to them in great haste, and cried in Samagitian:-"Up! up! and back to the forest. The Captain has lost his mistress; his little bird is flown. There must be treachery in the house: but the girl cannot be far off; and if we search the bushes and the nearest houses, we shall surely find her. Come, leave that beggar's pack, and be alive; the Captain is beside himself with rage!"-and then, with some more information and a great deal more swearing in the same language he rode off, and the other two left me to collect my traps as I could. It was not long after that I met you." "I suppose," said his attentive listener, "this must be some young Countess whom they have carried off." "More likely some wandering girl has remained with them till she was tired of her life."-"Well," replied the other, "thank God we are quit of them," and he drank the remainder of the beer with an air of great satisfaction.

This conversation renewed all Susanna's fears. It is true she was surrounded by a number of harmless, and perhaps well meaning men, who could protect her in case of need; but she trembled when she thought of the reckless daring of Opalinsky and his band. Her fears were not unfounded. Two men, apparently Lithuanian peasants, entered the house and called loudly for brandy. "God preserve us," said Andrew, in a low voice, to his companion, "if my eyes do not fail me, you fellow is one of the two who attacked me this morning. They are come for no good, depend upon it." Scarcely were the words spoken when several panes in one of the windows were broken with a sudden crash, and without two armed men were seen, who thrust the barrels of their muskets into the room, as if about to fire. A sudden movement was made, and a confused noise begun to be heard, when one of the Lithuanians, who was within, exclaimed:-"Keep your seats, all of you, and be still: we want none of you, and will do you no harm: it is only the lady who sits in that corner that we come for. But if any one moves from his place, he is a dead man." The confusion was becoming general, when this sudden threat produced comparative stillness, and each again took his seat, looking in astonishment for the sequel of this strange adventure. The two armed accomplices thus preventing a rescue, the Lithuanians within approached the almost fainting Susanna, and had already seized her, when a great noise was heard without. The two men at the window seemed to be suddenly attacked and thrown down; a musket went off, and the others thus interrupted in the very beginning of their proceedings, hastened to the door where a crowd was already assembled.

\* Samagitia.

"What now-what's the matter?" cried a Lithuanian, holding a pistol to one who was pressing forward. "Courland swords is the matter!" answered the man, at the same time giving him a blow which disarmed and stunned him. tumult immediately became general. peasants rose and mingled in the fray, and the Lithuanian was speedily overpowered. The report of fire-arms, and the cries of the combatants attracted every one who passed within hearing to the house, and the public room was soon thronged. Just at this juncture, the two noblemen, who had consigned Susanna to the care of the host, returned from hunting, and were met by the servant maid, who, with loud lamentations, informed them that the house was attacked by robbers, and begged their assistance. doubting what was the cause of this attack, and seeing the two robbers standing at the window, they threw themselves from their horses, and rushing from behind on the men, whose whole attention was directed to the interior of the room. they threw them down and disarmed them. Entering the house. Firks encountered another robber, while his friend looked around for Susanna. The pressure of the crowd for some time prevented him from discovering that she was not in the room.

The host, the peasants, in short, all who were present were interrogated; the house was searched, and the neighboring thickets examined; but in vain: Susanna was not found. "So," said Firks, "while I have been engaged with that scapegrace, the fair Angelina hath disappeared." "If her flight succeed," replied Herman, "all is in the most approved order of romance; at least, our duty as loyal knights, is fulfilled."—After satisfying themselves that the fair fugitive was really out of reach, and disposing of the robbers whom they had secured, they departed.

Susanna, during the confusion which assisted her escape, had crept between benches and tables to the door, and seized an opportunity of flying again into the forest. Panting for breath, yet not daring to rest, she continued running till she reached another small public house, of which the host was a Jew. She entreated him to supply her with a plain dress, such as is worn by the country women of that district; and to take in exchange her handsome fur pelisse. To a less experienced eye than that of the gray-bearded Israelite, the advantage of such an exchange could not but be perceptible; and he delayed not in supplying her with some inferior clothes, such as were generally to be found in the houses of Jew publicans, who received them instead of coin 🖠 m such visitors as had no money. Seeing that his fair customer was in great haste, he offered, when the bargain was concluded, to dinvey her a few miles in his cart, without any recompense. To this she thankfully agreed; they rode about a league, and, at parting, he remarked that as her gold ear-rings did not agree with her present appearance, she had better dispose of them to him. This offer also was accepted; and the Jew giving her about the tenth part of

their value, in small silver coin, wished her good day, and returned.

Susanna was now in the high road, and felt comparatively safe, and her first emotion was to fall on her knees and thank God for her deliverance. In her present costume, it was no difficult matter for her to obtain a night's lodging in some farm house, and, during the day, the piece of white linen which the Lithuanian peasant women wear, so as to conceal at least half the face, protected her from the observation of any curious person who might otherwise have recognised her.

Often was she obliged to rest, fatigued by such unwonted exertion and distress of mind; but on the fourth day of her wandering she reached the church where she was married. Entering, she knelt at the altar, and implored the forgiveness of God for having broken the bands which were there so deceitfully and wantonly imposed on her.

Frau Margaretha was sitting at her usual employment in the old cottage, sad and melancholy that she had no news of her beloved daughter, though above a week had passed since she left her, when a peasant girl entered the room.-Scarcely looking off her work, she asked what she wanted: the girl was silent a moment, then exclaimed "Oh, mother!" and fell at her feet .-Scarcely could Margaretha recognise her Susanna in the pale, exhausted peasant before her. What feeling, what suffering, could be compared to the mother's at this moment? She suddenly beheld her joy, the hope of her old age, the reward of so many wakeful nights and countless cares, at the very moment when she believed she at had established her happiness, lying exhausted at her feet. Their tears flowed together; Susanna once more reposed on the bosom of her mother, and was comforted. But the excessive fatigue and constant agitation which she had experienced in so short a time, quickly brought on a nervous fever, and the next day she could not leave her bed. Poor Margaretha passed several sleepless nights by the side of her child; and heard her, at the height of her fever, talk of caverns, pistols, fighting, and the rack; of Opalinsky's threatening appearance, and then she cried loudly for help!

One night, when she was thus delirious, her mother heard a noise, as if some one were trying to break open the window-shutters, which were not more than a man's height above the street.-She trembled with fear, and yet felt bound to her seat. Indeed, what else could she do? if she opened the door to call for assistance from her neighbours, the robbers would enter before any one could arrive. The noise was continued, and presently the shutter was forced, and some panes of glass broken. "Jesu, Maria," exclaimed Susanna, in delirium, "that is Sturmwind coming! he will seize me and take me with him! but I see the brave knight of the forest-he stands in the corner with his bright arms—I must call him and to save we." With these words, in the wht of fever, she sprung from the bed; and her mother had not strength to withhold her. In a corner of the chamber stood a large and heavy sword-axe, leaning against the wall: Susanna lifted it and rushed to the window; a man's hand was seen grasping the lower part of the window casing, apparently with the design of swinging himself up into the room: but Susanna raised the axe, and letting it fall with all its weight on the outstretched wrist, severed the hand from the arm. The man, with a cry of pain, fell from the window into the street, and the hand rolled on the floor of the chamber. Margaretha now heard the patrol approaching-all else was still; and she replaced Susanna in her bed, where powerless and senseless from exhaustion, she soon fell into a deep sleep; while her mother busied herself in removing the traces of their nocturnal visitant. She raised the dissevered hand, intending to throw it out of the window: on one finger was a ring, which she recognized but too well-it was the ring which Susanna gave when she was betrothed to Opalinsky; and she had now no doubt that he had attempted to enter the house forcibly to remove her from it.

The sun was high, and shining through the broken window, and Margaretha was still watching by the bed of her daughter, when she awoke with a start. "Mother," said she, "I have had frightful dream. I thought"—but, turning her eyes towards the window, she perceived the shattered panes, which her mother had not completely hidden. She doubted then whether it was a dream or reality that had so alarmed her. "The wind," said her mother, "has torn off the shutter and blown it against the window, and so broke it." "Oh, no," said Susanna, "not the wind only, it was Sturmwind. I saw him, dreadful man!" and again her senses wandered.

But she was strong in youth, and grew better; and with her mother's tender care she recovered. When she was able to walk about, she said one day:-"Mother, misfortune has visited me early. I was a bride—the wife of a robber: I am so still. I cannot mix again in the world; people would turn from me, shun me. But," she added, with a sigh, "there is still a place of refuge left for me: the Saviour of the world receives and protects the poor, and those whom the world despises. Let me, then, vow myself to the service of a cloister. The church alone can loosen my bands; and there I shall find that peace and comfort which are denied to me elsewhere." Margaretha listened-she could not reply, for sobs rose thickly and choked her voice. "Do not weep, mother," continued Susanna, "I shall not be lost to you: I shall pray for you, work for you, and even see you." "My child," said Margaretha, after a pause, "your bands are already loosened. A marriage, perpetrated by such deceit, cannot be legal. Besides, the ring you gave is in my hands. God has judged!" She fetched the ring and shewed it to her. Susanna burst into tears. She pressed her mother to tell her how it had came into her possession, and she related what had occurred during the night of her

"Righteous God!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, "thou hast armed a weak hand; and what sense could not have resolved on, thou hast executed by the phrenzy of sickness." She continued to implore her mother that she might retire to a convent, so that at last she agreed to her determination, and she was received as a serving lay-sister, by the Marianites, whose convent stood on one of the hills which surround Wilna. She performed the fatiguing duties of her self-chosen vocation with patience and gentleness, and when her mother visited her, her countenance was tranquil and even cheerful.

One morning, as she was going to the convent church, there to pray and meet her child, a crowd was assembled at the place of execution, by which her road lay; and some, who were running, cried to others "that is Sturmwind, who is going to be hanged!" Involuntarily she looked around, and saw with horror a criminal, who had lost one hand, expire in strong convulsions, between two more who had been already executed in the same manner. Shuddering she turned away, and on reaching the convent related to Susanna the cause of her emotion. "His measure was full," she replied, "and he has atoned for his misdeeds. And now I am freed from the last links in which misfortune held me." She begged to be admitted into the order of the convent, and, after the year of her noviciate, she became a nun.

Some of the old inhabitants of Wilna still remember the fair, unfortunate nun; and have said that, in her dark grey woollen dress, her pale, serene countenance resembled that of an angel, who, compassionating mankind, dwelt on earth to alleviate their woes!

### POWER OF INTELLECT.

"There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men, often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends-friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward-to revere: in this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honours in others. We wed-we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own. Thus, when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world-a wheel in the mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion-for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains!dies with him."-Eugene Aram

### A SONNET.

I saw thee blooming, full of youthful grace,
When hope and joy in every glance would speak;
When gladness revell'd on thy dimpled check,
And love's divine expression marked thy face:
Again I saw thee, when the blushing trace
... Of health had vanish'd, languid, faint, and weak,
And colourless, save where the sultry streak
Of fever fill'd the faded rose-bud's place:
The smiling rediance of thine eyes was flown;
No light or life was in their clouded beams,
Save the wild brightness of unearthly gleams,
When reason fied bewildered from her throne,
And beauty vanish'd like the flowers that die
Beneath the scorching suns of India's sky.

### SPRING.

AGAIN the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze;
The streams, rejole'd that winter's we'k is done,
Talk of to morrow's cowalips as they run.
Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom!
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossom'd thorn!
Wake, burled lily! spirit quit thy tomb!
And thou, shade-loving hyacinth, be born!
Then, haste, sweet rose! sweet woodbine hymn the mera,
Whese dewdrops shall illume with pearly light,
Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
From sea to sea, while daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
O'er every hill that under heav'n expands.

From a late English Periodical.

# PROPOSALS FOR FEMALE CLUBS.

WILL the ladies allow themselves to be neglected, without showing that they have in their own resources a fund on which they can rely? Will they own that they are completely dependent on mankind for amusement? We think they are above this. We feel assured that they possess a spirit of independence, which would make them spurn so base a calumny; and we recommend them to prove how much they are superior to such ideas, by instantly creating such societies as we shall presently mention. As the men seem to be dividing themselves into castes, women should be separated into classes;—for the formation of which, we shall now offer them a few

As there are many ladies whose tastes and feelings are, similar, and, consequently, whose professions are alike, such individuals should form separate communities. We first, as in duty bound, shall address ourselves to the more elderly of the fair sex. Their suffrages we are sure We are well convinced that they can have no objection to Clubs, especially if they should happen to be "trumps." To these respectable and respected antiquities we need scarcely describe the peculiar advantages of such meetings. Having passed through the dangerous navigation of life, to the calmer tides of departing existence, what a noble and generous sacrifice do they make of the little time they are likely to possess, in pointing out the errors of those who are surrounded by the shoals and quicksands over which they have steered, doubtless with safety and credit. Then, like the proselytes of that immortal philosopher, St. John Long, their last moments are devoted to a rubber. Besides which, however democratic their opinions might have been in their younger days, no one, after they have arrived at years of discretion, (which some ill-natured people declare to be the northwest passage of a lady's life,) was ever so unjust as to accuse them of disrespect towards "Kings" and "Queens." A large establishment would to them be a great acquisition, and in such a one as we are recommending, we have no doubt all their tastes might be suited to a tea. For there, with what exceeding comfort, among congenial spirits, would they be enabled to "shuffle off this mortal coil;" in their "dealings" with each other to play the "deuce" with satisfaction and reputation, and beat the great antagonist, by at least one "honour."

There is a similar class to these, but who have had the advantage of living a life of celibacy; and whom, we are certain, from a well-grounded dislike to mankind, will enter into our views with all the enthusiasm of which they are capable. As a separate community, they must succeed in banishing from their minds the objects of their aversion; for which laudable purpose nothing male should be allowed admission into their Club;—not even a Tom cat. The innocent creatures upon which they lavish their immaculate affections, whether monkeys, pugs, parrots, or pusses, should all be of the softer sex. The first of these establishments should be entitled "The Dowagers," the latter, "The Senior La-

We come now to ladies of a more tender age. There is a very large class, whose lives seem to be devoted to winning the hearts of the other sex, and with the most generous self-denial making no use of their triumphs. These are more familiarly known by the title of "coquettes." In a state of single blessedness, or matrimonial felicity, the ruling passion often appears equally visition. may be distinguished by a superior attention to dress, a liberal use of smiles and approving looks, and a proper distribution of encouragement to suitors, according to the length of their attachments. Some authors affirm that "flirts" is another name for the same race, but we beg to assert a distinction. Coquetterie is a woman's philosophy, and is besides, an art only to be acquired by long practice, laborious study, and deep investigation. Flirting is the natural impulse of the female will. Every woman can flirt, but a distinguished coquette is a far more intellectual being. Even if they were the same, they are so numerous, that it would take several Club Houses to contain them. We propose that two on a very large scale should be erected, which may bear their different names.

There is a small community, commonly called "Prudes." A prude is a female Diogenes, who rails at people of fashion, as if there was something essentially wrong in their pursuits. She is quite shocked by the figurantes at the Opera, horrified by the indecorous costume made use of at the theatres, and put to the blush by being told of an elopement; she never opens a novel, or reads a newspaper, for fear the purity of her mind should be contaminated by their contents; and faints at the sight of a footman with his coat off. This amiable race of individuals, though not, we are afraid, very numerous, have at least the advantage of being very select. To them it would be of incalculable benefit to be separated from the wickedness of the world, and to pass their lives in the pleasing employment, (if such a thing were possible,) of finding out each others virtues.

We have frequently met with a vast number of young ladies, who seemed to breathe nothing but sighs, and speak nothing but sentimentwho have the happy faculty of being continually in love, between the years of fifteen and twenty. It matters little whether the object of affection be humble or exalted. Love levels all distinctions. The "sweet youth" possesses the virtues of a prince, though the unjust fates have made him an ensign. These are the chameleons of society-they feed upon poetical quotations, and a love tale provides them with a day's meal.-They may be recognised by a downcast eye, a blushing cheek, and a slow tread; or a book and a sofa. These may be called the "Sentimentals," and when collected together, may, instead of wasting their time in imaginary attachments, probably learn how to love each other,

We come now to another numerous class. whose sole happiness consists in taking off the peculiarities of those around them. These are a witty, lively, and kind-hearted community, commonly called "Quizzers." From one of the most admirable of the kind, we beg to render our acknowledgments, for having favoured us with the idea from whence this paper originated. Quizzing, we beg to say, is a gift; that it comes from heaven, is more than we shall assert; but it certainly is a genius which cannot be acquired. The genuine "Quizzer" may be immediately known by a sparkling eye, and a restless tongue; a smiling mouth, and an oval cheek, possessing probably, the advantage of a dimple, to give the features an expression of archness and vivacity. They are a quick-witted generation; nothing escapes their notice, and they frequently perform their operations with so much skill, as to make their victim totally unaware of their object. We think that if this cleverness were confined to themselves, it would produce a wonderfully good effect; and therefore, a Club of professed Quizzers could not possibly be objected to.

We have now enumerated the different classes into which the ladies should be divided. We have heard, indeed, that there are others, called "Scolds" and "Vixens;" but we are so charitable as to believe, that, like Mammoths and Leviathans, they no longer exist. If there should remain any class undescribed, they may unite together under the name of "Junior Ladies." We trust the adoption of this suggestion will be followed by all the benefits we have already noticed, and many for which we can find no room. All innocent and agreeable pleasures may be cultivated in these Clubs; which may form separate Gardens of Eden, with the advantage of not possessing any forbidden fruit, to lead into temptation the daughters of Eve.

From a London Journal.

# PHILOSOPHY OF A BALL-ROOM.

It is an amusing thing to stand in the outskirts of what Lord Mulgrave terms the gowntearing, fugging, riving mob of a London ballroom, and speculate on the motives and views of
the individuals of which it is composed. "Je suis
ici pour mon grandpere," said the Duc de Rohan,
at a seance of the French Academy. "Et moi
pour ma grammaire," replied the Abbe de Levizac. "I am here in hosefur of my grandfather,"
might be observed by many a Fitzroy, Seymour,
Somerset, or Bentinck at Almack's;—"And I,
in honour of my daughter, or niece, or protegee,"
would be an apt rejoinder from half the ancient
dames stationary on the satin sofas of the sanctuary.

For a given number of personages, of proportionate means and condition of life, to meet together for purposes of mutual amusement, is, in the abstract, a very reasonable employment of

their superfluous time and superfluous coin. But in these days of sophistication, few things are to be considered in so bald and definite a point of view; and of the three or four hundred human beings congregated together during the months of June and July, in certain "matchless and magnificent mansions,"—garnished by Gunter with a sufficiency of pines and spring chickens, and by Michaud with minikin Collinet and his flageolet—we venture to assert that scarcely fifty are brought within its portals by a view to mutual entertainment.

First, in the list of guests, are those who go because they are apprehensive of being classed among the uninvited; labouring through the toils of the toilet solely to prove their right of being there. Next come the idlers, who fly to the throng in the hope of getting rid of themselves; finding it far more charming to yawn

away the evening, and grumble over the weariness, staleness, flatness, and unprofitableness of life among ladies in satin gowns, and gentlemen in satin cravats, than in the domestic desolation of home. After these, we rank the routineers, who order their carriages to the door at eleven o'clock P.M., every night between April and July, merely because they have done the same every season for the last ten years; -- persons, in fact, who go everywhere, and see every thing, because every body of their acquaintance does the same. Then we have the dowagers "on business;" intent on exhibiting "my youngest daughter-her first season,"-or "my sweet young friend, Lady Jane, quite a novice, as you may perceive, in gay scenes of this description." A little further may be seen certain fading beauties, whose daughters and Lady Janes are still with the governess; profiting by their absence to listen to the whispers of the Colonel and Lord Henry, who are either already married, or not "marrying men." Close at hand are two or three husbands of the fading beauties; either perplexed in the extreme by the mature coquetry of their worse halves, or taking notes for a curtain lecture, or gathering data for conjugal recrimination. Others, both of the Lady Janes, and the married beauties, are there at the hollow impulse of mere vanity; to show the beautiful robe a la Grecque, smuggled from Paris through Cholera and quarantine, or anxious to prove that, though the Duchess of Buccleugh's diamonds are very fine, their own are more tastefully set. A few "very good-natured friends" of the hostess go in hopes of discovering that the supper is deficient by a dozen of champaigne and half a dozen pounds of grapes; while one or two flirts of a somewhat pronounced notoriety, go that their names may be included in the Morning Post list of persons present, (or our own,) which thus endorses their passport to other and better The young men go to prove that they are in fashion; the middle-aged to show that they are not too old to be asked to balls; and the elderlies because they find themselves shouldered at the Clubs, and can bestow in a ball-room their tediousness without measure or limitation on any unlucky person whose carriage is ordered late.

"I did not expect to see you here," observes Mrs. A. to Mrs. B. on the landing-place leading to Lady F's. ball-room, which neither has any chance of entering for the next half hour.

"I dare say not;—this is the first time I ever ventured here. But, to say the truth, I want to show people I am in town, without the bore of sending round my cards."

"How old Lady Maria is grown!—and what in the world does she mean by coming out so soon? It is very little more than a year since she lost her husband."

"If you had such lumber to dispose of as four ugly daughters, you would 'take no note of time,' as far as the forms of widowhood are concerned."

"And there is the bride, Lady Mary Grubb! In my time people did not allow the world to encroach upon their honeymoon!" "But you see she has forfeited caste by marrying a parvenu, and loses no time in showing people that the creature has less of the shop about him than might be expected."

"And her mother, the marchioness, I protest!"
"Of course. She is very wise to put a good face on this awkward business of her eldest daughter."

"And poor Mrs. Partlet—taking care that her great, gawky, silly son, does not commit himself by blundering into the nets of the marrying young ladies."

"And Lady Helena watching her husband's flirtation with Mrs. Tomtit, while her eye-glass actually trembles with jealous fury!"

"And little Clara Fidget, trying to find out by what vile designing damsel Lord Charles has been kidnapped away from her."

"There is scarcely any one here to-night," cries Mrs. A., standing aside a moment, to make way for the crowd, which has already torn away a yard of her sabots.

"What can you expect in a house where they ask every body. Lady F. is in the popularity line. She invites whole families—from the great grandmother in her diamond stomacher, to the open-mouthed hobbledehoy in loose nankins, at home for his Easter holidays."

"It is a great impertinence in people to inflict one with an indiscriminate mob. I shall never come here again. Ah! Colonel de Hauteville, I see you have struggled through the billows. What chance have we of getting into the ball-

"Luckily, for you, very little. It is a very bad ball—hardly a face one knows."

"Sir William, you have been dancing, I perceive?"

"There is no other way of getting room to stir in a crowd of this sort. I was obliged to ask one of Lady F's. daughters to waltz, to escape from between two great fat women, who were squeezing me into gold-beater's skin. Dunbar! How are you?"

"How am I? why, very much bored, of course. What shall we do? Is there a supper?"

"Not such a one as a Christian man should venture on. Let us go to Crockford's."

"With all my heart. Make haste. Lady F. will be laying violent hands on you, and wanting you to dance."

" If I do, &c. &c. &c."

In nine cases out of ten, such, or such like, is the dialogue of the very people who have passed two hours between dinner and dressing time yawning on a sofa, lest they should be betrayed into going unfashionably early—who have endured for another hour the pains and penalties of being laced, curled, rouged, stuck with a paper of pins, and fidgetted by the difficult coalition of three dozen hooks-and-eyes, in order to do honour to the assembly; and who, at last, insist on dragging two unoffending quadrupeds, and two or three wretched domestics, out of their beds in "the sweet o' the night," in order that they may be seen and see, by candlelight, a crowd of idle

men and women of fashion, whom they may see by daylight any day in the week.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the mean are fed; and the philosophy of the ball-room compels us to acknowledge, that of the persons thus occupied, very few are capable of employing

themselves to better purpose.

#### ON MUSIC.

THE first traces of music are to be found in Egypt, where musical instruments, capable of much variety and expression, existed, at a time when other nations were in an uncivilized state. The invention of the lyre is ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus, the Mercury of the Egyptians, which is a proof of its antiquity; but a still greater proof of the existence of musical instruments amongst them at a very early period, is drawn from the figure of an instrument said to be represented on an obelisk, erected, as is supposed, by Sesostris, at Heliopolis. This instrument, by means of its neck, was capable with only two strings, if tuned fourths, of furnishing that series of sounds, called by the ancients a heptachord; and if tuned fifths, of producing an octave.

As Moses was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, it is probable that the Israelites, who interwove music in all their religious ceremonies, borrowed much from that people. That the Greeks took their first ideas of music from the Egyptians is clear from this, that they ascribed the invention of the lyre to Mercury, although they made Apollo to be the god of music, and gave him that instrument to play upon. In no country was music so much cultivated as in Greece. The muses, as well as Apollo, Bacchus, and other gods and demi-gods, practised or promoted it in some way or other. Their poets are supposed to have been like the Celtic and German bards, and the Scalds of Iceland and Scandinavia, who went about singing their poems in the streets and the palaces of princes.

In this manner did Orpheus, Homer, Hesiod, Sappho and others, recite their verses; and, in after times, on the institution of the games, Simonides, Pindar, and other poets, celebrated in public the exploits of the victors. The instruments known in the time of Homer, were the lyre, flute, syrinx, and trumpet. The invention of notation and musical characters is ascribed to Terpander, a poet and musician, who flourished 671 years before Christ. We afterwards find philosophers, as well as poets, among the number of those who admired and cultivated music, theoretically as well as practically, as Pythogoras, Plato, Aristotle, Aristozenus, Euclid and many others. Pythagoras is celebrated for his discoveries in this science, namely, for that of musical ratios, and the addition of an eighth string to the lyre. The former of these he is supposed to have derived from the Egyptians. He also explained the theory of sounds, and reduced it to a science. Aristozenus is the most ancient writer on music, of whose works there are any remains. Euclid followed up the idea of Pythagoras' ratios,

which he reduced to a mathematical demonstration. To this list of Greek writers, may be added Nichomachus, Gerasenus, Alypius, Gaudentius, Bacchius, senior, Ptolemy the astronomer, and Aristides Quintillian, whose works are still extant. These wrote under the Roman Emperors, many of whom cultivated music, and followed the theory of the Greeks. Among the Roman writers may be reckoned Vitruvius, who in his architecture touches lightly on this subject; also Martianus Capella, and Boethius, who wrote in the decline of the empire. After them, some centuries elapsed before the science of music met with any particular attention. Its introduction into the church service prevented it from falling, like other arts, into total neglect. Instrumental music was introduced into the public service of the church under Constantine the Great. The practice of chanting the psalms was begun in the western churches, by St. Ambrose, about 350 years after Christ: 300 years after the method of chanting was improved by St. Gregory the Great. It was probably introduced into England by St. Augustine, and greatly improved by St. Dunstan. The use of the organ probably commenced in the Greek church, where it was called hydraulicon, or the water organ. The first organ known in Europe, was sent as a present to King Pepin, from the Emperor Constantine Compronymus. It came into general use in France, Germany, and England, in the tenth century. Soon after this, music began to be cultivated as a science, particularly in Italy, where Guido, a monk of Arezzo, first conceived the idea of counter-point, or the division of music into parts, by points set opposite to each other, and formed the scale afterwards known by the name of the gamut. This was followed by the invention of the time table, and afterwards by regular compositions of music. But the exercise of the art was for a long time confined to sacred music, during which period secular music was followed by itinerant poets and musicians, after the manner of the ancients. Of this description were the troubadours in France, the Welsh bards or harpers in England, and the Scotch minstrels.

INCIPIENT disorders of the teeth are too generally neglected. Every parent should, as an imperative duty, submit his child's mouth to the inspection of a judicious dentist at least twice a year. The amount of trouble and agony suffered from this species of negligence would, doubtless, startle and appal any one who could behold it in the aggregate. Yet what shameful cowards most men are in this respect. Day after day, month after month slips away, after they discover the inroads of decay, before they can muster resolution to set themselves in the dentist's chair; and too many procrastinate, till driven by intense anguish to the crisis; and then, instead of the slight operation that would have been originally necessary, are edified with the extraction of two or three, which earlier attention might have prescryed.

# THE FIEND'S FIELD.

A LEGEND OF THE WREEIN.

"This desert soft
Wants not her hidden lustre;
Nor want we skill, or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence."—Militon.

A WILD tract of country is that which lies round about, and, in fact, forms the Wrekin; and well did the little dreary, desolate, and isolated hamlet of Wrekinswold merit its appellation. The few scattered cottages of which it consisted, stood on ground whose gradual swell assumed in some places the appearance of hills, but which are absurdly misnamed, when magnified, in school "geography-books," into "mountains." These hills, like many others, were, as well as the country for miles around them, at the period of which we write, a vast expanse of sterile, treeless heath, generally uncultivated; but were attempted to be turned into arable land, ill repaying the labours of the agriculturist, and far too arid to be converted into pasturage. The inhabitants of Wrekinswold were, consequently, a poor and idle race; and, hand in hand with their poverty and idleness, went ignorance and superstition.

Amongst the proprietors and cultivators of land, residing in the vicinity of Wrekinswold, was a man named Howison, who had, it was supposed, amassed a considerable fortune, by successful experiments upon the unpromising district in which stood his habitation. But Howison possessed another treasure—a lovely and beloved daughter, for whom he had toiled incessantly, and who, it was well known, was destined to inherit the fruits of his labours. This motive had undoubtedly, at first, stimulated the fortunate farmer to those bold agricultural speculations, in which the risk was exceedingly great, but the success, if achieved, splendid; yet, after awhile, losing sight of his original incentive to exertion, the love of lucre, for itself only, took complete possession of his soul, and he became a hardbearted, selfish, and penurious man. The poor have generally, except where they sappen to be personally concerned, a great idea that divine retribution will almost immediately overtake the evil-deer; and the neighbours of Howison, who had readily attributed his uncommon prosperity to the peculiar favour of heaven, upon this lamentable change in his disposition, expected nothing less than to witness some terrible manifestation of its wrath; shall we add that their "wish was father to the thought." At length their evil anticipations were destined to be gratified; and not one, but many successive bad soms caused the farmer's crops to fail, and his cattle to be seized with an infectious disease. Howison was impoverished, but not ruined; and, whilst his avariatous beart was filled with grief, to find that he had lest the fruits of many years'

toil, a sudden and happy thought struck him, that his daughter should, at any rate, become the rich lady he had always designed her to be; the only difficulty was how to effect it.

At Wrekinswold resided a young fellow, styled Tony Ryecroft, of whom nobody knew any thing but that he was a very disorderly personage, considered himself a gentleman, dressed like a lounging, slatternly country squire—suffered his neighbours to understand that he was as wealthy as idle; (and far from ordinary was his idleness) but whence came he and his money, or the means whereby he made it, was a mystery—for that make it he must, seemed evident to the boors of Wrekinswold, who could not believe that upon vice and idleness heaven showered blessings hardly obtained by the frugal, virtuous, and industrious. So some fancied that he must be engaged in the smuggling trade; others, more wisely, considering the inland situation of Shropshire, imagined him a shareholder in a mine, or generalissimo of a company of highwaymen; some, again, pronounced him to be "a limb of the law, and others " a limb of Satan," a distinction, be it however observed, without a difference in the apprehension of wiser people than the inhabitants of Wrekinswold.

Tony Ryecroft was an old and ardent admirer of Kate Howison; but the poor girl, by no means captivated with his ruffianly demeanour, slovenly attire, lax principles, and the mystery attached to his birth, connexions, and mode of life, had not only received his addresses with the contumely they merited, but had obtained her father's sanction to a union with her long and well-beloved Walter Burton-that is, as soon as gold should be added to the good and gentle gifts which nature had lavished on him. Howison, with his affairs in an unprosperous condition. now only became anxious to get his daughter off hand as quickly as possible, and recollecting that Tony Ryecroft was a husband for her at any time, (and, as he had always protested, at any price,) he scrupled not to declare null and void all stipulations and promises between himself, his daughter, and poor Walter; vowing that he would disinherit her if she did not immediately consent to accept the hand of Ryecroft. In vain Kate wept, pleaded, reasoned, and remonstrated; her father (as fathers frequently are) was inexorable. Poor Kate! to her such severity was new; and sad was the lesson she had now to learn, that adversity could steel the heart of a hitherto fond parent, though an irreligious man, against a faithful and loving child. Digitized by GOOGLE

It was a blustering evening in autumn: the winds moaned fearfully about the Wrekin, and dark, heavy clouds scudded across the sky. Tony Ryecroft was seated beside a roaring coalfire, in the ancient dilapidated mansion which he called his own, and which had formerly belonged to the Lord of the Wrekin, whose family had let it to Tony Ryecroft, upon his first appearance in the hamlet, at a rent little superior to that by which, from time immemorial, bats, birds, vermin, and reptiles, had tenanted the ruined edifice. Tony, we say, was sitting beside a large pit-coal fire-not dreaming, like the poet who listens in ecstacy to the fierce, wild music of the rushing blast, whilst he conjures up an Arcadia in the glowing carbone-but busily engaged in watching a large nondescript vessel upon it, in which, apparently, a metallic composition of saffron hue was bubbling and steaming. At no great distance from him stood a table, strewed with lumps of various metals, and a strange assortment of moulds, sand, screws, gimlets, files, gravers, instruments, and combinations of the mechanical powers, for which it would have been difficult for the uninitiated to have found a name or use. Tony, however, was Rosicrucian enough to know very well what he was about; his door was bolted and doubly locked, and he expected no interruption to his pursuits on such a forbidding evening. But a violent ringing at the great gate of his fortalice announced a visitor, and though he had given a strict charge to the old woman, who officiated for him in every male and female capacity, to admit no one, and though he heard her pertinaciously protesting that he was " not at home," yet, to his extreme dismay, he also heard the intruder exclaim, as with heavy strides he approached the door of his sanctum, "Don't tell me about ' not at home;' I know that he is, and I must and will see him."

The intruder now reached Ryecroft's apartment, on the door of which he bestowed many a hearty knock, exclaiming, at intervals, "Why, Tony-Tony Ryecroft-let me in, I say." At last Ryecroft, from within, replied, in a solemn tone, "Bubasticon itheologysticus! which, being interpreted, good neighbour, means-Demon avaunt!" "I say, Tony," cried the stranger, "please to be putting no tricks upon me. I am neither a demon nor a good neighbour;\* but, as you may know by my voice, if you have an ear left, your old friend Howison." "Passpara iconatham, dentemasticon!" answered Ryecroft, "which is, being interpreted, Welcome, for I know thee! and here thou shalt enter, an thou fearest not."

Tony then said, in his usual manner, unfastening the door, "As you have spoiled all my philosophical work for to-night, and I fear, too, for many succeeding nights, I cannot bid you so cormany succeeding nights, I cannot bid you so cormany welcome as—" "Aye, but you will though, when you know what I've come to say. Faugh! what an odour of burnt tin, or copper, or brimstone, mayhap. Why, Tony, what have

you there, simmering on the fire? And what do you mean by these queer instruments? and, above all, what is come to your tongue that you talk so outlandish?"

Ryecroft replied only with a most mysterious look, and re-fastening the door, stole again on tip-toe to his seat. Howison took the chair opposite, and as he held his large, tanned hands within an inch of the fire, whilst his grey curious eye roved stealthily over the apartment and the person of its owner—whose linen trowsers, waist coat opened at the breast, and uncovered arms, excited on so cold an evening no small surprise —he ventured to ask him, whether the warm work in which he seemed to be engaged were magic?

"Even so," replied Ryecroft, with all the gravity he could command; "but, my excellent friend, start not—the branch of magic in which you now behold me occupied, belongs not to the black art, but is natural magic—the white, or the golden one, which has no kind of connection with the others. Golden, indeed, may I well term it, since it teaches, by the science of divine sublimations and transmutations, how to compound—that is, how to make—Gold!"

"Wheugh!" whistled the astonished and delighted lover of wealth, starting up and seizing our alchymist's hand, which he almost wrung off in the fervour of his transport—"there's some sense in that kind of magic! Ah! Master Ryecroft! I once fancied that I too had made, though in a different way, and with huge toil and trouble, a little of that same gold; but—"

Here poor Howison bent his head over the molten metal until his nose almost touched it; and whether its deleterious fumes, or the overwhelming consideration of Tony's extraordinary power for the accumulation of wealth, deprived him of articulation, is uncertain; but decidedly he found himself unable to conclude his observation. Tony was kind enough partially to relieve him from his embarrassment:

"My good friend, you mean to say that you find gold of late neither so easy to obtain, nor, when once lost, to recover." Howison sighed deeply, and looked perplexed. Tony continued:

"A man can't help bad seasons; even with me, all is not fair weather; for instance, your visit this evening renders vain all the long labours of an entire day. The contents of that vessel are useless to me now."

Consternation and horror were depicted on Howison's countenance at this avowal; he managed to stammer out a few apologies for his unlucky intrusion, and tremulously to inquire the cause of so strange a fatality.

"Why, you see, my dear sir," said Ryecroft, drawing his chair close to Howison's, and assuming one of his best aspects of mystery—"hist! what was that?" looking cautiously round the room, "I hope that no one is present but ourselves." "I hope—I believe so, too," replied his terrified listener, not daring to look behind him, lest his eyes should encounter the apparition of a wicked Lord of the Wrekin, who was particular-

Good neighbour—a respectful term for the fairles.

ly believed to trouble the deserted mansionhouse, "I fancy, Master Ryecroft, it was only the wind which shrieks to-night."

"Well, sir, it might have been; but, as I was about to remark—when engaged in this little business, I am obliged to be particularly careful, since the White Art has determined enemies in those wicked spirits who are sole agents in the Black Art, and who are sure to trouble me whenever they discover that I am employed in the transmutation of metals. Nay, such is their boldness, that they sometimes intrude upon me, in the form of my most familiar friend; and had you, sir, happened to have been other than you seemed by your voice, you could not have withstood bubasticon itheologysticus. But it is not interruption only from the spiritual world which I have to fear when at my profitable studies, but as there is as much magic in the art of making gold as there is in the shining metal when made, I can only undertake this business under certain conjunctions and influences of the planets; and should mortal shadow cross the heavenly houses, the dominant spirits are offended, and my power lost for the space of seventy hours."

This absurd jargon, which was relished by Howison in exact proportion to its unintelligibility, so exalted Tony in his credulous hearer's estimation, that, after gazing at him for some minutes in silent awe, he ventured to inquire whether so wise a man could not teach him some secret whereby to ensure good crops and sound cattle in future.

"To say the truth, sir," replied Ryecroft, "I have long been thinking of you in this very matter; for, admiring Kate Howison as I do, I cannot unmoved behold adversity overtake her sire; and if I have hitherto, when I knew the means of assisting you laid in my power, held my peace, attribute such conduct to any motives but indifference and unkindness. Perhaps I might dread the charge of impertinent interference in family affairs, which concerned not myself; or, perhaps, I might be aware of certain conditions which, of necessity, I must impose upon him whose fallen fortunes I desired to raise, and which would unhappily seem, in his eyes, to compromise the disinterestedness of my heart."

"Conditions! you mean my daughter's hand! By all that's holy, she shall be you exclaimed Howison, in ecstacy; "and, to say the truth, Tony, it was this very matter which brought me here to-night."

"Indeed!" answered the wily Ryecroft, "why, to be candid with you in return, I am not now so anxious about. Kate, after her decided rejection of me. But come—my conditions are simply these: that you make over all your property to her whom I once loved; or rather, draw up an instrument which shall cause the revenue of your farm to revert, upon your decease, to him who shall then be her husband."

"It shall be done," gried Howison, in raptures;
"what next?".

"If you can certainly assure me of the performance of this condition—" "I can-I do."

"Then hearken to what I am going to communicate: --- You are aware," he continued, "that Satan, (bubasticon itheologysticus!) as Prince of the Air, is entrusted with the sole command of all tempests, winds, frosts, blights, &c., which, falling upon the earth, injure its fruits and cattle. This power then, ought, as far as is allowable, to be conciliated; and, if he be not, fearful is his vengeance upon the presumptuous mortal who insults him by disregarding his supremacy. In Scotland, therefore, it has been, from time immemorial, a sensible custom, to set apart a small portion, as a rood or two, or half an acre of arable ground, as an offering to the evil spirit, whom, for fear of offending, they designate by some friendly title, as good man, good fellow, &c.; this portion, which is left uncultivated, and, with certain ceremonies in which I am competent to instruct you, consecrated to the demon, is termed the 'Goodman's Croft,' in plain English, 'Fiend's Field.' Now, Master Howsson, it has struck me that the late extraordinary losses of a man hitherto so thriving as yourself, can only be referred to your want of respect towards the dark power, who, perceiving you adding acre to acre, purchasing this field, and enclosing that portion of stony, sterile, waste land, without setting apart so much as half an inch for himself, has resented the neglect, you best know how."

"Nothing more likely," answered Howison.

The advice consequent upon this communication was, that Howison should enclose a fresh portion of common, not the old worn ground, and that there should be an annual sacrifice of a black cock and a sheep's heart stuck with pins, in the croft at midnight. The ceremonies of the consecration, Master Ryecroft was, at his leisure, to arrange. Howison then took his leave, sincerely thankful and marvellously enlightened; repeating incessantly, during his dreary homeward walk, (as far as he could count the syllables,) the mysterious exclamation to which the alchymist had attached so magical a meaning.

Kate Howison and Walter now saw with despair, that their hopes were to be frustrated by avarice on one side, and craftiness on the other; and whilst they felt themselves the victims of Ryecrost, they knew that Howison was his dupe. Kate, however, who still retained, in spite of her father's sordid feelings, some little influence over his hard heart, gained, by tears, entreaties, and other all-prevailing female arguments, the respite of one entire year ere her dreaded union with Ryecroft; for, as Howison could not help acknowledging, there was some reason in her observation, that she would then be of age, and he himself would have had an opportunity of proving whether Tony had actually ensured to him the promised prosperity.

It was the evening of the 31st of October, the celebrated vigil of All Saint's Day—more familiarly known, perhaps, as the Scottish and Irish Hallowe'en—when Howison, after frequent conferences with Tony Ryecroft, proceeded to act

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for, and by himself, according to the adept's instructions. He had lately enclosed a considerable portion of the Wrekinwolds, lying at a distance of about three miles from his home, and behind some of the highest of the hills. The Fiend's Field, a full and fair acre of this acquisition, was situated at its extremity, and was upon this auspicious evening to be consecrated. Howison, who had invited a party of his daughter's young friend's, Walter and Ryecroft among them, to burn nuts and try charms with her, drank deep potations of strong ale; and, at a signal given by Ryecroft, soon after the clock had struck eleven, wrapped himself in his great frieze coat, took down his massy oaken cudgel, and sallied forth-joked, of course, by his juvenile guests, who asserted that he was going to dip his shirt-sleeves in the fairy spring beyond the hills. Heedless of their jests, Howison went on his way, but with an exceedingly heavy heart, thus to quit a warm fire-side, blythe company, and excellent cheer, for a long, dreary, and cold walk over the Wrekinwolds-the wind howling, the rain falling in sullen, heavy drops, the night dark as death, and such a night, too! the witching one of all the year, and its witching hour so nigh! And what was he going to do? unto whom to offer sacrifice? To be sure he did it but as a mere piece of foolish formality, to please Ryecroft; there could be nothing sinful in such a frolic, more than in those simple charms in which he knew, at twelve o'clock, all the gay youths and maidens at the Grange would be engaged.

Thus, alternately a prey to the smitings of conscience and the sophistries which were to heal them, and frequently whistling, singing, and repeating aloud the efficacious scrap of magical lore taught him by Tony, Howison contrived to find his way across hilly, arable, and waste lands, to his new territory. The walls of an old stone building, of which the country people could give no satisfactory account, stood in the portion fenced off for the Fiend's Field. Some believed it to have been a Catholic chapel, dedicated to St. Hubert, the hunter's patron, and thence termed Hubb's House on the Hill; some thought it an ancient watch-tower, whilst others, referring its origin to the Romans, thought they displayed an extraordinary share of erudition by the conjecture. All, however, agreed that it had been for ages the resort of fairies, apparitions, and witches, who held an annual festival on the Wrekin, though on what night of the year none could positively say, since no person had ever yet been found sufficiently courageous to watch in and about Hubb's House, in order to effect so important a discovery.

The recollection of these traditions, tended by no means to raise the sinking spirits of Howison, whose teeth fairly chattered with affright, and whose limbs almost failed him, as he groped his way into the building, where Ryecroft had assured him he must offer the propitiary sacrifice. The slightest degree of fear was to be deprecated, as liable to incense the being whom he came to conciliate; a circumstance that added to his tre-

pidation. Terror and fatigue, occasioned by the pace at which he had walked to reach the ruin ere the stroke of midnight, caused him to sink almost exhausted upon the ground; but, recovering, he took from his pocket a tinder-box and matches, struck a light and set fire to a previously prepared pile of furze, sticks, and fagots, mingled with turf, damp earth, and stones, in order to prevent its immediate combustion. Then, taking from a niche in the ruined wall, the black cock and the heart brought for this sacrifice during the day by Tony and himself, he cast them upon the blazing altar, meaning to utter an invocation taught him for the occasion, when unluckily out slipped by mistake the more familiar phrase, whose signification, according to Ryecroft, was "Demon, avaunt."

Immediately a burst of wild, deriding laughter, so loud that it shook the walls of the crazy building, and seemed echoed and re-echoed by every stone, saluted the ears of Howison, and this had no sooner subsided, than a voice, whose tone seemed to freeze the very blood at his heart, exclaimed, "Fool! Passpara iconathem dentimasticon, thou would'st say. Wherefore am I summoned?" The white curling smoke, which had, upon the firing of the combustible altar, rolled in gross, suffocating volumes around the narrow area enclosed by the ruined walls, having found a vent through the roofless tower as through an ample chimney, now rose majestically upwards in a dense white column, mingled with bright streams of ascending flame; so that Howison was clearly enabled to discern standing before him a black and gigantic apparition, whose dusky countenance was stern and sorrowful, and whose glittering eyes, illumined by the reflection of the burning materials, glowed like living fires. Howison, at length, in faltering accents, gave utterance to the lesson he had studied.

"I, a poor fortune-fallen mortal, have summoned thee, in order to crave for the future fruitful crops and sound cattle; is my sacrifice accepted?"

"Art thou ready," interrupted the power, gloomily, "to fulfil the terms agreed upon by our trusty servant, Anthony Ryecroft?"

The mortal bowed his assent, for terror had sealed his tongue.

"Thy sacrifice is accepted then," pronounced the demon; "see that thou fail not in thy compact, lest when we meet again, for we shall meet again—"

"I know it!" groaned Howison: "upon this same night next year, shall we-"

At this moment the distant church-clock slowly chimed twelve; the blazing altar became suddenly extinct; a hollow rushing sound echoed through the ruin, and Howison, half frenzied darted from its shade.

Wild, wet, and haggard, at about ten minutes to one, he entered the Grange; his guests were gone, and Kate, beside a cheerful fire, was awaiting her father's return in a mood as cheerful, ready to jest with him upon his secret expedition; but when he rushed in with the wildness of a maniac, and sat with staring eyes fixed on the fire, without uttering a syllable, the poor alarmed girl could only ask him, in broken accents, what he had done, what he had seen. At length she placed in his damp, cold hand, a glass of mulled ale; and, a little refreshed, he replied to her remonstrances, "Go"to bed, child—to bed, I say, but remember your father in your prayers, for he may never pray again." And he left his terrified and hapless daughter to muse upon and to mourn the dreadful meaning of his words.

During the ensuing year it was singular that Howison had not the slightest occasion to complain of a bad season, scanty damaged crops, or diseased cattle; he and Ryecroft lived upon terms of extreme intimacy, while Walter Burton and Kate still continued, though more covertly than heretofore, their affectionate intercourse; but some rumours getting affoat that Howison having entered into a compact with the evil power, had consecrated to him that acre of his estate in which stood the old haunted chapel of St. Hubert, the inhabitants of Wrekinswold, though not, as we hinted at the commencement of our tale, the most virtuous peasantry in existence, looked coldly and askance upon him, taking credit to themselves for superior sanctity, because they had not fallen so deeply into the gulf of perdition.

The marriage of Ryecroft and Kate was fixed for the first of November, in the year succeeding that in which the sacrifice was consummated; consequently the anniversary of this event, which was to be observed with similar ceremonies, fell upon the vigil of All-Hallows and of her bridal. A larger party than that which had assembled at the Grange the year preceding, were now met for the double purpose of celebrating the rites of "spritely" Hallowe'en, and the approaching nuptials of one so universally beloved. This party-when Kate beheld her father depart, as he had done exactly a twelvemonth before, on his mysterious nocturnal errand—she strove to detain until his return, conjecturing that his second ramble would not be longer than the first. One o'clock, however, struck, and the rustic company rose to depart; the rival lovers, only, perceiving her anxiety for her father, would not quit her. Ryecroft pressed her much to retire to rest, urging, that as she mundrise early in order to prepare for a ceremony which was to take place at eight o'clock, she needed repose. His entreaties were replied to in a tone of bitterness which with Kate was very unusual; and, after an apology from Ryecroft, for having unintentionally offended, the trio maintained a gloomy silence, anxiously listening for the steps of Howison. But nothing stirred to interrupt the awful stillness (which began to press upon the hearts of the alarmed party like a heavy weight) save the dropping embers and the unwearying click of the clock.

The hour of two at length struck, louder, each fancied, than it had ever done before; and Kate, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "One hour longer will I await my father, and, if he return not then,

he shall be sought, for harm hath surely happened unto him!" She described his agitation upon his return upon the Hallowe'en past from his nocturnal expedition, which, she now declared her conviction, was undertaken for unhallowed purposes, adding—"And now that we are on the subject, do tell me, Master Ryecroft, what my poor father meant by purchasing a piece of land which still lies fallow, and which, it seems, he never intends to cultivate?"

Tony refused to afford her the alightest information, and his companions witnessed with surprise the ashy paleness of his countenance, and a perplexity, perturbation, and terror, which all his efforts at ease and self-possession were inefficient to conceal. He had frequent recourse to some brandy, which, with the remains of the All-Hallowmass supper, still stood on the table, and at last, overcome by the frequency of the application, he fell into a profound slumber.

"Were it not," said Kate, "for my uneasiness respecting my father, I could laugh at the unlover-like figure of that reprobate, and at the trick we have played him. Ah, Walter! how strangely surprised will he be to-morrow when I declare in church—Hark! did you not hear a noise?"

Nothing, in fact, was stirring, yet Kate unfastened the door of the house nearest the road by which she knew her father must return, and looked out. It was a clear, frosty moonlight night, but no Howison appeared; and as the hour passed without his arrival, Burton began, like poor Kate, to forebode the worst; so insisting that she should retire, and suffering Ryecroft to remain where he was and sleep off the effects of the brandy, he set forth alone in quest of the unhappy Howison. Kate threw herself upon the bed in her clothes, and, having for another hour prayed as fervently as she wept bitterly, sunk exhausted into a kind of doze that might rather be termed stupefaction than repose. From this state she was aroused by a violent rapping at her chamber door: it was now full daylight, though the morning was cold and cloudy.

"Kate, my dear girl, for heaven's sake, come here!" exclaimed Walter, as he still knocked and lifted in vain the latch of the bolted door.

This was followed by a mingling of yoices, a low deep hum as of consternation and sorrow. With trembling hand, Kate unfastened the door, and Walter, drawing her gently from the chamber, endeavoured in a tender and soothing tone to prepare her mind for the fatal tidings.

"Gracious God!" cried the afflicted girl, "my father—my poor father—is then no more! Speak, is it not so? And Ryecroft is his murderer!"

"Hush, dear Kate, hush! we may not, without cause, thus put any man's life in jeopardy. Ryecroft, suspicious as is his flight from Wrekinswold, was, you know, sitting with us when this lamentable accident befel your poor father; whose body I found at some distance from hence, bearing, as you will perceive, when you have sufficient firmness to gaze upon it, every indica-

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tion of having been destroyed by gunpowder, or something like it."

A neighbour now entered, panting for breath. He brought tidings that Hubb's House was totally demolished—not one stone being left upon another! that fragments of the building were strewn about Goodman's Croft and the fields near it, and that all were blackened and burnt, as if the place had been destroyed by an explosion.

"How curious is it," observed Kate, looking up through her tears, after an hour or two had elapsed, "that neither my unhappy parent, nor Anthony Ryecroft, should be here on this eventful morning, to learn that 1 became your wife three months ago!"

The opinion now entertained was, that Ryecroft had endeavoured to secure immediately that wealth for which alone he desired the heiress of the infatuated Howison; and that only a few hours previous to the marriage, when he might fancy that nothing could delay it, luring his luckless dupe, under superstitious pretences, to a lonely and shunned ruin, in the middle of the night, he there accomplished his destruction; having instigated him to light a pile of combustible materials, which contained, unknown to his victim, a quantity of gunpowder. The rustics of Wrekinswold, however, tenacious of the superstitions of their day and country, affirmed, that as Howison failed to perform the promise, his daughter being already married, the evil one had thought proper to carry off the soul of the unfortunate man in a tempest of sulphur and fire; leaving behind, to ensure the destruction of Ryecroft, the blackened and mangled corpse.

Ryecrost was, in the course of a few days, apprehended and securely lodged in Shrewsbury jail. Being convicted upon another serious and singular charge, he was sentenced to suffer the

extreme penalty of the law. An execution having been levied upon the rich Tony for debt, amongst his other property were found certain instruments, engines, and utensils, moulds, and metals, which clearly proved him to belong to a gang of coiners, for whose apprehension the magistrates of Shropshire had been long on the alert. He refused to betray his accomplices in "the divine art of transmutation;" and, to the last, persisted in denying with the most solemn asseverations, any implication in the murder of Howison, save that which had unhappily accrued to him by the fatal termination of a mere youthful frolic, got up, he affirmed, for the purpose of obtaining a wealthy alliance, and of creating a profound idea of his own knowledge and power. Leaving this mysterious subject still in darkness. thus died the crafty Ryecroft. But for some years after the catastrophe of our story, it was a tradition current amongst the inhabitants of Wrekinswold, that annually, upon the eve of All Saint's Day, those who happened to cross the site of Hubb's House at midnight, would behold the anparition of Howison; an elderly man, who appears with vain labour to be gathering and piling visionary stones, which sink down and disperse as soon as collected; when, should the startled wanderer on the Wrekin take courage to ask the phantom who he is and what he does, he will civilly and sadly reply-

"Friend, go thy way, and heap not up riches which thou knowest not who shall inherit. Beware, I say, of the chaff which flitteth away at the breath of the least wind, even as thou perceivest these stones to do, wherewith I strive for ever and for ever to erect an altar to the Goodman of the Croft; and from which I labour through everlasting years—but in vain—to clear the Field of my great master—the Fiend!"

## TO HIM I LOVE.

Ir ever the dew-drop was loved by the flower, When panting it droop'd in its hot summer bower; If e'er to the peasant soft evening was dear, When his calm cottage home in the valley was near; If ever the heather was sweet to the bee, Beloved! thy affection is dearer to me!

If ever the eagle was proud of his might,
As his eye met the sun in his heavenward flight;
If ever old ocean was proud of his waves,
As foaming they roll'd over brave seamen's graves;
If captive e'er triumph'd when ransom'd and free,
I am proud of thy truth—thy devotion to me!

If ever the exile on far foreign shore Sigh'd for friendship's kind smile, he might never see more; If e'er the sweet nightingale wail'd in the grove, When she miss'd the soft call of her answering love, I pine for thy presence so blessed to me, And waste my young spirit in weeping for thee!

But still in my sorrow one ray pours its light, Like the moon when it bursts on the darkness of night; If ever the bow spann'd in glory the heaven, If ever the bark through the blue deep was driven, If ever the summer brought calm to the sky, Our souls are unchanged in their faith till we die!

#### TO FANNY.

'Twas for a season brief and fleet,
My eyes were charmed by sight of thee,
But oh! the passing hour was sweet,
An age of bliss and love to me.
I heard thee speak, thy liquid voice
Excited many a blissful thought;
But though thou art another's choice,
Can I forget her whom I sought?

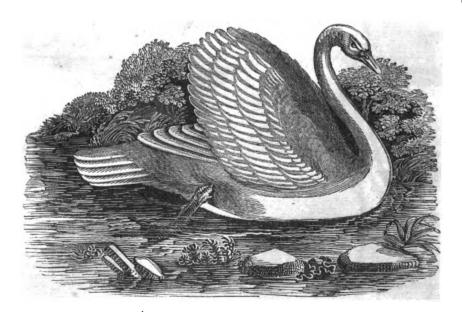
I never see thine eye of blue,
Or view thy heavenly moulded form.
But think the angels must be few,
By whom such matchless looks are worn.
Thou art my delty, my shrine,
The star I love that beams afar—
Shedding a radiance all divine,
A guiding and a cheering star.

Oh! do not ask me to forget,
Or doubt but I must fondly cherish
Those happy times in which we met,
Nor cease to think but when I perish.
And when thou'rt wedded to another,
Howe'er my wretched heart be riven,
Yet still my feelings I will smother,
"And prey to meet thee but In Heaven.

THE RUFFED GROUSE.



THE TAME SWAN.



## THE RUFFED GROUSE.

THE Ruffed Grouse is a well known English bird; in this country it is usually called the Pheasant: In size, it is about midway between that bird and the Partridge; its plumage is a beautiful variety of brown and black; the end of the tail is barred with black on an ash colour; the bill is of a brownish horn colour; the legs are covered with fine white feathers: the toes are pectinated, and joined at their bottoms by membranes. Mr. John Bartram has given the following curious account of the Ruffed Heath-bird:—"This is a fine bird when his gaiety is displayed; that is, when he spreads his tail like a Turkey, and erects a circle of feathers round his neck like a ruff, walking very stately, with an even pace, and making a noise something like a Turkey; at which time the hunter must fire immediately at him, or he flies away directly two or three hundred yards, before he settles on the ground. There is something very remarkable in what we call their thumping; which they so with their wings, by clapping them against their sides, as the hunters say. They stand upon an old failen tree, that has lain many years on the ground, where they begin their strokes gradually, at about two seconds of time distant from one another, and repeat them quicker and quicker, until they make a noise like thunder at a distance; which continues, from the beginning, about a minute, then ceaseth for about six or eight minutes before it begins again. The sound is heard near half a mile, by which means they are discovered by the hunters."

# THE TAME SWAN.

THE Wild Swan is endowed with a fine form, to which it is enabled to impart the most graceful motion, and possesses plumage of the finest white imaginable. Wild swans inhabit the northern parts of the world, but migrate southward when the weather threatens to become unusually evere. They are also said to assemble, in immense multitudes, on the laker, at the setting in of the frosty season, and, by constant motion, and continually beating the water with their wings, prevent such parts as they prefer, or which abound with food, from freezing. The food of the Wild Swan consists of seeds and roots of plants, insects, and fish. The female builds a nest of water-weeds, and usually lays six or eight white eggs. Our reader has, doubtless, heard of the supposed musical voice of the dying Swan: an error which was so generally adopted by the ancients, that a Swan became symbolical of poetry. The truth is, that the Wild Swan emits only a harsh and unpleasing sound: and the voice of the Tame Swan is altogether destitute of power or sweetness.

The Tame Swan is larger, and of a stouter form than the wild species: it has a reddish, or orange-coloured beak, with a large black knob on the base of the upper mandible; the Wild Swan's beak is black, and its cere yellow. But the greatest distinction is in the internal organization: the windpipe of the Tame Swan is simple in its form: that of the Wild Swan enters into a cavity prepared for its reception in the breast-bone, and is doubled therein, before it enters the lungs: this, it is said, enables the bird to utter its singular, harsh, and powerful note. The plumage of the Tame Swan, in whiteness, is equal to that of the wild species. Its food consists of fish and water-plants. The female makes her nest in the weeds of some islet, or the bank of the water on which she is kept: she lays from six to eight white eggs; and the young, which are called cygnets, are hatched in six weeks, or (as some writers say) two months. The cygnets are of a fine brown colour, and do not obtain their perfect plumage for the first year of their lives.

#### IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

BARON ZACH, an eminent astronomer, computes that there may be a thousand millions of stars in the heavens.-(Art. Astronomy, Encyclop. Brit.)—If we suppose each star to be a sun, and attended by ten planets (leaving comets out of the calculation,) we have ten thousand millions of globes like the earth, within what are considered the bounds of the known universe. As there are suns to give light throughout all these systems, we may infer that there are also eyes to behold it, and beings, whose nature in this one important particular, is analogous to our own. To form an idea of the infinitely small proportion which our earth bears to this vast aggregate of systems, let us suppose 5,000 blades of grass to grow upon a square yard, from which we find, by calculation, that a meadow one mile long, by two-thirds of a mile in breadth, will contain 10,000 millions of blades of grass. Let us then imagine such a meadow stretches out to the length of a mile before us, and the proportion which a single blade of grass bears to the whole herbage on its surface—will express the relation which our earth bears to the known universe! But even this is exclusive, probably, of millions of suns "bosomed" in the unknown depths of space, and placed for ever beyond our ken, or the light of which may not have had time to travel down to us since the period of their creation.

#### OLD MAIDS.

I LOVE an old maid; I do not speak of an individual, but of the species-I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself; she has escaped a great change, and sympathises not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear her called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in heaven; some people say they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. a something about them which is not of the earth, earthly. They are spectators of the world, not adventurers nor ramblers; perhaps guardianswe say nothing of tatlers. They are evidently predestinated to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all, not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as ninety and nine out of a hundred of my married acquaintance. Why then are they single? Heaven only knows. It is their fate !- Englishman's Magazine.

#### THE PARTING.

I LOVED as none have ever loved,
Whate'er their love might be,
Elies would not parting with her wrung.
Such bitter pangs from me.
Yet musing on what might have been,
I dream my time away;
'Tis idle as my early dreams,
But, ah! 'tis not so gay.

If aught of pleasure yet is mine—A pleasure mixed with pain—
'Tis pond'ring on the days gone by,
Which ne'er can come again!
When she, all lovely as she's still,
Blushed when I call'd her fair,
And, if she never bade me hope,
She ne'er bade me despair.

For thee, dear maid, I fondly sigh'd,
For thee I now repise,
Since Fate has sworn in solemn words,
Thou never canst be mine!
Yet fondly do I love thee still,
Though hope no'er mingles there;
A wilder passion sways me now—
'I'ls love join'd to despair.

Fargwell, a world whose gayest scenes
No pleasure bring to me;
I'd bate its smile, did I sot think
It may give joy to thee.
But, if thou ever lov'dst like me,
No joy will light thine eye,
Save transient gleams, like wintry suns,
Short glancing in the sky.

#### THE EARLY DEAD.

His resis—but not the rest of sleep
Weighs down his sunken eyes,
The rigid slumber is too deep,
The calm too breathless lives;
Shrunk are the wandering veins that streek
The fixed and marble brow,
There is no life-flush on the cheek—
Death! Death! I know thee now.

Pale King of Terrors, thou art here
In all thy dark array;
But 'tis the iving weep and fear
Beneath thine iron sway:—
Bring flowers and crown the Early Dead,
Their hour of bondage past;
But wo, for those who mourn and dread,
And linger to the last.

Spring hath its music and its bloom,
And morn its glorious light;
But still a shadow from the tomb,
A sadness and a blight
Are ever on earth's loveliest things—
The breath of change is there,
And Death his dusky banner flings
O'er alt that's loved and fair.

So let it be—for ne'er on earth
Should man his home prepare;
The spirit feels its heavenly birth
And spurns at mortal care.
Even when young Worth and Genius die
Let no vain tears be shed,
But bring bright wreaths of victory,
And crown the Early Dead.

# THE DARK DAY.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

IT cannot have escaped the observation of a great portion of my readers, that in the wildest moments of lunacy with which those are afflicted who suffer from a derangement of intellect, there appear so many gleams of reason shooting across the darkness of the mind, that we sometimes half suspect, that a portion of the appearance of intellectual aberration may be assumed to serve some sinister motive. In watching the movements of the unhappy beings of my own species, who have been subjected to fits of hallucination. I have noticed sudden stops in their unguarded conversation, a semi-reminiscence, as if they were conscious that their mind and tongue had strayed into an improper tracks, but as if they felt incapable of measuring the extent of their This half recovery of ideas, has often induced in me, 2 wish to know whether the time in which a human being is deprived of the exercise of reason, is blank in his existence, or whether he maintains in the happiest hours of its full exercise, a recollection of his wanderings, of which shame or delicacy forbids him to speak. There is a sacredness in the misfortunes of such persons, that forbids intrusion; and those even who have been callous enough to mock at their eccentricities in the season of their unhappiness,

have rarely been so destitute of the delicacy of nature, as to insult them in their reflecting hours, by reference to actions or words, for which neither God nor man will hold them accountable.

I am indebted to a deep and inextinguishable love of the scenery of my boyish days, for a look into the heart of man, when reason is not permitted to bring into order the chaos of its teeming productions.

Wandering some years since, upon the shores of Plymouth Bay, and amusing myself with the recollection of the events of childhood, which made every rock an acquaintance, I was called from my pleasing, but perhaps, unprofitable employment, by the appearance of a stranger, who had been, till that moment, seated behind the projections of a rock. I saluted him, with the respect which his years required, and which the education of that portion of our country especially enjoins, and ventured to hope that he had found as much in the scenery before us to excite agreeable emotions as I had.-" You appear to look at the bay and deeply indented shores," said the stranger, " as one to whom they are not familiar. Novelty in scenery, always excites pleasing sensations; but it is only when connected with events of happy issue, that we experience delight in renewing our acquaintance with inanimate nature." I assured him that whatever pleasure I might receive from the rich prospect which lay before me, any sensations at the sight I perceived arose from a recollection of my childish adventures upon these shores.—" You are then a native of Kingston," said he: I pointed to the house at our left, which contained the last of those in that place to whom I could claim consanguinity.

"You will probably recollect me," said the stranger. I replied in the negative. "My name," said he, "is ——." "I remember several," said I, "of that name, but only one which could be of your age; and he, if I recollect aright, was too deeply afflicted to be allowed the privilege which we enjoy—climbing at pleasure the accumulation of rocks which surround us, or wandering along this shore, possessing freedom of body and

mind."

The slight hectic flush which passed over the ashy visage of the stranger, convinced me that I had awakened unpleasant sensations.

I gazed with some attention upon his face, and recognized the features of a man whom, in my boyish days, I had seen confined in a small cell, where his ravings were familiar to every person within a mile of his wretched abode; in a moment the threats of revenge and dreadful imprecations that I had heard him vent from the single opening of his wretched den, came fresh upon my mind, and that too, with a fear lest he should visit upon me, the injuries which he thought he had received at the hands of others, and to which I had apparently awakened his recollection. I therefore turned to leave him. but as I caught his eye, I found it bent rather in sorrew than anger, upon the shore of the distant beach that skirts the outer edge of the bay; some painful recollections were pressing upon his mind, and he appeared absorbed in thoughts that sprung from the events of other years.

My attempt to turn away recalled his attention.

"I was looking," said he, "upon yonder beach—once a-year I visit it in solitude; 'tis strange how its features have changed. As I sit upon this rock and gaze at its distant cliffs, I seem to see all the points and deep indentations that marked it forty years ago. I can at such moments—I did even now, clearly discover the projecting point that met the force of the whole channel's current, and from which I dragged——"

The man started as he approached a subject which evidently excited in him a most painful recollection. He passed his hand repeatedly over his forehead, and walked with a hurried and uneven step several paces backward and forward. I recollected at the moment, that there had been some story current among the children, relative to the cause of his lunacy; and it appeared as if something of disappointment in affection had been assigned as the cause. While framing in my mind some question that might lead him to a more distinct reference to the melancholy

subject, without myself incurring the charge of indelicacy, he seated himself upon a large stone near me, and applying some of the wet rockweed to his forehead, he remained for a moment silent.

At length, throwing from him the moist weed, he muttered to himself, "It is of no avail; nothing—nothing will cool the burning fever in my-head, which this prospect excites; and yet, whatever be my determination, to this point do all my movements tend."

Whatever were the man's feelings, there was no parade of grief; he was, I venture to say, perfectly unconscious of my presence; his eye had been upon the distant beach, and if thought ever sits in the eye, there was a multitude in his. I approached him, and recalled his attention; I endeavoured to weaken the impressions which present objects were making upon him, by leading him gradually to subjects unconnected with them; at the same time evincing my sympathy with that portion of his grief which I could understand; we parted after a short conversation, and I did not learn until some days after, that my attention to his sufferings had created in him a desire to renew our acquaintance.

Our next meeting convinced me of what I had been taught when in my childhood, that his mind was stored with some of the best of European literature; he appeared familiar with books, which even now are scarcely to be found in our most literary circles; and he frequently illustrated his remarks by referring to authors that I had never heard mentioned in that portion of the country; and he, it was certain, had never been thirty miles from the place we then occupied.

To express my astonishment at his knowledge. would have been a breach of decorum, and yet to suffer such a discovery to pass without astonishment, would be impossible. To hear him quote Virgil or Homer in their native language, would not have been surprising, because Virgil and Homer were among the common school books of the place; but the language of Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, were as familiar to him, as the language of his bible. His reference to authors did not appear to be any exercise of vanity on his part; and if it was made for any other purpose than to illustrate an idea, or enrich a phrase, it must have been to check a reprehensible vanity evident on my part, to make my own acquaintance with modern classics appear superior to his.

Tasso, he had not seen for many years, yet he quoted his expressions with ease. It was not the language of Hoole, indeed, but it had more the spirit of the original. I ventured to enquire of him how he had obtained a knowledge of authors which I had never heard named in the circle in which he had always lived; he appeared at first unwilling to answer. At length, as if having conquered his objections, he replied:—

"I have for years brooded in silence over my miseries, and that very silence may have added to them. The question which you ask may

easily be answered: but in replying, I shall only give occasion for new enquiries. If you have any wish to hear my tale of misery, you shall be gratified."

I signified my desire—"Be seated then," said he, "and whatever you feel, do not betray your emotions; my own sensations will be, I fear, too much for me.

" Many years since, how many it matters not, but then, these locks that are now gray as the sea-gull that is floating in yonder channel, were black as the plumes of the dark bird that hovers upon yonder crag. I was on a visit with a portion of my father's family, in Plymouth; it was one of those brilliant days in February, which from their being almost sure precursors of a storm, are called by the people of the shores by the unpropitious name of 'weather-breeders.'-It was indeed a beautiful day; but men, instead of being cheated by its fair promises, appeared busy in guarding against the fulfilment of its portents; boats that were beyond the Gurnet and the Beach returned; and the vessels that were at the wharves were carefully secured. member with a distinctness, sometimes astonishing to myself, the look of anxiety that rested upon the countenance of almost every individual I passed; the young were securing and sheltering all that might be injured by a storm; the old and decrepit ascended the 'burying hill,' to watch the changes of the atmosphere, and observe whether every boat had returned from the offing, which had departed the morning previous. One by one they all came in; for the indications of the day were too evident; and the sun slowly retired from a cloudless sky, leaving the observers of 'times and seasons,' upon the hill, to calculate the quarter in which the storm would commence; at length the cold caused them to descend, and the people of Plymouth, and perhaps those upon the coast, from Race Point to Cape Ann, were never more fervent in their evening prayers, for the care of the Almighty upon them 'who go down upon the sea in ships.'

"About midnight I was awakened, and on going to the window, I found that the storm was indeed up. The wind was blowing a fremendous gale, and the whole air, notwithstanding the light of a full moon, was thickened to obscurity, by the driving snow. I was but a short distance from the wharves, and the wild whistling of the wind among the rigging of the vessels, and the rattling of the ropes against the masts and other spars, were appalling-once or twice, I thought I discovered a flash of lightning. I waited in vain the thunder; at length a part of the family entered my room, for the purpose of looking out upon the bay; they might as well have attempted to see through the solid walls of the house, as to discover distant objects, among the falling snow; but more accustomed to the events of such a night, and less distracted by the din of the tempest, the men assured me that the light which we occasionally observed, was the flash of a cannon, the sound of which did not reach us through the other clamour and disturbance above

and around us. A momentary pause in the wind rendered it no longer doubtful; 'some vessel,' said my relation, 'has put into the "Cow Yard,"\* and is dragging her anchors towards the Beach, may the Lord have mercy on the poor souls which it contains; the vessel will go to pieces upon the flats, and there can, in that case, be no hope of saving a single life.'

"But I knew that they of Plymouth never relinquished exertion or hopes, in behalf of the suffering, till possibility itself ceased. When it was fully ascertained that the light and noise noticed were signals of distress, it was determined to attempt every possible means of aid to those whose situation it was known were most perilous. A knocking at the outer door gave notice that others had obscrved the signals; and in half an hour, more than a dozen persons were ready to go down upon the shores of the Beach. Against the warm protestations of my friends, I determined to be of the party, though sensible that my strength would enable me to do but little good to others, if, indeed, I could stand the force of the wind and snow myself. Before we reached the beach, however, the snow had nearly ceased, but every moment increased the intensity of the cold; and we felt, added to every other fear of distress, the almost certainty that any being who might be thrown ashore alive, would be frozen before we could reach him. We had guarded ourselves with the utmost precautions against the frost, by putting on as many of the warmest garments as we could support the weight of.

On ascending a high point of land, an eminence that the storms and tempests have long since swept level with the tide, we paused, to look down the bay for the vessel that had given the signal; we could see none: thick as was the . atmosphere, it was evident that an object of that magnitude might be discerned even at a greater distance. 'She must have gone to pieces upon Brown's Island,' said Robbins, 'or have been thrown upon the lowest point of the beach, before the wind hauled in-in either case there is little hope of the lives of the crew.' We paused to make a disposition of our party, that by taking different directions, they might the sooner discover any objects of distress, and thus minister earlier to their wants; as every moment at such a time was of the utmost importance. As we were about separating, the moon broke through a cloud, and we discovered one or two dark objects upon the water, driving almost with the rapidity of thought upon a strong current and before a violent gale up the 'back channel.'-Deliberation was no longer necessary—every one directed his course to the shore. My companions who were more accustomed to the weight of their heavy garments than I, far outstripped me. I reached the shore more than a quarter of a mile to the leeward of them, and directly where the channel sets in upon the beach, making at a full tide a bold shore and

<sup>\*</sup> An anchorage within the capes of Plymouth Bay.

deep water. I could see that all were engaged in rescuing either property or the bodies of human beings. I saw various articles, shooting by me, trunks, barrels, bales, and the numerous fixtures of a merchant ship; they were beyond my reach, and altogether unworthy a personal risk to rescue them. At length, an object which, until within a few yards of me, had been invisible, arrested my attention. It was a part of the upper works of the ship, with some human being clinging to it with a powerful grasp, but apparently totally insensible of any help being near. I had with me a small rope of considerable length, one end of which was made fast round my body, and to the other was attached a large hook; I coiled it instantly in my hand and threw it with a force and precision, worthy the objects at which I directed it. The rope fell over the wood at which I aimed, and in drawing it towards me, the hook caught as I desired. With every care I pulled gently but steadily, and was ready to lay my hand upon the body of the sufferer, when the strong current against which I had dragged both objects, swept the wretched being from the railing, and left my hook entangled in the wood. The current of the channel, as I mentioned, set directly in, towards the point of land I occupied, and it swept out with an equal force; so that I could gain nothing by pursuing the object along the shore.

"One only hope remained, that I could rescoil my rope and throw it, before the tide had swept the being beyond its length. It was the work of a second; yet, in that second what crowds of thoughts rushed upon my mind; the heavy book might not reach, or if it should, it might not take a hold, and no second effort could be made—it might too, strike the head, when its blow would finish what the storms and waves had begun; there was, however, a hope, and I gathered up my strength for one great effort, and cast off the coil with such a force, that it almost drew me after it. 'May God direct it,' said I, in the fervour of my zeal. I could discover, before the rope had uncoiled, the body sink in the trough of a sea-it was a sight of despair-' 'tis too late,' said I; but the wave as it caused the head to fall, flung up into the operation of the wind, the border of a outer garment, the hook caught it-I will not attempt to describe what I felt as 1 drew towards me the object of my labours, and trembled lest every surge should break the hold of my hook; at last the body was within my grasp. I dragged it from the waters, and discovered, as I laid it upon the snow, that it was the delicate form of a female: insensible, indeed, but not, as I believed, entirely lifeless. To have staid to rescué others, would have been to insure the death of the being before me. My outer garment was completely wet, I threw off that, and taking the next, wrapped it around the female, then lifting her in my arms, I bore her towards the nearest habitation, then far distant.

"Before I had proceeded many rods, I discovered several of the inhabitants coming down the beach; they had taken the precaution to

drive a cart with them: I laid my charge in that, and we returned as rapidly as possible towards a house at the head of the beach. Notwithstanding the cold of the morning, the gentle motion of the cart, and the additional warmth imparted by the garments of the other persons, induced many symptoms of returning animation in the female. before we reached the house. When, however, she was laid in a warm bed, and suitable restoratives had been administered by the females of the family, a task to which they were by no means strangers, and upon the discharge of which they entered with an alacrity, that bespoke the native goodness of their heart; their new patient gave evidence of a sensibility to their kindness, and I returned with the men to the beach. Several bodies had been thrown on shore, and others were seen drifting up the channel. None had exhibited any signs of life, and as almost all of them were frozen, attempts at resuscitation were deemed unnecessary.

"While a party was detailed to collect such articles of the wreck and the scattered cargo as should be washed upon the beach, others gathered the dead bodies, laid them in the cart, and attended them to the Court House in Plymouth; they were afterwards buried. No stone, however, was placed over the remains of these unfortunate beings, as has been over those who have subsequently shared the same fate.

"Many days passed before the female, the only person saved from the vessel, recovered sufficient strength to inquire, or rather to be suffered to inquire into her own situation, and after the fate of those who were her companions in the ship-wreck—with all the delicacy that such a case required, she was informed of the fate of her companions; a feeling of agony was evident upon her countenance. She raised her head, and enquired whether an aged man with a beard, had been discovered; none such had been seen—she dropped her head upon her breast, and repeated some words, unintelligible to the company.

"It was sometime after the conference to which I have referred, that I ventured to enter the room which the stranger occupied, although I had been a daily visitant at the house since the There was, I felt, morning of the shipwreck. an indelicacy in my visiting her; she had been informed of my agency in her rescue; it was possible that in her weak state, a call, on my part, might have induced an exercise of strength to express her gratitude, by no means friendly to health. After the delay of more than a week, I entered the chamber; it was darkened, and I could only distinguish the object of my visit, from the other females in the room, by her occupying an easy chair, and being wrapped in a loose dress. She had been informed of my name and my good fortune, in rendering her a service; she rose with difficulty, as I approached her, and walked very feebly towards me; as we met, she extended her hands and grasped mine with whatever strength she possessed. Tears were in her eyes-I saw them glisten in the light of the fire, and I felt them drop warm on my hand; at

length subduing her feelings in some measure, and before I could find words to congratulate her upon her convalescence, she said to me-'I owe to you, my friend, the preservation of my hife; I will not suffer the low estimation at which I must hold existence, lonely, poor, and friendless as I am, to diminish in the least, my sense of the amount of gratitude I owe you. May the God of the stranger and the fatherless-my God -reward you, for all your exertions, and all your personal risks; it is all I have to bestow. even upon those kind friends who have nursed me with parental care.

"I found only a few words, to say that the service I had been permitted to render her, was such as was due the unfortunate. I ventured to add, that whatever had been done for her by these who were about her, was amply repaid, in the consciousness of aiding the unfortunate. All joined me in the assurance, and having conducted her to her chair, I took a seat on the opposite

side of the fire place.

"As my eyes became used to the gloom of the room, I found myself able to distinguish the features of the stranger, and to judge, allowing for the ravages of a long and disastrons voyage, and her physical and mental sufferings, semething of what, as a young man, I might be supposed to feel an interest in the beauty of the lady, who certainly felt under great obligations to me.-Her features were entirely different from those of any female I had ever seen, and more of a cast to attract closer examination than delicacy might warrant: and, it is possible that the impressions, which I supposed were made upon me at that interview, were the result of a long and intimate subsequent acquaintance, of rich and dear associations, with her who then sat before me, lonely, friendless, without a home, and sheltered only by the oft exercised, (but let it be said) unwearied charity, of total strangers! Her features were such as I have heard described, as denoting strength of intellect, capability of great attainments, and above all, indicative of sound judgment, as well as depth and intensity of feeling. She once turned her face from the fire, and gave me an opportunity of observing its profile. The peculiar projection of the lips, and the nose, particularly attracted my attention; I felt a consciousness that I had seen such features, and my perplexity was enhanced by my inability to recollect where or when, whether they belonged to some acquaintance, or had been represented upon paper.—I dwell upon these circumstances now, with an interest that I know must appear childish to you; and which I can scarcely convince myself is materially connected with what I have to say-but let it be recollected, that to tell my tale of misery has become the business of my life. I know not another circumstance which can unite me to existence, or which would infuse interest enough into life, to make it supportable to me.

"I was roused from my reverie, by an intimation from an attendant, that it was time for us to return.

"I learned in an adjoining room, that the object of my solicitude was named Miriam. She had left the continent of Europe with her father and other friends, with an intention of settling in a southern city, Charleston, perhaps. They had much wealth in the vessel which was lost, that probably sunk soon after the ship struck upon the shoals.

"The addition of a single individual to a family, has never been considered in this portion of the country, as forming any cause of complaint; the necessaries and comforts of life are easily obtained; and they have here never been sparingly offered to a stranger-the stranger, a female, and in distress, secured a claim upon any family, which to deny, would have been considered an insult to Heaven. I was aware of this; I knew, too, that those who had administered to the wants of the unfortunate object of my consideration, in her greatest distress, would scarcely forego the happiness which they must experience, in noting the effects of their kindness upon her recovering health. Yet expenses were necessarily incurred by the poor people at whose house Miriam then was; and the constant attention which they had bestowed to her debilitated frame, had certainly detracted from the amount of labour, which the care of a family required. These were inconveniences of which they would not complain, but which I thought might be remedied. The next morning I acceded to the proposal of my mother to visit Miriam. In passing through Plymouth, I learned that several trunks had been found, that gridently belonged to the passengers in the wrecked result as the proper officers were taking to secure as much of the cargo as the for the benefit of those who might hereafter present just claims to it, it was proposed that the lady should be requested to identify, as far as she could, the property of her father.

" Soon after my mother had been introduced to Miriam, she made her acquainted with the little plan, which she had formed for her comfort. She must return with her-her house was large, the means of administering to her wants would be more at hand; and she could then without a fear of incommoding any one, find a home, until her health was reinstated, and the arrangement of her little property saved, might render it ne-

cessary to depart.

" Miriam struggled with her feelings, and expressed her thankfulness for the kindness of the offer, in a tone which indicated how truly she appreciated the favours of her new friends. The feelings of those who had given the stranger a home, were consulted by my mother; and Miriam shed a tear of gratitude upon the neck of her kind benefactress, as she was lifted into the chaise by the side of my mother.

"When I returned to Plymouth town, I found myself unable to identify any article appertaining to our new guest, except a large trunk filled with books, now partially damaged, but which were immediately given into my care; those I

conveyed home as soon as possible.

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"The next morning my father ascertained from Miriam, that the property which belonged to her father and his companions, was chiefly in gold; and he acquainted her at once with the fact that nothing but light merchandise had been saved from the wreck.—'I am then poor, as well as an orphan,' said Miriam, ' and the wave that swallowed father, friends, and wealth, has thrown me forth a helpless dependant upon those, who are strangers to my name, my kindred, and my faith. Oh! may He, who has made us a suffering and a scattered nation, support the weakest of his once loved people.'

"In a short time, Miriam, from being taught to think our house her home, appeared as one of the family. Her voice was heard in the parlour, with my mother; she occasionally assisted in the light offices of the kitchen; and my father, though scarcely capable of appreciating the excellencies of her character and disposition, appeared at least amused with her evening conversation. She had selected from her numerous books, such as might be most interesting to the family, to whem, when gathered around the bearth, for evening's enjoyment, she would read some interesting and moral tale, or entertain them with a description of incidents and scenery in Europe. She had, too, visited Palestine, the Classic, the Holy Land of our Puritan fathers. She had sat upon the tombs of the Prophetsshe had looked down from Olivet, and forded Kedron-she had seen the fox look forth from the walls of Jerusalem, and went over the wastes of that beautiful city-she had trodden the valley of Jehoshaphat, and sailed upon the sea of Galilee.

"My father's whole course of reading had been confined to polemical divinity; and, because he had possessed himself of all the information within his reach, it was not strange that he should have some high notions of his own attainments. His daily expositions of scripture allusions, I had always thought ingenious, and knew no reason why they should not be correct. He had a custom of appealing occasionally to my mother, and sometimes to me, to corroborate, or correct his explanations. This he did perhaps the more frequently, as he was seldom or never contradicted. The close attention which Miriam gave to the morning lessons of my father, rapidly increased his esteem for her vertues.

"I remember one day, as he was dwelling upon the doctrine of inherent sinfulness, of the natural proneness of our race to iniquity, he quoted the confession of Lamech—'I have slain a man to my wounding and a young man to my hurt.'—This treading so upon the heels of Cain's trespass, was pregnant with proof of my father's position; and yet, considering the use that is made of the sin of the first murderer, it appeared a matter of astonishment to him, that a more frequent reference was not made in scripture to the murder of Lamech. It is probable that my father was prepared with a solution; but, choosing to excite the attention of his little audience, he inquired first of Miriam, her opinion. She

either professed ignorance or evaded an answer. My mother attended these family services in compliance with a good custom, and to receive instruction; of course she had no reply. I expressed myself unable to solve the difficulty, otherwise than by conjecture. Miriam was appealed to a second time.

"" Might I be permitted,' said she, 'to express an opinion opposed to words of the sacred volume you have in your hand, I should say that there was an error in the translation; the sense,' continued she,' of the words (repeating the Hebrew text,) is clearly interrogative, and, as such, will be considered as a protestation of innocence, rather than a confession of guilt.'—My father was startled at this exposition. Not less, perhaps, because of the expounder, than from its being destructive to the triumphant thread of reasonings which he had prepared, and opposed to the conclusions at which he was to arrive.

"' That is a view of the subject,' said my father, 'that I have not taken; nor is it strange, as I have not the advantage of the original language of the scripture; and to confess the truth. I have never before heard any reference made to the Hebrew and Samaritan text, in relation to the first part of the Bible.'-My father, as you know, was a good man, but not the less likely to feel a diminution of consequence, at discovering that one of his regular auditors—and that a female possessed facilities for interpreting, of which he could not avail himself; but Miriam's modesty unarmed him farther of any resentment: although I could perceive for several days, he hesitated in his exhortations; and, it was not until Miriam had frequently solicited instruction. and listened with renewed patience to his lessons, that he recovered his usual ease and appearance of authority.

"'I have noticed,' said my father to Miriam, one evening as we were gathering into the family group,' I have noticed that the books from which you so frequently read to us, are not in the English tongue, and from the appearance of the letters, I also conclude that they are not all in the same language—you must of course be familiar with several.'

"'With the French and Italian, I am conversant,' replied Miriam; 'not only from having pursued the studies of them in childhood, but also, from frequent use thereof, in French and Italian cities.'

"'But the Hebrew,' said my father, 'I have never heard that the study of that language entered into a course of female education; and yet, if I mistake not, you referred to a text of scripture accidentally brought forward, with as much facility in the Hebrew, as if it had been your mother tongue.'

"'I once,' said Miriam, with some hesitation, 'travelled with my father through Palestine.'

"'But is that language now spoken in Judea?' asked my father. 'I had thought, that it was confined to the study of the clergy, or the religious exercises of some of the outcasts and scattered Jews; whose Rabbis, I have heard, read or

sing it in their prayers, while their hearers are totally ignorant of the import of the sounds that are uttered.'

"A momentary hectic past over the countenance of Miriam; I saw it, and with some astonishment, believed it a slight indication of anger; it was the first she had ever exhibited-it passed away as rapidly as it approached-and her countenance exhibited a perfect image of resignation. She had risen slowly, and turned partly towards the window against the side of which she was leaning; her head was thrown a little back, and as the fire threw its light upon her visage, I discovered that her lips slightly moved, her large black eyes were raised, and suffused with a tear. Miriam, thought I, cannot harbour feelings of anger, or, if she does, what was there to cause it even now. She turned towards the family. The children had retired, our circle was small, but the eyes of Miriam passed rapidly from one to the other, as if anxious to observe whether more or less were in the room than were necessary to some purpose at which she evidently aimed.

"'I have not been permitted,' said she, 'since my residence in this family, to express my feelings for the deliverance, and protection for which I am indebted to its different members. I have not, I trust, been less grateful, for your favours, because they were delicately conferred; but an expression has escaped, this evening, which, were I to leave unnoticed, might secure for me the censure of hypocrisy, at least, of disingenuousness.

"' To conceal from you longer, that I am not of your faith, would be to give evidence that I am ashamed of my own. I am the daughter of a JEW; and while I blush for my own unworthiness, I glory in the faith of my fathers.' She paused; but that pliant meekness that had sat upon her visage, that humility of the downcast eye, which had been so peculiarly her characteristic, was past. Her form was extended, her cheek slightly suffused, and that dark eye, which had only languished before, was lit up with piercing brightness. She stood alone, as if conscious that she had thrown her gage among a host of foes, and was prepared for their acceptance. My father started from his chair with sudden emotion, and my mother, shuddering, drew near to him, as if fearful of contact with a Jewess. My father was a man of decision, and would have issued an order for barring his door against admission to a Jew, even in the most inclement season, had it been required of him before the offender against his faith had applied; but he had not a heart to injure or offend a human being in his power, least of all that one before him.

"I am in the house of a Christian, said Miriam, after a long pause, of one who has expressed his abhorrence for my faith and my kindred. I owe to him and his, my life, and now its only comforts; for these I have foregone much, I would sacrifice all my personal feelings, but I may not do treason to my God. Sooner than apostatize from the religion of my fathers, I must

throw myself upon the mercies of the world.'-My father stepped suddenly forward, and interrupted her, by taking her hand.—' Miriam,' said he, 'you will not doubt the sincerity of my feelings, when I tell you I deplore your want of knowledge of the religion of Christ, but I should do injustice to the excellence of your conduct, were I not to say that my house has been blessed by your presence. My children have been instructed by your assiduous attention, and edified by your example. I commend you now to the care of that God, who gave your chosen nation, the law by his Prophet; and I pray that in due time he may bless you, the most chosen of his people, with the spirit of the Gospel of his Son.' -So saying, he kissed her forehead, and my mother followed her to her chamber.

"'I dwell,' said again the unhappy being before me, 'with strange pertinacity upon these details; and, it may occur to you that trifling circumstances are remembered with a distinctness, strange and unaccountable, in one suffering as I have suffered. But, I tell you, that all my life is condensed in a few short years. I know nothing, and am connected with nothing, but that one particular, that bright, evanescent object of my earthly adoration-why am I not consumed by that fire that continually burns upon my brain? Even now, the everlasting waves do not moisten these weeds faster than my throbbing temples dry them to scorching. Oh! had I passed away; had heaven blessed me with utter dissolution; and the lightning that only scathed me, had it blasted and annihilated its object; had the uplifted waves that threw me breathing upon the shore, buried me lifeless in the channel's sand, what days of darkness had I escaped, and what nights, aye, long, long solitary nights of more than human suffering, should I have been spared."

The mournful object of my contemplation smote violently and repeatedly upon his forehead, and threw himself from the rock on which he was seated.

Some days elapsed before I met the unhappy man again; when I saw him he bore evident marks of the effect of the paroxysm which had seized him when last we were together.

"I have learned," said he, "to be less garrulous, in what I have further to tell; and I beseech you in charity to hear me; I shall be brief.

"To none could the profession of Judaism by Miriam, come with a more astounding effect than upon me. Why, I need not now tell you—if this care-worn face does not testify; if these white hairs, blanched in my youth, are not the testimony of deep anguish and bitter disappointment, what can words avail?—Yet Miriam never deceived me; but I mistook the cause of aversion to one subject. I imputed it to her sense of dependance, and fear of my father's prejudices, and his hopes upon another side. This profession, while it made no difference in the general deportment of the family towards her, at least, after a few days, cut off, as I believed, those hopes which I had cherished, but not uttered.—

Oh! she was too fair, too rich a boon for me. I should have contented myself with sitting at her feet, and gathering instruction; I should have been content to see her, the only being I had ever seen completely subdue herself. She possessed all the passions of our nature in their fullest extent; but they were subdued and controlled; they never gained one moment's ascendancy. What had she to do with earth? if not, indeed, to show what Heaven is? How often have I sat with her for hours upon yonder rock, that beetles over the channel, and listened to her instruction; studies that were tedious and dry in boyhood, became pastime when directed by her; and languages that would require years of application in schools, were acquired as if by intuition, under her instruction. Nor was it in literature alone that she instructed; she delighted to show the beauty of virtue, and seemed most happy when others were enjoying the benefit of actions resulting from her advice. I remember, one day, as we were sitting upon the margin of the bay, our conversation was directed towards the affections; and, for some reason, I believe now, it was mere curiosity, I attempted to identify the passion with the sentiment of love. I know not now what folly I uttered, but there was a reproof in her instructive reply.-" I have told you,' said she, that in Italy, there is a cave, called the Grotto del Cane, from the circumstance that a man may enter it in perfect safety; but there rests upon its shelving floor, a mephitic gas, that is deadly poisonous; this rises but a few inches, and consequently operates only upon such animals as Dogs, who by carrying their heads very low, necessarily inhale the deadly air. It is thus with our passions; in temptations, we must learn to keep above their influence, and we may walk safely amid their snares. But let us once stoop; let us once give way to their power; but once bow down to their dominion, and like the poor animal in the Grotto del Cane, we shall have no strength to rise.'

"But why do I linger in my wretched narrative? Oh! I could occupy years in describing her, by her words and her works; I could live on their recital. She was not like others. I have watched her with jealousy to catch one error of thought, one single aberration from closest female duty; from perfect disinterested devotion to others; she knew no self; her very prayers for her own health were made that it might be useful to others. Could I have found a single cause for complaint, I would not thus have loved a Jewess—though others, who knew not her faith, did love—did almost adore her.

"Strange, that I did not suspect, what experience should have taught to all, that if half of the females bred in our chilly humid atmosphere yield to its consumptive influence, one so delicate and a stranger to its effects would soon fall beneath its power. Others saw it, and she felt itmeth it without a fear; but I, fool, absorbed in my dreams of self, knew not till she was stretched upon her last bed, that my dream—no not a dream—my pure felicity, my waking hours of

bliss, were passing. I left not her chamber, saving when propriety dictated, nor then, till I was almost dragged forth. I sat in a darkened corner of the room, where I should be no obstruction to attendants. I saw it then—death was busy with my hopes; and every day shattered fast and fatally, my unfounded expectation.—There was no murmur from her, not a sighthere was no particular manifestation of religious feeling; she contemplated death without a fear; hers had been a life of piety according to her faith; she had no time to redeem amid the wastings of a death-bed; and she sunk slowly, like the setting sun, more and more beautiful as it retires from our sight.

"It was an afternoon of May, she had dismissed with her usual blessing, the children of the family, who, as they retired, left me alone with her; she beckoned me towards her. The dimness had passed from her eyes, and her cheek was tinged with the richest hue. 'Let me be raised,' said she; I assisted her; the window shutter was thrown open, and we both looked out upon the bay; there was scarcely a ripple upon its bosom, and the quick eddies of the tide were touched by the beams of the setting sun.

"'In such a time as this,' said she, 'tis good to give one moment to earth; one expression to a fondness deeply cherished, but rarely uttered. A strange distinctness is in every object before me; even the distant point of yonder beach, from which you dragged me to life, is as visible now to me, as if we were treading on its blanched sands—this is death: I have seen its approach with joy for myself-but you-bear it-we shall meet where no prejudice can separate us; where our connexion shall be permanent; less disturbed-but not purer than here. Nay, call not the attendant-it is right-be blest'-she sunk back upon her pillow-a few words that I recognized as a part of a Hebrew prayer, trembled from her tongue. I gazed-the film was on her eyes, and the ashy paleness had returned to her cheek; there was no respiration to her chest-coldness was gathering upon her brow-I pressed my lips to her forehead—I called tenderly upon her name -but there was no sound, nor motion.

"I remember something of the tears of the family, the clamorous mourning of the children for their best earthly friend—I remember my father's expression of grief, and my mother's lamentation. But I lay insensible to every other object.

"After a time, which I had no means of measuring—there was a bustle in the family—a stirring that awoke me to curiosity. They had come to carry her, to carry Miriam to the grave. I heard the low whispered conversation from my window; I saw the neighbours gathered in groups, summing up those virtues of Miriam that they could appreciate; at length, another movement announced the prayer. You know that solemn, impressive strain of eloquence, which our clergyman pours forth in the house of mourning. I listened with mournful pleasure to it now; never had I met such a collocation of words; the best

productions of the ancients and the moderns were familiar to me, in their original, and in translation; but they are cold and unmoving, when compared to his funeral prayer. It was only such an exercise that could call back my shattered and wandering thoughts, and I felt myself reviving to a full sense of my misery.\*

"Some members of the family were talking near my door, of me, of my feelings, my depths of misery.—One proposed that I should be called to take a last look—the thought was madness. I fastened my door and threw myself upon a bed—A last look! I had taken it; the filmy eye, the blanched cheek, the trembling lip, over which breathed blessings to men and praise to God, were stamped upon my senses, in characters of fire—searing my brain, and deadening all outward faculties.

"At night, it was dark and comfortless to the world, I left the house and pursued my way to the burying ground. I have thought since of that night; but I cannot recollect a single object, between the dwelling house and the house of God—for though the distance is nearly a mile—one thought absorbed me—I had but one sensation—one mode of receiving feeling, and that

was directed to a single object.

"I found the grave with ease: it was near the only tomb in the yard, and remained unsodded. I stretched myself upon the humid loam, and lay there till I was chilled, and numbed almost to insensibility; Oh! how I hoped that life was departing. Every respiration seemed to exhaust, and I felt the coldness of the new turned earth, creeping around my heart; and I thought when I awoke from that grave, it would be with her, who was far below me, silent and insensible to my woes.

"Would you believe it? with the gray light of morning, came a sense of shame; yet not for myself; there was a fear upon me, that my weakness might do discredit to the name of Miriam. That thought alone could animate me; I dragged myself from the spot, and gained my chamber before the sun had risen.

observed something singular in their manners towards me. The younger branches suspended their little amusements as I approached; the domestics gazed upon me, my parents forbore the least contradiction, and my mother would scarcely address me without tears; but one thing

most of all I noticed, it would have paid me for every kind of ill treatment:—Not one mentioned the name of Miriam. Every object likely to bring her suddenly to mind was removed—but so wayward is the will, that even the absence of these objects would press upon me a course of reflections it was intended to prevent.

"The peculiarity in the conduct of the family towards me, turned my reflections towards myself—was it possible that my conduct indicated any thing more than grief?—than bitter disappointment? Could those about me suspect me of hallucination? It was certain that their mode of treatment was unusual—but so was my grief and its cause. I determined while I noticed the change in their conduct, to set a guard over my own.

"One night, while sitting at my window, the peculiar placidity of the bay, induced me to leave the house:—I wandered along the shore till I approached the broken wharf in our rear, when I felt an inclination to visit the beach alone; to sit upon the projecting cliff, and think of her whose safety had consecrated the spot. I took a small boat, and a light westerly breeze soon wafted me there.

"I sat down upon the beach; I remember distinctly; it was not then dawn; the light of the stars was visible in the slight surf which rolled towards my feet; daylight at length appeared: I scarcely thought that any objects of nature could call my mind from that single subject of contemplation to which I dedicated the time, and for which I approached that place; but the broad-streak of light that shot up beyond the heights of Monumet, was certainly peculiar—the horizon was not gradually illumined, nor did the light appear to extend beyond its corruscations.

"The sun rose, and the world was gay; I returned to my contemplations. I was at length aroused by the approach of the tide; on looking around, I found it impossible to distinguish objects at a short distance, with any distinctness; there was not a cloud in the horizon, and yet the light of the day was not equal to the faintest gleams of twilight; objects at hand presented a curious hue, and the white shells that lined the margin of the beach, appeared now of a saffron colour.

"The shore birds had retired as at the approach of night. Strange feelings came over me; thoughts unutterable; there was an unknown sensation on me; my mind occasionally wandered, and I found an effort necessary to keep my thoughts in regular train. It was not night, I thought, or the stars would appear; yet the sun, the great source of day was absent—but the lamps of the Gurnet light-house were not lighted, and my own sensations were not those of a man who has long fasted.

"After many hours, whose progress I had no means of measuring, excepting by the tide, I determined to return; without knowing whether I departed by night or by day. I had scarcely proceeded a mile when night indeed came

<sup>\*</sup> The writer feels that a better occasion might have been chosen to refer to a distinguishing excellence in the professional duties of a living clergyman, than a single paragraph of a professedly fictitious story. But this story was written as one of a series, illustrative of the scenery and character of a particular section of country, and the author can never recal that scenery without connecting with its beauties the higher ornaments of the cultivated mind, the meek enduring spirit, the eminent Christian virtues, and the exceeding modesty of the clergyman to whom reference is made. One who owes to the precepts and example of that good man much of his capacity to enjoy the pleasures, and more of his abilities to endure the pains of life, adds to his feeble testimony of deep respect, his ardent wishes, that his evening of life may be as tranquil and happy, as its day has been eminently useful.

on. It was one suited to such a day as had passed.

"The slight breeze that had ruffled the water of the bay, was hushed; I endeavoured to hasten my boat, but there was neither current, nor land mark to guide in the various eddies made by these separating channels in the bay. I had utterly lost my course, and the intensity of darkness thickened on me at every moment; I sat down in the stern of the boat; and felt, for the first time, for many weeks, some feeling of self; some personal anxiety. Death could have no terrors for me-but to die so-to go out in loneliness; to have no hand to smooth the pillow; none to close the eye-no kind maternal bosom to pillow the agonized head-to receive the last wish; and no friend to close the eyes in the decencies of death; these, and a thousand other thoughts rushed through my mind in a moment. In vain I attempted to discern a single objectmy hand within six inches of my face was totally invisible. In a small locker of the boat were carefully deposited instruments for striking fire, and after much exertion I succeeded in lighting a candle; this did but add to the horrors of the night. Its beams did not extend beyond the width of the boat; and so palpable was the darkness, that it seemed as if shadows were as visible upon it as upon a solid wall. I shouted with my utmost powers, and my voice scarcely reached my own ears; it seemed stifled; again I cried to the top of my lungs; the sound was thick and scarcely audible, as if a bandage was upon my mouth—the bare tip of light that sat upon the wick of the candle, scarcely consuming it, at length expired. There was neither sight, nor sound, nor motion—I felt a strange sensation creeping over me-my thoughts were evidently wandering: I exerted myself to retain my reason -I endeavoured to fix my mind to some definite object; but then, not even Miriam could retain it. I knew that insanity in its worst form was approaching; yet, I was sensible to my state; and while I shouted with frenzy, I felt a doubt of the propriety or necessity of my exertions. Overcome at length, I sunk exhausted and senseless to the bottom of the boat.

" How long I lay there I cannot tell; when I recovered, my father and two of the neighbours were carrying me from the shore to a carriage. I was weak, and could scarcely move a limb. I remember there was much blood upon me, but whether I had ruptured a blood-vessel, in crying out, or had torn my flesh, I knew not; but weak as I was, I could perceive that the peculiarly hushed manner of my father, his continual affirmative answer to every question I put to him, together with his evasive reply to requests; had a reference to my mental rather than bodily infirmities. He evidently believed me insane. That I had suffered enough to make me so, that I had been so the night previous, was evident; but then, so far as bodily weakness would permit, my mind was sound, whatever occurred thereafter, then I was not crazy.

"Yet no seemer had I entered the house, than

all things conspired to convince me that the family no longer regarded me as one of its accountable members. I was melancholy, it is true -but I never had been gay—and recent afflictions would warrant, I supposed, a temporary yielding to their influence; when I spoke of the events of the day and night which Fpassed upon the beach and bay, they attempted to draw my attention from them; yet it was certain that they had experienced the same phenomenon of darkness during the day, and the thick darkness of the night-' darkness that might be felt,' which I had noticed; the children spoke of it, and the older people referred to it with wonder. When I left the house I could see that I was carefully watched-my knife was taken from my pocket -the clergyman was called to pray over me; with a distant allusion to my supposed malady; children shrunk from me in the street-or derided my imaginary infirmity; all these things I bore, because I knew that my efforts to convince my friends of my sanity, would be construed into confirmation of their own suspicions.

"One day, I was engaged alone in a room sharpening a razor, and, I believe, I was speaking, uttering aloud my thoughts, when my father rushed into the chamber, seized the razor, threw it violently from him, and then grasped me strongly by the hands; my mother at the same moment entered the room, with horror depicted on her face. I was at no loss to guess their fears, and for the first time, I spoke to them of their error. I besought them to consider that I had committed no act to excite such suspicions-to remember that they were adding to their own burthens, and imposing upon me a load of pain and obloquy, that I could not long endure; they were separating me from my kind, and could not fail of realizing upon me their worst suspicions. 'If I desired to take my life,' said I, were there not means at all times within my reach—the bay on one side, and the river on the other; why should I resort to such instruments, as those of which you deprive me. I have lived long enough to see all that rendered existence dear, torn from my grasp, and in my spring of life, every green leaf and every fountain seared and dried up-but I have not asked for death; I have made my respect for kindred a check upon my utter recklessness of events. I have been unto you a profilless, but not a disobedient son. I have been wayward towards Heaven, but 1 would not outrage its laws.

"My parents paused—I thought them convinced—indeed they were. When I attempted to leave my chamber next morning, I found the door fastened. I called, but no one answered. I beat against the door, but it would not yield to my efforts. It was then true, I thought, I am condemned as a maniac, to be immured in this or some other narrow space, without hope of retreat. There was madness in such a thought, and it was indeed coming. One effort remained, and after attempting to force the door, I set about it. It was to tear my bed clothes in strips, and by them lower myself from the window. I

set about the work, and had just completed it, when my door was unlocked, and my father and one or two other persons, of great strength, entered. I was sitting partly naked upon the floor, surrounded by the remnants of bed clothes, which I had torn. I was certainly in my right mindbut if there ever was a representation of insanity, it was then. I saw it-I knew resistance or argument would be fruitless: the men took hold of me, and conducted me to a narrow apartment provided for me at a distance from the dwelling; they firmly secured the door and left me. think from that awful night of darkness, on the bay, my mind had gradually yielded to my griefs; I certainly was not what I had been-but when I was thrust into that den, I was shut out alike from commerce with my kind, and that which makes the commerce valuable-reason. I know when I vielded; I know how long I grappled, how I tried to connect my thoughts; how I talked on in solitude and darkness, only that'I might satisfy myself that I could talk reasonably-and I remember when the last link of hope was severed-when I felt myself a lunatic.

"Oh! how little do they understand of lunacy, who have not suffered its horrors; step by step to see it coming, closer and thicker every day, like the accumulating misfortunes of the unsuccessful merchant; and to feel, like him, more and more anxious to conceal their approach, as they come nearer and more heavy. Oh God! how have I wished for one kindred mind, one soul who could feel—not with, but for me; one on whose breast I might lean—to tell my sufferings, to whom I might open up my heart, and have him pity and heal; any thing would have been preferable to the cold suspicion I endured; a settled prejudice, a determination to believe me crazy—till they made me so.

"Could I have met a foe-one who would have dared me to the proof of reason, by argumenthe should have found my grasp dangerous and effective; but no, I was hedged in by the determination of my friends-aye, friends! I had not an enemy on earth-but those friends knew nothing of the mind-with them, to see it bent, was to believe it destroyed. Could they have reasoned with me, could they have employed my mind, perhaps, I should have been saved; though hallucination, it was said, was not uncommon among the members of my mother's family. But there was none to befriend, and in the first symptoms of my mental aberration, I was thrust. like those suspected of a plague, where restoration would be a miracle.

"From the narrow aperture in front of the box in which I was confined, I could look forth upon the expanse of Heavens; I could see men going about the business of life, with an indifference to every object but the single one upon which they were bent. Could I have shared with them their freedom, I would, I thought, have taken the aggregate of their labours upon my single self. I stretched out my arms and bared my bosom to every breeze that found its way to my confinement. I desired—but no, I will not

weary you with their detail; I will not tell you, how day after day I tried to beguile the hours; books in such a place have no power. I stepped round my narrow room, counting my steps; then renewing my course to see whether I had numbered the paces exactly; I counted the crevices in the ceiling, prognosticated my release by the coincidence, with my previous guess, of the number of persons who should pass along the distant highway. How busy, how necessarily active the human mind is, no one can tell, until he ceases to afford it cause for operation by change of place, or by corporeal exercise.

"Among the worst evils of my confinement, was the impertinent gaze and questioning of neighbours, and their thoughtless children. I can distinctly remember, when I have placed myself at the window of my room, with a hope to still the busy working of the mind by attention to passing objects, and cool the fever of my brain, by feeling the blessed wind of heaven, I have suffered from the intrusion of those who think insanity deprives its object of feeling as well as of liberty. They have questioned and I have answered, not with a desire to please them, but satisfy myself, that I could give categorical replies; but they, instead of aiding by withdrawing my thoughts from myself, would continually direct their questions towards my own situation; and my replies would. I was sensible then of the fact, and I remember it now, sometimes wander far from the interrogation, and at length, word after word would escape, till the whole was incoherency and raving. The echo of my own voice has occasionally misled me, and I have replied with dreadful eagerness to the imaginary mockeries that started at evening from the untenanted buildings in the vicinity, as if my unsettled mind discovered in them a cause of offence.

"Do not mistake me; I was then crazy. 1 knew that that caused my confinement; I felt the wanderings of my mind as plainly as I now feel the breeze from the swelling tide; and when I approached the recollection of those hours of unmingled happiness that I had once enjoyed with her who had been to me my all of lifewhen I remembered the bitterness of my loss, and conjured up the thick feeling, aye, the palpable darkness of that night upon the watersthen, indeed, I felt the withering blast of a mental siroc. There are no words to tell what I have felt in years of confinement, and not one day of all its long, long course of misery was blank. I remember with a horrid distinctness every moment of its tedious passage.

"On the evening of a day marked by excessive heat, my mind was just gaining repose from a violent agitation produced by the unkind, the wicked interference of unfeeling visitors, I dragged a seat to my narrow window, and sat down to look out upon nature, and endeavour to hush the tumult of my mind, by contemplating the calmness of the scene before me.

"How often, on such an evening, had Miriam gathered the children of the family around her,

and while she instilled into their minds lessons of early love to God, and reverence to parents, would beguile them into attention, by finding points of resemblance of the dark clouds that skirted the horizon of the west, to some of those turified towers that she had passed in her journeys in Europe, and the western shores of Asia.

"I have sat, and watched her, till I doubted whether it was the reflected rays of the sun, or the effect of purest inspiration that lighted up her face.

"My mind slowly recovered its tone; indeed I was blest with an unusual tranquillity. I gazed upon the windows of the distant church, and as the last beam of the sun trembled upon its fantastic, diamond windows, I thought of her who lay low and cold beneath its eaves.

"There was a method in the arrangement of my thoughts that gave me hope. I felt none of those mental aberrations that had previously distinguished my most favoured moments. even felt a hope that I should once more be as

other men.

"As the sun went down, I could perceive the edge of the horizon dimmed with a rising cloud; it rose slowly and heavily; it had nothing fantastic in its form; it was solid, and dark. I knew its portent, and retired. That restive wakefulness, that had hitherto marked my nights, was no longer felt; I was pressed down with a dullness; a stupor came over me, and I prepared for rest. Hitherto I had known little of dreams; or it may be that I cannot now distinguish between the operations of my mind, when sleeping, and when awake; they were not essentially different. A consciousness of some undefined danger—a fear of misapprehension, a sense of oppression, and an inability to make my words express my thoughts-these were sensations of all-times and all seasons. But I had scarcely disposed myself upon the little couch in my room, when my mind became unusually active. All my existence seemed crowded into a moment, and in that moment was the presence of Miriam. I was sitting with her upon the very point of the beach on which I have so often indulged my reflections. I remember now, with strange distinctness, every little circumstance of that dream. I saw the waves spend their little force upon the bankand could feel each ripple, which crept far up the sand moisten my feet, and give a cooling freshness to my frame.

" Miriam was discoursing, and I gazing with intensity upon her face; when suddenly, I thought the dimness of that dark day came upon usdeeper and blacker, but not with its stillness. I could see the sun in the heavens, but it was shorn of its beams-lurid, but not bright; and the deep peals of thunder were sounding along the bay, and echoing from every height-I turned for a moment from the scene, and Miriam was gone. I saw her then upon the waves which the storm had lifted up-through the gloom I saw her clinging with one hand to the remnant of a wreck, and with the other beckoning to me for help. I started to plunge into the channel, but

an unknown power held me to the groundanother effort, and I sprung from my couch. The scene had indeed changed, but scarcely for the better; my mind was affected with the dream, and I rushed to the window of my room; what a scene was presented—the firmament was lighted up by one sheet of fire, and the wretched building in which I was confined, seemed to reel with. the effect of the thunder. I was drenched with the rain which poured in torrents upon me, and felt that some evil out of the ordinary course of nature, was approaching. I cried aloud for help. but the reverberations of the thunder, mocked my voice; my eyes were seared with the flash of the lightning; yet I gazed on, as if in hopes of meeting some object amid the rage of elements around me. Though much of the terror of my dream was upon me, I did not then feel as I had before; I certainly was unconscious of insanity; my mind, so far as the horrors of the scene and the recent shock of the dream would permit, was unusually regular. I mention this now, because I know you will think that what I have yet to say, has more of insanity in it than my former feelings. Such was the unabated glare of light, that I could perceive distant objects with all the distinctness of day. My eye, for a moment, rested upon the distant church; while I gazed, another flash of lightning gave new forms to my perceptions, and I saw a figure-distinctly, clearly, saw a female form. I gazed with eagerness -it was Miriam. With every flash of lightning, she was nearer, and more and more visible. It was reality; there could be no deception; every other object was natural. I beat upon the wall; it sent back its echo, and I felt a sense of pain from my effort. I closed my eyes, and when again I looked, she was there. She was, as I had seen her; there was nothing of death or the grave upon her; the lightning, did indeed, throw a paleness upon her visage, and tipped with fire, her hair which the wind blew wildly about. But it was Miriam's form, light and graceful; it was her face, solemn, but benignant. She approach ed and spoke; from a world of voices, I should know hers. You are incredulous; but I have learned-learned by bitter experience, to distinguish between the phantoms of a feverish brain, and the plain visible objects that heaven and earth present to our onward senses. And, as true as we now gaze upon yonder rock, rising amidst the waters; so true I saw the form of Miriam, and heard her voice-clear, distinct and solemn, audible, amidst the most appelling peals of thunder. I stretched out my hands to clasp hers-but though visible and distinct, I could not reach it. I called upon her name; she waved her hand, and retired rapidly from me-I cried aloud, but only the thunder answered—I reached forth from my window, to gaze with greater intensity-I saw her still. The lightnings were playing harmlessly around her-new life and new strength were infused into my frame. I scattered the fastening of my abode—I felt that no human grasp could hold me. One strong effort more, and all would be accomplished.-

With my eye still on the form of Miriam, 1 applied my utmost force—her hand beckoned me on.

"I gazed around, a physician was near my bed, and my friends were watching me with anxiety depicted upon their faces. I attempted to move, but was too weak. I slowly recovered my strength, and felt that with physical powers, I acquired mental energies and capacities of directing my thoughts. To what had passed that night, I was fully sensible, and I learned that the building in which I was confined, was struck by lightning, and I was dragged, bruised and lifeless from its smouldering ruins. The shock I had sustained, may have restored in some measure, my shattered senses—but still agitation, disquiet, and one train of thought unsettles me.

"It was not long before I recovered sufficient strength to leave the house. I was no longer watched. I visited every spot along the shore consecrated by the remembrance of Miriam's instructions. You, who never knew confinement, who was never shut out from life and its engagements, cannot judge of my feelings, when again I set my foot upon these sands. I gazed over the bay with inexpressible fondness. 1 bared my bosom to the cooling breeze from the waters-I stretched out my arms, as if the yielding air could be embraced-how I doted upon every hill and rock, and with what ecstacy did There were none I remark that I was alone. to gaze upon my expressions of fondness, as there were surely none who could understand

"There is, scarcely a rod beyond us, a brook which rises near the road above us, and finishes its most limited course here in the bay. In the shade of that rock, I kneeled and bent over the stream to drink. I started back with amazement.—sickness might have wrought much upon my face—but my hair, which, when last reflected from that surface, was black as the raven's, was

now bleached to the whiteness of snow, and this was grief—mental anguish.

"Among the few articles left by Miriam, appeared a gold coin—almost unobserved, I smoothed the piece, and with my knife I etched upon it her name and age, and at night I visited her grave. There was neither stone nor hillock to denote it, yet I knew the spot, and with an iron bar, I forced an opening from the surface to the coffin, and I dropped into it the piece of gold. I heard it fall upon the decaying tenement of her sacred frame, and filling the aperture, left the place.

"The coin which I had deposited, would have purchased a splendid monument for Miriam, but her memorials should be like her virtues—pure,

rich, and unobtrusive.

"Should any event lead to the disturbance of the dead in yonder cemetery, her resting place may be recognised by the coin, with this simple legend:—

# 'HERE SLEEPS MIRIAM DAVIDS, DAUGHTER OF ABRAHAM JOSEPHS,

A NATIVE OF SALTZBURG, IN TRANSPLVANIA.

"I have done. From that time, I have spent my days upon this shore and the distant beach, combatting, at seasons, with the disposition of my mind to wander, leading a useless and an unhappy life. When again we meet, I will place in your hands, the manuscripts of Miriam. I cannot trust myself to read them."

A few days following that on which the unhappy man concluded his narrative. I met him in his usual walk; when he put into my hands the manuscript, which he had promised, together with a small package containing papers, which he himself wrote during his confinement. These perhaps, I should not publish; but I have his permission to print the whole or any part of Miriam's writings. A liberty which I shall use, upon any reasonable intimation of curiosity on the part of my readers.

#### HOME.

On! if there be on earth a spot Where life's tempestuous waves rage not, Or if there be a charm-a joy-Without satiety, or alloy-Or if there be a feeling fraught With ev'ry fond and pleasing thought, Or if there be a hope that lives On the pure happiness it gives, That envy touches not-where strife Ne'er mingles with the cup of life; Or if there be a word of bliss. Of peace, of love-of happiness : A : Or if there be a refuge fair, A safe retreat for toil and care, Where the heart may a dwelling find. 63a -A store of many joys combin'd. Where ev'ry feeling-ev'ry tone 14: 1 est harmonises with its own. ence its vain wishes ne'er can rove. Off it is Home!-a home of love.

#### THE METEOR.

Yz, who look with wondering eye, Tell me what in me ye find, As I shoot across the sky, But an emblem of your kind.

Darting from my hidden source, I behold no resting place; But must ever urge my course Onward, till I end my race!

While I keep my native height, I appear to all below Radiant with celestial light, That is brightening as I go.

When I lose my hold on heaven,
Down to shadowy earth I tend,
From my pure companions driven;
And in darkness I must end!

# BEAUTY OF THE EYE.

A PORT, whether of the higher or the mediocre order, never addresses his mistress, without commemorating, in the best numbers he can produce, the charms of her eye. It is the moon that bor. rows its light from the interior sun of the soul, and expresses all the variations of that living luminary, in language that cannot deceive. may often throw a mantle of words over our thoughts, and, when it suits our purpose, disguise them to a certain extent, but the eye seldom participates in the stratagem. It is a true index to what is really passing in the world of idea within, and the sincerity of its language, its readiness to bear witness to the truth or falsehood of our assertions, to place its stamp of currency on the former, and of counterfeit on the latter, forms in all climates one of its most valuable claims to our admiration. Hence, we have an interest in knowing the real intention of another towards us, we should not correspond with him by letter; we should see and converse with him, and read the involuntary revelations of his eye: they can seldom lead us astray.

The races of mankind, scattered over the surface of the earth, differ materially from each other in stature, in the contour of the face, the colour of the complexion, and the external appearance of the figure. It is not difficult to distinguish the Scotch from the English, or either from the Irish, the French, the Germans, the Italians, or the Spaniards. The distinctions become broader when we compare the inhabitants of one continent with those of the other—the Europeans with the Africans, or either with the occupants of Asia, or the Indians of America. But, though they are thus distinguishable from each other, the eye is of exactly the same form, and exhibits the same variety of colours amongst them all. It is the single feature in which they all most nearly agree. The difference between them in point of spoken or written language are incalculable—so great, that the dialect of one nation sounds like an unintelligible jargon in the ears of another; but the eye speaks in every country the same tongue. It answers in the uncivilized tracts of the earth the same purpose which the Latin or French accomplishes among the cultivated communities; it is the universal channel of communication when no other exists. It smiles, it chides, it animates, it soothes, it attracts, it repels, it commands, it weeps; and in all its changes it exercises an influence which neither gesture nor diction can rival.

There are numbers of persons in the world whose general appearance is far from being prepossessing. By the way, they have been materially lessened within the last thirty years in those countries in which vaccination has been adopted. But ever tamongst those who cannot boast of beautiful face; we very often see the want of that carry almost compensated by an eye of uncommon loveliness. We may often hear it said in

society, "She has very ordinary features, indeed, but what a beautiful eye!" It is true that, under such circumstances, the circle of its attractions is limited, but they are its own, and they are never without a certain degree of power. There was, therefore, as little of truth as of gallantry in the verses in which Carew told Celia, that it was his poetical praise of her that gave wings to her fame.

"That killing power is none of thine, I gave it to thy voice and eyes: Thy sweets, thy graces all are mine; Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies; Then dart not, from thy borrowed sphere, Lightning on him that fix'd thee there."

We suppose that the following is one of the stanzas in which he imparted to Celia some of the same of which he speaks:—

"Ask me no more where those stars light, That downward fall in dead of night; For in your eyes they sit, and there Fixed become as in their sphere."

Even the eyes of a gracefully finished statue, such, for instance, as the Venus of Canova, or the Orphan, which may now be seen at the exhibition of the Society of British Artists, have an intelligence in them, though altogether devoid of lustre. There is a tear upon the lid of the latter, which, though all marble as it is, yet seems as if in a moment it would fall upon her cheek. It seems to come from the heart of the child, and to paint in the most eloquent language the feeling of desolation, which at the moment is supposed to predominate in her mind.

The human eye is terrible to look upon when fired by anger; but how painful to contemplate it when it speaks of a mind dethroned! It has then an unearthly look, which makes us doubt whether we behold a being of this or of some other world.

The power of perfect vision is undoubtedly one of the most precious gifts, next to reason itself, which heaven has presented to man. It enables him to behold the light, the starry heavens, the green earth, the blue sea, the multitude of beautiful tints which distinguish flowers, and exhibit them in a raiment more splendid than "Solomon in all his glory." What a severe privation then must it be to lose one's sight! What an affliction to have the soul as it were imprisoned, or at least confined to a comparatively narrow circle of resources! Milton's lamentation for the loss of his sight is well known:—

"Thus with the year Seasons return; but not to me return Day, or the swent approach of even or morn, Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose, Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine."

It is not, however, so well known that his eyes were originally injured by his unwearied exertions in his office when he served under Cromwell. He lost them, he says in a sonnet addressed to his friend, Cyriac Skinner,

"Overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side."

There are no descriptions of natural scenery more beautiful than some of those which we find in the Paradise Lost: doubtless these were dictated from the author's fervent recollection—the more fervent because he had no means of renewing them—of the images which he had stored up in his mind before blindness became his bitter portion. Nevertheless we have only to read the poems of Blacklock to be convinced that persons born blind, by whatever means they accomplish it, may sometimes exercise the power of describing natural scenery with as much accuracy, and, what is more extraordinary, with as much enthusiasm, as writers whose vision never was impaired.

There is not a more interesting chapter in the whole history of man, than that which displays his successful pursuit of knowledge under the numerous difficulties which blindness interposes in his way. By a variety of means, which it is unnecessary here to detail, they have learned the alphabet, arithmetic, and geography, and to play on the violin and piano. There are very few persons, perhaps, who are acquainted with the fact, that Huber, the author of the most minute, the most accurate, and by far the most popular treatise that has been yet written upon bees, was blind from his earliest infancy. Such a work as this would seem to require in the writer of it eyes of the very best description, yet it is understood that he had no other assistance while engaged in collecting the materials of it than that which he derived from his domestic, who mentioned to him the colour of the insect. Their form and size he ascertained by touch with wonderful facility. A Frenchman of the name of Lesuer, learned to read, to compose with characters in relief, to print; he was quite a master of his native language, of geography and music. There was a young cabinet-maker at Ingolstadt, who, having lost his sight by an explosion of gunpowder, employed himself in constructing pepper-mills, specimens of which may now be seen in the gallery of Munich. The guide tells you that he manufactured them without the assistance of any other instrument than a common knife.

In the Digby family there was a preceptor who surpassed the ablest players at chess, and shot arrows at long distances, with such precision as almost never to miss his mark. "He constantly went abroad," says Sir Kenelm, "without a guide, and frequented most of the public promenades; he regularly took his place at table, and ate with such dexterity, that it was impossible to perceive he was blind; when any one spoke to him for the first time, he was able to tell with certainty his stature and the form of his body; and when his pupils recited in his presence, he knew in what situation and attitude they were." Holman, the celebrated blind traveller, is another

instance of this kind. M. de Piles mentions a native of Cambassy, in Tuscany, who was an excellent designer. By means of touch alone he could seize with precision the form and proportions of the original. His portraits were striking likenesses. A nobleman, who suspected he was not quite blind, in order to put the matter to the test, caused the artist to take his portrait in a dark cave. The resemblance was perfect. A Dutch organist, who was blind from his early youth, became remarkably skilful in his profession. He also acquired the habit of distinguishing by the touch the different kinds of money, and even some colours. He was a capital card player, for he knew not only the cards which he kept for himself, but also those which he dealt out to others! The blind are generally great chess players. One is not surprised to hear that they are very little sensible of the graces of modesty; but it is painful to know, that they are also generally remarkable for their ingratitude. This fact, however, should never prevent us from extending to them our sympathy, and rendering them all the assistance in our power. There is one who will reward us in his own way, and at his own time, for every good action we do.

It is very curious to observe the activity of that compensating power, which nature has provided in all those cases, where persons have either been born blind or become so at an early period of life. It ought, at the same time, to be a subject of deep thankfulness with those, who have the good fortune to possess in perfection, the most delicate, the most complicated, and the most beautiful of all our organs.

# THE SENTIMENTALIST.

WHEN the generous affections have become well-nigh paralytic, we have the reign of sentimentality. The greatness, the profitableness, at any rate the extremely ornamental nature of high feeling, and the luxury of doing good; charity, love, self-forgetfulness, devotedness, and all manner of godlike magnanimity, are everywhere insisted on, and pressingly inculcated in speech and writing, in prose and verse; Socinian preachers proclaim "benevolence" to all the four winds, and have "truth" engraved on their watch-seals-unhappily, with little or no effect. Were the limbs in right walking order, why so much demonstrating of motion? The barrenest of all mortals is the sentimentalist. Granting even that he were sincere, and did not wilfully deceive us, or without first deceiving himself, what good is in him? Does he not lie there as a perpetual lesson of despair, and type of bedrid, valetudinarian impotence? His is emphatically a virtue that has become, through every fibre, conscious of itself: it is all sick, and feels as if it were made of glass, and durst not touch or be touched. In the shape of work it can do nothing; at the utmost, by incessant nursing and caudling, keep itself alive. Edinburgh Re-Digitized by

Ku Holma

## THE CONVENT AT YORK.

Many of our fair readers are probably unacquainted with the fact that a Convent, with a Lady Abbess and a numerous sisterhood of Nuns exists in the heart of England, and that the conventual regulations are as strictly observed, and the fair votaries as much secluded from the world, as in romantic Italy—or more catholic Spain. Near the Mickle Gate Bar, in the ancient city of York, stands a large mansion which has for many years been occupied by these religious ladies. An old gentleman, a friend of the writer's, who had a young girl consigned to his protection, by her parents on the Continent, wished to place her in this establishment, and for that purpose waited on the Abbess, who is styled the Rev. Mother by the community. Being a catholic of good family, he was readily admitted, and fortunately for the curiosity of our readers, we were permitted to accompany him.

The Superior's parlour is a handsome apartment, hung with pictures by various foreign masters, but scarcely had we time to examine them, before she made her appearance. It is impossible to convey to my readers the impression which this elegant woman made when we first beheld her in her monastic habit; the costume was so picturesque, though simple, that we could fancy ourselves removed, at least three centuries back, when the cowl of the Friar and the veil of the Nun were as common in merry England as buff and jerkin; a full flowing dress of black cloth quilted round the waist, gave an air of dignity to her person; her face was shrouded in the close white cap, which comes down over the brow and is continued round the chin, something like that worn by widows, and over her head hung the ample black veil of the order—a resary of beads and cross completed the picture. With the easy dignity of one who had mingled in the world, she returned our salutations, and entered at once into the subject of the interview. From my friend's letters of introduction and well-known connexions, little hesitation was made, terms satisfactory to both parties were arranged, and in reply to some question relative to the regulations of the establishment, the Abbess invited us to visit the different schools, chapel, and buildings of the Convent. The first apartment into which we were shown was the dining-room which adjoins the kitchens, and the food is conveyed by means of the turning board so common in religious houses on the continent; by this means, all intercourse between the pupils and servants is avoided. The girls are divided into four classes, each under its superintendents; when we entered the different rooms, the nuns and children stood up to receive us, while some opening large folding doors at the extreme end of the apartment, discovered an oratory; each room, in this respect, being furnished alike. Amongst the number of children presented to us, was a niece of Cardinal Welds, and several Spanish girls, whose parents had been driven from their own country by the political disturbances of the times. The chapel, to which we

were next conducted, is a building of elegant proportions, neatly fitted up for the purposes of devotion. Its prevailing colours are white and gold, the altar is plain, but ornamented by a valuable painting. Here again our imaginations were powerfully appealed to-the greater part of the sisterhood were assembled at their devotions, and knelt in rows before the altar, as fixed and unmoved as statues; amongst them was a beautiful girl, of eighteen, who had just commenced her noviciate; her plain white dress, contrasted with the sombre black garb of the nuns, produced a curious effect. The Abbess informed us that the sum presented to the establishment on a nun's taking the veil, was six hundred pounds, which went towards the fund for their general support. The exercise ground, which lays at the back of the establishment, adjoins the burial place; both are unfortunately overlooked by the old city wall, and many persons frequently assemble to watch them taking their mid-day walk. The burial ground resembles a garden more than a spot set aside for the interment of the dead; the graves are marked by stones—those of the superiors by a cross. There is, attached to this retired spot, an oratory, exquisitely fitted up. Here the sisterhood may indulge in their contemplations of the past, or breathe their hopes for the future. The writer and his friend took their leave of the worthy Abbess with feelings of respect for her unaffected piety and politeness, and could not avoid expressing regret that one, whose manners anpeared so calculated to form all that was amiable in domestic life, should voluntarily have retired from it.

#### VALLEY OF BUTTERFLIES.

BETWEEN six and seven o'clock, A. M., we continued our route through woods, and large open patches of ground, and at about eleven in the forenoon arrived at the borders of a deep glen, more wild, romantic and picturesque, than can be conceived. It is enclosed and overhung on all sides by trees of amazing height and dimensions, which hide it in deep shadow. Fancy might picture a spot, so silent and solemn as this, as the abode of genii and fairies; every thing to render it grand, melancholy and venerable; and the glen only wants an old dilapidated castle, a rock with a cave in it, or something of the kind to render it the most interesting place in the universe. There was one beautiful sight, however, which we would not omit mentioning for the world; it was that of an incredible number of butterflies, fluttering about us like a swarm of bees; they had chosen this, no doubt, as a place of refuge against the fury of the elements. They were variegated by the most brilliant tints and colourings imaginable; the wings of some were of a shining green, edged and sprinkled with gold; others were of sky blue and silver: others of purple and gold delightfully blending into each other, and the wings of some were like dark velvet, trimmed and braided with lace. - Lander's Trave's.

# OH! GAZE ON ME,

Composed and arranged for the Plane Forte,

BY R. E. R. ESQ.





Oh sigh not, for thy gentle heart
Was never made to weep,
Let tenderness its balm impart,
And soothe thy cares asleep.
Yet sigh, and smile, and let thine eyes
Beam leve's pure rays divine,
But give me all I ask, I prize,
The bliss to call thee mine:

#### THE LILY.

BY MRS. TIGHE.

How withered, perished, seems the form Of you obscure, unsightly root! Yet from the blight of wintry storm, It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales, The lily wraps her silver vest, 'Till vernal suns and vernal gales Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing!
There, in the cold earth buried deep,
In stience let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close In gloom upon the barren earth, While still in undisturbed repose, Uninjured lies the future birth.

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye, Hope's patient smile shall wondering view; Or mock her fond credulity. As her soft tears the spot bedew.

#### REMEMBER MEI .

REMEMBER me,
In the noon's bright hour, when light and life
Are spread by the golden sun;
When the trees and flowers with sweets are rife!
When the task of the day is done,

Remember me !

In the secred repose, and the stillness of night,
When all is at peace in the vale;
And the earth and the waters reflect the moon's light,
And you list to the nightingale,
Remember me!

When you join in the throng that in rapture's gay halls, Awaken each impulse divine; And the incense of homage to loveliness falls At thy own fair and radiant earine,

Remember me!

When another one's hand in the dance's wild maze, Enrapturedly presses your own; When your beauties, revealed to another one's game, Inspire another's love tone,

Remember me!

In those happy moments so brilliant and gay, When time on joy's light pinions files, Ab, then think of him, who though far, far away, Sill blesses his Julia, and sighs,

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# THE ROSE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

RY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Among those who attended in the train of the monarchs was a favourite page of the queen, named Ruyz de Alarcon. To say that he was a favourite page of the queen was at once to speak his eulogium; for every one in the suite of the stately Elizabetta was chosen for grace, and beauty, and accomplishments. was just turned of eighteen, light and lithe of form, and graceful as a young Antinous. To the queen he was all deference and respect; yet he was at heart a roguish stripling, petted and spoiled by the ladies about the court, and experienced in the ways of women far beyond his This loitering page was one morning rambling about the groves of the Generalife, which overlook the grounds of the Alhambra. He had taken with him for his amusement a favourite ger-falcon of the queen. In the course of his rambles, seeing a bird rising from a thicket, he unhooded the hawk and let him fly. The falcon towered high in the air, made a sweep at his quarry, but missing it, soared away, regardless of the calls of the page. The latter followed the truant bird with his eye in its capricious flight, until he saw it alight upon the battlements of a remote and lonely tower in the outer wall of the Alhambra, built on the edge of a ravine that separated the royal fortress from the grounds of the Generalife. It was, in fact, the "Tower of the Princesses." The page descended into the ravine and approached the tower, but it had no entrance from the glen, and its lofty height rendered any attempt to scale it fruitless. Seeking one of the gates of the fortress, therefore, he made a wide circuit to that side of the tower facing within the walls. A small garden, enclosed by a trellis-work of reeds, overhung with myrtle lay before the tower. Opening a wicket the page passed between the beds of flowers and and thickets of roses to the door. It was closed and bolted. A crevice in the door gave him a peep into the interior. There was a small Moorish hall with fretted walls, light marble columns, and an alabaster fountain surrounded with flowers. In the centre hung a gilt cage containing a singing bird; beneath it, on a chair, lay a tortoiseshell cat, among reels of silk and other articles of female labour; and a guitar, decorated with ribands, leaned against the fountain. Ruyz de Alarcon was struck with these traces of female taste and elegance in a lonely, and, as he had supposed, deserted tower. They reminded him of the tales of enchanted halls current in the Alhambra; and the tortoise-shell cat might be some spell-bound princess. He knocked gently at the door; a beautiful face peeped out from a little window above, but was instantly withdrawn. He waited, expecting that the door would be opened, but he waited in vain; no footstep was to be heard within-all was silent. Had his

senses deceived him, or was this beautiful apparition the fairy of the tower? He knocked again, and more loudly. After a little while the beaming face once more peeped forth; it was that of a blooming damsel of fifteen. The page immediately doffed his plumed bonnet, and entreated in the most courteous accents to be permitted to ascend the tower in pursuit of his falcon. "I dare not open the door, senor," replied the little damsel, blushing; "my aunt has forbidden it."—" I do beseech you, fair maid; it is the favourite falcon of the queen; I dare not return to the palace without it."-" Are you, then, one of the cavaliers of the court?"-" I am, fair maid; but I shall lose the queen's favour and my place, if I lose this hawk."-" Santa Maria! it is against you cavaliers of the court my aunt has charged me especially to bar the door."-" Against wicked cavaliers, doubtless; but I am none of these, but a simple harmless page, who will be ruined and undone if you deny me this small request." The heart of the little damsel was touched by the distress of the page. It was a thousand pities be should be ruined for the want of so trifling a boon. Surely, too, he could not be one of those dangerous beings whom her aunt had described as a species of cannibal, ever on the prowl to make prey of thoughtless damsels—he was gentle and modest, and stood so entreatingly with cap in his hand, and looked so charming. The sly page saw that the garrison began to waver, and redoubled his entreaties in such moving terms, that it was not in the nature of mortal maiden to deny him; so the blushing little warden of the tower descended and opened the door with a trembling hand; and if the page had been charmed by a mere glimpse of her countenance from the window, be was ravished by the full-length portrait now revealed to him. Her Andalusian bodice and trim basquina set off the round but delicate symmetry of her form, which was as yet scarce verging into womanhood. Her glossy hair was parted on her forehead with scrupulous exactness, and decorated with a fresh-plucked rose, according to the universal custom of the country. It is true her complexion was tinged by the ardour of a southern sun, but it served to give richness to the mantling bloom of her check, and to heighten the lustre of her melting eyes. Ruyz de Alarcon beheld all this with a single glance, for it became him not to tarry; he merely murmured his acknowledgments, and then bounded lightly up the spiral staircase in quest of his falcon. soon returned with the truent bird upon his fist. The damsel, in the mean time, had seated herself by the fountain in the hall, and was winding silk; but in her agitation she let fall the reel upon the pavement. The page sprang and picked it up, then dropping gracefully on one knee, presented it to her; but, seizing the hand extended to re-

ceive it, imprinted on it a kiss more fervent and devout than he had ever imprinted on the fair hand of his sovereign.-" Ave Maria, senor!" exclaimed the damsel, blushing still deeper with confusion and surprise, for never before had she received such a salutation. The modest page made a thousand apologies, assuring her it was the way at court of expressing the most profound homage and respect. Her anger, if anger she felt, was easily pacified, but her agitation and embarrassment continued; and she sat blushing deeper and deeper, with her eyes cast down upon her work, entangling the silk which she attempted to wind. The cunning page saw the confusion in the opposite camp, and would fain have profited by it; but the fine speeches he would have uttered, died upon his lips, his attempts at gallantry were awkward and ineffectual; and, to his surprise, the adroit page, who had figured with such grace and effrontery among the most knowing and experienced ladies of the court, found himself awed and abashed in the presence of a simple damsel of fifteen. In fact, the artless maiden, in her own modesty and innocence had guardians more effectual than the bolts and bars prescribed by her vigilant aunt. Still, where is the female bosom proof against the first whisperings of love? The little damsel with all her artlessness, instinctively comprehended all that the faltering tongue of the page failed to express; and her heart was fluttered at beholding, for the first time, a lover at her feet—and such a lover! The diffidence of the page, though genuine, was short-lived, and he was recovering his usual ease and confidence, when a shrill voice was heard at a distance.—" My aunt is returning from mase!" cried the damsel, in affright; " I pray you, senor, depart."-" Not until you grant me that rose from your hair as a remembrance."—She hastily untwisted the rose from her raven locks;-"Take it," cried she, agitated and blushing; "but pray begone." The page took the rose, and at the same time covered with kisses the fair hand that gave it. Then placing the flower in his bonnet, and taking the falcon upon his fist, he bounded off through the garden, bearing away with him the heart of the gentle Jacinta. When the vigilant aunt arrived at the tower, she remarked the agitation of her niece, and an air of confusion in the hall; but a word of explanation sufficed-" A ger-falcon had pursued his prey into the hall."-" Mercy on us! to think of a falcon flying into the tower! Did ever one hear of so saucy a hawk? Why the very bird in the cage is not safe!" The vigilant Fredeganda was one of the most wary of ancient spinsters. She had a becoming terror and distrust of what she denominated " the opposite sex," which had gradually increased through a long life of celibacy. Not that the good lady had ever suffered from their wiles, nature having set up a safeguard in her face that forbade all trespass upon her premises; but ladies who have least cause to fear for themselves, are most ready to keep a watch over their more tempting neighbours. The niece was the orphan of an officer who had fallen in

the wars. She had been educated in a convent, and had recently been transferred from her sacred asylum to the immediate guardianship of her aunt, under whose overshadowing care she vegetated in obscurity, like an opening rose blooming beneath a briar. Nor indeed is this comparison entirely accidental; for, to tell the truth, her fresh and dawning beauty had caught the public eye, even in her seclusion, and, with that poetical turn common to the people of Andalusia, the peasantry of the neighbourhood had given her the appellation of "the Rose of the Alhambra." The wary aunt continued to keep a faithful watch over her tempting little niece as long as the court continued at Grenada, and flattered herself that her vigilance had been successful. It is true, the good lady was now and them discomposed by the tinkling of guitars and chanting of low ditties from the moonlit groves beneath the tower; but she would exhort her niece to shut her ears against such idle minstrelsy. assuring her that it was one of the arts of the opposite sex, by which simple maids were often lured to their undoing. Alas! what chance with a simple maid has a dry lesture against a moonlight serenade? At length King Philip cut short his sojourn at Grenada, and suddenly departed with all his train. The vigilant Fredeganda watched the royal pageant as it issued forth from the gate of Justice, and descended the great avenue leading to the city. When the last banner disappeared from her sight, she returned exulting to her tower, for all her cares were over. To her surprise, a light Arabian steed pawed the ground at the wicket-gate of the garden;—to her horror, she saw through the thickets of roses a youth, in gaily embroidered dress, at the feet of her niece. At the sound of her footsteps he gave a tender adieu, bounded lightly over the barrier of reeds and myrtles, sprang upon his horse, and was out of sight in an instant. The tender Jacinta, in the agony of her grief, lost all thought of her aunt's displeasure. Throwing herself into her arms, she broke forth into sobs and tears .-Ay di mi!" cried she; "he's gone!—he's gone! and I shall never see him more!"-" Gone !--who is gone?—what youth is that I saw at your feet?" "A queen's page, aunt, who came to bid me farewell."-" A queen's page, child!" echoed the vigilant Fredeganda, faintly; "and when did you become acquainted with a queen's page?"-"The morning that the ger-falcon came into the tower. It was the queen's ger-falcon, and he came in pursuit of it."-" Ay silly, silly girl!know that there are no ger-falcons half so dangerous as those young prankling pages, and it is precisely such simple birds as thee that they pounce upon." The aunt was at first indignant at learning that, in despite of her boasted vigilance, a tender intercourse had been carried on by the youthful lovers, almost beneath her eye; but when she found that her simple hearted niece, though thus exposed, without the protection of bolt or bar, to all the machinations of the opposite sex, had come forth unsinged from the fiery ordeal, she consoled herself with the persuasion

that it was owing to the chaste and cautious maxims in which she had, as it were, steeped her to the very lips. While the aunt laid this soothing unction to her pride, the niece treasured up the oft-repeated vows of fidelity of the page. But what is the love of restless, roving man? A vagrant stream that dallies for a time with each flower upon its bank, then passes on, and leaves them all in tears. Days, weeks, months elapsed, and nothing more was heard of the page. The pomegranate ripened, the vine yielded up its fruit, the autumnal rains descended in torrents from the mountains: the Sierra Nevada became covered with a snowy mantle, and wintry blasts howled through the halls of the Alhambra-still he came not. The winter passed away. Again the genial spring burst forth with songs and blossoms and zephyr; the snows melted from the mountains, until none remained but on the lofty summit of Nevada, glistening through the sultry summer air. Still nothing was heard of the forgetful page.

Poor Jacinta sits and weeps her time away beside a fountain in the hall.

As the bell in the distant watch-tower of the Alhambra struck the midnight hour, the fountain was again agitated; and bubble—bubble—bubble -it tossed about the waters, until the Moorish female again rose to view. She was young and beautiful; her dress was rich with jewels, and in her hand she held a silver lute. Jacinta trembled and was faint, but was reassured by the soft and plaintive voice of the apparition, and the sweet expression of her pale, melancholy countenance. "Daughter of mortality," said she, "what aileth thee? Why do thy tears trouble my fountain, and thy sighs and plaints disturb the quiet watches of the night?"-" I weep because of the faithlessness of man, and I bemoan my solitary and forsaken state."-" Take comfort; thy sorrows may yet have an end. Thou beholdest a Moorish Princess, who, like thee, was unhappy in her love. A Christian knight, thy ancestor, won my heart, and would have borne me to his native land and to the bosom of his church. I was a convert in my heart, but I lacked courage equal to my faith, and lingered till too late. For this the evil genii are permitted to have power over me, and I remain enchanted in this tower until some pure Christian will deign to break the magic spell. Wilt thou undertake the task?"--" I will," replied the damsel, trembling. "Come hither then, and fear not; dip thy hand in the fountain, sprinkle the water over me, and baptise me after the manner of thy faith; so shall the enchantment be dispelled, and my troubled spirit have repose." The damsel advanced with faltering steps, dipped her hand into the fountain, collected water in the palm, and sprinkled it over the pale face of the phantom. The latter smiled with ineffable benignity. She dropped her silver lute at the feet of Jacinta, crossed her white arms upon her bosom, and melted from sight, so that it seemed merely as if a shower of dew-drops had fallen into the fountain. Jacinta retired from the half filled with awe and wonder. She scarcely closed

her eyes that night; but when she awoke at daybreak out of a troubled alumber, the whole appeared to her like a distempered dream. On descending into the hall, however, the truth of the vision was established; for, beside the fountain, she beheld the silver lute glittering in the morning sunshine.

The music of this lute fairly enchants all the bearers, till at length its mistress is sent for to court, to try its influence over the hypochondriac monarch.

At the moment we treat of, however, a freak had come over the mind of this sapient and illustrious Bourbon that surpassed all former vagaries. After a long spell of imaginary illness, which set all the strains of Faranelli, and the consultations of a whole orchestra of court fiddlers at defiance, the monarch fairly, in idea, gave up the ghost, and considered himself absolutely dead. This would have been harmless enough, and even convenient both to his queen and courtiers, had he been content to remain in the quietude befitting a dead man; but to their annoyance he insisted upon baving the funeral ceremonies performed over him, and, to their inexpressible perplexity, began to grow impatient and to revile bitterly at them for negligence and disrespect, in leaving him unburied. What was to be done? To disobey the king's positive commands was monstrous in the eyes of the obsequious courtiers of a punctilious court—but to obey him, and bury him alive, would be downright regicide! In the midst of this fearful dilemma a rumour reached the court of the female minstrel, who was turning the brains of all Andalusia. The queen despatched missions in all haste to summon her to St. Ildefonso, where the court at that time resided. Within a few days, as the queen, with her maids of honour, was walking in those stately gardens, intended, with their avenues, and terraces, and fountains, to eclipse the glories of Versailles, the far-famed minstrel was conducted into her presence. The imperial Elizabetta gazed with surprise at the youthful and unpretending appearance of the little being that had set the world madding. She was in her picturesque Andalusian dress; her silver lute was in her hand, and she stood with modest and downcast eyes, but with a simplicity and freshness of beauty that still bespoke her "the Rose of the Alhambra." As usual, she was accompanied by the ever-vigilant Fredeganda, who gave the whole history of her parentage and descent to the inquiring queen. If the stately Elizabetta had been interested by the appearance of Jacinta, she was still more pleased when she learnt that she was of a meritorious, though impoverished line, and that her father had bravely fallen in the service of the crown.

"If thy powers equal thy renown," said she, "and thou can'st cast forth this evil spirit that possesses thy sovereign, thy fortunes shall henceforth be my care, and honours and wealth attend thee."

Impatient to make trial of her skill, she led the way at once to the apartment of the moody

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monarch. Jacinta followed, with downcast eyes, through files of guards and crowds of courtiers. They arrived, at length, at a great chamber hung in black. The windows were closed to exclude the light of day: a number of yellow wax tapers, in silver sconces, diffused a lugubrious light, and dimly revealed the figures of mutes in mourning dresses, and courtiers who glided about with noiseless step and wo-begone visage. On the midst of a funeral bed or bier, his hands folded on his breast, and the tip of his nose just visible, lay extended this would-be-buried monarch. The queen entered the chamber in silence, and, pointing to a footstool in an obscure corner, beckoned to Jacinta to sit down and commence. At first she touched her lute with a faltering hand, but gathering confidence and animation as she proceeded, drew forth such soft aerial harmony, that all present could scarce believe it mortal. As to the monarch, who had already considered himself in the world of spirits, he set it down for some angelic melody, or the music of the spheres. By degrees the theme was varied, and the voice of the minstrel accompanied the instrument. She poured forth one of the legendary ballads, treating of the ancient glories of the Alhambra, and the achievements of the Moors. Her whole soul entered into the theme, for with the recollection of the Alhambra was associated the story of her love. The funeral chamber resounded with the animating strain. It entered into the gloomy heart of the monarch. He raised his head and gazed around: he sat up on his couch; his eye began to kindle; at length, leaping upon the floor, he called for sword and buckler. The triumph of music, or rather of the enchanted lute, was complete; the demon of melancholy was cast forth, and, as it were, a dead man brought to life. The windows of the apartment were thrown open; the glorious effulgence of Spanish sunshine burst into the late lugubrius chamber; all eyes sought the lovely enchantress; but the lute had fallen from her hand, she had sunk upon the earth, and the next moment was clasped to the bosom of Ruyz de Alarcon. The nuptials of the happy couple were shortly after celebrated with great splendour; but hold—I hear the reader ask, how did Ruyz de Alcaron account for his long neglect? Oh! that was all owing to the opposition of a proud, pragmatical, old father: besides, young people who really like one another, soon come to an amicable understanding, and bury all past grievances when once they meet. But how was the proud, pragmatical old father reconciled to the match? Oh! his scruples were easily overcome by a word or two from the queen, especially as dignities and rewards were showered upon the blooming favourite of royalty. Besides, the lute of Jacitta, you know, possessed a magic power, and could control the most stubborn head and hardest breast. And what came of the enchanted lute? Oh! that is the most curious matter of all, and plainly proves the truth of all this story. That lute remained for some time in the family, but was purloined and carried off, as was supposed, by the great singer Faranelli, in pure

jealousy. At his death it passed into other hands in Italy, who were ignorant of its mystic powers, and melting down the silver, transferred the strings to an old Cremona fiddle. The strings retain something of their magic virtues. A word in the reader's ear, but let it go no further—that fiddle is now bewitching the whole world—it is the fiddle of Paganini!

# "HELP YOURSELF."

THE custom of helping oneself has its sanction in the remotest antiquity, and has been continued down to the present day in the highest places, and by those whom it especially behoves to set example to the world. It was clearly never designed that man should regulate his conduct for the good of others, for the first lesson taught to the first of men, was to take care of himself; had it been intended that men should study the good of each other, a number would surely have been simultaneously created for the exercise of the principle, instead of one, who, being alone, was essentially selfish. Adam was all the world to himself. With the addition of Eve, human society commenced; and the fault of our first mother furnishes a grand and terrible example of the mischief of thinking of the benefit of another. Satan suggested to her that Adam should partake of the fruit—an idea, having in it the taint of benevolence, so generally mistaken whence sin and death came into the world. Had Eve been strictly selfish, she would wisely have kept the apples to herself, and the evil would have been avoided. Had Adam helped himself, he would have had no stomach for the helping of another—and so, on his part, the evil temptation had been obviated.

The help yourself principle has at no time been extinct in society, while it is seen to be a universal law of Nature. The wolf helps himself to the lamb, and the lamb to the grass. No animal assists another, excepting when in the relation of parent to young, when Nature could not dispense with the caprice of benevolence, which in this instance, be it observed, distresses the parties susceptible of the sentiment; for suckling creatures are always in poor condition, Appropriation is the great business of the universe. The institution of property is, on the other hand, artificial.

The man who tenderly loves his wife will have the greater pleasure in lessening her care and heightening her enjoyment. The professions that he held out to engage her affections were all that language could express; his conduct that of the warmest attachment; can a woman, when she feels an increased cause for that attachment, bear the sad reverse? A Scotch ballad very prettily expresses the pleasure an affectionate wife feels at the approach of her husband:—

" His very foot has music in't When he comes up the stairs."

# THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE,

THE avenues to learning of all kinds were planned and opened by Lord Bacon. The nature and most intimate recesses of the human mind were explained and unfolded by Locke—and the frame and constitution of the universe by Sir Isaac Newton, in a more perfect manner than ever was done or attempted by human skill, since the foundation of the world.

The senior Peerage on record in the three kingdoms is a Scotch one. The Earldom of Sutherland, now enjoyed by the Marchioness of Stafford, was given by Malcolm II. in 1007.

We do indeed cleave the vast heaven of Truth with a weak and crippled wing: and often we are appalled in our way by a dread sense of the immensity around us, and of the inadequacy of our own strength.

In spite of all the sophistry that has been expended in defence of close-fistedness, says a periodical, the common feeling is correct—that a miser is both a rogue and a fool.

Dentatus fought 120 battles, was 30 times victorious in single combat, and received forty-five wounds in front.

There is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last, from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

" Oh! say not I have broken the faith, the faith I vowed to thee.

Change was made for all on earth, was it not made for me? I vowed a vow of faith to thee, by the red rose of June, I vowed it by the rainbow, and by the silver moon; The red rose has departed, fresh ones are springing there, The rainbow's hue has left no trace upon the azure air, The crescent moon has swollen into a golden round, The marks of chance and change on each and all are found—Then say not I have broke the faith, the faith I vowed to thee.

Change was made for all on earth, was it not made for me?"

A man of sensibility is always either in the attic of ecstacies, or the cellar of sorrow; either jumping with joy, or groaning with grief. But pleasure and pain are like a cucumber—the extremes are good for nothing. I once heard a late minister compared to the same vegetable, "For," said the punster, "his ends are bad."

A witness was called upon to testify concerning the reputation of another witness for veracity.

""Why," said he, "I hardly know what to tell you. Mr. — sometimes jests and jokes, and then I don't believe him; but when he undertakes to tell any thing for a fact, I believe him about as much as I do the rest of my neighbours."

It is very remarkable that the New Zealanders attribute the creation of man to their three principal deities acting together; thus exhibiting in their barbarous theology, something like a shadow of the Christian Trinity. What is still more extraordinary is, their tradition respecting the formation of the first woman who, they say, was made of one of the man's ribs; and their general term for bone is hevee, or, as Professor Lee gives it, ivi—a sound bearing a singular resemblance to the Hebrew name of our first mother.

Nobody ventures upon the high sea of public life without becoming sea sick sooner or later.

I do believe
That at our feet the tide of time flows on
In strong and rapid course; nor is one current
Or rippling eddy liker to the rest,
Than is one age unto its predecessor;
Men still are men, the stream is still a stream,
Through every change of changeful tide and time;
And 'tis, I fear, only our partial eye
That lends a brighter sunbeam to the wave
On which we launched our own adventurous bark.

Sleep, like an avaricious publican, forces us to spend with him one half of our lives.

#### RECIPES.

TO DRY-CLEAN CLOTHES OF ANY COLOUR. First, examining where the spots of grease are, dip your brush in warm gall, and strike over the greasy places, when the grease will immediately disappear; rinse it off in cold water; dry by the fire, then take sand, such as is bought at the oil shops, and laying your coat flat on a table, strew this sand over it, and knocking your brush on it, beat the sand into the cloth: the sand should be a little damp; then brush it out with a hard brush, and it will bring out all the filth with it. This does also for coach linings and gentlemen's clothes, &c. In the summer time, when the dust gets into clothes, &c. after they have been well shaken and brushed again, pour a drop or two of the oil of olives into the palm of your hand, rub this over your soft brush, strike your coat over with it, and this will brighten the colour if either blue, black, or green.

FOR SULPHURING WOOL, SILES, STRAW BON-NETS, &c.

Put into a chaffing dish some lighted charcosl; put this chaffing dish into a small close room, without a chimney, or into a closet or large box, then pound an ounce or two of brimstone, and strew it on the hot coals. Hang up the articles you would have bleached, make your door fast, and let them hang three hours, or all night, if you have time. This is what is called dry bleaching woollens; all fine coloured woollens should be sulphured in this way previously to their being dyed. Straw bonnets are likewise bleached in the same manner.



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# THE LADY'S BOOK.

## SUPPERMIBER, 1989.

## THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Does thing eye, lady, rest on the picture of sadness? Does the tear tremble there, which never failed to flow at one scene of human sorrow? Does thy gentle heart throb for those who linger over the tomb, which contains the cold, the inanimate clay that was lately warm with the glowing vitality of a mother's love? And does hope, or belief kinder than hope, tell thee that the spirit, now fled from that cold clay, wanders in etherial purity over the gentle beings whom it fately loved; with a human but scarcely earthly love?

Oh lady, well do I know the gushings of thy heart. How often, amid the vanity and splendour of the world, have I seem thy soft eye kindle with a lustre that splendour never brought there? How often has thy heart heaved with thoughts of hopes, of pleasures, of joys, far, far away? Thou mayest never look on this flecting page; thou mayest never recal the memory of hours, now with those uticounted, which have been withered by the blighting hand of time that has passed; but not so will fade the recollection, with those who have seen thee, of thy gentle spirit, thy beauty, thy perity and thy truth. It has indeed been thine to dwell among the gay tribe that flutter in the sunshine of life, it has been thine to receive the homage which the world loves to offer to those whom it has enshrined. But though among them, thou wast not of them; purer and loftier were the ebjects that occupied thy thoughts, and all a woman's tenderness and goodness were for ever freshly springing up in the deep recesses of thy heart. How often have I listened to the music that flowed from thy lips? How often by thy side, wandering in the stillness of the summer evening, has the voice of charity, of benevolence, of all pervading love, fallen on my ear, more softly than the softest breezes that died among the scarcely moving groves around us f How often has the tranquillity of the heavens seemed yet more tranquil, and the lustre of the stars more surely the beacons of undiscovered worlds:

Oh lady, whithersoever may be thy wanderings, whatever may be to others the accidents of life, whatever storms may gather up the dark clouds to hang around the future, thine be it to enjoy, for long, long years, aktes as unclouded as ever gladdened the heart with their summer serenity, and to find yet in store, worlds more pure than fancy has ever sought to fashion in the brightest and loveliest of the stars.

Original.

## THE CITY OF THE PESTILENCE.

A SERTCH.

Ir was a scene of solitude, of lone Sublimity, that dwells not where the hand Of nature rears aloft the dixay hill. Or toppling crag, the soul to start, or bid The eye to quall beneath her majesty:--It was not solitude that deserts know Mid burning sands, or the sirocco's rage, Where bravest souls back on themselves do shrink; From print of fellow mortal's wand'ting step Stamped on a place so desciate and drear : 'Twas not the loneliness of occun's breast Where sky and water seem to merge in one Immeasurable cave of azure dome; Studded with gene of rich and glitt'ring ray: Where the tost mariner amid the shrouds. His night watch holding o'er th' unbridled winds, May face to face behold the God of heaven. Who comes not in the thunder's awful peal, The whirlwind's fury, or consuming fire, But in the still, small voice, that breathes around The ocean's sleep, and nature's solitude. There thou art not alone, nor yet may'st feel The ruling spirft of true solitude. These may hold pleasing converse with the soul, The thrilling tones of eloquence may pour; And new harmonlous numbers wake within But in the mighty homes of human kind, Those far famed cities whose gigantic walls Millions embrace within their flinty arms; Where splendour fires with rage the envious heart, And poverty contempt excites, where all Toil from the rising of the morning sun To balmy eve ;--- for what? some glitt'ring toy. Some bubble, reputation, honour, wealth,

Dissolving at the touch;—whose life is formed of anguished efforts, or unyleiding strife. Oh wander there, at the dark midnight hoar, And listen to the echoes of thy fread Among the silent ranges—let thy soul Look inward on fiself—and darkly muse O'er some deep hidden and appailing thought: Upon the homes of still and sleeping man Cast thy despairing eye, and inly ask, Who of all these, for me can feel or care, Can share my sorrows, and partake my grief? E'en from the senseless shores that mark the path A cold and chilling answer seems to rise, All echo—assa!—thou art indeed alone.

The pall of night was spread, and half the world Had sunk to slumber in the downy arms Of sweet forgetfulness ;-heav'n's opiate On every sense had fallen, pouring balm On wounded souls—diffusing happiness Where'er the closed eye, and moveless lip, The gentle breathing, and the holy calm, The presence of the magic pow'r bespoke. Yet all slept not—all sought not out Oblivion of the past or present care; But some did catch the hour, while others lay To all of interest, unknowing, dead-To breathe the ev'ning air, to cast a glance On myriad fires that light the vault of heav'n. To whisper gentle words, that stitled not The busy throng, the noisy restless hum Of man-that ill became the glaring light Of noonday splendour or of western glow ;-But soft and soothing as the rising breeze

That fans the timid aspen's quiv'ring leaf, Or ripples o'er with each fantastic form The glassy bosom of the gliding stream. The air was heavy with its odorous load, The rich and precious tribute of each flow'r, And of each loftier tree whose blossoms hung Clust'ring and drooping with their sweet perfume, Or scatt'ring garlands on the dewy sward. From founts of marble of Italia's clime The crystal waters gushed in many a stream, Gurgling, and flashing o'er the rocky way, Which Art, ambitious of her rival's skill, Had sought to imitate from Nature's hand. Here had the fairy foot in blithesome mood, Tripped in the maxy dance, to music's strain; Here had loud laughter, bursting from the heart, Echoed from lip to lip—and flashed again In ev'ry eye—and glowed in ev'ry cheek. The old aroused their waning souls to see How full were all of gay, luxurious life-How each heart bounded, and with transport thrilled, Where yet untainted dwelt sweet innocence, And blest content.

The hours passed on, and of the flight of time Warned the gay revellers by midnight chime-The labyrinth was still—the fountains poured Their grateful coolness on the air in vain, And onward as it flew, the zephyr sighed O'er the untenanted-deserted bow'rs, But far beyond, amid the cypress shades, A form advances and still nearer comes. But no-not one alone, two figures move In step harmonious through the moonlit scene; Their arms close intertwined-and each one's eye Reading the language of love's eloquence In those bright speaking mirrors, where the form Of each distinctly pictured from the heart, A faithful copy of the image there. They whispered—but the fountain's falling spray Mingled its murmurs—and the words escaped. The moon's pale crescent shed a holy light On the pure passion of the happy pair, Who pledged before that chaste and sacred fire Their mutual loves—their fortunes—and their all :-Defied e'en death to break the solid chain That linked in union strong their constant hearts; Piedged, and devoted each unbroken love, In health, in sickness, happiness, or woe No chance should part-no evil disunite, But live together—undivided die. Words, deep and earnest, were the sacred bond: The witnesses—the sov'reign power of heav'n; The seal that ratified—the first long kiss Stamped warm and glowing on those virgin lips. Man's dignity of form, and gen'rous soul-The grace of woman-blended with a high A noble spirit, and an ordent love All gave assurance of enduring faith. For soul in soul so intimately join'd. To separate appeared past mortal pow'r. As when two dew drops on some fragrant flow'r Their radiant beauties to each other send, A breath-a movement-with attractive pow'r May melt and mould them to a brighter gem. The troth was plighted, and the blissful goal Was full in view-a week, a few short hours Would into full fruition change their hope. They gazed around upon the silence deep, Where no sound fell, no music but their own. The words of love. Waked the lone echoes of th' enchanted scene. The parting steps rose fainter on the ear, And the dim passage shrouded them from sight.

From a deep-shaded nook stole forth a man, His step was noiseless—sneering was his smile, Pale was his lip—his cheek cadaverous, And the deep hollow of his restless eye Gleamed with the lustre of his fiendish stare. He viewed the lovers till beyond his ken, And then he laughed-not loud, or joyously, But a hoarse murmur from his inmost breast, Did harshly grate along the arid path That bore it to the air-as if from hell Some damned spirit issued forth to light, To blast all living with its hideous roar. Uprose that horrid laugh, through clenched teeth That grinned-and gnashed-and grated o'er and o'e While the fierce gesture, and contracted brow, The heaving chest, and ev'ry muscle set-Were indices of bitter-envious hate. The haunts of man had held him-and his heart, Once sympathetic, had rebounded high To joy or sorrow-wealth and friends had he. But his star, once so bright, faded and fell :-In evil hour, upon a brother's love In full confiding tenderness, he set His fortune and his fame--and all were lost. Wrecked at the moment of his highest hopes Buried forever-sunk beneath the waves That roll above adversity's abyss. Then friends more distant grew-and servants bold-Unheard of debts encumbered him-respect Became familiar-some dared pity him. Madness was in his brain-his senses recled-To heav'n he swore in words of import dire, Never to pity or to succour man, But blast his happiness-and o'er his woe Mock, taunt, and drive to uttermost despair-To fill the cup of pleasure high with pain-And gall infuse, where honey should have flowed. He looked upon the fire of youthful love, And longed to quench it -- thirsted to revenge His seared and palsied feelings upon those Who ne'er had injured him. Ghastly he smiled, And lifting up in air his withered hands, On heav'n he called to blast all joy In ev'ry heart-all confidence-all love. He sought his lone;y pallet-not to sleep-His soul was wakeful, and an undefined Yet pleasing vision floated o'er his sight. He dashed the mem'ry of his waking dream With furious oath far from him-for some fiend Muttered in whispered tones-" Thou hast thy wish! Belief he could not yield-to think that he The poor-despised-abhorred-the pitied wretch, That he should dream of hope, or wish fulfilled. But still he fondly hung upon that word-As children on a father's promised boon-Till morn had risen, and his frame oppressed Had sunk unconscious into slumber's arms.

Thrice had Diana's silver car careered Over the arch of buoyant clouds that spans Th' immensity of air--thrice had the sun Rushed flaming from the orient, to the wave Of western waters-thrice had man arisen Toiled, and slept; and now, 'twas ev'n again; Again the air was odorous-the stream Still purled and dashed along its pebbly bed. But whence this silence sad-these desert bow'rs? Has pleasure ceased, and has th' exulting voice Forgot its strains hilarious? Has some wand More potent than the Magi's fabled staff, Waved o'er the city, and to stone transformed The living-breathing-joyous multitude? The air is murky, and the sable clouds Flit on the pinions of the stormy wind; The moon's cold eye looks with a fitful glare, And ever and anon, the starving dogs Howl in discordance, and with madness tear Their fellows limb from limb: man heeds not them. The casement closed, the portal closely barred, No welcome to the wand'ring stranger give. Yet one is there: as if on wings he flies, His arms extended-tossing wild his hair From the wan, haggard temples on the storm.

Hark! as his shrick reverberates along Th' unpeopled passages, he fiercely cries,
"The PLAGUE!" and onward flies again. Turning upon its creaking hinge, a door Opens with cautious hand—and from within A few forms slowly glide—with pond'rous weight O'erburdened. The madman cast one giance, And bounding forward, quickly disappeared. Within the gloomy mansion's silent walls The hand of heav'n on every soul was laid, Heavy and grievous-if the awful groans, Th' unballowed curses, and the raving mind, The cries, the supplications, and the threats, That burst from ev'ry parehed and fevered lip, Can tell of anguish whose acutest pangs, Imagination, in her wildest hour, Has disbelieving mocked at as unreal. On a low couch there lay a feeble man; Time had not played a loser's game with him, But at his touch, the tall and vig'rous form Had bowed and tottered; palsied were his limbs, And his white locks in wild confusion hung Shading his brow, that throbbed as if to burst. The sightless balls in agony upturned, Livid and bloodshot, in their sockets rolled-His wasted fingers dug his aching flesh, That writhed a loathsome, and corrupted mass; His lips were covered with a whitish foam, And his unceasing cry was for a drop, A single drop, to cool his burning tongue. He called upon his child, a beauteous boy, That far off stood, his agony to see, And prayed a cup of water to assuage The fire that ever on his vitals preyed. The trembling, weeping child dared not come near But shricking hurried from the scene of death.

Then rang a peal of laughter through the halls, The frantic maniac stood beside the bed Intently watching each convulsive throe, Or startling quiver of the aged limbs, As one by one the icy tides of death, Advancing sluggishly along each vein. Congesied the warmer and impeluous flow That circled round the heart, and vainly strove To stem the frozen torrent; and his laugh Burst wildly forth to mock the solemn scene, Too late to wound the spirit's parting sigh, For the last lingering breath had gently passed The opened portals-and the roving eye, Rayless and glassy, stood forever fixed. The plercing cry, the shout of deep despair, Feil on a senseless and unconscious ear. He bent him o'er a form of beauteous mould, Whose horrid wailings rent the tainted air: He ghastly smiled upon the pallid face Of her who plighted once her sacred faith, 'Neath the o'erarching grove at the dead of night, To him her heart's belov'd-her bosom's lord. On him heav'n's vengeance fearfully she called-On his perfidious head--whose coward soul Recoiled in terror from his stricken bride-Dared not her wants to tend, her head support. With her to die-or still with honour live. A voice was whispering in her sickened car, "This is the end of love—and this reward All mortals bear-'tis thine to share it too." She heard, and looked upon the hideous face, That smiled in cool derision of her woe; She thought the fiends of hell were even now Profanely pattering with her loosened soul; One shrick—one quivering groun—her spirit winged its unknown way to worlds beyond the tomb.

## RACHAEL PARFETT.

ABOUT a year after Hose's Parfett,-once a flourishing farmer, and the last of a renowned race of wrestlers and cudgel-players, had, on account of his confirmed lameness, produced by a terrific in-lock from a Wiltshire giant, who had dared the whole village to a bout, in which Hosea, at the expense of a dislocated hip, threw him three complete pancakes—but more especially in consideration of his recent ruin by mildew, fly, murrain, and other disasters, been elected parish mole-catcher, Rachael, his seventh child, was born. Her eyes, when she first opened them to weep, were, as Brodie Bagster, the village song-maker, says, like little violets, filled with dew, peeping out of a spring snow. The same worthy, in a doggerel composition, which fits indifferently to the tune of Ally Croker, recording the story of her early life, observes that her hair was "silky soft and silvery bright" as the down of a nestling dove; her first tooth, a pearl plucked by a mermaid from some coral nook, in which its maker, the hermit-oyster-so he called the fish—had hid it; and her cheek a mark which the fairies had set up to pelt all day with rosebuds. Brodie said half a hundred other flowery things of Rachael, which it would have broken his heart to know had been better said, before he was born, of half a thousand others. Notwithstanding the hyperbolic compliments of her rustic laureate,-which, unsupported, would perhaps have rendered the fact doubtful,-Rachael. from the testimony of all who saw her in the early part of her babyhood, appears to have been eminently beautiful. She was, it is said, a living similitude of some fine old picture of a wingless angel, in the antique library at Scroby Hall, which her mother had had frequent occasion to visit, while pregnant, for the purpose of receiving from Sir Ralph, who was churchwarden, the pittance per dozen allowed by the parish for the moles caught by Hosea, whose pride would not permit him to appear in person as a claimant of the parochial fees to which his industry, absurdly misdirected as it was, by custom and promise entitled him.

Rachael was scarcely able to run alone when some mysterious malady wrought an appalling change in her appearance, and she became again a nursling—hideous from her extreme haggardness. It was said, and steadfastly believed in the village, that Hosea Parfett's child had been stolen by the fairies, and that the creature which nestled in its place was an accursed changeling. Rachael's mother began to loathe the baby on which she had before most passionately doted; and after pining for a few weeks, as Brodie Bag-

ster sings, turned from the sun like a drooping flower, and died. Shortly after this event, the good women of the village, at a council held, one winter's eve, round the blacksmith's forge, resolved on compelling the fairies to return Rachael, and relieve Hosea Parfett of the change-The little creature was accordingly placed on a shovel, and exposed, the same night, at the back door of Hosea's house, to the cold gleam of the setting moon. The attendant ceremonies were conducted with such powerful precision, that, if Brodie may be believed, the fairies thought proper to refund; and, three months after, a young farmer's wife, who, having lost her firstborn, had volunteered to become wet-nurse to the recent visitor in fairy-land, brought young Rachael back to the mole-catcher's cottage, even more beautiful than when she was born.

Hosea's time was fully occupied; and he had already, not so much from love as necessity, it is remarked in the ballad, married a second wife, in the hope of obtaining a second mother for his seven children. He soon had an eighth, which seeming ugly by the side of Rachael, its playmate, the latter, at an earlier age than even the bad circumstances of her father could warrant, was thrust into distant employment. Old Sir Ralph's bailiff undertook to give her food and lodging, with twopence per month as wages, to drive the birds from his master's crops; but Rachael soon lost her place, being endowed, as Brodie says, with so sweet a quality of voice, that she attracted the creatures she was hired to scare away. So it fared with her in all her subsequent - youthful services, some natural perfection rendering her unfit for those occupations in which a child less pre-eminently gifted, but with equal zeal and industry, would doubtless have excelled. At length-so says Brodie in his ballad-she was actually turned out of the choir, in which she had only sung for a few Sabbaths, because, as Reuben Orton, the leader, observed, with a confident appeal to his coadjutor, the parish clerk, no less than three young tenors, and a middleaged bass, lost time and marred all melody, by gazing into her innocent blue eyes with such heterodox enthralment as though there had been no other heaven.

Yet, though admired by all, Rachael became an object of affection to none. The boldest of the young rustics looked up at her as she glode silently along, just, says Brodie, as they might at the moon, conscious of her beauty, but feeling no emotion of love; and, though she was known to be gentle as a lamb, rarely presuming to offer her a passing salutation. Except among the old and heart-broken, to whom she came as a ministering angel, Rachael had no companions, no, not even among such as were just emerging from their babyhood; for, on the lips of these their mother's milk was scarcely dry, before they heard the story of Hosea Parfett's changeling, and, as one who had been in fairy-land, and whose form and features seemed to retain some of its "lovely leaven "-we quote from Brodie-they deemed her awful, and quivered when she kissed them;

so that, says our respected authority, in a note to his ballad,—adopting a bold figure, Rachael's beauty shrouded her from joy.

She was still a girl when her father died, after a lingering illness brought on, after a lapse of twenty years, by the fatal in-lock of the Wiltshire giant. His wife, with her child, removed to a distant village, where she had many relatives; and of Rachael's six brothers three had long been in the grave, one had gone to sea, and the other two were bearing muskets in the east, so that young Rachael found herself a lone being among her village neighbours. Brodie says she took to peeling willows, and making various fancy articles in wicker work; but those about her either did not appreciate her taste, or felt no inclination to traffic with her; she was therefore compelled to carry the produce of her labours to a neighbouring town, where she stood like a statue in one corner of the market-place, asking no price, but silently receiving what those who passed thought fit to give her for her wares. None met her going forth, none beheld her return; she was rarely seen except on the Sabbath, when she modestly stole up one of the side aisles of the church, and took her place among the paupers on a stone-bench beneath the pulpit. Her decent neatness of attire on these occasions, and the care that was evidently, yet invisibly, bestowed on the little patch of rose-trees in front of her cottage, led the villagers to keep more aloof from her than ever; for no one could divine how, except it were by witchcraft, she obtained her means, it being allowed, even by the most slanderous gossips, that her reputation as a maiden was above impeachment. Gradually the old and heart-broken began to shrink from her. charitable hand, and the paupers now made a large space at one end of the stone bench under the pulpit when she approached. Day by day Rachael was becoming more desolate.

At length the eldest son of old Sir Ralph, of Scroby Hall, while proceeding with his groom, at an early hour, to join a distant hunt, found Rachael sitting—the image of mute despair—among the fern on a small but lonely common, across which ran a foot path to the neighbouring market town. Some pieces of broken wickerwork, and one of her shoes, were lying near her. A small gold brooch, to which was attached a morsel of a shirt frill, appeared in the palm of her usually pure, but now begrimed hand; which, as the young squire and his groom approached to raise her, she suddenly clenched, and thrusting it into her bosom, sobbed hysterically, "Do not take it from me—you know not what it cost!"

With a humanity of which she seemed sensible, the young squire, assisted by his man, carried her by a back path to her cottage. The groom, with feelings less delicate than those of his master, was urgent for information, but he could elicit nothing from her except that she had been waylaid and ill-used by somebody; but by whom, she either would not reveal, or, as it appeared from her manner, she did not know. He then suggested a minute inspection of the brooch;

which, however, she held so sullenly in her bosom, that his master at length told him, not to distress her further on the subject.

The patch of rose-trees in front of Rachael's cottage soon became a little wilderness; and the paupers occupied the stone bench beneath the pulpit at their ease-fearless of her coming; for Rachael's Sabbath visits to the house of God had evidently terminated. Months passed on, and at length a cow-boy, coming from a neighbouring revel, heard an infant's wail in Rachael's cottage. Some days after a little boy was found exposed, beneath the lofty porch of Scroby Hall, in a cradle of exquisite wicker-work, and protected with motherly care from the inclemency of the season. The child was however dead. The neatness of its baby blanketing, the beauty of its willow coffin, and the cow-boy's story, instantly brought a strong suspicion on Rachael. Reuben Orton, who was now constable, wished, he said, to confront her with the little corpse: but she entreated to be spared that pang, for it was needless. The child she would own at once was hers. She had gazed on him all night, and frolicked with him all day: work she could not, and want, bitter want, had come on her. Though few had longer, or perhaps brighter tresses, the Scotch pedlar, she said, had refused to purchase them, because he had been told she was uncan-The child had driven her to despair by crying for that nourishment, which she had lost the power to give it. A wicked thought stole into her mind, and while frantic, she had accomplished it. "On my way back," she continued, "I knelt on the stepping-stone, and drank from the brook. Before I had risen from my knees, I grew calm enough to pray for my child. My very heart seemed to open-I felt a gush in my bosom and flew back. The mile betwixt us seemed to be a thousand. The shadow of his cradle was still on the steps-I hurried on-clutched him up to my breast-and for a moment felt the full joy of being a mother! He fell like a lump of lead from my arms, for his lips had come to my burning cheek, cold-cold as a stone! He had perished!"

At the next assizes for the county, when most of the foregoing facts came out in observation and evidence, Rachael Parfett's name stood first in the calendar; but with a humanity usual in cases where a conviction for the most terrible crimes is expected, her trial, instead of being taken on the opening day, was postponed until the Friday, so that if she were found guilty, the intervention of the Sabbath, a dies non, might so far cheat the law, as to add one day to the little sum of life -forty-eight hours-allotted to the criminal after sentence. Notwithstanding all the ingenuity of the two leading counsel on the circuit, who had received briefs and unusually large fees on her behalf, from some unknown hand, the jury, without retiring, had, after a brief consultation, facedabout in their bompevidently about to prodonace her guilty,-the dapper, slim sesociate of his relative, the judge, had already nibbed the pen intended to record haddoom, and, in a tone of pertness, asked that awful question at which so many hearts have quailed, "Gentlemen, are you agreed in your verdict?" when a loud shrick interrupted the business of the Court. It did not come from Rachael—she had scarcely heard it; for her senses were dead to the world, and her soul, as the writer before quoted says, was apparently half way to Heaven. The sound, at the moment of its utterance, had so completely filled the court-house, that many an auditor, in different situations, turned round to some pallid female by his side, and thought the shrick was hers.

After a brief but agonizing pause, a noblelooking woman, gorgeously clad, on whose brow, according to our rustic poet, the very dew of death seemed freezing, rose from her seat by the Judge's side, and, though her, lips quivered between the utterance of every word, in a firm clear voice, tendered evidence on Rachael's behalf. While a carriage rolled by the courthouse, shattering, as it did, at a moment of such intense interest, even the nerves of those who were not more than ordinarily sensitive, the venerable judge rose and offered to support the agi tated witness. She briefly declined his courtesy but he still stood gazing at her, with an emotion in which every spectator partook. It was the wife of old Sir Ralph's eldest son, who had now succeeded to his father's titles and estates. "Make way," said she, in a tone of authority, and taking what Brodie calls a radiant cherub from her attendant's arms, "this," she added, after having crossed the dock and placed the child on Rachael's bosom, "this, my Lord, is hers:—we must not see her murdered!" .

Rachael held forth her hands and unconscious ly, to receive the babe, which, as Brodie says, lay playing with her dishevelled locks, the image of young Joy in the arms of Sorrow, while the lady told her tale. Her own shild, she said, had suddenly expired in convulsions, and while she was still weeping over its little corpse, the great bell of Scroby Hall seemed voluntarily to toll its knell. It was long past midnight, and her attendant, proof against all supernatural ideas, had boldly opened the entrance door. A baby, in its cradle, was on the threshold. Knowing her husband's deep anxiety to have an heir, she had been prevailed on to substitute the corpse of her own for Rachael's living child. Shame had hitherto prevented her from confessing the fraud; but now that an innocent fellow-creature's life was at stake, she could not besitate to avow the error into which she had been betrayed. "The blooming boy," she added, with an energy that seemed to be mingled with some indignation and more sorrow, "whom I have this day brought into Court, is not mine, but Rachael Parfett's; here is a brooch, which I found on its breast, I fcel convinced it is my husband's. That brooch I gave him only a week before our marriage; it was a fatal relic, to which superstition had affixed a charm; and I felt hurt that I did not wear it on is wedding day. It was then Rachael Parfett's."

The story of the Human Cuckoo may be concluded with the following extract—at which

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many may laugh—from Brodie Bagster's second ballad on the same subject, written to a melody which he is said to have patiently coaxed out of his own fiddle:—

"And so, with that, this lady proud, Plucked up her damask gown, And sailed out of Court, like an evening cloud, When the sun has just gone down.

And when she died—which soon befell—Sir Ralph of Scroby Hall—

He married the lass he'd not used well,

And made amends for all."

## ANECDOTES OF GERMAN COURTS.

THE various tongued denizens of earth who had crowded Frankfort during the great fair were fast returning to their distant homes, the well filled table d'hote at the Romischer Kaiser was now reduced to a few members of the corps diplomatique. "See that my passport is en regle for Vienna," said I to the Kellner, "for Frankfort has now become intolerably dull."

As the traveller journies towards Saxony, the face of the country undergoes a marked change; the vine clad heights of the Mein gave place to the dark ridges of the Thuringian forest, between which and the foot of the Ezegibirge, extend the dominions of a crowd of petty princes, who by their family influence or political services, have saved their insignificant independencies from the mediatising ban of the German confederation.

My travelling companion was an old Dutch —. He had made colonel, the Baron Van Sthirty campaigns, and the wild uncertainty of a camp life had given to him that happy constitutional indifference which philosophy in vain aspires to. A vein of military pedantry ran through his conversation, but this was enlivened by such shrewd and profound observations on men and things, such a fund of anecdote, as taught me that the Baron had moved no inattentive observer on the great theatre of events on which he had played his part. "In whose dominions are we at present;" said I to the post-master at Lebenstein, for in the course of our morning's ride, we had passed through half-a-dozen states. those of his Serene Highness of Saxe Meinengen," was the reply. I confess I felt a little curious to visit the state that was likely to have the honour of one day giving a Queen to England. We therefore proceeded straight to the capital, and little time it took us to get there-

The town of Saxe Meinengen is situated on the right bank of the Warre, beautifully embosomed in hills; it is rather handsomely built, and is poetically called the City of the Harp. The population of the whole state is about 40,000 souls, its revenue 30,000L, and as a member of the German confederation it has one fifth of a vole. I gathered this important statistical knowledge from the Court Almanack. What a ridiculous "spectacle politique" do these little petty German states present, with their standing armies and all the attirail of a court. Here is the duchy of Saxe Meinengen—its whole population is inferior to that of a moderately sized

English town, and its entire revenue considerably less than the pin money of our Queen. Such is the fact; an English town, considered unworthy of being represented in parliament, has double the population, and centuple the wealth and intelligence of the duchy of Saxe Meinengen, that has given to us a Queen who has shewn so much elevated contempt for our Manchesters and Birminghams. An English hunter would gallop round its territory in an hour; an English nobleman must be a skilful financier to subsist on its paltry revenue without running in debt.

"You are right," said the Baron, "but it was still worse in the time of the old German confederation. In fact the state we are now in is a mighty empire compared to the Lilliputian dominions of many of these princes, whose military contingent to the confederation was fixed at half a man each! The whole extent of their territory might have been ranged by an eighteen pounder. On the formation of the confederation of the Rhine, eighty de ces Messieurs were mediatised at one coup de plume, an arrangement which was confirmed by the congress of Vienna in 1815, who I believe would fain have extended to a few more this mediatising principle; an act that would have gained for that assembly the eternal gratitude of the subjects of these petty sovereigns, who are borne to the earth by the weight of taxes to support their beggarly pride and ridiculous pretensions. To give you an idea,"-continued the Baron, "shortly after Holland was overrun by the French, I was in garrison at Breda." Now at the words "Jetais et garnison," I filled out a bumper of Rhudesheimer, for I expected the relation of a whole campaign at least, and I foresaw it would be far past midnight ere we got into winter quarters; but for once I was mistaken.

"Tired of the monotony of a garrison life, I resolved to make an excursion into some of the little states of the right bank of the Rhine; they were crowded at the time with French emigrants, and I need not tell you there was no lack of amusement. I directed my steps to the scarest of these, the dominions of the Hereditary Prince of Bentheim Steinfurth, and took up my quarters at the Hotel de la Cour,—immediately opposite the parade. This was fortunate, for it afforded me an opportunity of reviewing the standing army of the state, which consisted of six hussars and twenty grenadiers.

"On the second day of my arrival I waited upon the Grand Chamberlain, in order to make le premier pas towards an introduction at court. Letters of nobility proving three descents at least, were indispensable to procure the honour of an entree. 'I am a Baron born,' said I, in reply to the chamberlain, 'but the revolution a change tout cela.' I had, however, brought with me some old musty parchments, though not without the apprehensions of compromising myself with my own government by figuring away under my old title. These I handed to him. Never shall I forget the satisfaction he displayed; he capered about the room, singing the old romance 'Aux bons temps de la chevalerie,'

and darted off to lay them before his Highness in person.

"On the following Sunday I was invited to the grand couvert du prince. On being ushered into the banqueting hall, I was rather surprised to observe that all the lacqueys wore enormous mustaches. It was," said the Baron, " a decoration de lacquai which I had never before seen, and I accordingly testified my astonishment to the Prince de B---i, who sat next to me. "If you look more attentively at them," said the Prince, smiling at my observation, "you will perceive que ces droles la are the grenadiers of the guard, who on these occasions throw off the uniform of the soldiers to assume the livery of the footman. To be serious, this little state plays the part of an Italian buffoon, and affords food for merriment from morning to night. To begin with the Prince himself. He is one of the most worthy men of his estate, dominions, I should say, but a perfect imbecile on the subject of his nobility, which he pretends has descended to him in a direct line from Charlemagne. The court genealogist goes farther, and pretends that without difficulty it might be proved that the blood of Arminius

"——tout pur ainsi que sa noblesse, Est descendu jusqu'a lui de Lucrece en Lucrece."

"With respect to the Princess," continued the Prince, "she goes many lengths beyond her lord. She fancies herself another Marie Therese, in fact the tone of the court is aristocratic on n'v pent plus. Two parties at present divide the state, an Austrian and a Prussian, who hate each other as much as the Guelphs and the Ghebellines of the middle ages. The court inclines to the Austrian faction, for you must know that the Prussian government has seized a village which lay conveniently on their boundary line which produced a revenue to the Prince of about 801. annually. The consequence of this serious defalcation in the revenue has been an appeal to the German diet, which however is too prudent to shew its impotency by ordering Prussia to make the amende honorable.

"Observe," said the Prince, "that man bedizened like an English General. On gala days be officiates as commander-in-chief; on others, 'il fait les fonctions,'—of architect to the court, director of bridges and highways, and intendant of police. The other on his right is the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his own opinion-a second Alberoni. His sagacity has already led him to discover that you are charged with an important diplomatic mission from a foreign power. You may amuse yourself at his expense. And now mark more particularly that old cavalier in earnest conversation with the Countess Von S---g, it is the Baron Von H———g; he has gambled away an immense fortune, and now lives by his wits; he generally contrives to lay under contributions every stranger who arrives at court. You he has already booked for a vingtaine de Louis at least. Beware of him, for he is an able tactician, with the effrontery of Beelzebub himself, as the following anecdote will show. He was playing a few days ago at Boston with the Countess Von S., and my cousin the Chevalier B. The Baron lost three thalers and the Chevalier one, who threw down half a Frederick d'or to discharge his debt. This the Baron immediately pocketed, saying to the Countess, this makes my debt to you, Madam, seven thalens; three that I lost, and four that I now borrow of you; so that the Countess, independently of her winnings, lost four thalers, for he has never paid her, and never will!" In truth," said my friend the Baron, "I observed the old fellow hovering on my flanks during the whole of the evening; but he was forestalled by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, drawing me aside, dilated profoundly on the then political state of Europe. War he deemed inevitable, and he took an opportunity of adroitly alluding to the subject of the village, on which would pend the policy of the state. Indeed, Sir, said he, we are on the eve of great events. And so we were, much nearer than his Excellency had any idea of; for while he was so eloquently discoursing on the state of Europe, four of the "Hussars of the Guard" were committing some outrage on the adjoining Prussian territory.

"Now, it happened that the commandant of the district was Blucher, at that time a colonel. And," added the Baron, with military frankness, "he was a 'matin' not to be trifled with. He accordingly ordered a corporal and four file to invade the territory of the Prince, and seize the delinquents. He might have sent, it is true, a larger force, but then the difficulty of subsisting them! The corporal set out, and executing a march a-la Seidlitz, he surprised the hussars in their cantonments, and carried them prisoners to Blucher's head-quarters. The sensation produced by the invasion on the court and the minds of the people, was astonishing. The Prince carried his hand to his sword, but the rage of the Princess and the ladies of her train was sublime; it was the wrath of Juno!

Fiectere si nec non superos Acheronta movebo.

The only cafe in the little capital was crowded with politicians. A general war was deemed inevitable; an alliance with Austria, and above all, a subsidy from England was the obvious policy of the state. Every horse in the Prince's stables was impressed into the service of the estafette. At the expiration of a week, murmurs of discon-

tent began to be heard; an alarming deficiency in the revenue, caused by the enormous consumption of stationery in the department of foreign affairs, was foretold, and a few fierce spirits pronounced the word republic! What would have been the result heaven only knows, had not his Prussian Majesty made due reparation to the wounded honour of his Highness of Bentheim Steinfurth, an event which was celebrated at court by a grand fets.

"My conge was expired, and I returned to Breda. A few years afterwards I met this exsovereign Prince in Paris, where he was living upon a pension from the French government, his principality having been converted into a parochial arrondisement of the newly formed kingdom of Westphalia."

I was highly amused with these anecdotes, which were rendered more piquant by the Baron's art de raconter, a talent he possessed to a degree that would have pleased the fastidious taste of Louis Quatorze himself.

It is these political territorial divisions that are the curse of Germany. Among her children we see much to admire,—a depth of thought—a love of science—a martial independence of character that elevates the personal dignity of man; but we nowhere find the virtues of the citizen—their love of father-land is not a political aspiration, and in fact how should it be so-a German but seldom dies the subject of the prince under whose dominion he first drew breath; he may have been born a Prussian, lived an Austrian, and died a Bavarian. Or it may have been his worst fate to have been the subject of some petty independent prince, to support whose beggarly pride, and aristocratio, nay autocratic pretensions, his industry, his energies, his manly pride, have been borne to the earth.

But a change is fast coming over this state of things, the vibrations of the political substratum have already foretold the coming earthquake; one, if we are not mistaken, that will not stay its fury until it has swept from the face of the land the race of pigmy despots, who have so long disgraced it with their tyranny and oppression.

#### THE WIFE.

Woman's love, like the rose blossoming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human beart, and while all around it is black and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of women appear more beautiful than in that of WIFE; parents, brethren, and friends, have claims upon the affections; but the LOVE of a WIFE is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother; but the feelings which induce her to this conduct are not such as those which lead a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him; to watch over him in danger; to cheer him in adversity, and ever remain unalterable at his side in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hapless husband; when we behold her in her domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of an enjoyment; an intellectual toy, brightening the family circle with her endearments, and prized for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being who seems to hold her existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should maintain her pristine powers of delight, and with words of comfort and patience, lead the distracted murmurer to peace and resignation.

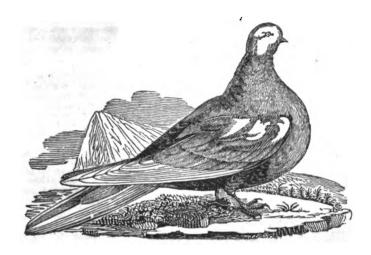
#### THE TUMBLER PIGEON.

THE Tumbler is a small Pigeon, with a thin neck, foll breast, round head, and small beak. The eyes of the better sort of Tumblers are usually of a fine pearly hue. These birds display a variety of beautiful colours. The Almond, or Ermine Tumbler, is particularly conspicuous for the richness and variety of tints of its plumage. The head, tips of the wings, and tail, of the Bald-pated Tumbler, are white. There is another variety called Bearded Tumblers: the plumage of these is either blue or black, except on the upper part of the throat and the cheeks, which are ornamented with a dash of white. The Tumblers are very excellent birds for flying: they possess a peculiarity, of throwing themselves completely over when in the air, and in an instant resuming their flight. They are very hardy birds, and may be classed among the prettiest of the Pigeon tribe.

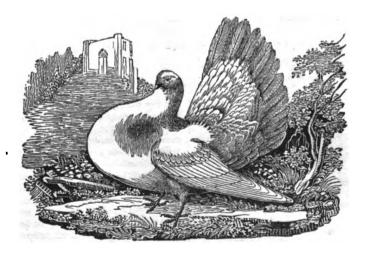
### THE FANTAIL PIGEON.

THE Fantails are particularly elegant birds: they have a frequent, peculiar, tremulous motion in the neck; from this circumstance they are sometimes called Shakers. The tail of these birds is spread out, and so raised, that it nearly touches the head. The Fantail has a full projecting breast, a thin neck, and a very small beak. It is generally supposed that these birds are always white: this is not the case, as there are Fantails of various colours. The white birds are, however, not only the most common, but, deservedly, the greatest favourites. There is a variety of the Fantail, called the Narrow-tailed Shakers; the necks of which are shorter and thicker, their backs longer, and their tails, as the name imports, narrower than those of the true Fantails.

THE TUMBLER PIGEON.



THE FANTAIL PIGEON.



#### THE SONG OF THE SYREN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THEN gentle winds arose
With many a mingled close,
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odour keen;
Where the clear Balan ocean
Welters with air-like motion

Within, above, around its bowers of starry green.
SEELLEY.

STILL is the Syren warbling on thy shore, Bright City of the Waves! "—her magic song, Still, with a dreamy sense of ecstacy, Fills thy soft summer's air:—and while my glance Dwells on thy pictured loveliness, that lay Floats thus o'er Fancy's ear; and thus to thee, Daughter of Sunshine! doth the Syren sing.

- "Thine is the glad wave's flashing play,
  Thine is the laugh of the golden day,
  The golden day and the glorious night,
  And the vine with its clusters all bathed in light!
  —Forget, forget, that thou art not free!
  Queen of the summer sea!
- "Favoured and crowned of the earth and sky!
  Thine are all voices of melody,
  Wandering in moonlight through fane and tower,
  Floating o'er fountain and myrtle bower;
  Hark! now they melt o'er thy glittering sea;
  —Forget that thou art not free!
- "Let the wine flow in thy marble halls!
  Let the lute answer thy fountain falls!
  And deck thy beach with the myrtle bough,
  And cover with roses thy glowing brow!
  Queen of the day and the summer sea,
  Porget that thou art not free!"

So doth the Syren sing, while sparkling waves
Dance to her chaunt.—But sternly, mournfully,
O city of the deep! from Sybli grots
And Roman tombs, the echoes of thy shore
Take up the cadence of her strain alone,
Murmuring—"Thou art not free!"

#### AN INVITATION.

If she be not fair to me, What care I how fair she be. SUCKLING.

WHEREFORE, Fanny, look so lovely, In your anger, in your giee ?— Laughing, weeping, fair, capricious? If you will look so delicious, Pr'ythee, look at me!

Wherefore, Fanny, sing so sweetly?
Like the bird upon the tree—
Hearts in dozens round you bringing?
Byren! if you must be singing,
Pr'ythee sing to me!

Wherefore, Fanny, dance so lightly, Like the wave upon the sea? Motion every charm enhancing— Fanny! If you will be dancing, Pr'ythee, dance with me!

Wherefore smile so like an angel, Angel-like although you be? Head and heart at once begulfing— Dearest! If you will be smiling, Pr'ythee, smile on me!

Wherefore flirt, and aim your arrows
At each harmless fop you see ?
Coxcombe, hardly worth the hurting—
Tyrant! if you must be flirting,
Pr'ythee, flirt with me!

Wherefore, Fanny! kiss and fondle
Haif the ugly brats you see?—
Waste not love among so many—
Sweetest! if you fondle any,
Pr'vibes fondle me!

Wherefore wedlock's lottery enter f
Chances for you, one to three!—
Richest ventures oft miscarry—
Fanny. Fanny! flyou marry,
Pr'ythee, marry me!

### FERDINANDO EBOLI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PRANKENSTEIN.

DURING this quiet time of peace, we are fast forgetting the excitements and astonishing events of the last war; and the very names of Europe's conquerors are becoming antiquated to the ears of our chairen. Those were more romantic days than these; for the revulsions occasioned by revolution or invasion were full of romance; and travellers in those countries in which these scenes had place, hear strange and wonderful stories, whose truth so much resembles fiction, that, while interested in the narration, we never give implicit credence to the narrator. Of this kind is a tale I heard at Naples. The fortunes of war perhaps did not influence its actors; yet it appears improbable that any circumstances so out of the usual routine could have had place under the garish daylight that peace sheds upon the world.

When Murat, then called Gioacchino, king of Naples, raised his Italian regiments, several young nobles, who had before been scarcely more than vine-dressers on the soil, were inspired with a love of arms, and presented themselves as candidates for military honours. Among these was the young Count Eboli. The father of this youthful noble had followed Ferdinand to Sicily; but his estates lay principally near Salerno, and he was naturally desirous of preserving them; while the hopes that the French government held out of glory and prosperity to his country made him often regret that he had followed his legitimate but imbecile king to exile. When he died, therefore, he recommended his son to return to Naples, to present himself to his old and tried friend, the Marchese Spina, who held a high office in Murat's government, and through his means to

<sup>\*</sup> Naples.

reconcile himself to the new king. All this was easily achieved. The young and gallant Count was permitted to possess his patrimony; and, as a further pledge of good fortune, he was betrothed to the only child of the Marchese Spina. The nuptials were deferred till the end of the ensuing campaign.

Meanwhile the army was put in motion, and Count Eboli only obtained such short leave of absence as permitted him to visit for a few hours the villa of his future father-in-law, there to take leave of him and his affianced bride. The villa was situated on one of the Apennines to the north of Salerno, and looked down, over the plain of Calabria, in which Pæstum is situated, on to the blue Mediterranean. A precipice on one side, a brawling mountain torrent, and a thick grove of Ilex, added beauty to the sublimity of its site. Count Eboli ascended the mountain path in all the joy of youth and hope. His stay was brief. An exhortation and a blessing from the Marchese, a tender farewell, graced by gentle tears, from the fair Adalinda, were the recollections he was to bear with him, to inspire him with courage and hope in danger and absence. The sun had just sunk behind the distant isle of Istria, when, kissing his lady's hand, he said a last "Addio," and with slower steps, and more melancholy mien, rode down the mountain on his road to Naples.

That same night Adalinda retired early to her apartment, dismissing her attendants; and then, restless from mingled fear and hope, she threw open the glass door that led to a balcony looking over the edge of the hill upon the torrent, whose loud rushing often lulled her to sleep; but whose waters were concealed from sight by the ilex trees, which lifted their topmost branches above the guarding parapet of the balcony.

Leaning her cheek upon her hand, she thought of the dangers her lover would encounter, of her loneliness the while, of his letters, and of his return. A rustling sound now caught her ear: was it the breeze among the ilex trees? her own veil was unwaved by every wind, her tresses even, heavy in their own rich beauty only, were not lifted from her cheek. Again those sounds. Her blood retreated to her heart, and her limbs trembled. What could it mean? Suddenly the upper branches of the nearest tree were disturbed; they opened, and the faint starlight showed a man's figure among them. He prepared to spring from his hold, on to-the wall. It was a feat of peril. First the soft voice of her lover bade her "Fear not," and on the next instant he was at her side, calming her terrors, and recalling her spirits, that almost left her gentle frame, from mingled surprise, dread, and joy. He encircled her waist with his arm, and pouring forth a thousand passionate expressions of love, she leant on his shoulder, and wept from agitation; while he covered her hands with kisses, and gazed on her with ardent adoration.

Then in calmer mood they sat together; triumph and joy lighted up his eyes, and a modest blush glowed on her cheek; for never before had

she sat alone with him, nor heard unrestrained his impassioned assurances of affection. It was indeed Love's own hour. The stars trembled on the roof of his eternal temple; the dashing of the torrent, the mild summer atmosphere, and the mysterious aspect of the darkened scenery, were all in unison, to inspire security and voluptuous hope. They talked of how their hearts, through the medium of divine nature, might hold commune during absence; of the joys of re-union, and of their prospect of perfect happiness.

The moment at last arrived when he must depart. "One tress of this silken hair," said he, raising one of the many curls that clustered on her neck. "I will place it on my heart, a shield to protect me against the swords and balls of the enemy." He drew his keen-edged dagger from its sheath. "Ill weapon for so gentle a deed," he said, severing the lock, and at the same moment many drops of blood fell fast on the fair arm of the lady. He answered her fearful inquiries by showing a gash he had awkwardly inflicted on his left hand. First he insisted on securing his prize, and then he permitted her to bind up his wound, which she did half laughing, half in sorrow, winding round his hand a riband loosened from her own arm. "Now farewell," cried he; "I must ride twenty miles ere dawn, and the descending Bear shows that midnight is past." His descent was difficult, but he achieved it happily, and the stave of a song, whose soft sounds rose like the smoke of incense from an altar, from the dell below, to her impatient ear, assured her of his safety.

It is always the case when an account is gathered from eye-witnesses, I never could ascertain the exact date of these events. They occurred however while Murat was king of Naples, and when he raised his Italian regiments, Count Eboli, as aforesaid, became a junior officer in them, and served with much distinction; though I cannot name either the country, or the battle in which he acted so conspicuous a part, that he was on the spot promoted to a troop.

Not long after this event, and while he was stationed in the north of Italy, Gioacchino, sending for him to head-quarters late one evening, intrusted him with a confidential mission, across a country occupied by the enemy's troops, to a town possessed by the French. It was necessary to undertake the expedition during the night, and he was expected to return on that, succeeding the following day. The king healf gave him his despatches and the word; and the noble youth, with modest firmness, protested that he would succeed, or die, in the fulfilment of his trust.

It was already night, and the crescent moon was low in the west, when Count Ferdinando Eboli, mounted his favourite horse, at a quick gallop, cleared the streets of the town, and then following the directions given him, crossed the country among the fields planted with vines, carefully avoiding the main road. It was a beauteous and still night; calm, and sleep, occupied the earth; war, the blood-hound, slumbered;

the spirit of love alone had life at that silent hour. Exulting in the hope of glory, our young hero commenced his journey, and visions of aggrandizement and love formed his reveries. A distant sound roused him; he checked his horse and listened; voices approached; when recognising the speech of a German, he turned from the path he was following, to a still straighter way. again the tone of an enemy was heard, and the trampling of horses. Eboli did not hesitate; he dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and, skirting along the enclosure of the field, trusted to escape thus unobserved. He succeeded after an hour's painful progress, and arrived on the borders of a stream, which, as the boundary between two states, was the mark of his having finally escaped danger. Descending the steep bank of the river, which, with his horse, he might perhaps have forded, he now prepared to swim. He held his despatch in one hand, threw away his cloak, and was about to plunge into the water, when from under the dark shade of the argine, which had concealed them, he was suddenly arrested by unseen hands, cast on the ground, bound, gagged and blinded, and then placed in a little boat, which was sculled with infinite rapidity down the stream.

There seemed so much of premeditation in the act that it baffled conjecture, yet he must believe himself a prisoner to the Austrian. While, however; he still vainly reflected, the boat was moored, he was lifted out, and the change of atmosphere made him aware that they entered some house. With extreme care and celerity, yet in the utmost silence, he was stripped of his clothes, and two rings he wore, drawn from his fingers; other habiliments were thrown over him; and then no departing footstep was audible: but soon he heard the splash of a single oar, and he felt himself alone. He lay perfectly unable to move: the only relief his captor or captors had afforded him being the exchange of the gag for a tightly bound handkerchief. For hours he thus remained, with a tortured mind, bursting with rage, impatience, and disappointment; now writhing, as well as he could, in his endeavours to free himself, now still, in despair. His despatches were taken away, and the period was swiftly passing when he could by his presence have remedied in some degree this evil. The morning dawned; and though the full glare of the sun could not visit his eyes, he felt it play upon his limbs. As the day advanced, hunger preyed on him, and though amidst the visitation of mightier, he at first disdained this minor, evil; towards evening, it became, in spite of himself, the predominant sensation. Night approached, and the fear that he should remain, and even starve, in this unvisited solitude had more than once thrilled through his frame, when feminine voices and a child's gay laugh met his ear. He heard persons enter the apartment, and he was asked in his native language, while the ligature was taken from his mouth, the cause of his present situation. He attributed it to banditti: his bonds were quickly cut, and his banded eyes restored to sight. It was long before he recovered himself. Water brought from the stream, however, was some refreshment, and by degrees he resumed the use of his senses, and saw that he was in a dilapidated shepherd's cot; with no one near him save the peasant girl and a child who had liberated him. They rubbed his ankles and wrists, and the little fellow offered him some bread, and eggs; after which refreshment, and an hour's repose, Ferdinando felt himself sufficiently restored to revolve his adventure in his mind, and to determine on the conduct he was to pursue.

He looked at the dress which had been given him in exchange for that which he had wern. It was of the plainest and meanest description. Still no time was to be lost, and he felt assured that the only step he could take was to return with all speed to the head-quarters of the Neapolitan army, and inform the king of his disasters and his loss.

It were long to follow his backward steps, and to tell all of indignation and disappointment that swelled his heart. He walked painfully but resolutely all night, and by three in the morning entered the town where Gioacchino then was. He was challenged by the sentinels; he gave the word confided to him by Murat, and was instantly made prisoner by the soldiers. He declared to them his name and rank, and the necessity he was under of immediately seeing the king. He was taken to the guard-house, and the officer on duty there listened with contempt to his representations, telling him that Count Ferdinando Eboli had returned three hours before, ordering him to be confined for further examination as a spy. Eboli loudly insisted that some impostor had taken his name; and while he related the story of his capture, another officer came in, who recognised his person; other individuals acquainted with him joined the party; and as the impostor had been seen by none but the officer of the night, his tale gained ground.

A young Frenchman of superior rank, who had orders to attend the king early in the morning, carried a report of what was going forward to Murat himself. The tale was so strange that the king sent for the young Count; and then, in spite of having seen and believed in his counterfeit a few hours before, and having received from him an account of his mission, which had been faithfully executed, the appearance of the youth staggered him, and he commanded the presence of him who, as Count Eboli, had appeared before him a few hours previously. As Ferdinand stood beside the king, his eye glanced at a large and splendid mirror. His matted hair, his blood-shot eyes, his haggard looks, and torn and mean dress, derogated from the nobility of his appearance; and still less did he appear like the magnificent Count Eboli, when, to his utter confusion and astonishment, his counterfeit stood beside him.

He was perfect in all the outward signs that denoted high birth; and so like him whom he represented, that it would have been impossible to discern one from the other apart. The same chesnut hair clustered on his brow; the sweet

and animated hazel eyes were the same; the one voice was the echo of the other. The composure and dignity of the pretender gained the suffrages of those around. When he was told of the strange appearance of another Count Eboli, he laughed in a frank good humoured manner, and turning to Ferdinand, said, "You honour me much, in selecting me for your personation; but there are two or three things I like about myself so well, that you must excuse my unwillingness to exchange myself for you." Ferdinand would have answered, but the false Count, with greater haughtiness, turning to the king, said, "Will your majesty decide between us? I cannot bandy words with a fellow of this sort." Irritated by scorn, Ferdinand demanded leave to challenge the pretender; who said, that if the king and his brother officers did not think that he should degrade himself and disgrace the army by going out with a common vagabond, he was willing to chastise him, even at the peril of his own life. But the king, after a few more questions, feeling assured that the unhappy noble was an impostor, in severe and menacing terms reprehended him for his insolence, telling him that he owed it to his mercy alone that he was not executed as a spy, ordering him instantly to be conducted without the walls of the town, with threats of weighty punishment if he ever dared to subject his impostures to further trial.

It requires a strong imagination, and the experience of much misery, fully to enter into Ferdinand's feelings. From high rank, glory, hope and love, he was hurled to utter beggary and disgrace. The insulting words of his triumphant rival, and the degrading menaces of his so lately gracious sovereign, rang in his ears; every nerve in his frame writhed with agony. But, fortunately for the endurance of human life, the worst misery in early youth is often but a painful dream, which we cast off when slumber quits our eyes. After a struggle with intolerable anguish, hope and courage revived in his heart. His resolution was quickly made. He would return to Naples, relate his story to the Marchese Spina, and through his influence obtain at least an impartial hearing from the king. It was not, however, in his peculiar situation, an easy task to put his determination into effect. He was pennyless; his dress bespoke poverty; he had neither friend nor kinsman near, but such as would behold in him the most impudent of swindlers. Still his courage did not fail him. The kind Italian soil, in the autumnal season now advanced, furnished him with chesnuts, arbutus berries, and grapes. He took the most direct road over the hills, avoiding towns, and indeed every habitation; travelling principally in the night, when, except in cities, the officers of government had retired from their stations. How he succeeded in getting from one end of Italy to the other it is difficult to say; but certain it is, that, after the interval of a few weeks, he presented himself at the Villa Spina.

With considerable difficulty he obtained admission to the presence of the Marchese, who

received him standing, with an inquiring look, not at all recognising the noble youth. Ferdinand requested a private interview, for there were several visitors present. His voice startled the Marchese, who complied, taking him into another apartment. Here Ferdinand disclosed himself, and, with rapid and agitated utterance, was relating the history of his misfortunes, when the tramp of horses was heard, the great bell rang, and a domestic announced " Count Ferdinando Eboli." "It is himself," cried the youth. turning pale. The words were strange, and they appeared still more so, when the person announced entered; the perfect semblance of the young noble, whose name he assumed, as he had appeared, when last, at his departure, he trod the pavement of the hall. He inclined his head gracefully to the baron, turning with a glance of some surprise, but more disdain, towards Ferdinand, exclaiming, "Thou here!"

Ferdinand drew himself up to his full height. In spite of fatigue, ill fare, and coarse garments, his manner was full of dignity. The Marchese looked at him fixedly, and started as he marked his proud mien, and saw in his expressive features the very face of Eboli. But again he was perplexed when he turned and discerned, as in a mirror, the same countenance reflected by the new comer, who underwent this scrutiny somewhat impatiently. In brief and scornful words, he told the Marchese that this was a second attempt in the intruder to impose himself as Count Eboli; that the trick had failed before, and would again; adding, laughing, that it was hard to be brought to prove himself to be himself, against the assertion of a bricone, whose likeness to him, and matchless impudence, were his whole stock

"Why, my good fellow," continued he, sneeringly, "you put me out of conceit with myself, to think that one apparently so like me, should get on no better in the world."

The blood mounted into Ferdinand's cheeks on his enemy's bitter taunts; with difficulty he restrained himself from closing with his foe, while the words "traitorous impostor!" burst from his lips. The baron commanded the fierce youth to be silent, and, moved by a look that he remembered to be Ferdinand's, he said, gently-" By your respect for me, I adjure you to be patient; fear not but that I will deal impartially." Then turning to the pretended Eboli, he added that he could not doubt but that he was the true Count, and asked excuse for his previous indecision. At first the latter appeared angry, but at length he burst into a laugh, and then, apologizing for his ill breeding, continued laughing heartily at the perplexity of the Marchese. It is certain, his gaiety gained more credit with his auditor than the indignant glances of poor Ferdinand. The false Count then said, that, after the king's menaces, he had entertained no expectation that the farce was to be played over again. He had obtained leave of absence, of which he profited to visit his future father-in-law, after having spent a few days in his own palazzo at Naples.

Until now, Ferdinand had listened silently with a feeling of curiosity, anxious to learn all he could of the actions and motives of his rival; but at these last words he could no longer contain himself. "What!" cried he, "hast thou usurped my place in my own father's house, and dared assume my power in my ancestral halls?" A gush of tears overpowered the youth; he hid his face in his hands. Fierceness and pride lit up the countenance of the pretender. "By the eternal God and the sacred cross, I swear, exclaimed, "that palace is my father's palace; those halls the halls of my ancestors!" Ferdinand looked up with surprise; " And the earth opens not," he said, " to swallow the perjured man." He then, at the call of the Marchese, related his adventures, while scorn mantled on the features of his rival. The Marchese, looking at both, could not free himself from doubt. He turned from one to the other: in spite of the wild and disordered appearance of poor Ferdinand, there was something in him that forbade his friend to condemn him as the impostor; but then it was utterly impossible to pronounce such the gallant and noble-looking youth, who could only be acknowledged as the real Count by the disbelief of the other's tale. The Marchese, calling an attendant, sent for his fair daughter. "This decision," said he, "shall be made over to the subtle judgment of a woman, and the keen penetration of one who loves." Both the youths now smiled—the same smile; the same expression that, of anticipated triumph. The baron was more perplexed than ever.

Adalinda had heard of the arrival of Count Eboli, and entered, resplendent in youth and happiness. She turned quickly towards him who resembled most the person she expected to see; when a well-known voice pronounced her name, and she gazed aghast on the double appearance of the lover. Her father, taking her hand, briefly explained the mystery, and bade her assure herself which was her affianced husband.

"Signorina," said Ferdinand, "disdain me not because I appear before you thus in disgrace and misery. Your love, your goodness will restore me to prosperity and happiness."

"I know not by what means," said the wondering girl, "but surely you are Count Eboli."

"Adalinda," said the rival youth, "waste not your words on a villain. Lovely and deceived one, I trust, trembling I say it, that I can with one word assure you that I am Eboli."

"Adalinda," said Ferdinand, "I placed the nuptial ring on your finger; before God your vows were given to me."

The false Count approached the lady, and bending one knee, took from his heart a locket, enclosing hair tied with a green riband, which she recognised to have worn, and pointed to a alight scar on his left hand.

Adalinda blushed deeply, and turned to her father, said, motioning towards the kneeling youth.

"He is Ferdinand."

All protestations now from the unhappy Eboli

were vain. The Marchese would have cast him into a dungeon; but, at the earnest request of his rival, he was not detained, but thrust ignominiously from the village. The rage of a wild beast newly chained was less than the tempest of indignation that now filled the heart of Ferdinand. Physical suffering, from fatigue and fasting, was added to his internal anguish; for some hours madness, if that were madness which never forgets its ill, possessed him. In a tumult of feelings there was one predominant idea: it was, to take possession of his father's house, and to try, by ameliorating the fortuitous circumstances of his lot, to gain the upper hand of his adversary. He expended his remaining strength in reaching Naples, entered his family palace, and was received and acknowledged by his astonished do-

One of his first acts was to take from a cabinet a miniature of his father encircled with jewels. and to invoke the aid of the paternal spirit. Refreshment and a bath restored him to some of his usual strength; and he looked forward with almost childish delight to one night to be spent in peace under the roof his father's house. This was not permitted. Ere midnight the great bell sounded: his rival entered as master, with the Marchese Spina. The result may be divined. The Marchese appeared more indignant than the false Eboli. He insisted that the unfortunate youth should be imprisoned. The portrait, whose setting was costly, found on him, proved him guilty of robbery. He was given into the hands of the police, and thrown into a dungeon. I will not dwell on the subsequent scenes. He was tried by the tribunal, condemned as guilty, and sentenced to the galleys for life.

On the eve of the day when he was to be removed from the Neapolitan prison to work on the roads in Calabria, his rival visited him in his dungeon. For some moments both looked at the other in silence. The impostor gazed on the prisoner with mingled pride and compassion: there was evidently a struggle in his heart. The answering glance of Ferdinand was calm, free, and dignified. He was not resigned to his hard fate, but he disdained to make any exhibition of despair to his cruel and successful foe. A spasm of pain seemed to wrench the bosom of the false one; and he turned aside, striving to recover the hardness of heart which had hitherto supported him in the prosecution of his guilty enterprise. Ferdinand spoke first.

"What would the triumphant criminal with his innocent victim?"

His visitant replied haughtily, "Do not address such epithets to me, or I leave you to your fate; I am that which I say I am."

"To me this boast," cried Ferdinand, scornfully; "but perhaps these walls have ears."

"Heaven, at least, is not deaf," said the deceiver; "favouring Heaven, which knows and admits my claim. But a truce to this idle discussion. Compassion—a distaste to see any one so very like myself in such ill condition—a foolish whim, perhaps, on which you may congratulate yourself—has led me hither. The bolts of your dungeon are drawn; here is a purse of gold; fefil one easy condition, and you are free."

" And that condition?"

" Sign this paper."

He gave to Ferdinaad a writing, containing a confession of his imputed crimes. The hand of the guilty youth trembled as he gave it; there was confusion in his mien, and a restless uneasy relling of his eye. Ferdinand wished in one mighty word, potent as lightning, loud as thunder, to convey his burning disdain of this proposal: but expression is weak, and calm is more full opewer than storm. Without a word, he tore the paper in two pieces, and threw them at the feet of his enemy.

With a sudden change of manner, his visitant conjured him, in voluble and impetuous terms, to comply. Ferdinand answered only by requesting to be left alone. Now and then a half word brake uncontrollably from his lips; but he curbed himself. Yet he could not hide his agitation when, as an argument to make him yield, the false Count assured him that he was already married to Adalinda. Bitter agony thrilled poor Ferdinand's frame; but he preserved a calm mien, and an unaltered resolution. Having exhausted every menace and every persuasion, his rival left him, the purpose for which he came maccomplished. On the morrow, with many others, the refuse of mankind, Count Ferdinando Eboli was led in chains to the unwholesome plains of Calabria, to work there at the roads.

I must hurry over some of the subsequent events; for a detailed account of them would fill volumes. The assertion of the usurper of Ferdinand's right, that he was already married to Adalinda, was, like all else he said, false. The day was, however, fixed for their union, when the illness and subsequent death of the Marchese Spine delayed its celebration. Adalinda retired, dering the first months of mourning, to a castle belonging to her father not far from Arpino, a town of the kingdom of Naples, in the midst of the Apennines, about fifty miles from the capital. Before she went, the deceiver tried to persuade her to consent to a private marriage. He was probably afraid that, in the long interval that was about to ensue before he could secure her, she would discover his imposture. Besides, a rumour had gone abroad that one of the fellowprisoners of Ferdinand, a noted bandit, had escaped, and that the young Count was his companion in flight. Adalinda, however, refused to comply with her lover's entreaties, and retired to her seclusion with an old aunt, who was blind and deaf, but an excellent duenna.

The false Eboli seldom visited his mistress; but he was a master in his art, and subsequent events showed that he must have spent all his time disguised in the vicinity of the castle. He contrived by various means, unsuspected at the moment, to have all Adalinda's servants changed for creatures of his own; so that, without her being aware of the restraint, she was, in fact, a prisoner in her own house. It is impossible to

say what first awakened her suspicions concerning the deception put upon her. She was an Italian, with all the habitual quiescence and lassitude of her countrywomen in the ordinary routine of life, and with all their energy and passion when roused. The moment the doubt darted into her mind, she resolved to be assured; a few questions relative to scenes that had passed between poor Ferdinand and herself sufficed for this. They were asked so suddenly and pointedly that the pretender was thrown off his guard: he looked confused, and stammered in his replies. Their eyes met, he felt that he was detected, and she saw that he perceived her now confirmed suspicions. A look such as is peculiar to an impostor, a glance that deformed his beauty, and filled his usually noble countenance with the bideous lines of cunning and cruel triumph, completed her faith in her own discernment. "How," she thought, "could I have mistaken this man for my own gentle Eboli?" Again their eyes met: the peculiar expression of his terrified her, and she hastily quitted the apart-

Her resolution was quickly formed. It was of no use to attempt to explain her situation to her old aunt. She determined to depart immediately for Naples, throw herself at the feet of Gioacchino, and to relate and obtain credit for her strange history. But the time was already lost when she could have executed this design. The contrivances of the deceiver were complete-she found herself a prisoner. Excess of fear gave her boldness, if not courage. She sought her jailor. A few minutes before, she had been a young and thoughtless girl, docile as a child, and as unsuspecting. Now she felt as if she had suddenly grown old in wisdom, and that the experience of years had been gained in that of a few seconds.

During their interview, she was wary and firm, while the instinctive power of innocence over guilt gave majesty to her demeanour. The contriver of her ills for a moment cowered beneath her eye. At first he would by no means allow that he was not the person he pretended to be: but the energy and eloquence of truth bore down his artifice, so that, at length driven into a corner, he turned—a stag at bay. Then it was her turn to quail; for the superior energy of a man gave him the mastery. He declared the truth. He was the elder brother of Fordinand, a natural son of the old Count Eboli. His mother, who had been wronged, never forgave her injurer, and bred her son in deadly hate for his parent, and a belief that the advantages enjoyed by his more fortunate brother were rightfully his own. His education was rude; but he had an Italian's subtle talents, swiftness of perception, and guile-

"It would blanch your cheek," he said to his trembling auditress, "could I describe all that I have suffered to achieve my purpose. I would trust to none—I executed all myself. It was a glorious triumph, but due to my perseverance and my fortitude, when I and my usurping bro-

ther stood, I, the noble, he, the degraded outcast before our sovereign."

Having rapidly detailed his history, he now sought to win the favourable ear of Adalinda. who stood with averted and angry looks. He tried by the varied shows of passion and tenderness to move her heart. Was he not, in truth. the object of her love? Was it not he who scaled her balcony at Villa Spina? He recalled scenes of mutual overflow of feeling to her mind, thus urging arguments the most potent with a delicate woman: pure blushes tinged her cheek, but horror of the deceiver predominated over every other sentiment. He swore that as soon as they should be united he would free Ferdinand, and bestow competency, nay, if so she willed it, half his possessions, on him. She coolly replied, that she would rather share the chains of the innocent and misery, than link herself with imposture and orime. She demanded her liberty, but the untamed and even ferocious nature that had borne the deceiver through his career of crime now broke forth, and he invoked fearful imprecations on his head, if she ever quitted the castle except as his wife. His look of conscious power and unbridled wickedness terrified her; her flashing eves spoke abhorrence: it would have been far easier for her to have died than have yielded the smallest point to a man who made her feel for one moment his irresistible power, arising from ·her being an unprotected woman, wholly in his hands. She left him, feeling as if she had just escaped from the impending sword of an assassin.

One hour's deliberation suggested to her a method of escape from her terrible situation. In a wardrobe at the castle lay in their pristine gloss the habiliments of a page of her mother, who had died suddenly, leaving these unworn relics of his station. Dressing berself in these, she tied up her dark shining hair, and even, with a somewhat bitter feeling, girded on the slight sword that appertained to the costume. Then, through a private passage leading from her own apartment to the chapel of the castle, she glided with noiseless steps, long after the Ave Maria sounded at twenty-four o'clock, had, on a November night, given token that half an hour had passed since the setting of the sun. She possessed the key of the chapel door-it opened at her touch; she closed it behind her, and she was free. pathless hills were around her, the starry heavens above, and a cold wintry breeze murmured around the castle walls; but fear of her enemy conquered every other fear, and she tripped lightly on, in a kind of ecstacy, for many a long hour over the stony mountain path—she, who had never before walked more than a mile or two at any time in her life-till her feet were blistered, her slight shoes cut through, her way utterly lost. At morning's dawn she found herself in the midst of the wild ilex-covered Apennines, and neither habitation nor human being apparent.

She was hungry and weary. She had brought gold and jewels with her; but here were no means of exchanging these for food. She remembered stories of banditti; but none could be so

ruffian-like and cruel as him from whom she fled. This thought, a little rest, and a draught of water from a pure mountain spring, restored her to some portion of courage, and she continued her journey. Noonday approached; and, in the south of Italy, the noonday sun, when unclouded, even in November, is oppressively warm, especially to an Italian woman, who never exposes herself to its beams. Faintness came over her. There appeared recesses in the mountain-side along which she was travelling, grown over with bay and arbutus: she entered one of these, there to repose. It was deep, and led to another that opened into a spacious cavern lighted from above: there were cates, grapes, and a flagon of wine, on a rough hewn table. She looked fearfully around, but no inhabitant appeared. She placed herself at the table, and, half in dread, ate of the food presented to her, and then sat, her elbow on the table, her head resting on her little snow-white hand; her dark hair shading her brow and clustering round her throat. An appearance of languor and fatigue diffused through her attitude, while her soft black eyes filled at intervals with large tears, as pitying herself, she recurred to the cruel circumstances of her lot. Her fanciful but elegant dress, her feminine form, her beauty and her grace, as she sat pensive and alone in the rough unhewn cavern, formed a picture a poet would describe with delight, an artist love to paint.

"She seemed a being of another world; a seraph, all light and beauty; a Ganymede, escaped from his thrall above to his natal Ida. It was long before I recognised, looking down on her from the opening hill, my lost Adalinda." Thus spoke the young Count Eboli, when he related this story; for its end was as romantic as its commencement.

When Ferdinand had arrived a galley-slave in Calabria, he found himself coupled with a bandit, a brave fellow, who abhorred his chains, from love of freedom, as much as his fellow-prisoner did, from all the combination of disgrace and misery they brought upon him. Together they devised a plan of escape, and succeeded in effecting it. On their road, Ferdinand related his story to the outlaw, who encouraged him to hope a favourable turn of fate; and meanwhile invited and persuaded the desperate man to share his fortunes as a robber among the wild hills of Calabria.

The cavern where Adalinda had taken refuge was one of their fastnesses, whither they betook themselves at periods of imminent danger for safety only, as no booty could be collected in that unpeopled solitude; and there, one afternoon returning from the chase, they found the wandering, fearful, solitary, fugitive girl; and never was lighthouse more welcome to tempest-tost sailor than was her own Ferdinand to his lady-love.

Fortune, now tired of persecuting the young noble, favoured him still further. The story of the lovers interested the bandit chief, and promise of reward secured him. Ferdinand persuaded Adalinda to remain one night in the cave,

and on the following morning they prepared to proceed to Naples; but at the moment of their departure they were surprised by an unexpected visitant: the robbers brought in a prisoner—it was the impostor. Missing on the morrow her who was the pledge of his safety and success, but assured that she could not have wandered far, he despatched emissaries in all directions to seek her; and himself, joining in the pursuit, followed the road she had taken, and was captured by these lawless men, who expected rich ransom from one whose appearance denoted rank and wealth. When they discovered who their prisoner was, they generously delivered him up into his brother's hands.

Ferdinand and Adalinda proceeded to Naples. On their arrival, she presented herself to Queen Caroline; and, through her, Murat heard with astonishment the device that had been practised on him. The young Count was restored to his honours and possessions, and within a few months afterwards was united to his betrothed bride.

The compassionate nature of the Count and Countess led them to interest themselves warmly in the fate of Ludovico, whose subsequent career was more honourable but less fortunate. At the intercession of his relative, Gioacchino permitted him to enter the army, where he distinguished himself, and obtained promotion. The brothers were at Moscow together, and mutually assisted each other during the horrors of the retreat. At one time overcome by drowsiness, the mortal symptom resulting from excessive cold, Ferdinand lingered behind his comrades; but Ludovico refusing to leave him, dragged him on in spite of himself, till, entering a village, food and fire restored him, and his life was saved. On another evening, when wind and sleet added to the horror of their situation, Ludovico, after many ineffective struggles, slid from his horse lifeless; Ferdinand was at his side, and, dismounting, endeavoured by every means in his power to bring back pulsation to his stagnant blood. His comrades went forward, and the young Count was left alone with his dying brother in the white boundless waste. Once Ludovice opened his eyes and recognised him; he pressed his hand, and his lips moved to utter a blessing as he died. At that moment the welcome sounds of the enemy's approach roused Ferdinand from the despair into which his dreadful situation plunged him. He was taken prisoner, and his life was thus saved. When Napoleon went to Elba, he, with many others of his countrymen, was liberated, and returned to Naples.

#### DEATH.

OH God! what a difference throughout the whole of this various and teeming earth a single DEATH can effect! Sky, sun, air, the eloquent waters, the inspiring mountain-tops, the murmuring and glossy wood, the very

Glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower, do these hold over us an eternal spell? Are they as a part and property of an unvarying course of nature? Have they aught which is unfailing, steady—same in its effect? Alas! their attraction is the creature of an accident. One gap, invisible to all but ourself in the crowd and turmoil of the world, and every thing is changed. In a single hour the whole process of thought, the whole ebb and flow of emotion, may be revulsed for the rest of an existence. Nothing can ever seem to us as it did: it is a blow upon the fine mechanism by which we think, and move, and have our being—the pendulum vibrates aright no more—the dial hath no account with time—the process goes on, but it knows no symmetry or order;—it was a single stroke that marred it, but the harmony is gone for ever!

And yet I often think that that shock which jarred on the mental, renders yet softer the moral nature. A death that is connected with love unites us by a thousand remembrances to all who have mourned: it builds a bridge between the young and the old; it gives them in common the most touching of human sympathies; it steals from nature its glory and its exhilaration—not its tenderness. And what, perhaps, is better than all, to mourn deeply for the death of another, loosens from ourself the petty desire for, and the animal adherence to, life. We have gained the end of the philosopher, and view, without shrinking, the coffin and the pall.—New Monthly Magazine.

#### HAYDN AND HIS PUPIL PLEYEL.

Ir was a custom of Haydn, as soon as he had finished any new work, to lay it aside for some time before te again looked at it, for the purpose of retouching and correcting. It happened that, under the influence of low spirits and chagrin, this great master had written six quartetts, all in a minor key. According to custom, he left the manuscript on his piano, and, as was also usual with him whenever he had finished a new work, he dismissed it from his mind, and forgot entirely the subjects and ideas on which he had been Some time afterwards Haydn felt working. inclined to revise these quartetts, of which he thought favourably, but he sought for them in vain; they had disappeared, were nowhere to be found, and all attempts to recover them ended only in disappointment. Pleyel, who alone had access to Haydn's house and apartment, was suspected by him of having stolen the missing quartetts; and notwithstanding all the protestations of his pupil to the contrary, he continued for a long time firm in that opinion. At length, however, the sincere and devoted attachment of his young pupil convinced Haydn that his suspicions must be unfounded: he restored him to his friendship, and thought no more of the circumstance, except occasionally to regret the disappearance of what he considered one of his best productions. The most singular part of the whole affair is, that the thief, whoever he may have been, did not attempt to derive any advantage from his robbery; these stolen quartetts never saw the light .- Memoir of Plevel.

#### THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

BY LAURA PERCY.

Mark me—there is a prophecy in dreams.

Shell's Apostate.

SEE dreamed that the treasures of earth and of sea,
Gold and jewels around her were lying;
She dreamed that from boughs and the leaves of each tree,
The soft notes of music were sighing.

She dreamed that the flowers around her were bright, As bright as earth's flowers could be; She dreamed that the skies poured a flood of sun-light, And sparkled the foam of the sea.

She dreamed that the vessel, aye that too was there, To bear her away from the shore; Dancing light on the waters so brilliant and fair, And Hope's aspect each flowing wave wore.

And oh! at that moment, a gush of delight,
Pervaded her innocent heart;
She droamed—all her dreaming was happy and bright,
Joy-tears from her dark eye-lash start:

For she viewed once again the dear land of her birth. She pictured her childhood's glad home; The parents endearing that loved spot of earth, The friends that to great her would come.

And she dwelt on the thought, for 'twas bilss thus to dwell, And 'twas bilss'ul to gaze on the scene; For the vessel was there on the waves' sparkling swell, And the sea and the sky were serene.

Then she dreamed of her lover, she dreamed that he came, Disguised, and in silence, alone; He bore her away from the fierce tyrant's power, And swam with her through the white foam.

But alas, ere the light-bounding bark they could reach, Clouds and darkness o'erspread the blue sky; And thunders were heard, and the clouds shot their fires,

And they heard, loud, the seaman's cry!

She heard too the shouting—she saw the frail boat,

Engulped in the broad-bursting wave;

She saw it close o'er them, and heard the last shrick,

And the sea was the mariner's grave!

And she acreamed as she felt her own true-one sink too. Life's powers exhausted and broke; She screamed, and sleep fled from her eyelids again She trembling and tearful awoke.

"Ah Juan," she cried, "this dreaming foretels
What has e'er been the cause of my fears;
Thou hast given me pearls too, bright pearls for my hair,
And pearls are the emblems of tears!"

'Twas the moment resolved on, and young Juan came, Warm and glowing, and fixed on success; His lips press her cold cheek, her motionless eyes, But no impulse returns the caress.

"Ah Clara, dear Clara, why thus cold and chill, This hour when all should be fair? Come, banish thy sorrows, away leve with me. And affection shall chase away care.

"The boat too is waiting upon the blue wave.
The bark too is on the blue sea;
I have hastened my own one, my Clara to save.
Then Clara, love, come love with me."

She trembled as through the thick foliage they passed, She sighed, and reclined on his arm, Not daring one last, parting look back to cast— The leaves were all fraught with alarm. Those fears were not idle, not vain was her dream,
For ere they could reach to the shore,
Red torch-lights swift shot through the grove their broad
gleam—

'Twas her tyrants the torches that bore:

"Ah, infidels!" cried the infuriate band, As they rushed on the innocent pair; "Apostates to honour, bear infamy's brand, And die in thy soul's worst despair!"

Then perished the youth and the maid, On the green shore their blood thus was spilled; Their flight had been seen and betrayed, And the dream of the maiden fulfilled!

#### LINES TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.

BY LORD BYRON—in early life.

"Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy, that as the tree flourished, so should he. On revisiting the abbey, during Lord Grey de Ruthven's residence there, he found the oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed;—hence these lines. Shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor, took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant who was with him, 'Here is a fine young oak; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place.'—'I hope not, sir,' replied the man; 'for it's the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself.' The Colonel has, of course, taken every possible care of it. It is already inquired after, by strangers, as 'the Byron oak,' and promises to share, in after-times, the celebrity of Shakspeare's mulberry, and Pope's willow.''

"You're oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy the trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
On the land of my fathers I reared thee with pride:
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears—
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my oak, and, since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,
But his whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert—even now little care
Might revive thy young head, and thy wound gently heal:
But thou wert not fated affection to share—
For who could suppose that a stranger would feel?

Ab, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a while; Ere twice round you glory this planet shall run, The hand of thy master will teach thee to smile, When infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tower aloft from the weeds
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine, Though I shall lie low in the cavern of death, On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine, Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
O'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread—
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here will they say, when in life's glowing prime,
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day."

## NAPOLEON'S WIVES.

JOSEPHINE.

Marie-Josephine-Rose, daughter of Joseph Gaspard Tascher de la Pagerie, by Rose Claire des Verges de Sanois, his wife, was born in the island of Martinique, on the 23d of June, 1763. Before she had reached her fifteenth year she quitted the island, and resided for some time at Paris, under the care of an aunt of the name of Renaudin, who superintended the household concerns of the Marquis de Beauharnais. At this period few remarked any thing about Josephine, except that she had a tall, fine figure, and an extremely small foot: she was, however, simple, modest, and of a sweet and amiable temper.

Viscount Alexander Beauharnais, second son of the marquis, suddenly became enamoured of the young Creole; and Josephine, on her part, could not be insensible to the blandishments and handsome person of her vouthful lover. The parties were united at Noisy-le-Grand, on the 13th of December, 1779. The lovely bride was introduced at the court of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, whose successor on the throne of France she was one day destined to become; and such were her wit and vivacity, that she was soon accounted one of its ornaments. This circumstance was, however, a misfortune for Josephine; since it imparted to her character a taint of levity which even her subsequent heavy afflictions could not entirely remove, and led her into habits of improvidence with which all Napoleon's liberality was unable to keep pace.

The marriage was not a felicitous one. Certain suspicions took place on the part of the husband, and a separation was demanded; the tribunals, however, adjudged that the proofs were not sufficiently conclusive to warrant a process of so serious a nature, and the husband and wife were prevailed on to resume their former cordiality. But shortly after the reconciliation, the conduct of M. de Beauharnais himself gave Josephine serious cause for jealousy. At first, she complained with gentleness; but finding that, so far from altering his conduct, he affected a violent passion for the woman who interfered with her happiness, she infused into her reproaches a degree of bitterness which alienated the affections of her husband, and a separation became necessary.

The revolution ensued. Viscount de Beauharnais, who had for some time been a fieldofficer, was denounced as an aristocrat, by his own troops, deprived of his commission, and confined in the prison of the Carmelites. As soon as Josephine was apprized of his situation, forgetful of her wrongs, she adopted every possible mode, through the medium of friends and her own personal solicitations, to obtain his release. The viscount, on his part, was deeply moved by the attachment and assiduity of his wife; who was soon after not only denied the melancholy happiness of attending on her unhappy spouse, but deprived of her own liberty.

In the course of a few weeks, the unfortunate viscount was dragged before the revolutionary tribunal, which instantly condemned him to death. He suffered with great courage, on the 23d of July, 1794, and on the evening before his execution wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, recommending their two children to her maternal attentions, and expressing an earnest hope that justice would be done to his memory.

On learning the sad news, the disconsolate Josephine became insensible, and was for a time confined to her bed. Her jailer, having been desired to call in medical assistance, coolly replied, that there was no occasion for a physician as on the morrow it would be her turn to experience the fate of her husband. Indeed, so confident was she that such would be her lot, that her beautiful tresses had been cut off, with the view of being transmitted to her children, as the last and only present she could make them; but, in six days, the death of Robespierre restored her to liberty.

Josephine appeared, however, to have escaped proscription only to be exposed to new misfortunes. All the family fortune in Europe had been seized on, and the conflagrations and massacres in the West Indies had bereaved her of the possibility of receiving a supply from that quarter of the world. So cheerless was her prospect, that her son Eugene, afterward Viceroy of Italy, was bound apprentice to a joiner; while his sister Hortense, the future Queen of Holland, was sent to learn the business of a semptress.†

During her imprisonment, Josephine had formed a close intimacy with the celebrated Theresa Cabarus, then Madame Fontenai, and when this lady married Tallien, she partook largely in the advantages of her changed fortune. Both these ladies were at that period conspicuous, on account of the Grecian costume which they adopted. Thus attired, they were generally present at the civic feasts, the theatres, and the directorial circles. They were the first to proscribe the revolutionary manners: they held in detestation all who delighted in blood, and seized every opportunity of saving those whom the existing government wished to immolate.

Barras, now at the head of the Directory, himself an ex-noble, and remarkably fond of show and pleasure, began at this time to hold a sort of court at his apartments in the Luxembourg. These two beautiful women formed the soul of his assemblies, and it is generally supposed

<sup>\*</sup> See "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. By John S. Memes, LLD."-Family Library.

<sup>†</sup> Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 301.

that Josephine possessed great influence over him. Certain it is, that he interested himself warmly in her favour, and that, under the title of indemnification, she re-obtained a small portion of her late husband's property, including the villa of Malmaison, to which she now occasionally retired. Here she began to embellish the garden with rare and expensive plants, cultivated her taste for botany, and occupied her time in acquiring a variety of useful knowledge.

Napoleon has himself explained the circumstance which first brought about his acquaintance with Josephine. While he commanded in Paris, and shortly after the disarming of the sections in October, 1795, a fine youth, about twelve years of age, presented himself to the staff, to solicit the return of a sword which had belonged to his father, a general in the service of the republic, who had been murdered by Robespierre. This Bonaparte youth was Eugene Beauharnais. caused the request to be complied with; and the tears of the boy on beholding the relic excited his interest. He treated him so kindly, that next day his mother, Josephine, waited on the general to thank him. Napoleon was struck with the singular gracefulness of her manners: the acquaintance became intimate and tender; and on the 6th of March, 1796, they were married.

Josephine was one of those who put faith in There is a trapresentiments and prophecies. dition at Martinique, that during her childhood it was predicted by a celebrated negro sorceress, named David, that she would one day rise to a dignity higher than that of a queen, and yet outlive it.\* A lady of rank, who resided for some time in the same convent at Paris where Josephine was also a pensioner, or boarder, heard her mention the prophecy, and told it herself to Sir Walter Scott just about the period of the Italian expedition; † and after Josephine became the wife of Bonaparte, she frequently assured him, that her heart beat high when she first heard Eugene describe him, and that she then caught a glimpse of her future greatness, and the accomplishment of the prediction respecting her. !

On his marriage with Josephine, Napoleon promised to adopt her children, and treat them as his own; and it is well known with what fidelity he adhered to the engagement. The dowry of the bride, has generally been supposed to have been the command of the army of Italy; but Louis Bonaparte, the ex-king of Holland, in a recent publication, pronounces this to be "an absurdity gathered from various libels of the time."

Napoleon quitted his wife ten days after the marriage. Some of the letters which he wrote to her during his absence in Italy have been published, and present a curious picture of a temperament as fiery in love as in war. The following is an extract from one of them:—

"By what art is it that you have been able to

captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my moral existence? It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine—there is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you-I am dying to be near you. Fool that I am, I do not perceive that I increase the distance between us. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these weak expressions of a troubled soul in which you reign! Ah! my adorable wife, I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me much longer from you, it will be insupportable. I stop, my sweet love: my soul is sad-my body is fatigued—my head is giddy—men disgust me-I ought to hate them-they separate me from my beloved.

"I am at Port Maurice, near Oneille: to-morrow I shall be at Albegno: the two armies are in motion. We are endeavouring to deceive each other. Victory to the most skilful. I am pretty well satisfied with Beaulieu. If he alarm me much, he is a better man than his predecessor. I shall beat him in good style. Do not be uneasy—love me as your eyes—but that is not enough—as yourself, more than yourself, your mind, your sight, your all. Sweet love, forgive me—I am sinking. Nature is weak for him who feels strongly—for him whom you love!"

Having rejoined her husband in August, at the commencement of the campaign against Wurmser, Josephine witnessed at Verona the first shots that were fired. When she returned to Castel Nuovo, and saw the wounded as they passed, she was desirous of being at Brescia, but found herself stopped by the enemy. In the agitation of the moment, she was seized with fear, and wept bitterly on quitting Napoleon, who exclaimed—"Wurmser shall pay dearly for the tears he causes you to shed!"

In December, she was at Genoa, where she was received with studied magnificence by those of that ancient state who adhered to the French interest. After settling the affairs of Venice and establishing the new Ligurian republic, Napoleon took up his residence at the beautiful palace of Montebello; where ladies of the highest rank, as well as those celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, were daily seen paying their homage to Josephine, who received them with a felicity of address which excited universal admiration.

In December, 1797, Napoleon returned to Paris, and took up his abode in the same modest house which he formerly occupied in the Rue Chantereine. To lessen the influence which Josephine possessed from the love of her husband, more than one of his brothers endeavoured to excite his jealousy; and they so far succeeded, that previously to his departure for Egypt in the May following, his distrust of her had shown itself on several occasions. He nevertheless continued passionately fond of her. To enjoy

<sup>\*</sup> Description de Martinique, par M. Traversay.

<sup>†</sup> Life of Napoleon, vol. iii. p. 82.

<sup>‡</sup> Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 300.

S Response a Sir Waiter Scott, p. 18.

<sup>||</sup> Published in a Tour through the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, and France, in the years 1821 and 1822, by Charles Tennant, Esq., member of Parliament. Autographs of the letters are given, and there is no doubt whatever of their authentitity.

the pleasure of her society up to the last moment, he took her with him to Toulon, and nothing could be more affecting than their parting.

While Napoleon was at Cairo, his jealousy was again powerfully excited by the reports of Junot, who pretended to have received from Paris positive accounts of Josephine's coquetry. "I know not what I would give," he said one day to Bourrienne, "if what Junot has been telling me should be untrue, so greatly do I love that woman. If Josephine be really guilty, a divorce shall separate us for ever. I will not submit to be the laughing-stock of the imbeciles of Paris. I will write to Joseph." He accordingly did write to Joseph on the 25th of July; but the letter, instead of reaching its destination, was intercepted by the British fleet under the command of Lord Nelson. The following extract from it shows the agitated state of Napoleon's mind at this time. Like all his writings, it abounds in errors of orthography:-

"Je pense etre en France dans 2 mois. Je te recomande mes interets. J'ai beaup, beaup de chagrin domestique, cor le voile est entierement levee. Toi seul me reste sur la terre; ton amitie m'est bien chere: il ne me reste plus pour devenir misantrope qu'a te perdre, et te voir me trair. C'est ma triste position que d'avoir a la fois tous les sentimens pour une meme personne dans son cœur. Tu m'entend! Fais ensorte que j'aye une campagne a mon arrivee, soit pres de Paris ou en Burgogne: je compte y passer l'hiver et m'y enserrer. Je suis annue de la nature humaine! j'ai besoin de solitude et disolement: la grandeur m'annue, le sentimen es deseches, la gloire est fade: a 29 ans j'ai tou epuise; il ne me reste plus qu'a devenir bien vraimant egoiste. Adieu, mon unique ami, je n'ai jamais etc injuste envers toi! tu m'entend!"\*

On Napoleon's return to France in October, 1799, he received Josephine with studied severity and an air of cold indifference; but after three days of conjugal misunderstanding, a complete reconciliation was brought about, and from that hour their happiness was never disturbed by a similar cause.

Josephine had, however, one great failing,

The original of this very singular production, endorsed with the words, "Pound on the person of the Courier," in the handwriting of Lord Nelson, is in the valuable collection

of Dawson Turner, Esq.

which led to many violent reproaches on the part of her husband; and this was incurable. It was impossible to regulate her expenditure. She plunged into debt without at all reflecting how that debt was to be discharged; and thus there was always a grand dispute when the day of payment came. At one time, during the consulate, she owed no less than 1,200,000 francs (£50,000); but, fearing her husband's violence, she would not allow the secretary to mention more than half that sum. "The anger of the First Consul," says Bourrienne, "may be conceived. He said, 'Take the 600,000 francs, but let that sum suffice; let me be pestered no more with her debts. Threaten the creditors with the loss of their accounts, if they do not forego their enormous profits.' These accounts Madame Bonaparte laid before me. The exorbitant price of every article was incredible, and many were charged which had never been delivered. In one bill, for instance, thirty-eight hats of a very high price were supplied in one month; the feathers alone were eighteen hundred francs. I asked Josephine, whether she wore two hats aday; she said, 'It must be an error.' I followed the consul's advice, and spared neither reproaches nor threats; and I am ashamed to say, that the greater part of the tradesmen were satisfied with one-half of their bills." At a later period she had quite a passion for shawls, and at one time possessed no fewer than one hundred and fifty. all extremely beautiful and high-priced. When after her death they were disposed of by auction at Malmaison, nearly all Paris went to the sale.

But whatever might be Josephine's failing on this score, the First Consul was really attached to no other woman; and she answered with her whole heart to the fondness of her husband, and constantly proved herself his sincerest friend. Whenever she could, she would accompany Napoleon on his journeys. Neither fatigue nor privation could deter her from following him. If he stepped into his carriage at midnight, to set out on the longest journey, he found her all ready prepared. "But," he would say, "you cannot possibly go; the journey will be too fatiguing for you."-" Not at all," she would reply.-" Besides, I must set out instantly."-" Well, I am quite ready."-" But you must take a great deal of luggage."-" Oh, no; every thing is packed up;" and Napoleon was generally obliged to vield.

Josephine could talk on any subject, and on all agreeably. Napoleon used to call her his memorandum-book; and, in relating an anecdote, would frequently pretend to have forgotten the date, in order to give her an opportunity of correcting him. She was known for a peacemaker upon all occasions, and frequently restored harmony in a domestic circle too often agitated by the slightest preference shown by its chief. Her gentle and engaging manners generally succeeded in reconciling the pretensions and interests of

She was a great patroness of the fine arts. All the fashions emanated from her, and every thing

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;I think of being in France in two months. I recommend my interests to thee. I have much, much domestic chagrin, for the veil is entirely removed. Thou only remain. est to me on earth: thy friendship is ever dear to me. To make me a mere misanthrope nothing more is wanting but to lose thee, and see thee betray me. It is my sad position to have at the same time all the sentiments for the same person in my heart. Thou understandest me! Arrange it so that I may have a country-seat at my arrival, either in the neighbourhood of Paris or in Burgundy. I reckon on passing the winter there, and shutting myself up. I am weary of human nature! I have need for solitude and retirement. Grandeur is irksome; feeling is dried up; glory is insipid; at nine-and-twenty years of age, I have exhausted every thing; it only remains for me to become in sad sincerity a creature wrapped up in selfishness. Adieu, my old friend! I have never been unjust towards thee! Thou understandest me !''

she put on appeared elegant. Her husband used to say, that she was grace personified. "If I gain battles, it is she who wins hearts." hated every kind of restraint and ostentation, and would often say, "How all this fatigues and annoys me! I have not a moment to myself." Nor was this simplicity of character confined to matters of etiquette: she manifested the same unaffected modesty and good sense in restraining the encroachments of power, and appears to have been kept in continual alarm by the projects at this time in agitation for declaring Napoleon Chief Consul for life. As far back as the explosion of the infernal machine in 1800, she observed that "those were Bonaparte's worst enemies who wished to inspire him with ideas of hereditary succession." While these discussions were pending she fluttered about, trembling with apprehension, listening to every breath, and uttering her dissatisfaction and doubts to all whom she could interest in her behalf. seemed to shrink instinctively from this new and pathless career, of which she only saw the danger, and held her husband from it as from the edge of a precipice.

Her kindness and condescension to every one remained the same after she became empress. She was profuse of her bounties, and bestowed them with such good grace, that the partakers of them would have deemed it an act of incivility to refuse her. Charity was, indeed, the brightest trait in her character; but she took so much pains to conceal her acts of benevolence, that the greater part are buried in oblivion. Her maid of honour, Madame de la Rochefaucault, superintended the application of them; while two honest and respectable men were appointed to seek out deserving objects, and to inquire into the situation of those who solicited relief. small sum thus judiciously dealt out, has restored many a family to life and happiness. Partyspirit never stood in the way of her relieving the distressed: her very enemics found in her a protectress. On the discovery of Georges' conspiracy, she exerted her interest in favour of Prince Polignac and his brother; and when the sentence of death was pronounced, she obtained a commutation of the punishment to imprisonment. Rapp, Savary, De Bourrienne, Montgaillard, all agree, that but for Josephine's intercession the late prime minister of France would have ended his days on the scaffold in 1804. At times she suffered much from Napoleon's ill temper, kindled in consequence of her remonstrances against his violent measures: till at last the courage of goodness, which she long maintained, gave way, and she became afraid to apply to him. The murder of the Duke d'Enghien was a blow which she seems never to have recovered.

It was Fouche who first ventured to touch the fatal string of the imperial divorce. One Sunday, at Fontainbleau, he drew Josephine aside into a recess of a window, and, after dwelling on the necessities of the empire, gave the hint of a separation; which he represented as the most sublime of sacrifices. Josephine instantly ordered him

out of her presence, and went to demand of Napoleon whether the minister had any authority for this proceeding. The emperor answered in the negative; but when Josephine went on to ask the dismissal of Fouche, he refused to comply. From that hour she must have been convinced that her doom was fixed. "The apartments of Napoleon and those of his wife, at the Tuileries, had communication by means of a private staircase: it was the custom of the emperor to signify by a tap on the door of her sitting room his desire to converse with her in her cabinet, and it was not unusual for them to remain shut up for hours. Soon after his return from Schoenbrunn the ladies in attendance remarked that the emperor's knock was heard more frequently than it had used to be, and that their mistress did not obey the signal with her accustomed alacrity. One evening Napoleon surprised them by carrying Josephine into the midst of them, pale, apparently lifeless. She was but awaking from a long swoon into which she had fallen, on hearing him at last pronounce the decree which terminated their connexion."\*

This was on the 5th of December, 1809. On the 15th Napoleon summoned the imperial council, and announced to them, that at the expense of the sweetest affections of his heart, he, devoted wholly to the welfare of the state, had resolved to separate from his well-beloved consort. Josephine then appeared among them, and, in a speech which was interrupted by her repeated sobs, expressed her acquiescence. A decree of the senate assured to her the rank of empress during her life, and a dowry of two millions of francs, to which Napoleon added a third million out of his privy purse, that she might feel no inconvenience from those habits of expense which had by this time become quite incurable. On the following morning she withdrew from the Tuileries to her villa of Malmaison; and in quitting the court she drew the hearts of all its votaries after her, for she had endeared herself to all by a kindness of disposition almost without parallel.

But, notwithstanding the attractions with which she was surrounded, the ex-empress was a prey to grief. To change the scene she took a journey to Navarre, where she had a noble residence that had been presented to her by Napoleon; and as it was out of repair, he advanced her a million of francs to cover all expenses. This sum, in addition to her revenue, enabled her to do much good. Every thing speedily assumed a new aspect at the ancient domain of the house of Bouillon. She directed the roads of the forest of Evreux to be repaired, raised many plantations, caused the marshes to be dried up, public buildings to be erected, and, by procuring employment for the peasantry, substituted a state of comfort for that of frightful misery which had previously prevailed.

Napoleon treated the ex-empress with great respect after the divorce. He never came back

<sup>\*</sup> Napoleon Bonaparte, vol. if .- Family Library, No. V.

from his wars without paying her a visit, and he uniformly bade her farewell before he set out. He used to grasp her arm familiarly and say—
"Come along and show me your pictures;" which request he knew would afford her pleasure.

Josephine saw Napoleon for the last time in May, 1812, previous to his departure for Moscow. On his reverses all her affection for him seems to have returned. The disasters of the Russian expedition, and still more the melancholy termination of the Saxon campaign, made her tremble for his fate. On the approach of the allies in March, 1814, she retired to Navarre; but being assured of their friendly protection, returned to Malmaison. On expressing herself much gratified by a visit from the Emperor of Russia, he replied, that it was a homage gratifying to his feelings, for that in entering every house and cottage he had heard the praise of her goodness. When she was made acquainted with Napoleon's abdication her distress was unspeak-Alexander endeavoured to soothe her affliction; but the reverses of "her Achilles," "her Cid," as she now again called Napoleon, had entered deep into her heart. Her interests were amply attended to in the treaty of Fontainbleau; but, as if the prophecy of the sorceress of Martinique was to be accomplished, she did not survive to reap any benefit from its provisions.

On the 24th of May she became indisposed with a sore throat. The King of Prussia dined with

her, and advised her to keep her room, but she persisted in doing the honours of the table, and retired late, as there was an evening party. On the 26th the Emperor Alexander paid her a visit. On the 27th a blister was applied, but it was too late. M. Redoute, the celebrated flower-painter, having called, she insisted on seeing him, but told him not to approach her bed, as he might catch her sore throat. She spoke of two plants which were then in flower, and desired him to make drawings of them, expressing a hope that she should soon be well enough to visit her greenhouse. On the 29th, at ten in the morning, her English housekeeper, Mrs. Edat, who had lived with her many years, came into the room with Josephine's favourite little dog, which she caressed, and desired it might be taken great care of. A few minutes before twelve this benevolent and accomplished woman breathed her last.

On the 2d of June her funeral took place with great pomp in the parish church of Ruel. Her two grandsons walked as chief mourners; and in the procession were Prince Nesselrode, Generals Sachen and Czernicheff, several other generals of the allied army, some French marshals and generals, and many private individuals who had formerly been in her service, or who considered themselves under personal obligations to her. The body has since been placed in a magnificent tomb of white marble, erected by her two children, with the simple inscription,

"EUGENE ET HORTENSE A JOSEPHINE."

#### MARIA LOUISA.

HAVING repudiated Josephine, Napoleon, bent his thoughts upon forming a fresh union, which would be the means of drawing closer the ties of an alliance productive of advantages to France, and might at the same time present him with an heir. There was not at this period any princess of a marriageable age among the great reigning families of the Continent, except the grand-duchess, sister to the Emperor of Russia, and her imperial highness the Arch-duchess Maria Louisa of Austria.

On the 1st of February, 1810, Napoleon summoned a grand council to assist him in the selection of a new spouse; and at the breaking up of the meeting, Eugene, the son of the ex-empress, was commissioned to propose to the Austrian ambassador a marriage between Napoleon and Maria Louisa. Prince Schwartzenberg had already received his instructions on the subject: so that the match was proposed, determined, and adjusted in the space of four-and-twenty hours. On the 27th Napoleon communicated his determination to the senate. "The shining qualities," he said, "which distinguish the arch-duchess have secured her the affections of the people of Austria. They have gained our regard. Our subjects will love this princess out of affection to us, until, after witnessing all those virtues that have placed her so high in our esteem, they love her for herself."

Maria Louisa, the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Austria and Maria Theresa of Naples, was born on the 12th of December, 1791. From her earliest infancy she was distinguished for modesty, sweetness of disposition, and every amiable quality. When, in the war of 1809, Vienna was bombarded by the French, the archduchess, being too ill to be removed, was the only member of the imperial family who remained in the capital. Of this circumstance Napoleon was informed, and he immediately issued orders for the firing to be discontinued in the direction of her residence.\* He made constant inquiries respecting her, and it is not improbable that he thus early revolved in his mind the possibility of her one day replacing Josephine on the throne of France.

The espousals of the imperial pair were celebrated at Vienna on the 11th of March. The person of the bridegroom was represented by his favourite marshal, Berthier; and a few days after the youthful bride set out for France. At Branus she was met by Napoleon's sister, the queen of Naples, where the ceremony took place of

<sup>\*</sup> De Bourrienne, tom. vili. p. 190.

delivering up the arch-duchess by the officers whom her father had appointed to accompany her. As soon as she had been attired in the garments brought in the wardrobe from Paris, she passed over the frontier, and took an affectionate leave of those who had accompanied her from Vienna. Of all her Austrian retinue she retained only her governess; and of her new household she did not know a single individual. At Munich, Augsburg, Stuttgard, Carlsruhe, and Strasburg, she was received with great splendour and enthusiasm. So many hopes were interwoven with the marriage, that her arrival was sincerely greeted by all.

Napoleon had gone as far as Compeigne to receive the new Empress. From this chateau he wrote to her every day by a page who went off at full speed with his letters, and as quickly returned with her replies. Maria Louisa daily manifested more and more interest in reading his billets-doux. She looked for them with impatience; and if any circumstance retarded the arrival of the page, she repeatedly asked what accident could have detained him. In the mean while Napoleon burned with impatience to behold his bride, and really appeared love-stricken. On the day upon which she was expected he had directed his brother Louis to go and meet her. The latter accordingly repaired to Soissons; but while he was stopping in that city, Napoleon, unable to conquer his impatience, set out in a calash, passed his brother, and travelled on the road between Soissons and Rheims until he met the carriage of Maria Louisa, whereupon he alighted, ran up to the door, opened it himself, and rushed rather than stepped into it. The first compliments being passed, a moment of gazing and silence succeeded, which the empress interrupted in a way highly complimentary to the emperor, by saying, "Your Majesty's picture has not done you justice." They proceeded to Compeigne, where they arrived in the evening, and where Napoleon, following the precedent of Henry IV., on his marriage with Mary de Medicis, passed the night with his bride.\*

The entry of the princess into Paris took place on the 1st of April. The day was unusually beautiful. Nothing could be more magnificent, nor could anything exceed the respect, the enthusiasm exhibited universally on the occasion. The court set off immediately to St. Cloud, where the civil ceremony was gone through, and on the following day the nuptial benediction was given by Cardinal Fesch. The most splendid illuminations, concerts, and festivals ensued. All Paris for a time appeared to revel in a delight bordering upon phrenzy; but, in the midst of these rejoicings, the fete given by Prince Schwartzenberg in the name of the Emperor of Austria presented a sinister omen. The dancing-room, which was temporary and erected in the garden, unhappily took fire, and several persons perished, among whom was the sister-in-law of the ambassador. The melancholy conclusion of this

At this period Maria Louisa was little more than eighteen years of age. Her stature was sufficiently majestic, her complexion fresh and blooming, her eyes blue and animated, her hair light, and her hand and foot so beautiful that they might have served as models for the sculptor. Her person would by some have been deemed rather too much en-bon-point, but that defect speedily disappeared after her arrival in France.

The ceremonies being all over, Napoleon took the empress on an excursion to Belgium, where her singular modesty of demeanour won every heart; and the emperor's assiduous attentions to her were the theme of general admiration. The journey was one continued triumph; and they returned surfeited with pleasures and public ceremonies. From the following occurrence, which took place in the course of it, it would appear that Maria Louisa had some turn for humour. A mayor of a small town between Mons and Brussels having placed the following inscription on a triumphal arch of turf crected on the high road—

"En epousant Marie Louise,
Napoleon n'a pas fait une sottise,"—

she was so amused with its simplicity that she would not allow Napoleon a moment's rest until he had consented to bestow the cross of the Legion of Honour on the author.

The empress now began to familiarize herself with a country in which the present was to her a flattering augury of a long life of uninterrupted enjoyments. She was already inspiring the French with a warm attachment to her person, and it was a source of congratulation to all that they had a sovereign free from the influence of intrigues, disposed to think well of every one, and deaf to all idle court-gossip. Those who only appeared now and then at court, and who therefore saw less of her character, mistook for a frigid disposition that natural timidity which never left her while she remained on the French soil. Another circumstance which contributed to heighten this timidity was, that she spoke French less fluently at this early period than she afterwards did. "She never discovered," says the Duke of Rovigo, "how greatly this slight but visible embarrassment enhanced the graces of her person in the eyes of every beholder."

On one occasion Maria Louisa made a very amusing misapplication of a French term. About a twelvemonth after her marriage a conversation took place respecting some measures adopted by the Austrian court, which not exactly meeting the views of Napoleon, he, in his hasty manner, called the Emperor Francis "un ganache," a stupid old blockhead. As the empress happened not to understand the expression, she requested

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festival, given to celebrate the alliance of two nations, struck a damp on the public mind, and did not fail to recal the catastrophe which had marked the fete on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette. The most unfortunate presages were drawn from this occurrence; and Fouche says, that Napoleon himself regarded it with a superstitious dread.

<sup>\*</sup> Memoires du Duc de Rovigo, tom. iv. p. 196.

to know its meaning. Her attendants, who could not venture to explain its real signification, told her that the word was used to designate "a serious, reflecting man." The empress forgot neither the term nor the definition. During the time she was intrusted with the regency an important question one day came under discussion at the Having remarked that Cambaceres, the archchancellor, was silent, she turned towards him and said, "I should like to have your opinion, sir, for I know you are a ganache." At this compliment Cambaceres stared with astonishment, and repeated the word in a low tone of voice. "Yes," replied the empress, "a ganache, a serious, reflecting man; is not that the meaning of it?" No one made any reply, and the discussion proceeded.

On the 20th March, 1811, Maria Louisa presented her husband with a son. The birth was a difficult one, and the agitation of the medical attendant was very great. Napoleon, who was present, encouraged him. "She is but a woman," he said; " forget that she is an empress, and treat her as you would the wife of a citizen of the Rue St. Dennis." The accoucheur demanded whether, in case one life must be sacrificed, he should prefer the mother's or the child's. "The mother's," he answered, "it is her right." child at length appeared, but without any sign of life; and it is said that the young King of Rome only recovered from his lethargy by the effect of the concussion and agitation produced by the hundred and one pieces of cannon fired at his birth. The public impatience greeted the announcement by rending the air with cries of-"Long live the emperor!" Paris had never before presented so uniform a picture of joy. A balloon suddenly rose up, carrying into the clouds a car containing the aerial traveller Madame Blanchard, with thousands of printed notices of the auspicious event, which, by following the direction of the winds, she scattered all over the. environs of the capital.

In May, 1812, Maria Louisa accompanied the emperor to Dresden, where she was received with great distinction by the court of sovereigns which he had assembled around him. As Napoleon was much occupied in business, the empress, anxious to avail herself of the smallest intervals of between to be with her husband, scarcely ever went out lest she should miss them.

In 1812, on leaving Paris for the army, Napoleon appointed Maria Louisa regent, and constituted a council for her guidance; as St. Louis, on setting out for the Holy Land, had deposited his power in the hands of Queen Blanche. The government of the empress was mild, and well calculated for the unfortunate circumstances in which the country was placed. She presided at the council, guided by the archchancellor. She gave orders that the department of the grand judge, whence she received the reports of the proceedings of the triburals, should not lay before her the cases of unpardonable offenders, as she was unwilling to sign her name to any judgment, except for purposes of mercy. She granted nu-

merous pardons, and she did so without ostentation. No pains were taken to trumpet forth her praises; her merits were, nevertheless, appreciated by all who surrounded her. She was simple and natural, and made no effort to gain admiration. She received all who sought to approach her; but she never tried to attract those who were not drawn to her by sentiments of esteem.

On the approach of the allies towards Paris, in March 1814, she removed, with her son and the Council of Regency, to Blois. During the first days of her residence there, she was very desirous of joining her husband, and following him and the army. On being told by Colonel Galbois, one of Napoleon's aids-de-camp, that this was impossible, she said, with warmth, "My proper place is near the emperor, at a moment when he must be so truly unhappy. I insist upon going to him."

It was while the empress was at Blois that Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte formed the design of carrying her off beyond the Loire, hoping that through her they might be enabled to make better terms with the victors. On Good Friday, the eighth of April, having ordered two carriages to the gate of the prefecture, they entered Maria Louisa's apartment, and informed her that she must go with them. Upon this she inquired, whither and why? for, added she, "I am very well here." Jerome replied, "That we cannot tell you." She then asked, if it was by order of the emperor that they acted? and, on their answering in the negative, she said, " In that case I will not go."-"We will force you," replied Jerome. She then burst into tears, which did not, however, prevent their dragging her roughly towards the door; upon which she cried out, and several of her attendants coming to her assistance, the two brothers retired.\*

On the following morning, all her inferior domestics, except one, abandoned her, and returned to Paris. However, by means of the authority of Count Schuwaloff, the empress, the King of Rome, and the court attendants were enabled to reach Orleans. She here took leave of the members of the government who had accompanied her, as well as of the great officers of the crown: she begged each of them to retain some recollection of her, and expressed her anxiety for their happiness. She also sent several small tokens te different persons at Paris. To Gerard, the painter, she presented her mahogany easel; while te Isabey, the eminent miniature painter, who had been her drawing-master, she gave a little memorandum-book, which the carried in her pocket, in which she wrote, " Donne a Isabey, par une de ses eleves, qui aura toujours de la reconnoissance pour les peines il s'est donne pour elle.-Louise."

On the 13th, attended by Prince Esterhazy, she set out for Rambouillet, where she had an affecting interview with her father, and a reluc-

<sup>&</sup>quot; Histoire de la Regence a Bleis, p. 62; and Narrative of an English Detenu, p. 282.

tant one with the Emperor of Russia. A few days after this visit, she bent her course towards Vienna, travelling under an escort of Austrian troops, through the departments of a country in which, just four years before, triumphal arches had been erected on her passage, and the road had been strewed with flowers. How aptly do the following lines apply to the situation of the youthful empress!—

"Au bonheur des mortels esclaves immolees; Sur un trone etranger avec pompe exilees, De la paix des états si nous sommes les nœuds, Souvent nous payons cher set honneur dangereux; Et, quand sur notre Hymen le bien public se fonde, Nous perdons le repos que nous donnons au monde."

When the treaty of Paris was signed, Maria Louisa returned to her father's court; where she was compelled to lay aside her imperial titles, and assume that of Grand Duchess of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, with the sovereignty of which fiefs she was invested by the allies. Thus, by the strange caprice of fortune, did the little principality conferred on Cambaceres, become the refuge of an Austrian arch-duchess—the consort of the mighty Napoleon!

Maria Louisa was of a very charitable disposition. She deducted from the allowance granted for her toilet a certain sum monthly for the relief of the poor; and she never was told of a case of distress which she did not immediately endeavour to relieve.

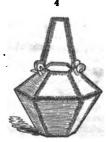
Napoleon conducted himself towards her with the most marked politeness, and she was unquestionably, very fond of her husband; in speaking of him, she always termed him " mon ange." It has been remarked, that in the account to be adjusted between them, the balance will appear considerably in his favour. Napoleon, however, does Maria Louisa ample justice on this head. After her forced separation from him, he says, she avowed, in the most feeling terms, her ardent desire to join him. On a person expressing to him his surprise that she had not made any exertions on his behalf, he replied, " I believe her to be just as much a state prisoner as I am, and that it is totally out of her power to assist me. He understood that she had been surprised and threatened into an oath, to communicate all the letters she might receive that had any relation to her husband.+

Between the two wives of Napoleon there existed a striking contrast. Josephine possessed all the advantages of art and grace; Maria Louisa the charms of simple modesty and innocence. The former loved to influence and to guide her husband; the latter to please and to obey him. Both were excellent women, of great sweetness of temper, and fondly attached to Napoleon. "It is certainly singular," says Sir Walter Scott, "that the artificial character should have belonged to the daughter of the West Indian planter; the one marked by nature and simplicity, to a princess of the proudest court in Europe."."

#### THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST

A BASKET of a more difficult construction may be made in the following manner:—Procure for the top and bottom, two octagon pieces, as a (Fig. 3); and for the sides, which are

formed of an upper and a lower series, sixteen pieces, as b b; the narrow edges of all these must be equal to the several sides of the top and bottom pieces, a: being first separately bound with



narrew riband, they are to be tacked in pairs by their wide ends, and then fastened together by the sides of each pair; the bottom piece is also to be bound and fixed in the usual manner to the ends of the lower series of side pieces. The top must be fastened with silk riband or wire hinges, by its binding, in such a manner that it may

fall upon and rest on the inside of the edges of the upper series of side pieces. The handle may be formed of pasteboard and wire, covered with silk, and sewn firmly to the edges of the basket. (Fig. 4.) The whole of the binding, and the sides of the handles, may then be ornamented in the same manner as those of the basket first described; the glass may be either plain, ground, painted, or transparent, with small paintings on velvet inside; the lining may be puffed or plain, according to the fancy of the maker.

### FRENCH WOMEN.

THE women of France are gifted with so redundant a share of genius and energy, that in them common sentiments become passions: of this nature was Du Doffand's friendship for Walpole, and the love of De Sevigne for her daughter. For near two centuries, France was embellished by a succession of resplendent women; their decay was indeed "impregnated with divinity," which shone with great lustre; as life's frail taper waned; their youth was crowned with wit and gaiety—their age consoled by devotion or philosophy, brilliant recollections, and above all, by the early acquired habit of happiness: the friendships of youth were retained and matured by these amiable old people, and youth sought admittance to their venerable coteries as to the repositories of the wit and grace of other days. In our land, old people have no influence over sentiment and fashion, custom prescribes to them a dull, cloistered monotonous life, which withers the mind ere the frame loses its vigour; there exists no good without its attendant evil, and our happy government, which ensures to youthful industry the certainty of independence, re-acts on age in the form of cold neglect or reluctant obedience.

<sup>\*</sup> Limiere. † Fleury de Chabonion, vol. il. p. 77. ‡ Life of Bonaparte, vol. vil. p. 90.

#### THE BIRTH OF THE MESSIAH.

GREAT Gop! thy voice the wondering nations hear;
At thy command they flourish, or decay;
Thy judgments shake the guilty earth with fear,
And worlds unnumber'd bow beneath thy mighty sway—
Long the world in ruin stood,
Sunk in sorrow, dy'd in blood;—
Vice far stretch'd her tyrant reign,
Millions groan'd beneath her chain,
Reason trembled at her nod,
Jobs claim'd the throne of God;
Hall'd as majesty divine,

The world fell prostrate at her shrine.

See in the East the darken'd world to cheer,
And gild the nations with his heavenly ray,
The Mystic STAR with light divine appear,
And speak the giad approach of pure Religion's day.
Opens now the radiant morn,
Christ the Son of God is born!
To the watchful Shepherd throng,
Angels bear the heavenly song:

Joy and gladness spread around,
To the earth's remotest bound;
Songs of triumph rend the sky—
"All glory be to God on high."

#### MEETING AGAIN.

YES, we shall meet again, my cherished friend,
Not in the beautiful autumnal bowers,
Where we have seen the waving corn-fields bend,
And twin'd bright garlands of the harvest flowers,
And watched the gleaners with their golden store—
There we shall meet no more-

Not in the well-remembered hall of mirth,
Where at the evening hour each heart rejoices,
And friends and kindred crowd the social hearth,
And the glad breathings of young happy voices,
Strains of sweet melody in concert pour—
There we shall meet no more

Not in the haunts of busy strife, which bind
The soaring spirit to base Mammon's toil,
Where the revealings of thy gifted mind
Exhaust their giories on a barren soil,
With few to praise, to wonder, or deplore—
There we shall meet no more.

Yet mourn not thus—in realms of changeless gladness,
Where friendship's ties are never crushed and broken,
We still may meet—Heaven, who beholds our sadness,
Hath to the trusting heart assurance spoken
Of that blest land, where, free from care and pain,
Fond friends unite again.

### A STORY OF THE HEART.

It is not our place to account for the perversity of the human heart, or our intention to excuse the inconstancy of human nature. As for the fickleness of love, it is the old woman's axiom, time out of mind; as if love, to prove that it is so, ought necessarily to evince itself incapable of the changes to which all the material and immaterial world around us is alike liable. We say no such thing. We have seen, we have known, we can imagine; and, without further argument on the passion or no passion—the affection or no affection which produced this or that consequence, we are content to draw our own conclusions. Therefore, without any sweeping denunciation against the race of man-without any libel against the law of love-without raising one man to the elevation of greater or better spirits-without degrading the species to the level of this one-we shall sketch a simple picture, in a simple way, and let the moral, if there be any, rest with the reader.

The precepts scattered to the young are as seeds sown on the bosom of the earth; time shall roll on, but the season shall come round to show that the husbandman has been there; and so it was with Delacour. Wealth, emolument, and self-interest, had been the lessons of his youth, and he had profited by them. On the death of his father, a respectable tradesman, he found himself in fair circumstances; and—by aid of his profession—for he was a lawyer—on the high road to reputation, and, it might be, to riches. Possessed of a fine person, a graceful demeanour, a majestic figure, pleasing voice, lively conversation, and easy vivacity, it is no wonder he got

into good society, and, from thence, into some notice as a professional man. He was now turned thirty, and in the full career of fortune; still unmarried, still sought by anxious mothers, and wooed by forward daughters; but he was not in love, or scarcely dared believe it himself. The father of Emily Sidney was a merchant, who had been mainly instrumental in the good fortune to which Delacour had attained; she was the heiress of a supposed large property, and the beauty of her circle. This was enough to depress a less ardent admirer or a more calculating man; but Delacour had owed much to chance, and perceiving, as he thought, something not altogether unpropitious to him, he commenced his secret suit.

Ah! I remember her as yesterday. She was then eighteen—youth scarce mellowed into early womanhood. The face, as it peeped from the chastening chesnut ringlets around it, was worthy the hand of the painter, though the smile that played on the lip might have defied his skill; the small and well-rounded figure vied with sculpture, but marble had vainly essayed to express the grace and dignity of that demeanour. And this was the least part of all. She knew what was kindness and charity, and practised what she knew. She—but let her story delineate her character.

It must be presumed that Delacour was, in his way, ambitious, and this was the object at which he now aimed. He had imagined beauty; here was beauty unrivalled, unexcelled; virtue—here was virtue the most alluring; modesty, simplicity, truth, love all combined in one; and for fortune,

here was such as he could never have anticipated; connexions the most to be desired, and influence the most to be coveted. But why reason upon it!—She should be his in any condition of lifeher beauty were alone dowry fit for a prince. In all stations alike lovely, alike to be desired. In such ecstacies he passed his hours; when a new suitor appeared, in the person of a young baronet of considerable fortune. Money was nothing to him, and happiness every thing. Equally handsome and agreeable, and more rich than Delacour, he was, in every respect, no common rival; besides which, all the arts of a true lover were devised to secure the treasure to himself. About this time, Mr. Sidney incurred a great loss of property by an unlucky speculation. The affair was stated to the baronet-the carriage was put down-but he was not to be changed by time or place: the same accomplished suitor, the same unchanged admirer-nor did he fail to show the preference he felt. But what will love not effect! Emily Sidney was an only child, and with all the sweet ignorance of affluence, she wondered what riches had to do with content. The old question of "love in a cottage, or a palace without," this eternal young girl's theme, was pondered upon, but all thoughts leaned to the same side-the predilection she felt, happily or unhappily, for Delacour. He protested disinterested affection -total disregard of all future or present expectations—and could she do less than believe him! The father consulted, the mother advised-but Emily wept, and it ended in the refusal of the baronet. A week after, Delacour made his offer and was accepted; and who could fail to be flattered by the preference! From that time they were all the world to one another-for ever together-he the most attentive of lovers, she the happiest of women.

As no man, by looking in the glass is likely to form a just estimate of his own defects, or his peculiar perfections; so no man discovers his true character by gazing, however intently, in that inward mirror of the mind-his own imagination. For as our shadows, seen in the sun, are most defective representations of our own forms, so are these mental likenesses like the bright shape of fancy, too airy and too heavenly, and too perfect to be aught but ideal types of what we would fain believe. Delacour had his vanity. He had hitherto been a happy and prosperous man; he was much sought, and, moreover, was beloved by one whose opinion most men had been pleased to have gained. And if he deceived himself, or believed too firmly in himself, what are not the deceptions that we practice on ourselves, and on others-and this, when we would be true to all parties. It was, however, no deceit that he was in love, though the manner of his loving might be another thing. Here his heart was fixed. The world might go round, and the seasons change, but each and the other could not affect him. All his feelings, his associations were here combined, and nature must change ere he could. But why descant upon, or question, his emotions? Who, in a dream, ever

dreamed that he should awake again in five minutes, or five hours, or ages, or centuries! For us, we have oftentimes stood on the utmost height of a green and glorious hill, and there have seen nature's most awful might spread out around us. The vale, the sloping mead, the verdant lawn, the bloomy garden ground, the river, the lake, the slender stream, all blessing and giving glory to the darkness of our thoughts within; and when the golden sun broke out, we hailed the earth as joyous and happy. We do not know that the cloud was noticed, or the tempest heard to mourn, though in the deep forest its voice might have been heard deploring. We must confess, that when the rain came down, we were taken unawares. Our thoughts were leading on hope, not treading after servile despair. And when the landscape was effaced, the brightness of the heavens gone away, then we could have wept, but that tears were denied. So Delacour had before his eyes some such gorgeous scene; it was still bright, and without shadow, as if never meant to fade.-

It was a delightful evening at the latter end of summer when, mounting his horse, he took his usual way to the mansion of the Sidneys. His easy and fashionable lounge, his fine person, set off by the splendour of his attire, as well as by the beauty of true content there depicted, might alone have attracted the passengers; but then his steed, as if proud of his duty, contrived by certain coquettish knaveries and ambling graces, to fix the attention. Delacour was born to be admired, "the observed of all observers," and many were the remarks as he passed onward. He had been riding thus for some time, when he was overtaken by an acquaintance.

"What! Delacour, on the old road again, in spite of the news. Why, Sidney is in the gazette."

"Impossible," cried Delacour, "I would have wagered my life against it—you joke." "Incredulous as a lover," replied the other, "look and be satisfied."

The paper was handed to him, a glance was sufficient, and, murmuring a hasty adieu, he set spurs to his horse, and was quickly lost to the view; the cloud of dust that followed his flight, alone told of his passage; and those who now saw him, pale, agitated, and flying desperately forward, might have well mistaken him for the messenger of more than common woe. A dagger, indeed, could scarcely have caused a greater revulsion of the heart.

He no sooner entered the house, than the voice of the domestic proclaimed that something had happened; he met Mrs. Sidney on the stairs.

"You will find Emily," said she, "in the drawing-room. This affair has agitated us all—you will excuse Mr. Sidney to-night."

He whispered a polite reply, and hastened forward, but was, for the first time, unheard. Emily was seated at the table, lights were in the room; she was gazing at something—it was his picture, the one he had himself given her; he drew nearer—the lip quivered, and tears were trembling in the eyelids; she sighed and sighed

again; he advanced a step farther, a slight cry escaped her.

"Oh! it is you," she exclaimed, but there was something tremulous in the voice, half joy, half anguish: "I knew you would come, that is, I thought you would." "How could I do less than come, when I have so often come before," was the answer. "You are very good," she sighed, "but my father's misfortunes, oh! Delacour, you can guess my feelings."

"Your feelings are perhaps peculiar to you," he returned, somewhat coldly, "you are very

suspicious to-night."

"I hope not," she replied meekly, "but you are tired, we will have some refreshment, and tune the harp: you were always fond of that."

The refreshments were brought, she helped him with her own hands; but when she turned to the instrument, the full and surcharged eyesthe flushed face—the heaving of the bosom—the trembling speech—the look wandering to and fro on the face of her lover, too plainly indicated that she had perceived something more or less than usual in the manner of his address. She seemed to Delacour, as she touched the strings, to have the finest figure in the world, and indeed her soul was on the chords. She felt that she needed some other person to make all he had once been to her; she was a gentle and excellent girl, and Delacour, who was an admirer of all excellence, was quickly won to her side. She had never played with such execution, and now attentive, and now wavering, he listened, and was now impassioned, and now as cold as ever—and now he dreamed himself back to all his former adoration of her. At length he snatched a kiss-said something of forgiveness, and all was forgotten; but another hour was over-he was silent and more cold than death, at least, to the heart of Emily. It was now getting late, and he declined, on plea of business, staying the night, which was his usual custom. Bhe sunk into silence and despondency.

"You are sad, Miss Sidney," said he, "or angry, but my Emily used not to be either." "I am sad," she murmured, "but not angry—you are full of mistakes to-night." She smiled faintly,

"I am surely not mistaken," he returned, not a word has been spoken this half hour; but some people mistake temper for feeling."

"Excuse me," she cried, and as she was seated by his side, she placed her hand gently upon his shoulder: "you do not understand me; there is no temper in me but sorrow. I am not angry," but he arose and hinted that he must depart.

"Good night, Miss Sidney," said he, "good night, Emily—we shall meet to-morrow."

His hand was upon the door—she looked up—blushed—and advanced towards him. "I am not angry," she added, "you mistake me. Let us be friends." The last gush of feeling burst from his heart—and he caught her in his arms. A scarcely audible "God bless you," came from his lips—an instant—and he was gone.

In her bosom was left sorrow—and anguish—and repining; the red blush was on her brow, but she sighed not, neither did she weep. The

next day she received an apology for not waiting on her, as his business was urgent, but a promise so to do as quickly as possible. But day after day past on, and he came not—she watched in vain. It was late one evening, she thought she saw him leaning as usual against the garden gate, she went to the window, but it was delusion—she looked more intently, answered incoherently some questions addressed to her, and fell sense-less to the ground.

Let us pass over the rest. It has been said that the father waited on Delacour, but all that could be elicited was, that his views were changed, his mind, but not his affections, altered. With these words he left him: "Young man," said he, "may the sorrows of this young creature fall a hundred fold on your head!"

How strangely we decide our destiny! Led by appearances, even misled by truth. Yet why arraign the Providence of Heaven! For we walk like the wayfarer of the desert, when no star is out to guide us. With the blessing of happiness in our hands, we cast it aside and determine on misery; and when weighed down by the burden of care, we would still seek to be happy: and this, because nothing is desirable we possess, and all to be coveted we can never hope to obtain. Vile weakness of human nature; that we who would, in truth, believe ourselves perfect, should yet allow ourselves, wilfully and willingly, to be so base! One would think that "the wisdem of the serpent"—the cunning of true selfishness, might teach us selfish peace: if "the gentleness of the dove"-the artlessness of true nature, might not teach us disinterested love. As for Delacour, he resolved to be wretched, because he feared to be so, and then sought to be happy, even while resigning his greatest of human good. But what if the affections we feel, or others feel for us, be true or false: the falsehood or the truth may be equally miserable-time can alone show us the reverse. In the mean time the world goes on, and we must go likewise, lest, thrown from the channel-broken on the rock of hope-while catching at some other or firmer hold than the reed within our grasp-lest, finally, we be drifted down the tide of time-and left to perish. So Delacour pursued his avocationsrushed into society-and believed himself contented. But the canker of the heart eats not away so soon. If he had any feelings-any sentiments-he had forsworn the better part. As it is never too late for a man to grow wise, so it is never too late to love honour. Had he then lived for this! He remembered his debts of obligation of gratitude to his old friend; but then he recalled, also, the prospects that might yet be open to him —the increase of wealth—his expectations of the future, he thought but once and no more; he hastened into amusements, into dissipation, and, while he forgot his affection, he forgot himself-Some have remarked that his person became altered, his spirits changed, that it was natural depression, and forced hilarity; but if he ever experienced wretchedness, or sighed in the full

emotion of regret, he was the last to believe that his sorrows, his vexation, his self-reproaches, were of his own creation.

But a few months had gone by, and another lady caught his attention, of his own years-handsome, accomplished, and of desired wealth. He soon imagined himself to be in love, for in false hearts no flame is so easily kindled as false passion; and the lady was in love with him, just such love as a calculating woman may bestow, who thinks more of herself than of the world beside. She knew, indeed, of no feelings out of the sphere of a drawing-room, or any emotion, but such as might lie in the compass of a carriage. Again family, future, friends and connexions, were canvassed, and were found fitting; again he pictured uninterrupted peace, unclouded days; again he was in possession of all his dreams; again hoped, was again happy; again constant, again, in fact, a lover.

Time rolled on and on, and he saw no reason to regret his choice. He became restless, for others were in pursuit of the same prize as himself, and then he grew impatient and more impassioned, and, at length, made his offer, and was successful. He was now more gay than evermore fashionable—more splendid. In all public places and private parties he was the acknowledged suitor, and congratulated by his friends on the fortune he would acquire—on the conquest he had made; he was not backward in boasting the favour in which he found himself, in exhibiting the influence he had over her, and in talking of the brilliant prospects that he anticipated in the future.

It was with this lady hanging on his arm, that he first again beheld Emily Sidney. The bloom of youth was gone, the form wasted, the ringlets confined beneath a gauze cap; the figure no longer joyous with content, but shackled by despondency and disappointment. She arose as she beheld him—the young Baronet was at her side.

"I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well," said Delacour, with his unchanging eye fixed full upon her face. She blushed, faltered, and murmured an assent. "I beg your pardon," he added, "but I hear you only indistinctly. You say that you are well, surely." She fixed her expressive look reproachfully upon him. "I am better than I have been," she returned, "indeed-quite well," and so they parted. The words that had been spoken were the common compliments of the day: but oh! the manner said every thing. On that night she burnt a little likeness she had drawn of him from memory; she cast aside all embarrassment, she quitted her sick room, dressed, sung, laughed, danced and played as she was used to do; she hurried into company, into amusement, was as much admired as ever, as usual sought as when she had a fortune: but her parents saw the dark side of the picture—the young girl's heart was broken.

Can it be possible that Delacour went home that night in remorseless complacency? That no compunction dwelt within his breast—that no

conscience visited his thoughts—that the faded form of nature's loveliness—the sweet confusion that pleaded, like the tongue of mercy and of truth—that, last of all, that look—had spoken nothing! It is impossible. He knew he was to blame—he writhed under the infliction of secret regret—he thought he had not acted quite honourably—quite tenderly—but for all that he would have started at the name of villain. Yet it was for his good he should act as he had done; she would marry the baronet; his destiny, and not himself, was to be reproached, and, shifting from any further argument, he hastened to conclude affairs with the lady in question.

Now came the confusion of preparation. Parties were given and received, and the round of reciprocal introduction took place, and, in the sudden rush of coming events, Delacour lost all recollection of the past, and sacrificed its memory for ever on the altar of futurity. The world was determined to make him pleased, and he was resolute to be so. The house was taken, furniture, table-linen, the elegances of a lady's comforts, all were procured, and all in the exact taste that might best suit both parties. Business was no longer attended to, for Delacour was at each and every hour of the day prosecuting his love suit, and the lady was, at all times, his attentive listener. The marriage deeds and the settlement were next talked about, for marriages, at least such marriages as these, generally end as they begin, in a very business-like manner. But now, on the exposure of the absolute property, on the explanation of the contingent prospects of Mr. Delacour, he was found by the father, or, might it be by the lady?—he was found deficient, that is, not quite the exact bargain that was expected. They tell that the lady, hearing he had boasted of her preference, fearing too easy a conquest, adopted this pretty piece of coquetry, in hopes of being over-persuaded. Be this as it may; at the moment of doubt and denial, at the moment when the lady hinted that her decision had been entirely in obedience to her parents, not that she had in the least changed, then it was that Delacour perceived he had been a dupe-cheated, betrayed, and made the very ridicule of fortune. He rushed from the house, where he had passed two years in the pursuit of a shadow, as worthless as it was frail, and hastened homeward.

He had pride, he was not quite without feeling, at least for himself; but when he recollected the heaven he had cast away, how he had smote upon the heart that loved him, to be smitten in return, conscience was his accuser. The affair of Miss Sidney was known to his acquaintances; he himself had given publicity to this; here was the deceiver himself deceived, the betrayer himself betrayed—and he heard the laugh of derision go round about him.

It is hard for the brave and the good to part with the lasting hope—the living impression—the unfading aspirations of their every-day existence; but how much more difficult for the calculating—the base, to separate, upon even terms, with their desires. This one expectation, this aggran-

dizement, perhaps, the lady herself, had been the stamina of Delacour's late actions and life. To have been climbing, with struggles and anguish, the steep of fortune-bewildered among the brushwood-torn and defaced amid the brambles -to find one's foot upon the last elevation our wondering gaze might discover, and no sooner to find ourself there than the foundation gives way, the basement is scattered, and we and all our tiny hopes hurled headlong into the abyss, or into the humble vale from which we first upsprung-this may well demand patience; but when inflicted on the strong, when suffered by the proud, then comes the sting of madness-the writhing of passion—the gnawing of the heart and all that despair may suffer under, and philosophy deride.

While torn by conflicting emotions, there seemed no resting-place whereon the thoughts of Delacour might repose. He had held himself above the world, as one whom no storm might reach, no breath might touch: he had walked in pride, he was therefore more open to scorn. He looked around him, and one fair form, and one alone, was seen in the far expanse, and to her he turned. To this being he vowed to resign all false ambitions, all theories of self-emolument, all speculations of self-interest. He had grown in riches within the last two years; she might still love him-he had lost honour in losing herwell, he must repair the loss-but then her reproaches and scorn—he deserved them, and humbly and faithfully he could avow it. He thought of her angel ways-her maiden kindness; he thought, and wondered at the monster he had been. But the mind forms schemes, after the body is tired of action, incapable of impulse. A tal malady, the effect of his disturbed spirits, now made its appearance. Day after day passed in ineffectual attempts to obtain an interview with the being he had injured. The wretched young lady, on whom their last meeting had made a lasting impression, suspicious of his advances, fearing to avow her real sentiments; her delicacy offended and pride wounded, fled his secret approaches, or with cold insensibility met his more open attentions. It was enough for her to know that he was on the point of marriage with another, and though he was evidently an object of horror, yet, more eager than ever for some explanation, something to subdue or excite the anguish within him, he continued his vain pursuit. Baffled at all points, and sick in body and mind, he yielded to his depression, undetermined in what way to act that might yet amend the past. A fortnight was over, and he was the shadow of his former self, the wreck of his own weakness and folly. He now determined, cost what it would, to see her and to speak to her. Was it reason or was it madness that led him to act thus?

It was a fine and sunny afternoon, when he quitted his sick chamber, in the wild and neglected attire of one who had, indeed, forgotten himself; and jumping on the top of a passing stage, he quickly found himself in the neighbour-

hood of the cottage where they now dwelt. This was his last attempt, and he was resolved it should not be unsuccessful. Some time he lingered, till, growing impatient, he sprung over a small fence at the bottom of the garden, and made his way, stealthily, to an arbour that was near. His hand touched the foliage round the entrance ere he perceived, reclining on a seat, the figure of Emily herself. An involuntary sigh escaped him, but her thoughts were elsewhere, and it was unheard. He gave one fatal glance, and, in another instant, rushing forward, he clasped her in his arms. It was not a shrick, or a groan, but something more terrible than either, that burst from her lips, the living sound of anguish and of sorrow. In vain he called upon her in all the desperation of agony, repentance, and affection; in vain, with presumptuous lips, he dared the purer touch of hers; she lay insensible, or only recovered to give back a blind look of horror, as he embraced her. Here then was the consummation of his villany—the height of all his despair. At this moment he heard a footstep. Scorn, contumely, and insult, were all he could expect; he felt himself a wretch who merited no more; and, with one last embrace—one last respectful pressure-he fled he scarcely knew where, and the morning had risen before he found himself at home.

And now he would write to her, reveal all his heart, and rely upon her generosity, and in the energy of desperation the epistle was penned. But vain the designs of man! On that very day he heard that she had acquired a large fortune, by the death of a distant relation. Thus then the barrier was placed for ever between them. To return was now denied him. Fortune had been the aim of his life, and it now stood, for ever, between him and all he valued from this to the grave. How, without the imputation of the meanest of motives, how dare he now return? What had once been generous, would now be base.-No-no-the spring of life was over, the wilderness of the world gone through, and death lay alone open to him.

The tide of feelings will have way, but with Delacour it now bore upon its passage the freshness and the vigour of life. It might be truly said of him, that, from this time, he was a brokenspirited man-one not to be reconciled to himself -one who condemned himself beyond aught or all in the world beside. His happiness he had cast away, his wealth he had rendered worthless to him, and the malicious have said (and the best of us are not free from malice) that what his own folly and emotions might have failed to effect, his dissipation—his recklessness—shall it be said -the profligacy of a wounded mind—more easily contrived. Disease had now laid hold upon him. His friends came round him, all attentions were spaid him, and he received a note from the last lady of his choice; she had heard of his illness, she would receive him again. Delacour could just afford a smile, and with hands chilled in the coldness of coming dissolution, he tore the paper and scattered it around.

At length the hour and the moment drew nigh that was to give him freedom; his thoughts had truly become a burden to him, and he was happy to resign them. He had made peace with earth, and pleaded for peace with heaven; and now he could willingly go his way. "This is the last bitter pang, my dear girl," said he, as his favourite sister drew near, "but it is the last, and let us pass through it bravely." It was after he had blessed her, and kissed her, and bade her adieu, that he called her back again. His noble face was changed to the marble of the grave, and those eyes shone with the last burning flame of nature and of life. He dashed away the tears that gathered till they flowed, and dashed them away again. The impressiveness of death was on his tongue. "If ever you see her," he sighed, "if ever you meet, tell her-but no-I can say nothing. If she knew all she would know too much-my silence is enough." With this he sank backward, and lay calmly; a long drawn sigh was heard-and Delacour was dead. But the sorrow he had caused neither was ended or died with him. His faults had been without extenuation, his errors without excuse, and the world had not been backward to censure him; yet one heart was found that could pardon, one soft enough to pity his frailties. All the mercy he could hope was there, and tenderness that surpassed all he might imagine. The shrick that burst from Emily Sidney while reading the news of his decease, was the knell of another untimely end. The woe of years was ended, the link of past emotions broken. He was then gone-for ever and irrevocably gone. The pride of her thoughts-the friend of her heart-the lover of youth. No scorn or maidenly reserve could now uphold her. Modesty might fear to reveal the last fond truth, but death wipes away all blushes.

If sighs might speak of grief, or tears, or inward sorrowing, a broken sleep, a restless and unenjoyed existence-if all these were the emblem of woe, all this had been past, though in the last few years, and it was over. "Mourn not, my child," urged the mother, " he is happy, and has long been a stranger to us."—" I am sensible of no grief," was the answer; "yes, he has long been a stranger, at least to me-yes, yes-to me he has been a stranger." This was the last time she ever spoke of him; but the thoughts will utter what the tongue never tells. She dreamed upon the scene in the garden, that faint and indistinct recollection of something most blissful and most wretched. He had thought of her, had returned to her, it was enough, he was forgiven; yet why had she not speken to him and soothed him, and parted in friendship, if not in love? The idea was fraught with madness, and here the fatality of all her misery was seen. In the meantime she evinced no more than common grief. The day of his funeral she took her usual walk; she saw the sad procession pass, speechless, tearless, and without a murmur. And yet after this she was seen in company, and, to the same eyes, the same as ever. Is woman's pride so delicate,

or is it so unconquerable that it may feign all this! Yes—sad necessity, that the last humility of disappointed affections can only stoop thus low.

At many public places, scenes of fashionable resort, or haunts of fashionable invalids, she was afterwards met. The baronet was in constant attendance, the parents hinted their hopes. She had never, willingly, given sorrow to any one; she consented to accept him, received meekly his attentions, smiled at the delighted congratulations of her friends, and seemed happy.—The sober twilight of morning just shadowed the apartment where she lay; it was her accustomed attitude; her arm gently supporting her head, the long hair hanging luxuriously on the bosom and veiling the hands. Her mother drew near and stooped to kiss her. Enough; what would you more! That cry might have well told the rest.

### THE BLUSH OF MODESTY.

"PAINT us, dear Zeuxis," said some of the chief inhabitants of Cortona, "paint us a portrait of the Grecian Helen, and in her, the beau ideal of female loveliness."-" I consent," replied the artist, "on condition that you send to me, as models, six of the most beautiful maidens of your city, in order that I may select from each some particular charm."-On the morrow they came, so beautiful in youth and gracefulness, that now for the first time the painter mistrusted the power of his art.-" Ye are indeed fair, my charming maids," he said; " but it is indispensable that you should sit to me unveiled."—" Unveiled!" they all exclaimed in surprise:—"unveiled! never! never!" was echoed from mouth to mouth. By dint, however, of entreaties, but more by flattery, the courteous artist succeeded in allaying the scruples of five of them, but the constancy of the sixth remained unshaken.-" Though it were to be Venus herself," she cried, indignantly, "I would not consent."-All expostulation was vain -she fled blushing. Zeuxis took his pencil and colours-studied his models, and after a few weeks of incessant labour, produced his "Helen," the glory of his art, and the admiration of the world. - The day of public exhibition arrived; the applause was unanimous—the candid and unprejudiced were enraptured—the jealous and the envious reclaimed or overawed. But alone dissatisfied amidst the universal triumph, the artist exhibited on his wrinkled brow the marks of discontent.-" Ever prone as thou art," said his friend Aretus, " to discover faults in thy own performances where none exist, what can now be thy subject of regret?"—" The drawing," replied Zeuxis, " is perfect, the subject faultless, and I might indeed write underneath it, ' henceforward it will be easier to criticise this picture than to imitate it;' but there is still one thing wanting to its perfection."-" And what can that be?"-" The blush of the sixth maiden."-La Belle Assemblee.

#### TO MY CANARY.

On! sweet little captive, how sad is thy strain! What is it can prompt thee like this to complain? All these little murmurs I justly may chide; For daily, thou knowest, thy wants are supplied.

Do the shady trees tempt thee to quit thy abode? Do the beauties of nature invite thee abroad? If instinct informs thee 'tis summer's bright day, I then do not wander that thou wouldst away.

But where, pretty captive, oh! where wouldst thou go, When mountains and valleys are buried in snow, When groves are dismantled and cold the sun's beam, And winter's chill breath binds each sweet gliding stream?

So pray be contented, my sweet little bird, For I can assure thee thy fute is not hard; Though Nature's inviting in summer's gay form; Know, that after the sunshine there follows the storm.

#### THE LITTLE VOICE.

Once there was a little Voice
Merry as the month of May,
That did cry " Rejoice! Rejoice!
Now—'tis flown away!

Sweet it was, and very clear, Chasing every thought of pain: Summer! shall I ever hear Such a voice sgain?

I have pondered all night long, Listening for as soft a sound; But so sweet and clear a song, Never have I found!

I would give a mine of gold, Could I hear that little Voice— Could I, as in days of old, At a sound rejuice!

#### THE COFFIN MAKER.

THE first few weeks of my employment passed pleasantly enough; my master was satisfied with me, and on Sunday evenings I was able to enjoy a walk in company with my sister and Henry Richards, who was a remarkably free spirited and kind hearted youth, with much of that gaiety for which I was myself distinguished. We soon became great friends; he discussed his hopes of one day being independent enough to support a wife, and that wife my sister Sally; and I told him the story of Violet Wells. But my spirits soon became less buoyant, and even my health began to suffer; I entirely lost the florid look which was my poor mother's admiration; my very step grew slower, and there were Sundays when I declined the evening walk which had been my only recreation, merely because the happy laugh and continued jests of Henry Richards annoyed and distressed me while contrasted with my own heart. Evening after evening, sometimes through a whole dismal night, I worked at my melancholy employment; and as my master was poor, and employed no other journeyman, I worked most commonly alone. Frequently as the beavy hammer descended, breaking at intervals the peaceful silence of the night, I recalled some scene of sorrow and agony that I had witnessed in the day; and as the echo of some shrick or stifled groan struck in fancy on my ear, I would pause to wipe the dew from my brow and curse the trade of a coffin maker. Every day some fresh cause appeared to arise for loathing my occupation; whilst all were alike strangers to me in the town where my master lived, I worked cheerfully and wrote merrily home; but now that I began to know every one, to be acquainted with the number of members which composed the different families, to hear of their sicknesses and misfortunes; now that link after link bound me as it were to feel for those around me and to belong to them, my cheerfulness was over. The mother

turned her eyes from me with a shuddering sigh, and gazed on the dear circle of little ones as if she thought to penetrate futurity, and guess which of the young things, now rosy in health, was to follow her long lost and still lamented one. The doating father pressed the arm of his pale consumptive girl nearer to his heart; friends who were yet sorrowing for their bereavement, gave up the attempt at cheerfulness, and relapsed into melancholy silence at my approach. If I attempted (as I often did, at first) to converse gaily with such of the townspeople as were of my master's rank in life, I was checked by a bitter smile, or a sudden sigh; which told me that while I was giving way to levity, the thoughts of my heart had wandered back to the heavy hours when their houses were last darkened by the shadow of death. I carried about with me an unceasing curse; an imaginary barrier separated between me and my fellow men. I felt like an executioner from whose bloody touch men shrink, not so much from loathing of the man, who is but the instrument of death, as from horror at the image of that death itself—death sudden, appalling, and inevitable. Like him, I brought the presence of death too vividly before them; like him, I was connected with the infliction of a doom I had no power to avert. Men withheld from me their affection, refused me their sympathy, as if I were not like themselves. My very mortality seemed less obvious to their imaginations when contrasted with the hundred for whom my hands prepared the last dwelling house, which was to shroud forever their altered faces from sorrowful eyes. Where I came, there came heaviness of heart, mournfulness and weeping. Laughter was husbed at my approach; conversation ceased; darkness and silence fell around my steps-the darkness and the silence of death. Gradually I became awake to my situation. I no longer attempted to hold free converse with my fellow men. I suffered

the gloom of their hearts to overshadow mine. My step crept slowly and stealthily into their dwellings; my voice lowered itself to sadness and monotony; I pressed no hand in token of companionship; no hand pressed mine, except when wrung with agony, some wretch, whose burden was more than he could bear, retained me for a few moments of maddened and convulsive grief. from putting the last finishing stroke to my work, and held me back to gaze yet again on features which I was about to cover from his sighte. It is well that God in his unsearchable wisdomshath made death loathsome to us. It is well that an undefined and instinctive shrinking within us, makes what we have loved for long years, in a few hours

"That lifeless thing, the living fear."

It is well that the soul bath scarcely quitted the body ere the work of corruption is begun. For if, even thus, mortality clings to the remnants of mortality, with "love stronger than death;" if, as I have seen it, warm and living lips are presend to features where the gradually sinking eye and hollow cheek speak horribly of departed life; what would it be if the winged soul left its tenement of clay, to be resolved only into a marble death; to remain cold, beautiful, and imperishable; every day to greet our eyes; every night to be watered with our tears? The bonds which held men together would be broken; the future would lose its interest in our minds; we should remain sinfully mourning the idols of departed love, whose presence forbade oblivion of their loveliness; and a thin and scattered population would wander through the world as through the valley of the shadow of death! How often have I been interrupted when about to nail down a coffin, by the agonized entreaties of some wretch to whom the discoloured clay bore yet the trace of beauty, and the darkened hid seemed only closed in slumber! How often have I said-" Surely that heart will break with its woe!" and yet, in a little while, the bowed spirit rose again, the eye sparkled, and the lip smiled because the dead were covered from their sight; and that which is present to a man's senses is destined to affect him far more powerfully than either the dreams of the imagination or memory. How often too have I seen the reverse of the picture I have just drawn; when the pale unconscious corse has lain abandoned in its loveliness, and grudging hands have scarcely dealt out a portion of its superfluity, to obtain the last rights for one who so lately moved, spoke, smiled, and walked smongst them! And I have felt even then that there were those, to whom that neglected being had been far more precious than heaps of gold, and I have mourned for them who perished among strangers. One horrible scene has chased another from my mind through a succession of years; and some of those, which, perhaps, deeply affected me at the time, are, by the mercy of heaven, forgotten. But enough remains to enable me to give a faint outline of the causes which have changed me from what I was, to the gloomy, joyless being I markt length become. There is

one scene indelibly impressed upon my memory. I was summoned late at night to the house of a respectable merchant, who had been reduced, in a great measure, by the wilful extravagance of his only son, from comparative wealth to ruin and distress. I was met by the widow, on whose worn and weary face the calm of despair had settled. She spoke to me for a few moments and hegged me to use despatch and caution in the exercise of my calling :- " For indeed," said she, "I have watched my living son with a sorrow, that has almost made me forget grief for the departed. For five days and five nights I have watched, and his blood-shot eye has not closed, no, not for a moment, from its horrible task of gazing on the dead face of the father that cursed him. He sleeps now, if sleep it can be called that is rather the torpor of exhaustion: but his rest is taken on that father's death-bed. Oh! young man, feel for me! Do your task in such a manner, that my wretched boy may not awake till it is over, and the blessings of the widow be on you forever!" To this strange prayer I could only offer a solemn assurance that I would do my , utmost to obey her; and with slow, creeping steps we ascended the narrow stairs which led to the chamber of death. It was a dark, wretched looking, ill-furnished room, and a drizzling November rain pattered unceasingly at the latticed window, which was shaken from time to time by the fitful gusts of a moaning wind. A damp chillness pervaded the atmosphere, and rotted the falling paper from the walls; and, as I looked towards the hearth (for there was no grate,) I felt painfully convinced that the old man had died without the common comforts his situation imperiously demanded. The whitewashed sides of the narrow fire-place were encrusted with a green damp, and the chimney vent was stuffed with straw and fragments of old carpet, to prevent the cold wind from whistling through the aperture. The common expression, "He has seen better days," never so forcibly occurred to me as that moment. He had seen better days: he had toiled cheerfully through the day, and sat down to a comfortable evening meal.

The wine cup had gone round; and the voice of laughter had been heard at his table for many a year; and yet here he had crept to die like a beggar! The corpse of a man apparently about sixty, lay stretched upon it, and on his hollow and emaciated features the hand of death had printed the ravages of many days. The veins had ceased to give even the appearance of life to the discoloured skin; the cyclids were deep sunken and the whole countenance was (and none but those accustomed to gaze on the face of the dead can anderstand me) utterly expressionless. But if a sight like this was sickening and horrible, what shall I say of the miserable being to whom a temporary oblivion was giving strength for a renewed agony? He had apparently been sitting at the foot of the corpse, and, as the torpor of heavy slumber stole over him, had sunk forward, his hand still retaining the hand of the dead man. His face was bid; but his figure and the thick

curls of dark hair bespoke early youth. I judged him at most to be two and twenty. I began my task of measuring the body, and few can tell the shudder which thrilled my frame as the carpenter's rule passed those locked hands-the vain effort of the living still to claim kindred with the dead! It was over, and I stole from the room cautiously and silently as I entered. Once, and only once, I turned to gaze at the melancholy group. There lay the corpse stiff and unconscious; there sat the son in an unconsciousness vet more terrible, since it could not last. There, pale and cheerless, stood the wife of him, who, in his dying hour, cursed her child and his. How little she dreamed of such a scene when her meek lips first replied to his vows of affection !- How little she dreamed of such a scene when she first led that father to the cradle of his sleeping boy! when they bent together with smiles of affection, to watch his quiet slumber, and catch the gentle breathings of his parted lips: I had scarcely reached the landing place before the wretched woman's hand was laid lightly on my arm to arrest its progress. Her noiseless step had followed me without my being aware of it. " How soon will your work be done?" said she, in a suffocated voice. "To-morrow I could be here again," answered I. "To-morrow! and what am I to do if my boy awakes before that time?" and her voice became louder and hoarse with fear. "He will go mad, I am sure he will; his brain will not hold against these horrors. Oh! that God would hear me !- that God would hear me! and let that slumber sit on his senses till the sight of the father that cursed him is no longer present to us! Heaven be merciful to me!" and with her last words she clasped her hands convulsively and gazed upwards. I had known opiates administered to sufferers whose grief for their bereavements almost amounted to madness. I mentioned this hesitatingly to the widow, and she eagerly caught at it. "Yes! that would do," exclaimed she; " that would do if I could but get him past that horrible moment! But stay; I dare not leave him alone as he is even for a little while:-what will become of me!" I offered to procure the medicine for her and soon returned with it. I gave it into her hands, and her vehement expressions of thankfulness wrung my heart. I had attempted to move the pity of the apothecary at whose shop I had obtained the drug, by an account of the scene I had witnessed, in order to induce him to pay a visit to the house of mourning; but in vain. To him who had not witnessed it, it was nothing but a tale of every day distress. All that long night I worked at the merchant's coffin: and the dim gray light of the wintry morning found me still toiling on. Often during the hours passed thus heavily, that picture of wretchedness rose before me. 'Again I saw the leaning and exhausted form of the young man buried in slumber, on his father's death-bed: again my carpenter's rule almost touched the clasped hands of the dead and the living, and a cold shudder mingled with the chill of the dawning day and froze my blood. I had just com-

pleted my work and the afternoon was far advanced, when the loud clear voice of Henry Richards struck my ear, as he bounded up stairs, and flinging open the door of the workroom, invited me to come and spend the rest of the day at his father's dwelling, that Sarah would promise to come too, if I would be there to see her home. I turned away from him with a peevish sigh, and pointing to my work, replied that I was obliged to finish and carry it home in an hour. " I should have thought," said he, "that the people you work ed for were less likely to be inconvenienced by delay, than any I know, being past all feeling for themselves." At any other time or in any other situation, I might perhaps have thought less of this speech, but in the mood in which I then was, it struck me as arising, not from thoughtlessness, but from the most brutal and unfeeling levity. "Richards," said I, striking the coffin with my hammer, "God only can tell how soon one of us may need such a couch as this, instead of resting our heads on our pillows, as we do now." "Pshaw!" answered the young man, with a half laugh, "you are really growing quite gloomy, Tom. It's three weeks to-day since you and I. and Sarah, have had a walk, or drank tea together; and now, just as she and I have agreed to make a holiday of it, you make a solemn speech and refuse to be one of the party. Come, come, lay by your work, and listen for an hour or two to her voice, which is as sweet as a blackbird's. Why, the very sight of her smile will do you good-come." I resisted this pressing invitation, however, and Henry Richards left me to my own reflections. As I passed up one of the streets which led to the merchant's lodgings, my head bending under the weight of the coffin I was carrying, I saw my sister Sarah and her young lover a little way before me. I could even hear the sound of her laugh, which was clear and pleasant, and see her pretty face shaded by her dark hair, when she turned to answer her companion. At every step I took, the air seemed to grow more thick around me, and at length overcome by weariness, both of body and mind, I stopped, loosed the straps which steadied my melancholy burden, and placing it in an upright position, against the wall, wiped the dew from my forehead, and (shall I confess it?) the tears from my eyes. I was endeavouring to combat the depression of my feelings by the reflection that I was the support and comfort of my poor old mother's life, when my attention was roused by the evident compassion of a young lady, who, after passing me with a hesitating step, withdrew her arm from that of her more elderly companion, and pausing for an instant put a shilling into my hand saying, "You look very weary, my poor man, pray get something to drink with that." A more lovely countenance, if by lovely be meant that which engages love, was never moulded by nature; the sweetness and compassion of her pale face and soft innocent eyes, and the kindness of her gentle voice, made an impression on my memory-too-strong to be effect again. I reached the merchant's lodgings and my knock was answered as on the former occasion, by the widow herself. She sighed heavily as she saw me, and after one or two attempts to speak, informed me that her son was awake, but it was impossible for her to administer the opiate, as he refused to let the smallest nourishment pass his lips; but that he was quiet, indeed had never spoken since he woke, except to ask her how she felt; and she thought I might proceed without fear of interruption. I entered accordingly, followed by a lad, son to the landlady who kept the lodgings, and with his assistance I proceeded to lift the corpse, and lay it in the coffin. The widow's son remained motionless, and, as it were, stupified, during this operation; but the moment he saw me prepare the lid of the coffin so as to be screwed down, he started up with the energy and gestures of a madman. His glazed eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and his upper lip, leaving his teeth bare, gave his mouth the appearance of a horrible and convulsive smile. He seized my arm with his whole strength; and, as I felt his grasp, and saw him struggling for words, I expected to hear curses and execuations, or the wild howl of an infuriated madman. I was mistaken; the wail of a sickly child who dreads its mother's departure, was the only sound to which I could compare that wretched man's He held me with a force almost supernatural; but his tongue uttered supplications in a feeble monotonous tone, and with the most humble and beseeching manner. "Leave him," exclaimed he, " leave him a little while longer. He will forgive me; I know he will. He spoke that horrible word to rouse my conscience. But I heard him and came back to him. I would have toiled and bled for him; he knows that well. Hush! hush! I cannot hear his voice for my mother's sobs; but I know he will forgive me. Oh! father, do not refuse! I am humble-I am penitent. Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee-father, I have sinned! Oh, mother, he is cursing me again. He is lifting his hand to curse me-his right hand. Look, mother, look! Save me, O God! my father curses me on his dying bed! Save me, oh!-" The unfinished word resolved itself into a low, hollow groan, and he fell back insensible. I would have assisted him, but his mother waved me back. "Better so, better so," she repeated hurriedly; "it is the mercy of God which has caused this-do you do your duty and I will do mine," and she continued to kneel and support the head of her son, while we fastened and secured down the coffin. At length all was finished, and then, and not till then, we carried the wretched youth from the chamber of death, to one as dark, as gloomy and as scantily furnished, but having a wood fire burning in the grate, and a bed with ragged curtains at one end of it. And here in comparative comfort, the landlady allowed him to be placed, even though she saw little chance of her lodger's being able to pay for the change. Into the glass of water held to his parched lips, as he recovered his senses, I poured a sufficient quantity of the opiate to produce slumber, and had the satisfaction of hearing his mother fervently thank God, as still, half unconscious, he swallowed the draught. I thought he would not have survived the shock he received; but I was mistaken. The merchant was buried and forgotten; the son lived, and we met again in a far, far different scene.

It was early in the summer of the ensuing year that my heart was gladdened by the intelligence of my sister Sarah's approaching marriage. Henry Richards himself was the bearer of this welcome news. An uncle of his who had been a master builder and stone mason, had, in dying, bequeathed to him nearly all the little property he had realised; and this, with his own exertions. Richards assured me would support Sally in comfort. "No more drudgery, no more service for her now," said he, a flush of joy rising on his fine countenance; "she is to leave her place on Monday week, and on the Sunday following we are to be married. "It shall not be my fault Collins," continued he, "if she is not happy." That evening was spent in the company of my sister and her lover, and never were plans for the future laid with so eager an anticipation of complete happiness as those discussed by the young couple. Monday came, and with it came Sally; blushing and smiling, to ask if I would walk with her to the house of Henry's father: where she was to remain kill after the wedding. The old man greeted her with pride and fondness, and my steps home were lighter and quicker than for many months past. Days rolled on: there remained now but one to pass before they should be united forever. I was working with cheerfulness and alacrity on the morning of that day, when a labouring man pushed open the shop door, and calling me by my name, said, "you are wanted up at Mr. Richards', sir." "Verv well," said I, carelessly resuming my occupation. "Beg pardon, sir," added the man, "you will be wanted, too, in the way of business." I caught the expression of his eye as he turned and left the threshold, and felt an unaccountable chill at my heart. "The old man is dead," thought I. and the hammer falling from my band on the lid of the coffin, sent a hollow sound to my ear, like a dying groan. I reached the house-inquired for my sister—she was shopping with a female friend-I asked for Henry Richards; they flung open the door of the little parlour where we had all spent that evening together. On a shutter, disfigured, bleeding, lifeless, lay the gay-hearted, high-spirited young man, whom another sunrise was to have made my brother! My head swam -I staggered and fell back senseless. To my enquiries, when I recovered consciousness, they gave short and bitter answers. He had been inspecting an unfinished house, and had fallen from the scaffolding on a heap of bricks and rubbish. No sound escaped his lips; no movement was perceptible when the workmen reached the body, except that a convulsive thrill agitated his limbs. As he fell, so he remained, till they lifted him and carried him to his father. When I was admitted to the old man, his calmness and resig-

nation appeared wonderful: to my broken ejaculation of sympathy, he replied, "God's will be done! he was the last of five; the Lord pity the girl who loved him!"

As he spoke the words he wrung me by the hand, and I left him. "God pity her, indeed!" I repeated unconsciously, as I descended the stairs. Before I could leave the house I met her. and as she stood in the narrow doorway, she bent forward as if to kiss me; smiles played on her hips; love lighted her eyes. I rushed past her into the street; I felt that I could not bear to tell her what she must bear to hear. My master's wife kindly volunteered to go to her, and bring her away, if possible. My master, himself, was ill in bed; I had, therefore, to prepare with my own hands, the bier of my ill-fated friend. Oh! that dreadful night! How like a dream, and yet, how fearfully distinct are its terrors, even to this day! I had made some progress in my labours, when, overcome with weariness, I fell asleep. I was awakened by a cold pressure on my hand, and I heard the words repeated, It shall not be my fault if she is not happy."

In an instant I started up, and beheld, seated opposite me, Henry Richards! He was frightfully pale, and the unwashed wound on his crushed temple seemed still to bleed. He smiled at me, and pointing to the unfinished coffin, said: "I shall be glad to rest there; see how my wrist is shattered!" I looked, and sickening at the sight, I rose with the intention of rushing from the room. The figure rose too, as if to prevent my departure, and, in a mouraful voice, exclaimed:—"Am I already se loathsome to you?"

As it spoke, it pressed onwards, and onwards, till it touched me; it sank into a seat by my side, and when I recovered consciousness, the rich hight of a summer's morning beamed on the empty place it had occupied. The wealth of worlds would not have bribed me to touch that cofin again; it was in vain, I repeated to myself the common arguments against nocturnal terrors; in vain I condemned my own feelings as the result of an excited fancy; I felt that he had been there, and a feverish desire possessed me to see the corpse, and convince myself of the truth of the vision by the circumstance of his arm being broken or otherwise. The body had been washed and kid out since my visit on the previous day, and the countenance seemed less disfigured. I gazed on it with silent agony for a few minutes, and then slowly, and with shuddering dread, I lifted his arm; it was swollen and discoloured, and the hand hung nervelessly from it. vision was true!

I was interrupted in some incoherent exclamation by a wild shriek, and, with convulsive sobs, my sister Sarah flung herself on my bosom.

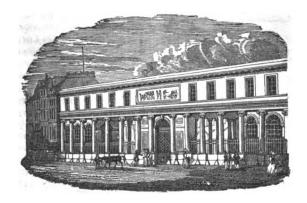
That evening, as we sat together, she pressed me for an explanation of the words I had spoken ever the body of Henry Richards. I know not how it was, and I have always attributed it to some strange infatuation, but as the horrors of the night returned to my mind, I forgot all besides, and I described my vision to the shuddering girl, ending with these words:—" Yes, I beheld him as in life, and he pointed to the coffin I was working at—the coffin in which he was soon to lie."

Never shall I forget the expression of my sister Sally's face, when I had concluded. She parted her dark hair with a bewildered look, as if she doubted having beheld me aright, while, with her other hand, she grasped my arm. "His coffin-his!" gasped she, "Oh! Tom, had you the heart to work at that!" Slowly she relaxed her hold, and remained with her eyes riveted on my hand. I spoke to her but she did not answer; I addressed her in the endearing terms familiar to her ear in childhood, but it produced no impression. At length her eye-lids slightly quivered; her strained eyes grew dim, and she sank in a swoon at my feet.

From that hour, even to her-my sister-the pride of my heart—my consolation in the city of strangers—whose laugh had cheered me in the gloomiest hour, the touch of whose lips on my baggard forehead had soothed me into loving life, when all was dark around me-even to her my presence became fearful. Strange as it may appear, the manner and suddenness of her lover's death, the fact of its having taken place so soon before the ceremony which was to make them one-all this was nothing in comparison to the horror she felt that my hand should have prepared his coffin. She shrank from my touch; she averted her eyes from my gaze; she shivered and went when I spoke to her. I ceased to leave my master's house except when forced by my calling, and, as I mechanically pursued my toil, I felthow gladly I could die!

#### THE PRECIOUS METALS.

IT is stated by Mr. Jacob, in his elaborate and very interesting "Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals," lately published, that the quantity of gold and silver coin has decreased no less than 17 per cent. within the last twenty years; and to this cause he attributes the present low profit of the masters, and low wages of the working people. Mr. Jacob estimates the stock of coin in existence in 1809, at 380 millions, and in 1829, at only £313,385,560, for which reduction be accounts from the fact of the gold and silver mines being less productive than formerly, while the quantities of the precious metals used in the fabrication of jewelry and other articles of plate, have been continually increasing. He estimates that no less than £5,612,611, has been consumed annually since 1809, in utensils and ornaments, and that two millions pass every year into Asia; or, adding both together, in twenty years £152,-252,220, has been thus employed. Deducting the whole amount in existence in 1829 from that in 1809, we find a deficiency of no less than £66,611,440, or nearly one sixth part of the



## CHOLERA HOSPITAL AT PARIS.

THE view we have prefixed is intended to represent the building occupied in Paris as an Hospital, for the reception of patients afflicted with Malignant Cholera. It was originally erected as a School of Medicine, but from certain local causes was never appropriated to that use, nor indeed to any other, until it was selected for the purpose we have mentioned. This building is extensive and commodious; the rooms used for wards being large and well ventilated, and the offices attached, of the most convenient character. When it was set apart by the authorities for this object, it was liberally supplied with every thing requisite for the proper treatment of the sick, and placed in charge of a medical staff, composed of members whose reputation for skill and humanity furnished a sure guaranty that whatever could be reasonably expected, in arresting the disease, would be accomplished.

The inferior population of Paris is of the worst description. Herding together in immense masses in the narrow and filthy streets of that great metropolis, and abandoning themselves to the vilest excesses, they acquire habits which not only fit them for the reception of whatever malignant disease may make its appearance, but also prepare them to be at all times ready for turnult and revolt. Accordingly we find that soon after the Cholera broke out in Paris, it begun to spread with fearful rapidity among this class, and with a malignity which had not before been witnessed. In one street alone, more than a thousand females of corrupt habits fell victims to it. Where so many were yielding to its influence, of course the hospital soon became crowded, and, as but few, from the very nature of the disease, could be restored, an idea got into circulation among the common people, that the physicians were dealing improperly with the patients under their care. Absurd and unfounded as this notion undoubtedly was, it soon became general, and in consequence, mobs of the basest description were daily assembled, who, not content with following and reproaching with opprobrious epithets, the innocent objects of their hatred, interfered to prevent the sick from being carried to the hospital, and in some instances committed gross personal outrages. To such an extent was this insurrectionary spirit carried, that the government was compelled to resort to military force in order to suppress it.

No disease has committed greater ravages than the Cholera. As its common name implies, it is of Asiatic origin, and from the time of its first appearance in the East, it has been extending itself over all parts of the habitable globe. Passing from Turkey into Russia, it desolated the armies of the mighty autocrat, destroyed his brother, conquered the conqueror of the Sublime Porte, and carried terror and dismay into the hearts of all, while it decimated the splendid capitals of the empire. Throughout Germany it swept with unsparing destruction; in France it levelled the mighty and the mean, and the minister who governed the destinies of the great nation, fell beneath the same blow which annihilated the beggar. In England it produced fear and consternation, and notwithstanding our fancied security, it has traversed the Atlantic, and is now raging in all parts of this continent. Turn which way we please, it rears its horrid front, and in the North, the South, the East andthe West is gathering a harvest of trophies. In New York, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, and other of our large cities, but especially the two former, its course has been marked by the utmost malignancy, nor have the interior settlements escaped its dreadful visitation.

The effects of the Cholera—independent of the more immediate sorrow it necessarily produces, by breaking through all ties of social and kindred affections, will long be felt and deplored among us. Business suspended—credit ruined—want and misery and starvation, these are among the consequences which must flow from it. May God be merciful to us all in this season of heavy calamity.

## A LETTER TO TOM SHACKLEFORD.

"Tragical Melpomene herself will, now and then, put on the comical start-up; sage Apollo laughs once yearly at his own beardless face; the modest Muses have the maddest revels; the darksomest Winter has his gliding streams; and wise mea will sometimes play with children's rattles."

My DEAR Tom: -As all the professions, trades, occupations and callings of human life are, at the present moment, so completely overstocked as to offer little or no encouragement to a young man labouring, like yourself, "under an attack of impecuniosity," and as there appears to be something like an opening in the department of dinner-wag, or professed Merry-andrew-most of the old performers being superannuated or used up-I strenuously advise you to turn your attention towards a pursuit which may supply you with five or six good meals during every week of the London season, and, not improbably, procure you a constant invitation to enact the part of Mr. Merryman at some Hall, Park, or Abbey, during the autumn. To one circumstanced like yourself, these are valuable considerations, even if they do not lead to an advantageous marriage, or to the gift of a sinecure or snug appointment from some old laughter-loving, red-faced, white-waistcoated aristocratical corruptionist. That such benefices will be numerous after the enactment of the Reform Bill, I am not sanguine enough to hope; therefore is it that the privileged classes, who have hitherto had a monopoly of the loaves and fishes, are so bitter against the measure; but some will still remain, and, as they have generally been bestowed upon the most idle and worthless young fellows about town, you will obviously stand as good a chance as any other. Pleasantry apart-I think you are rather a droll fellow, and possess decided requisites for the part of a Tom Fool, who is invited to banquets because he can honestly "earn the run of his ivories," and say a good thing for every one that he devours. Without flattery, I may assert that you are tolerably good-looking; flippant, if not witty; noisy, if not convivial; able to drink two bottles of wine without inconvenience; possessed of no outward or visible means of subsistence, and gifted with a very valuable effrontery. Enjoying such decided requisites, you ought to command success; and as I feel a most disinterested wish to promote it-for your late inroads upon my dinner-table have been by no means like angel visits, and your appetite is rather an unmerciful one-I proceed to give you such hints and suggestions as my longer observation and experience enable me to offer.

In the first place, never appear to want a dinmer, or you may go without one from January to Christmas; for people cram the plethoric and the fat, not the lean and hungry. Make your acceptance of an invitation a great favour—proteat that you are engaged three deep: disseminate the netion that it is the fashion to ask you to dinner-parties; and if you can establish this

point, your fortune is made. You will be asked on this sole account, without any reference to your merits; and your character being once confirmed as a professed wag, it will be impossible for you to open your mouth, even to utter the most common place matter-of-fact, without exciting a roar of irrepressible laughter. To those who are understood not to want any thing, the public are invariably generous. The newspapers, therefore, and the world at large, will father other people's jokes upon you; all the strays and waifs of waggery will become yours by right of their not belonging to you; and the facetious Tom Shackleford, like his fortunate predecessor, Joe Miller, will become a depot and emporium for bon-mote and witticisms. Imagine not that there will be the smallest difficulty in acting up to a reputation which it will be perfectly easy to maintain, although perhaps somewhat difficult to acquire. In this respect, much may be effected by management. Wherever you are going, you must previously endeavour to obtain a list of the parties invited, that you may learn something of their history; prepare yourself to play upon their names; elaborate your impromptus; get your extemporaneous quotations by heart, and work up your off-hand repartees. Sometimes you may find your account in employing a discreet confederate to prepare the train which you are to fire, rewarding him by getting him invited elsewhere; and thus giving him a share of the plunder, as the lion does the jackal. Where you can make the occurrences of the day the basis of your jest, or bring it to bear against any obnoxious personage, it will be more effective; but you will, of course, keep a common-place book. on which you must draw for want of other funds; and it is astonishing how much may be effected by a small capital of this sort, judiciously employed. Novelty is by no means necessary; your reputation will help off an old Joe, where an unacknowledged wag would fail, even with an original bon mot.

There is no laying down a general theory for these things: example is better than speech. Suppose, therefore, your dinner-party waiting for some one not yet arrived. You will naturally hesitate to throw away a joke, or even an apposite remark, when your audience is not all assembled; but you may venture to quote Boileau's dictum, that the time a man is waited for, is always spent in discovering his faults; adding that you only quote so trite an observation in order to restore it to its proper author, as if has been attributed to many other writers. At this hungry moment, when most men, if they are at all in health, are sure to be very much out of temper,

you may show your superior good-humour by laughter, and unmeaning rattle of any sort; and if asked why you can be so silly on so serious an occasion, be sure to reply, because you would rather talk nonsense than hear it. Be discreet, however, in your folly, suddenly, and with a feeling tone, expressing your fear that the brave Poles will eventually be overpowered by the Russians, although the justice of their cause would seem to entitle them to the assistance of heaven; exclaiming, with a shrug of the shoulders-" Mais pour ca, je suis d'accord avec le Duc de la Ferte, que le bon Dieu est toujours du cote des gros battaillons." Flippant as it is, this remark will pass muster in French, and will enable you to introduce some out and dry criticism upon the memoir-writers of that nation. Should any one express his surprise that you are so good a critic as well as wag, fail not to reply, "My dear sir, one cannot be always jesting; and I am quite of Lord Chesterfield's opinion, that a wise man should live quite as much within his wit as his income." You may now express a hope that the individual for whom the party are waiting may meet with his desert by coming after dinner, and verify the monkish rule-pro tarde venientibus ossa. Thus will you have sported criticism, French, and Latin-all very proper and telling before dinner, though they might not be so appropriate at, and still less after that meal. Lay it down as a general rule that the jokes the most highly relished during dinner are those which have reference to eating, as if they were suggested by the viands before you: and that you may diminish the supply of wit and observance of decorum as the consumption of wine increases. After the first few bottles, laughter becomes contagious and involuntary, your sorriest and most hacknied jests serving the purpose as well as your newest and happiest hits. Such noisy cachinnations are but the ascending fumes of the champagne, and when you find that a drunken fool can excite them as successfully as a sober jester, you would do well to retire, and not waste your stock of facetize upon undiscerning bacchanals.

Dinner being served, you may launch such of your soup-jokes as you happen to recollect. Remind the company that when Birch, the pastry-cook, commanded one of the city regiments, he obtained the soubriquet of Field-marshal Tureen; say something smart about his forcedmeat balls, and pleasantly remark that the syllabubs of that artist are sure to be unrivalled, since every schoolboy must be aware that Birch makes the best whips. Upon the subject of fish, innumerable good things may be sported; and even the sauce will afford fair excuse for ladling out some of your own, as you will, of course, allude to the ambassador from Louis Quatorze, who, in his first despatches from London, complained heavily that he had been sent among a barbarous people, who had twenty-seven different religions, and only three fish-sauces. When a moment of favourable silence occurs, you may quote James Smith's happy epigram upon Harvey's Sauce, and his namesake the moralist"Two Harveys had an equal wish
To shine in separate stations,
The one invented sauce for fish,
The other—Meditations:

"Each has his pungent power applied To aid the dead and dying; This relishes a sole when fried, That saves a soul from frying."

If there be a hare at table, and it is under-done, as is generally the case, you may jocosely protest that you would not have dressed for dinner, had you been aware that the dinner was not to be dressed for you, and declare, with an offended look, that the cook ought, in common justice, to undergo the fate of Guatemozin. Some, perhaps, may be puzzled, but it is well to appear a little dark at times; they who understand the allusion will approve it; they who do not, will give you credit for erudition or extensive reading.—(Tom Shackleford a deep reader! Heaven bless the mark!) After this, you must assume your waggish look—for a smirk on a jester's face is sure to beget an anticipatory titter—and, continuing your allusion to the cook, exclaim, "Poor woman! I don't know why she should be roasted, though she cannot roast; for she was hired as a cook, not as a hair-dresser!" Upon this, and upon all occasions, whether you fail or succeed, you must ride home upon your own horse-laugh; for a roar is catching, though wit be not.

Old anecdotes will acquire a sort of novelty if you confidently swear that they occurred to yourself. Boldly affirm, therefore, that when you were lately dining with a merchant in the city, and he tossed the carving knife over the bannisters, because it was blunt, you rose up and threw the leg of mutton after it; and that when asked the cause of this singular proceeding, you calmly replied-"My dear Sir, I thought you were going to dine down stairs!" Apropos to leg of mutton, tell the story of Mallebranche, who had so excited his imagination that he fancied this joint to be perpetually hanging to his nose, and could not be cured of his delusion till a doctor. concealing a leg of mutton beneath his cloak, pinched the patient's pose till it bled, and then letting the joint fall at his feet, persuaded him that he had performed a marvellous operation. Apropos to noses; quote from Grammont's Memoirs-" 'Where could I get this nose?' said Madame D'Albert, observing a slight tendency to redness in that feature. 'At the sideboard, Madame,' answered Cotta.'" You may now quote from de Grammont ad libitum, or pillage the Greek anthology for jokes upon noses; or returning to legs of mutton, make some pleasant allusion to the gigots of the ladies, and express your opinion that their sleeves are fashioned so preposterously large, in order that there may be sufficient room in them to laugh at them; not forgetting to insinuate, that female dresses are . made like tinder in order to catch the sparks, and be all ready for a good match, &c. &c. In cutting a slice of tongue, you may allude to the strange fancy of Silenus, when he tells the Cyclop that if he eats the tongue of Ulysses he will acquire all his eloquence; or express a malicious hope that your censorious friend, Sir Reginald, will not bite his own tongue, as he would infallibly be poisoned. If your host asks how you like the Madeira, exclaim-" My good friend, it is sweeter than the wine which Maron, the son of Bacchus, gave to Ulysses, or than that which occasioned Silenus to ejaculate so fervently Papaiancex! Babai!" Pronounce this with a mock solemnity, as if quizzing your own pedantry, and it will astonish the women and the groundlings. who will whisper to one another, " Tom Shackleford, with all his waggery, is a scholar and a man of reading." Follow up this classical hit by observing, that if we were to judge by present appearances in Europe, we might exclaim-

> " Prospicimus modo quod durabunt tempore longo Fædera, nec patriæ pax cité diffugiet:"

but that, in a few months, we may have to read every thing backwards, and that then the lines will run—

"Diffugiet cité pax patrie, nec fœdera longo Tempore durabunt quod modo prospicimus."

This, if cleverly managed, and copies furnished to the admiring guests, ought to make your fortune for a whole season, besides procuring you a prodigious reputation for Latin and learning with all those who are ignorant of both. During the second course you may tell the story of the silly French Marquis, who, being asked by his cook how he would have the wild ducks dressed, desired that they might be made into Bauf a la mode; or you may observe of the green goose,

if it happen to be tough, that you suspect it wants to make a convert of you, as it seems to belong to the old *Propaganda* Society. Omit not to notice that Peter Pindar called spruce beer—deal-board broth; that Hook has denounced scolloped oysters as children's ears in sawdust, and brill as poor-house turbot; and that Bentley declared, with his usual dogmatism—"Sir, if you drink ale, you'll think ale."

But it is useless, my dear Tom, to multiply examples when your own good taste (I speak literally of your palate) will suggest to you the properest means for maintaining your reputation, and procuring numerous invites from all parties. To secure this object you must not belong to any political faction, or rather you must be cosmopolitan in your views, and ingratiate yourself with all. Flat, and flippant, and stale as may appear some of these facetiæ upon paper, they will go off with good eclat when assisted by sympathy and champagne. After the second bottle you need take very little pains; anything will do; a bad pun is sure of a good shriek, and nothing better, therefore, should be disbursed, or rather dismouthed. Verbum sat: I shall be delighted my dear Tom, to find that you follow these instructions strictly and successfully, for by eating other people's dinners you will spare mine, and if you become a sufficient favourite with the public to repay me the hundred pounds I lent you last spring, you will become a greater favourite than ever with your affectionate and disinterested uncle,

NIC. SHACKLEFORD.

## THE AGA OF THE JANIZARIES.

ITALY has probably produced more of that distinctive quality called genius, than any other nation of Europe. What she was in the days of antiquity we scarcely know, farther than she was mistress of the world. Greece seems then to have borne away the prize of genius. But, before the question can be decided, we must remember that ancient Greece was exactly in the circumstances which are most favourable to the expansion of the intellect, while ancient Rome, from the time when she was relieved from the pressure of perpetual war, was exactly in the circumstances most unfavourable to that expansion;—that Greece was a group of republics. which even, when under the dominion of Rome, were less enslaved than tranquillized, while Italy was a solid despotism, shaken only by civil wars. which at once riveted the fetters of the despotism, impoverished the nobles, and corrupted the people.

But on the revival of Europe from the ruin and the sleep of the dark ages, Italy was placed under the original circumstances of Greece: the land was a group of republics; all was sudden opulence, wild liberty, and fiery enthusiasm. She became first the merchant, then the warrior, of Europe; then the poet, then the painter, of the world. From that period she was the universal school of the arts, those higher arts which regulate and raise the character of mankind, government, political knowledge, law, theology, poetry, not less than those graceful arts which soothe or decorate human life; her music, sculpture, painting, the drama, the dance, were unvivaled. all periods, when a science had grown old, and the world began to look upon it as exhausted, Italy threw a new stream of life into it, and it began its career again for new triumphs. An Italian revived geography by the discovery of a new hemisphere, and revived astronomy by giving us the telescope, and throwing open the gates of the starry world. An Italian awoke us to a new knowledge of the mechanism of the airpump, the barometer, and the pendulum. An Italian made architecture a new attribute of man, by hanging the dome of St. Peter's in the air. An Italian made the wonders of ancient painting credible by surpassing them, and giving to mankind an art which now can never die. While Italy continued a warring nation, all the great leaders of the European armies were either Italians or the pupils of Italy. The Sforza, Castruccia, Parma, Montecuculi, were the very lights of martial science; and who was the subverter of Europe and its kings in our own day? who was the inventor of a new art of war, and the terrible realizer of his own fearful but brilliant theory? An Italian!

This universal supremacy in things of the intellect is genius. All was original; for genius is originality. All was powerful, practical, and made to impress its character upon the living generation, and the generations to come. For the highest genius is most practical: genius is no trifler; it may be fastidious; it may love to dream a world of its own; it may look with scorn on the feeble and tardy progress by which humbler powers attain the height which it reaches with a wave of its wing; but when it once comes to its task, and treads the ground, its pressure is felt by the vigour of its tread. It moves direct to its purpose—its purpose is worthy of its powers; simplicity, strength, and force, are its essence, and it leaves the evidence of its noble interposition, perhaps in the overthrow of kingdoms, perhaps in their renovation, but, in all its acts, leaves the proof of faculties given with the object of changing the direction, or renovating the strength, of the general human mind.

To come to the immediate purpose of the narrative. In the war of the Russians and Imperialists on the Ottoman Porte, which ended with the peace of Oczakow, Dec. 1791, it was remarked that the fortune which had so signally accompanied the Imperialist armies in the earlier parts of the campaign, as signally deserted them towards its close; and that Turkey, which had been saved by little short of miracle from the first incursion of the Austrian army, concluded by not merely repelling those arms, but placing herself in a higher rank than she had held before. The Osmanlis of course attributed this singular change to the protection of their prophet; but those who were unable to lift their eyes to the paradise where he sits on sofas of eternal green velvet, drinking pearl and ruby sherbet, and surrounded by Adalisques surpassing all the Circassians extant, found a sufficient reason in the good fortune which had raised Hassan Caramata from the rank of a camel-driver in the camp, to the high and responsible situation of Aga of the Janizaries.

There was but little known of Hassan in his former career, as a matter of course, for Turkey has not yet had among the invaders of its quiet any amateurs in biography, collectors of "secret memoirs," or compilers of autographs. It was taken for granted that he was the son of somebody, and that was enough; but it was seen that he was a capital soldier, and that was more satisfactory to the general interest than if he had his veins incarnadined by the blood of all the Osmans. He had, besides, got a character, which effectually precluded all applications for his his-

tory from his own lips. He was not merely one of the best handlers of the scimetar in the dominions of the faith, but one of the most unbesitating in its use. He was known to have cut from the skull to the chin, at a single sweep, one of his own captains, who had ventured to growl at an order in the field; and his habits were of a keen and vindictive vengeance, which above all other things turns the edge of curiosity.

It is perfectly well known that there was no man in the dominions of the Sultan, whom that Sultan so thoroughly feared; yet when Hassan was but a captain of the Delhis of the body-guard, he had established so decided a character for bringing things to a speedy issue with the scimitar or the carbine, that he received plumes, diamonds, and embroidered bridles and saddles without number, under the pretext of his adroitness in riding or javelin-throwing, but, as was well known, for his being able to strike off the neck of a bull at a blow, for his being the most unfailing shot in the service, and from, what was more to the purpose, the universal knowledge that an angry glance from the Sultan himself, would have been merely the preliminary to a trial of speed between them, whether the Sultan's Icoglans should first have Hassan's head in a sack, or Hassan should have sent an ounce ball through the heart of his angry master. The question was easily settled, for the Sultan must act by proxy, which, however sure, is slow, while Hassan would act in person, which is at once sure and swift. The consequence was, that this fiercest of men and most uncourtly of courtiers was suffered to take his way, treating Sultan and slave with nearly equal want of ceremony, and still, to the universal astonishment, advancing in military rank. It was notorious, too, that he openly scoffed at all the accredited modes of rising in the body-guard of any nation under the sun. He neither made a party among the clerks of the Divan, by promising them double allowances when he should be Vizier, nor bribed the Sultanas, nor told fables of his superior officers, nor made a lower salam to the Vizier, the Mufti, or the Capudan Pasha, than to his own Korseruldeer. On the contrary, but a short time before the fight of Tchesme, he had a furious altercation with the Capudan, in the presence of the Sultan himself. He tore the beard and struck off the turban of that fortunate slave and miserable admiral, pronounced that, as he had been a slippermaker in his youth, he was fit for nothing but to make slippers to the end of his days, struck him with the sheath of his scimitar in the face, and declared that as surely as he took the command of the Turkish fleet, so surely would he either leave it on a sandbank, or in flames, or in the enemy's hands;-three predictions which were all verified in one fact. For all the world now knows that the Capudan actually first stranded his fleet, saw it strike to the Russian flag, and then saw it burn to cinders on the shores of the memorable bay of Tchesme. The whole assemblage of Pashas round the head of the Moslemans were indignant at this breach of decorum, but

silence is the virtue of courts, even in Turkey. They waited for the Sultan's indignation to speak. But it said nothing. And Hassan Caramata quietly stalked through the midst of a hundred and fifty diamond-hilted daggers, and ten thousand carved and filagreed muskets, all thirsting for his blood. Yet neither dagger nor trigger moved. All eyes were fixed on the Sultan, and his were fixed on the towering height and undaunted stride of the Delhi as he moved from the hall. In half an hour after, every Pasha in Constantinople saw, to their utter astonishment, Hassan Caramata, the accursed, the ferociousgalloping along the valley of the Limes, in command of the Sultan's escort, shooting off the necks of bottles as usual with his infallible balls, and throwing the javelin with a force that made competition desperate, and drew loud applause even from the gravity of the Commander of the Faithful himself. This was decisive. 'The Capudan Pasha put to sea, content with the loss of his beard and turban, provided it were not followed by the loss of the head to which they belonged. The Pashas went back to their governments, to consult the soothsayers on the new kind of magic by which the mightiest of the mighty allowed the meanest of the mean to tear beards and turbans in their presence. But the Vizier instantly sent for the Delhi, complimented him orientally upon the grace of his manners, and the respect for the best of masters, which distinguished him among the children of the Prophet, invested him with a scimitar belt of honour, gave him his favourite charger, and gave into his hand the commission of chief of the body-guard.

Joseph and Catherine had combined to rob the sultan of whatever they could. Joseph longed for Belgrade, Catherine for Bender; and with a hundred and fifty thousand gallant savages between them, there was a fair prospect of their getting any thing that was to be paid for by blood. Hassan saw the Vizier and the army pass in review before the Sultan. "The Delhi smiles," said the sovereign, "does he not think the Janizaries invincible?"—"Yes," was the answer. " They are invincible against every thing but cannon, bayonets, and men. The black beards (the Austrians) will trample them, the vellow beards (the Russians) will trample them. The Vizier will leave every thing behind but his brains, and the troops every thing but their hearts." The Sultan, with a familiarity extended to no other of his officers, enquired how it was possible to convey either, after leaving the man behind. "Simply," said Hassan, "because no man can lose what he never possessed." The answer would have cost the Vizier himself fifty heads if he had them; but Hassan seemed guarded by a spell. The result of his last retort was an instant commission of Aga of the Janizaries.

The prophecy turned out true. The Vizier was beaten on all occasions; the Janizaries were beaten until the sound of an Austrian trumpet sent them flying to all points of the compass. The Russians were raising their batteries against

Bender; Cobourg and his chasseurs were carrying off Pashas daily from the suburbs of Belgrade; the war was like a war of sportsmen against the wood-pigeons of Walachia. When suddenly the whole scene changed. Patroles cut off, convoys taken, detached corps of cavalry disappearing as if they had sunk into the earth, excited the utmost astonishment in the combined camp. The soldiers began to think the ghouls and vampires had made a sortie upon them, and that they were fighting with things of the air or the grave. Cobourg proposed to retreat from this perilous ground, but was attacked on that night, and, after a loss of some thousand infantry, driven on the road to Transylvania. The Russian general wrote for reinforcements from the frontier garrisons. They marched, but were never heard of. From the time of the famous battle of Forhani, in which the allies cut up the Turkish line, they never gained an advantage. All was famine, flight, loss, and wonder. The secret came out at last. The Vizier still commanded, but his age was venerable, and he had given up all duties but those of smoking his calaun, and perfuming his beard. His asthma disqualified him from the open air, and he consequently regulated the affairs of war and peace, asleep and awake, on his sofa, and with as much dexterity at one time as at another. But Caramata was in the field. The Delhi had brought some corps of his favourite troops with him, and, what was better, he had brought the Delhi spirit with his troops. Before a month was past, every Spahi was as eager for a trial of his scimitar on the Austrian helmets as if he had ate nothing but opium from the beginning of the campaign. The Janizaries brightened their kettles anew, and the sight of the horsetail was soon a terror to the platoons of the yellow beards. Hassan was still the same gloomy, solitary, and incomprehensible being; more sarcastic than ever, and more ferocious in quarters, in camp, and in the field. He had but one punishment for all offences-the edge of the scimitar. "We come to the field to slaughter men, not to save cowards," was his expression, when he ordered a troop of his Delhis to ride in upon a regiment of Janizaries that had suffered itself to be surprised. "You reproach us Turks with cruelty," said he one day to an Austrian general, who came to propose a cessation of arms, "but the only difference between us is, that you are hypocrites, and we are not. You call yourselves soldiers, and you murder all that you can; we call ourselves murderers, and we act up to the profession."

Hassan at least acted up to his word; for on the very night which saw the Austrian return to his Prince with a fierce message of defiance, the whole of the imperial foragers were cut off, and the regiments of hussars which guarded them sent to the right about with such expedition, that they left three-fourths of their number under the hoofs of the Spahis' horses.

Winter began to blow, freeze, and sleet from the tops of the Carpathians; and the allies, fully satisfied with having been beaten for three months

without intermission, and already harassed almost to death, rejoiced in the sight of the first sheets of snow on the hills, as an omen of winter quarters. But the Aga of the Janizaries told his troops that now was the time to smite both black beard and yellow-that cowards required warm weather to put blood into their veins, but that brave men could fight in all weathers. He grew more adventurous than ever, dashed with his Spahis at every thing that appeared within a horizon of a hundred miles, broke into the detached camps of the allied forces, took cannon, ammunition, and wagons, and before a month was out, sent a pile of standards to Constantinople large enough to hang the ceiling of the Santa Sophia, and beards and mustaches enough to stuff all the footstools of the Seraglio. Joseph and Catherine were astonished. Alarm followed, and then wisdom. They sent a proposal for an armistice to the Vizier. The Vizier for once laid aside his pipe, and prepared to forward the envoy to the Sultan. Caramata came in during ference, ordered the envoy to be seized, gave him into the hands of his Delhis, and turned him out of the camp, with a solemn declaration, that the next envoy should have his choice of the bastinado, or the mouth of the largest howitzer in the Turkish lines. The Vizier said, "Allah il Allah," resumed his pipe, and said no more. The envoy was escorted to the enemy's camp, and on that night Cobourg found his tents on fire about his ears, and was forced to make his way as well as he could towards the Barmat. Within three nights after, the redoubtable Suwarrow was forced to fight his way through ten thousand gallant horse, who stripped him of every gun and fragment of baggage. Bender and Belgrade were now both effectually cleared. The Sultan sent his Aga the Cheleuk\* of honour; the Vizier was ordered to Constantinople, there to cure his asthma by the fresh air of the Bosphorus, and Hassan Caramata was appointed in his room, first counsellor to the king of kings, Commander of the armies of the faithful, and vanquisher of all the unbelievers and Kafirs under the sun.

The campaign began again: Leopold had succeeded Joseph, and he resolved to distinguish himself at three hundred miles' distance by the cheap heroism of a cabinet warrior. He sent an autograph letter to Cobourg, commanding him to signalize the new reign by a victory. Cobourg took the field with a hundred battalions and sixty squadrons. He moved to the field famous for its name, half Greek half Slavonic; but more famous still, for its demolishing the virgin laurels of the Emperor. At Tyrkagukuli he pitched his huge camp, gave a banquet in honour of the new hero of the House of Hapsburg, and, after it, rode out to fix upon the spot in which he was to annihilate the Infidels.

In half an hour he came flying back into his lines, with Hassan and fifteen thousand of the finest cavalry in the world thundering after him. Never had Prince of the Holy Roman Empire a narrower escape of being sent to his illustrious forefathers. The sixty squadrons were booted and mounted just in time to be charged, rode over, and broke into fragments. The aide-decamp who carried the news of the battle to Vienna, announced that the Prince had gained an unequalled victory, but " that he required reinforcements to follow up the blow." Hassan sent no aide-de-camp to Constantinople, but he sent a wagon containing as many Crosses and Eagles, St. Andrew's and St. Peter's, as would have paved the audience-hall of the Seraglio, or made buckles and bracelets for the whole haram, Nabians, Kislar Aga and all. The Austrians were thunderstruck, but they sung Te Deum. The Turks followed the flying Prince, and stripped him of his standards, guns, and foragers, as they had done the Russians before. The Allies proposed an armistice, in pity, as they declared, for the waste of Moslem blood. The Turks galloped on, and, without any similar compliments to the spirit of philosophy, cut up the hundred battalions as they had cut up the sixty squadrons. The days of Ruperti seemed to be come again, and Leopold the victorious began to think of clearing out the fosse, and rebuilding the ramparts of Vienna.

But the city of the Danube was no longer to be besieged by a Turk, nor saved by a Pole. Hassan Caramata disappeared. His scimitar, worth a province in jewels; his state turban, embroidered by the supreme fingers of the Sultana Valide herself; his horse furniture, the present of the Sultan, and too brilliant for the eye to look upon, except under its web of Shiraz silk twist -all remained in his tent, and were all that remained of the famous Hassan Caramata Vizier. A crowd of reports attempted to account for his sudden disappearance. By some he was thought to have fallen in a skirmish, into the midst of which he was seen plunging, with his usual desperate intrepidity, a few days before. But this, the Delhis, to a man, swore by their beards, was an utter impossibility; for what swordsman in the Austrian cavalry could stand for a moment before the fiery blade of Hassan? Others thought that he had been sent for privately by the Sultan, as usual, to converse on matters of state, and have his head cut off. But this was disputed too -for fond as Sultans may naturally be of cutting off heads, Hassan's was one that kept the Sultan's on the shoulders of the Father of the Faithful. The Roumeliotes, however, began to discover, according to the custom witheir country, that there was witchcraft in the business, from beginning to end. They remembered Hassan's countenance—the withered lip, never smiling except with some sarcasm that cut to the soulthe solemn, foreboding, melancholy brow-the look of magnificent beauty, but tarnished by bitter memory, or fearful sufferings. For all those, what manufacturer could be found but the old enemy of man? Zatanai himself had shaped the face of Hassan; and why not shape his fortunes too? This accounted for his coming, zone knew whence-his gaining the Sultan's favour,

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Diamond plume.

none knew how—and his going, it puzzled all the philosophers in the army to say where.

The witchcraft solution settled all difficulties. Hassan was a ghoul; a son of darkness, let loose from his bed, five thousand miles deep, to spend a few uneasy years on the upper surface of the world; or a magician, bargaining for a short period of power and honours, and suddenly carried off, to complete his bargain. The Delhis, however, pledged themselves to cut off the mustaches, and the head along with them, of any son of clay who dared to think, much more to assert, that their friend, favourite, and captain, was not a true man, a first-rate Delhi, and worth all the Viziers that ever kissed the dust off the slippers of the Padishah, since the days of Abubeker.

The news reached the allies. It was worth all their feux-de-joie. Every soldier in Vienna was instantly sent to fill up the ranks of the victorious general, who was always beaten. Good news came still. Yussuf Pacha was re-appointed Vizier; and in a fortnight reached the camp, with his pillows, his pipe, and his asthma. In another fortnight he had made up his mind to fight; and he moved to find out Cobourg and the Russians. The Moslemin shook their heads, wished old Yussuf at his pillau in Constantinople again, shouted " Allah il allah," and marched to the memorable plain of Rymnik, making up their minds to drink the sweet sherbet of immortality. Old Yussuf was as brave as a lion, with the brains of an ass. He carried one hundred and fifteen thousand true believers into the teeth of the Austrian and Russian batteries-fought like a hero and a blockhead—and before sunset lost fifty thousand of his troops, his two camps, the battle, and the little understanding that seventy years had left him, and all the fruits of all the triumphs of Hassan Caramata. Evil days now fell upon the Father of the Faithful. The Delhis rode back to the capital, and vowed vengeance on the murderer of their great leader. The Sultan declared himself innocent, but offered them any head of his ministers in exchange. They demanded his own. He admitted, like all Sultans, their right to the demand, but offered them, in the mean time, the head of the Vizier. Yussuf was sent for, acquainted with the necessities of the state, and, in half an hour after, his head was thrown over the seraglio wall. The was at an end. The Russians and Austrians had forced a peace. The Sultan gave all they asked; and Turkey was stripped of all that she had conquered during half a century. Still no tidings had been heard of Hassan.

Towards the close of the year 1830, immeately after the new lesson which the Turks received from the yellow beards, and the new evidence that Viziers from the cobblers' stalls, and admirals from the stables, were not the natural props of a falling empire, a party of Italian draughtsmen, who had been sent out by the Genoese Jews, the established speculators in all articles of vertu, to make drawings, make bargains, and, according to custom, steal what they

could among the fine ruins lately discovered by the English consul at Salonichi, were, by some absurdity of their own, enveloped in a column of the Ottomans, on their way home from Shumla. The unlucky artists were of course stripped to their trowsers, and ordered to march. The natural consequence would have been, that after a day or two of starving, hurrying through rugged roads without shoes, and sleeping under the canopy of the skies, they would have either made their last bed in the marshes of Thessalv, or left their bones for the foxes and ravens of Pindus: but this is still no unclassic land, though trampled by the hoof of the swinish Ottoman, or harried by the lance of the mountaineer Albanian. The unfortunate Italians were under the wing of the Muses, and, like the Athenians in Syracuse, found the advantage of having received a civilized education.

On the second evening of their capture, as the column halted in a miscrable village at the foot of the mountains, the lucky accident of finding some date brandy in the corner of their hut for the night, put the captain of the escort into such a state of drunken good-humour, that he ordered his captives to share it, by dancing the Romaika along with him. Half dead as they were, they complied. He then ordered a song, to set him asleep. The Italians were in no forte for melody; but the captain's commands were peremptory, and the song was sung. While it was going on, an old merchant, attracted by the sound, came to the door of the hut, and speaking Italian, of a better quality than the lingua franca of the half savages round him, offered his services. He finally found them some food, by his influence with the peasantry; and, by a still more useful influence, some piastres, duly administered, obtained the Turk's leave for them to remain under his prescriptions for a few days, until their feet were healed, and their fatigues sufficiently got rid of to follow him. The Marabout took them up the mountain, provided, if not a cottage for them, at least a cavern, and for a month also furnished them with the means of subsistence until they could communicate with their friends.

As the season advanced, and the Italians began to make preparations for returning home-for the compact with the captain was probably not expected by either party to have been very conscientiously kept, and the captain himself was as probably, by that time, either shot or sabredthe Marabout's uneasiness grew obvious. He at length acknowledged himself an Italian, and even a Genoese, but omitted to account for his Mahometan habit, his life, and his profession. He was not urged upon the subject. The time of their departure came. The old man's cares were unremitting to the last; and with provisions, some piastres, and a shower of benedictions, be sent them forward to the sunny land of mines, monks, and guitars.

Before the week was over, they found the Marabout among them again. But, a merchant no longer; he was now an Italian pilgrim, such as one sees every Easter by the hundred, before the hundred shrines of the little dingy Madonnas in Rome. He told them that, after their departure, he had found solitude doubly irksome; that old recollections had come again upon him; and, in short, that as he was born an Italian, an Italian he would die. They brought him with them to Genoa, installed him, by his own desire, in a convent there; the easy superior of which forgot to ask questions touching the previous faith of a brother who went through his " aves and misericordes" with such perfection. There he remained for some months, going through the duties with a rigour and punctuality that prodigiously edified the brotherhood. He was the admiration of the women too, for his stature and countenance had scarcely felt the effect of years, further than in a slight bend in the one, and paleness and thinness in the other. But his eye was the eagle's still, and his step had the loftiness and stride of the mountaineer. As he passed through the streets with his bare head, venerable by a few silver locks at the side, and his fine bold physiognomy, he inevitably caught the eye of strangers, and, under those circumstances, I myself remember to have remarked him, among the mob of mean or herce faces that crowd every corner of the city of the Dorias. It happened also that my cicerone was one of the captured draughtsmen, and from him I heard the particulars of Fra Paulo, or Giovanni's life, I forget which-particulars which my Italian friend would probably not have intrusted to a less heretical ear.

So far, my story has nothing uncommon in it, and the misfortune is, that the sequel is only too much in the common form to be worth the modern taste for romance. The old man, some time after my departure, was found dead in his bed, without any mystery of assassination being called in to account for it; nor was there much wonder in the case, when we learned that he was eighty-three, a disease that defies medicine, and has no want of the spadaccino to settle its account with the world. There is nothing more out of the routine, in the fact that the old merchant left a confession behind him; for every monk confesses to some one or other, and the old merchant had matters on his mind which he could not have, without utter expulsion and ruin, suffered to drop into the most prudent ear within the walls of Genoa, or, perhaps, the shores of Italy. thus at once saved his religious honour, and disburdened his conscience, by committing his memory to paper, and making my cicerone friend the residuary legatee of his sins. But even the record of such matters is a delicate possession in bella Italia, and my friend expressed his gratitude in all the hyperbole of native eloquence, on my desiring him to collect all the membra disjecta of the old man's pen, transfer them to me under the Ambassador's cover, and keep his soul in peace for the rest of his life, relative to the MSS. of his mountain fellow-traveller-Moslem, Marabout, klept, and monk as he was.

The papers were blotted and mutilated in all lands of ways, but a species of abrupt narrative

struggles through them. I give them, such as they were.

"Whether, like all my countrymen, who are constantly enamoured of some Donna or other, I could have spent life in wandering from ball to ball, and between the serenade, the supper, and the gaming-table, been satisfied to make my way to the end of the day, and of all days, is more than I ever had it in my power to tell. I fell in love—fell in love but once, and, with the extinction of that heavenly flame, became a fiend.

"There is no use now in telling the name of my family. It was noble, and of the highest order of nobility. But is it not enough for the belief that it was proud, profligate, and splendid; that its head was a magnificent idler, and its younger branches were showy, subtle, passionate, and with nothing to do on the face of the earth; that it was Italian? If I went farther, and said that the head of that family was half maniac in good and evil, a madly prodigal benefactor, a madly trusting friend, a madly adoring lover, and an avenger mad to the wildest depths of vengeance, need I write under the picture that he was a Genoese?

"I was that magnificent idler. I was that splendid fool, that son of fortuse, who cast away all the gifts of earth and heaven—who trampled out in blood loves and feelings that might have made the happiness of angels, who ran a frantic career of destruction through all that had twined itself round my heart of hearts—then denied, defied, and cast from me the only bope which can console man for the loss of this world, and then sat down in solitude, helpless remorse, and despair—unutterable!

"It was during my residence at Vienna, that I first saw the woman who was afterwards to kindle all the fury and all the agonies of my nature. It is useless now to repeat Septimia's title. She was a woman of the highest rank, the daughter of one of our sovereign princes, and though of a Spanish mother, most beautiful. At the Austrian Court, she was the topic of universal admiration, and when all admired, who shall wonder if I, her countryman, young, ardent in all that spoke to the passions, proud of the honours paid to Italian beauty, proud too, perhaps, of my own person, whirling through a perpetual round of brilliant sights and festivities, with all the aromatic poison of heightened pleasure filling my senses and my soul, threw myself at the feet of this most singular and admirable of women!

"We were married. Until the hour when I led her from the altar, I had never dreamed that I was not the first object in her heart. But as she turned away from that altar, the single look which she gave to the image of the Saint above, undeceived me at once, and for ever. It was not reproach, nor sorrow, nor religion, but it was a compound of them all. That look never left my mind. It has haunted me in my dreams, it has followed me in solitude. I have seen it starting

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up before me in the midst of balls and banquets, and investing the meaningless faces there with sudden sorrow and majesty. It has risen before me in the camp, in the cell; in the calm, in the storm: I see it before me, pale, sorrowful, and lovely as ever, at this hour—the look of a heart broken, but holily submissive; bowed to the earth, but contented with its grave. Septimia!

"I left Vienna. I had grown weary of it, of myself, of the world. Pleasure satiates, but mine was not satiety; it was a fierce undefined feeling; a beavy consciousness that I had been wronged in heart—that I had thrown away my capabilities of loving without the only return that can reconcile man to the cares that beset even the smoothest path of existence. Even the external show of happiness that made every lip teem with envy, fattery, or congratulation, but increased my hidden anguish. I have heard the compliments of princes, and they were only like taunts to my bitter consciousness. I have sat in the midst of crowds that filled my palace, to congratulate me on birth-days, wedding-days, the various accessions of my rank, and the marks of honour confarred on me by kings, and sat, like Satan in Paradise, hating the splendour and beauty by which I was surrounded and tortured! finding, in the brilliancy of courts and court honours, nothing but fuel for the flame that was eating its way through my soul. I was alive to but one sensation—the certainty that I was not loved by the only being whose love I could have now valued. I saw it in the hollowness of the cheek, in the feebleness of the form; I saw it even more keenly in the forced smile with which my presence, my tenderness, those attractions with which, half in hope and half in despair, I from time to time made an attempt to restore my wife to me. But her heart was frozen, or gone; and pride, pain, and thwarted affection returned on me like a legion of the spirits of evil.

"One day, in a hunting party in Hungary, I was caught in one of those sudden storms that come from the Carpathians, and cover the country with winter in a moment. I took shelter in a farm-bouse in the forest. The fireside was already filled with the wood-cutters, who had made their way in from the tempest. As I had none of the gewgaws of my rank about me, I passed for no more than what I was, a man, and was welcomed merely as a hunter. They were drinking, and the wine, sour as it was, brought out their confidences. One of them, who discovered that I belonged to the court, probably from some absurd effeminacy that had grown upon me, made enquiries about the mode of conveying a letter with which he was entrusted, and of which he conceived that I might be a more adroit conveyer than himself. The address was to my wife. I bit my lip till the blood burst out, but I contrived to check the rage that was ready to have torn the carrier and the letter into a thousand pieces. I instantly mounted my horse. The

fellow discovered by my muttered curses that he had put his commission into perilous hands, but it was too late: he followed me, and even struck me with his wood-knife; but I had got that which I would not have resigned to all the powers of earth. I felt neither wound nor tempest; I rushed along till I fainted from loss of blood, and when I opened my eyes once more, found myself in my chamber, with half the arch-duke's physicians beside my bed; languid, and almost lifeless, but with the letter still grasped in my hand.

"I had been discovered in the forest by some of my hunters, and brought home as dead. I had lain for a fortnight in my chamber, wandering from one delirium to another, but in all I still grasped the fatal letter—no farce could take it from me. Such are the poisons which man prepares for himself—I would not have parted with that letter of ruin, to be made monarch of Golconds.

"I read the letter. What was it to the breach of confidence? The secret was mine, and of all secrets the most essential and overwhelming. Its pages gave the fullest satisfaction that could be desired by a mind longing to have grounds for self-torment. They were a long-detailed, but gentle accusation of broken vows, sustained by references to times and places, and charges of duplicity and crucky on the part of friends and parents, which told me that my wife (for the woman was mentioned, it was she in every line) had long been leved in turn. That she had been the relusiont secrifice to the prejudices of her rank; and that my offer had been grasped at by her family, alike for its own advantages, and its rescue of the daughter of so proud a line from an alliance beneath her.

"I saw Septimia on that evening. She had come on the first announcement of my returning mind, and, kneeling by my bedside, offered thanksgiving to Heaven for my recovery. I could have stabbed her on the spot. But she wept at my averted face, and besought me, in such language of soft submission, to think kindly of her and her interest in me, that I felt the tears streaming down my cheeks. In that moment I could have turned to her, confessed all that burdened my mind, and solicited to have at least all that was left to her of her early heart. But I was born to be a victim! Pride forbade the humiliation. I sent her from my bedside; and tossing there till midnight, then started up, fevered and feeble as I was, to tread the corridors with shuddering feet, and break open with frantic jealousy the cabinet in which I conceived the remainder of this correspondence to be concealed.

"With a sensation of self-reproach that need not be envied by a wretch on the wheel, I broke open the cabinet, found a packet of letters, carried them to my own chamber, and there fed on them day by day. They gave me a feast of agonies. I found there the history of the whole development of young passion; the stories of the country walks, the youthful employments, the presents of flowers; the first parting of the lover for the army; the thanks for his promotion where

tained by the beloved one's influence; the little gay anecdotes of the campaign, and mixed with them sentences repeated from the answers, which told me bitterly what these answers were; fond, glowing, confiding, the outpouring of a fine spirit, all awake with the finest of all passions. what was this eloquence to me? what the brilliancy of the unconscious wit, or the loftiness of the half-inspired feeling? They were all for another; and the woman whom I had selected from the world to be the depositary of my thoughts, had not a thought for me: the being in whose loveliness I would have taken a pride, was to me but a weeping vestal, the guardian of a solitary altar, where the flame never shone to me. The wife of my bosom, the sharer in my fate, the partner of my rank and fortune, was at that hour the scorner of them all, wandering in heart far away after the trials and chances of another, shedding tears for another's sorrow, rejoicing in another's successes; and if she thought of me still, perhaps only measuring the years between me and the grave, and feeling the bonds of marriage only with the hope that the time might come when she should again be free.

\* \* \* "I had returned to my own country. But who can fly from himself? At five-and-twenty, I had the look of fifty. In the midst of all that the world covets, I was a worn-down and meagre misanthrope. If it had depended on me, the earth would be a wilderness, or mankind a horde of Tartars, only ravaging each other, and turning the earth into a grave. My friends—and I had then a host of them-came round me with advice, entreaties, wonder at my fierce contempt of society, hopes of change, and all the other helpless contrivances of man to administer to the sickness of the mind; but their efforts were as useless as probably their zeal was hollow. In this withering of the head and heart I must have persisted, but for a new excitement. War broke out between the Empire and Prussia. The prize between the combatants was a paltry province, which the money wasted in the contest would have paved with ingots, and which seemed doomed to perpetual sterility. We contrived, however, to make it bear a crop of human skulls. As the holder of a fief of the empire, a regiment was offered to me, and, at the head of my cavaliers, I rushed into the war. Glorious invention for accumulating the miseries, exercising the follies, and displaying the blindness of man! Two hundred thousand of us were sent out to butcher each other. Imperialists and Prussians pounced on each other with the appetite of vultures, and, having gorged ourselves with human blood, rested only until a fresh feast of blood was ready. Every horror that fiction ever raised, was transacted as the common every-day business To-day victors, to-morrow fugitives; wading through Adstrian carcasses at Prague; bathing in Prussian gore at Kollin; fighting through fire and water, through famine, nakedness, pestilence; we were still as ready as ever to tear each other into fragments, as if we were

flinging away life for any one thing that ever made life desirable. Between the hospital and the field, the first campaign strewed the rocks and morasses of Silesia with a hundred thousand skeletons of what once were men and fools.

"But to me this was a delight. I was a wild beast, not a man—I longed to wreak myself on all that bore the human shape—I felt myself terribly divorced from human interests—and, with the consciousness of an exile from happiness which could finish only in the grave, I sought the grave. I was every where foremost. My regiment imbibed, as all soldiers will, the headlong habits of their colonel. We dashed at every thing, until the enemy began to think that resistance was useless; and the sight of my hussars in the field, decided the fate of many an encounter.

"I was, of course, bonoured for all this. Stars and crosses were hung upon a breast which cared no more for them than if they were so many cobwebs. Still I tore my way through the enemy's squadrons, and led on my fierce sabreurs from danger to danger, until I was pronounced incontestably the most gallant hussar officer in the service—a Nadasti, a Scanderbeg—the pride and the example of the Austrian army. It was remarkable, that in all these hazards I had escaped without the alightest wound. Superstition said that I bore a charmed life, and had brought a spell with me from Italy. I had, indeed, brought that spell; for what preservative for the soldier is equal to despair? I, who never heard the fire of a Prussian battery without a secret wish that it should lay me low-I, who never saw the sabres of the Prussian cavalry without a prayer that I might be impaled on their points before evening. I alone was untouched, while my charger trampled the bones of thousands and tens of thousands of my fellow-men.

"I was, however, to feel at last the caprices of fortune. As I commanded the rear-guard of Loudohn's corps in its retreat through the last defiles of Silesia, a charge made by some of the Zieten hussars upon our baggage, set my squadrons in motion. We fell upon the marauders, and quickly recovered our baggage; but the darkness of the twilight, the intricacy of the ravine, and, more than either, the habitual daring of my men, plunged us into the centre of the whole advanced Prussian cavalry. We fought desperately, and at last extricated ourselves, but in the final charge I received a blow which struck off my helmet, and completely blinded me for the time. I fell off my horse and must have been trampled to death, but for the gallantry of one of my officers, a Hungarian, who had lately been received into the corps. This brave fellow, after first driving his sabre from point to hilt through my assailant, dragged me from among the horses' feet, and, carrying me on his shoulders, restored their unlucky colonel to his regiment, who were already in the utmost despair.

"I was conveyed to Vienna—was covered with honours, and racked with pain. But I was not to die. The gallant Hungarian was my nurse, and, after having preserved my life from the enemy, he preserved it from the doctors. But my illness was long, and during it Septimia arrived from Italy, with wife-like duty, to watch over her dying husband. I was moved by this display of tenderness, and on my feverish pillow, from which I thought I was never to rise, inwardly acquitted her of the crime of giving me the semblance of a heart. I took myself to task for the rash precipitancy with which I had wooed her, for the proud and lavish proposals which had influenced the vanity of her relations, for the fierce and violent determination to make myself happy, when it might be at the expense of making her miserable. Hour after hour of lonely thought, when all my senses seemed wrapped in sleep, have I gone through the whole tormenting history of my passions, my follies, and my sufferings; and, hour after hour, have I resolved to cast my regrets to the winds, to confide, to hope, to see happiness, even against conviction; to be blind and be comforted.

"One night, when the paroxysm of my fever seemed to render it possible that I should not see another morning, Septimia determined to watch beside my bed. I was already half dreaming, and seeing squadrons of cavalry slain and being slain, when I was roused by the pressure of a hand on my forehead. It was Septimia's. Overcome with weariness for several nights before, she had fallen asleep, and was tossing her arms in the agitation of a dream. She uttered words too, words that sank into my heart like molten ore. She evidently thought herself transported once more to those early scenes, whose very memory to me was torture. She was straying with her lover; she was parting from him. She was rushing to his arms after long absence. She was abjuring him. She was pledging herself never to love another. She was pleading with her parents. She was lamenting the bitter misfortune of the beauty which had exposed her to my disastrous love. She was drawing the contrast between my almost kingly opulence and her lover's obscure means, and rejoicing in the power of thus convincing him that she could abandon the world for his sake.

"Imagine, if human imagination is made for such things, the feelings, the miseries, the immeasurable shame, of the miserable listener. From that moment I flung away all hope, from that moment I determined that the shortest way to happiness was revenge, and that the shortest way to revenge was the best. I devoted her to destruction; I devoted myself; I devoted mankind. My heart was chill no more, the ice round it was fire. I was now neither husband nor man. I was a tiger; and if I did not spring upon my victim and crush her at the instant, it was that, like the tiger, I might make my spring the more secure; that I might strike her like a destiny; that I might hunt her down with long wretchedness; and then, when I had exhausted the last powers of infliction, triumph, and destroy her at a blow.

"These are horrors—but I was a lover, and a

madman. I was an Italian, and that includes the whole circle of the passions and vices.

"She rose, shook off her dream, and left the chamber, to prepare herself for renewed watching, by the freshness of the air that flowed in from the balcony. With the stealthy step of the tiger I followed her. She was standing in the moonlight, and never human being looked more like one of those forms of loveliness that we image descending from the spiritual world. She looked ethereal, and the melancholy smile with which she glanced at the peaceful worlds above—the clasped hands-and the sounds, between sigh and prayer, which rose from her lips, were like the sorrows of a being fallen from those bright orbs, or longing to pass away and be at rest, where the troubles of our stormy existence are felt no more.

"I gazed; and the sense of beauty dissolved my soul. My hand was on my poinard. But how could I lift it against a being that seemed all but already sainted? She prayed too; she wept; I saw the tears glistening on her eyelashes, I heard the very beating of her heart. Vengeance was impossible. I resolved to wait for farther proof, to task my own heart, to punish myself, who was the true criminal, and with calmness, oh! with what desperate calmness, withdraw from her presence, and leave this incomparable creature all that I could now leave her, the right of forgetting her rash and unhappy lord for ever.

"While these thoughts were revolving in my heart, while I was thinking of throwing myself at the feet of my wife, confessing my suspicions, my fears, my remorse, and stooping that proud heart to the just humiliation of soliciting her forgiveness, I was startled by the shadow of a figure entering the balcony. My wife uttered a faint shriek, but she did not fly. The stranger did not approach her. It was clear to my eye, rendered keen as the lynx's by jealousy, that they knew each other, and knew each other well. I glided along in the darkness. I heard their whisperstheir words were broken, and intermitted with many a sigh. I stood and listened to all. With my heart alternately panting as if it would burst, and then sinking into what I thought the coldness of death: with my breath held, with every faculty of my being all ear, I gathered the broken sounds. I heard the words—leave, anguish, parting, ruin. These were enough. I made a history of them sufficient for madness. The sigh and the tearthe clasped hands and the fainting form, filled up all that was lost. I drew my poniard, and waited but for an opportunity to strike the secure blow, which would extinguish the traitor and the traitress together.

"As if to increase the terrors of a moment big with fate to all, the night, which had, till now, been of more than summer serenity, was changed, and a blast of wild wind, followed by sheets of rain, burst on the palace. Septimia shrunk in fear; the stranger rushed forward to sustain her. Now was my time—with one hand I was at his throat. I saw his glance of astonishment; I heard my wife's scream of terror; I heard but

one sound more—his groan—as, with my poniard in his heart, he rolled in dying convulsions at my feet. In another moment, all was silence. Of the three who had just been fevered and glowing with the most vivid emotions of our nature, there were now left but three statues.

"A blaze of lightning that wrapped us all, as if the King of Evil had come on his fiery chariot to exult over his unfinished work, showed me, for the first time, the features of the stranger. What was my wonder—he was my preserver, my gallant comrade, the Hungarian! But he had died for his crime, and in that thought I was comforted. Fool, and slave that I was! I exalted myself into a minister of that Divine Justice, which, existing before all law, strikes the criminal in his most triumphant hour, embitters the blow by the suddenness of divorce from all that he loves, and proudly vindicates Heaven, without the tardy formalities of man.

"From this waking trance I was roused by a voice at my side. It was Septimia's. She pronounced me a murderer, and stained with innocent blood. She was, like myself, an ardent, powerful, sensitive being, whose nature had been suppressed by long sorrow; but it now burst forth. She pronounced me hateful to her sight, a slave of jealous fury, and merciless thirster after blood. Taking the dead hand of the unfortunate Hungarian, she kissed it, and pledged berself before Heaven and the dead, never to associate with me, never to hold counsel, never to pronounce my name more. I stood and listened to all. Then came the tale. The Hungarian was her first love, and, to my sorrow, her only love. They had been bound to each other by the most solemn vows, until my ill-omened passion at once overthrew his hopes. She would have fled with him, and gladly exchanged opulence and rank for his humble fortunes; but his high and generous spirit revolted against this sacrifice. Insulted by her family, and fearful of bringing to poverty her whom he could endow only with his heart, he left her presence altogether, and disappeared. Her next tidings of him were that he was dead, in the service of Russia, and his scarf and sword were sent to her as a dying remembrance. He had fallen in an engagement with the Turks in Bessarabia. She had now nothing to hope for on earth; and, in listlessness and coldness, she gave way to the will of her relatives, and suffered herself to be wedded to me. All this was told with the quickness of the lightning that flashed round us, and with almost the withering power. The Hungarian had constructed this tale of death to set Septimia at liberty; and then, in human weakness, had longed to be near her once again. before he died. He had returned to Austria, entered the service unknown, and lingered only until he could see, with his own eyes, that she was happy with her husband. For years she had not seen him till that night, even then by chance; and the words that passed between them were only those of final farewell.

"I wanted nothing of all this to know that I was miserable; but Septimia was too like my-

self, to part with the cup of misery while it could hold a single drop more. Her reproaches were terrible;—her taunts went to my soul. I felt the native devil within me. I commanded her to be silent, to spare me, to spare herself. It was all in vain. She was, like myself, an Italian, and restraint was at an end. She had thrown off all the feebleness and timidity of the sex. She heaped reproaches on me that fell like coals of fire upon my head, shocked with wonder, almost with awe," on the magnificent indignation and haughty despair of a creature, who, but the hour before, was all submission, all tears and tenderness, all calm, cold duty. She now towered in the strength of thwarted love; her very nature seemed to have received a sudden exaltion; her voice was rich, solemn, and powerful; her eye sat on me like a conscience, and penetrated me with an intense and agonizing keenness. I felt myself unequivocally bowed down before this majesty of wrath. Writhing through every fibre, and tossed by a frenzy of passion that tortured me as if I had been flung on the waves of the place of unutterable punishment, I might have borne this. But there are limits to the most patient endurance of man. But to hear her avow her love for the dead, at my feet—to see her press his passive hand to her forehead, to her lips, to her heart—to see her fling herself beside the body, and wildly supplicate that with it she might be laid in the grave! This I could not have borne; yet this I was doomed to hear and sec, and shudder over. I felt that to this there must be one conclusion, and that a bloody one; I felt my veins like ice, I felt the steel quiver in my fingers; I implored her not to rouse me to do what must be ruin to us both. She defied me. I adjured her to leave me till I had mastered the rage which was now ready to master me. She but caught the dead hand, and kissed it with wilder fondness. 'One kiss more,' I exclaimed, 'and you die.' The kiss was given, and with a laugh of consummate scorn. I knew not what became of me; I was blind-mentally and bodily blind. I rushed forward to tear the hand from her lips. I heard a shriek; a convulsive grasp dragged me downwe fell together. I heard and felt no more.

"The cold air of the dawn awoke me. I had lain on the marble floor from midnight. I was stiff and cold, and felt as if I had gone through some dreadful dream. But I was soon taught the reality. Septimia was lying dead beside the Hungarian. My poniard was fixed in her bosom. Whether I had stabbed her in my rage, or whether she had fallen the victim to my unlucky hand in the struggle, all was over. There lay the unhappy pair, both guiltless, yet with the heaviest punishment of guilt; both young, lovely, noble; both formed for happy years, and for the richest brightener of the happiest years, mutual love. Yet there they lay, silent, cold, motionless, heartless; their whole current of life and joy stopped in an instant by a murderer's hand. There is sometimes a strange delight in knowing that the worst that can come has come. I felt that strange delight, the hideous joy of a fallen

angel fixed in eternal chains. I felt the fierce consciousness of utter and irreparable ruin. I rejoiced in the agony of belief, that the whole power of earth could not free me from a single fetter of my ruin; that I had fathomed the lowest depth of undoing; that all the racks and wheels of tyranny could not add another pang to my mighty misery, my parching and burning up of soul, my perfection of woe. I gazed on the beautiful beings whom I had extinguished; I even felt a frantic pity for them; I composed the scattered locks on their noble foreheads; I whispered a wild prayer for the safety of their souls: I even bathed them with my tears; but they were not tears of repentance; they were the mere surcharge of a heart infuriated and infatuated, until it had exhausted itself, and sunk into weakness.

"How long I continued this melancholy task I know not, but I was roused by the approach of my attendants, who were alarmed by not finding me in my chamber. I was then fully awake to myself, and with the dagger still dyed with my wife's blood, attempted to put an end to all my pangs at once. I gave the blow; but my arm was feeble with sickness, and, before I could repeat it, I was seized and conveyed to my bed. The catastrophe of this night of horrors, of course, soon reached the ears of justice, and I should have been not unwilling to abide its severity; but my noble house forbade this humiliation, and I was hurried away in a state of stupor from Vienna, many a league.

"My subsequent career is less known, yet more memorable. The dagger had cut away from me all the honours, enjoyments, and hopes of life; what could now stimulate my ambition? Who could now be worth my hate, and who could now awake my love? I abandoned Europe, and went to wander among all nations where I could be farthest from the sight of an Italian face, the sound of an Italian tongue, the slightest memory of times and scenes which yet were imperishably fixed in my soul. But if they were there, they were things in the grave, and their revival was like the fearful summoning of the dead. I traversed Tartary, I plunged into the Siberian winter, I even penetrated the jealous boundaries of the Chinese Empire. Among them all I carried my remorse, but it may have been owing to this pilgrimage that I retained my senses or my life. Labour is the great palliative of human sorrow. Hunger has no time for tears; danger suffers no faculty to sink into lazy uselessness. I learned among those barbarians something more -the use of those extraordinary powers which nature gives us in the human frame. I learned to endure fatigue which would melt down the hardiest European. I tamed the wild horse of the desert; I swam the cataract; I scaled the mountain. The fiery sun of the south darkened my skin, but it could not wither up my nerves. Winter, with its snows and tempests, was my pastime. I had soon become distinguished among my half savage comrades for dexterity in the use of arms. This was, in some degree, the result of my Italian birth. Nature had given me the singular flexibility of form found south of the Alps; no man among the desert riders was my superior at the lance, the scimitar and the bridle. Distinctions, the distinctions of barbarism, were forced upon me, and I became the captain of a troop. I might have been, perhaps, a Khan in time, and shaken the Russian diadem as a new Zingis, at the head of a new uprising of the wilderness. But I felt higher exultation in the commands of our Khan to join the Moslem army in the commencement of one of its most disastrous campaigns. There again distinctions thickened over me. Some feats against the Russian cavalry drew down unbounded praise from the Turkish Agas, and I was fixed in the select troops of the Sultan. I now had an object in view at last. War had become familiar to me. I had cut down the bridge between me and mankind; and, even among Turks there is no better way to honours. I was reckless, daring, and remorseless. I had learned to look upon mankind as a race of predestined slaves or tyrants, and, whether slaves or tyrants, the natural food for the sword. I spared neither sword nor tongue. I massacred in the field, and I insulted in the council. Of course, I domineered in both. I found folly in the Divan, folly in the field, and defect, dismay, and ruin every where. I gave them, in place of those pledges of ill luck, plain sense, hard fighting, the bastinado, and the flat of the scimitar.

"In a single campaign, I restored the Sultan's arms, humbled the Russians, and, what was more, taught the Divan to speak like honest men. But who shall account for the changes of human things? In the last skirmish, when we were pressing the enemy's army to destruction, and cutting them up hourly like weeds, a packet was delivered to me by one of the Spahis, which he had found in the captured baggage. In it was a volume which had belonged to some luckless Italian in the retreating army. It was my own history; mine, compiled by some romancer, but told word for word; with fragments of my wife's letters, and every incident and feature of the whole transaction given in the utmost detail. Romance had done nothing in it. For what exaggeration could it have found in romance? But its perusal that night changed the whole course of my fortunes. It brought back youth, passion, misfortune, misery in full tide upon me again. The cold and unnatural fierceness of the Janizary chieftain was thawed away at once. The hatred of man, or that more than hatred, the contempt of human nature, which looked upon its joys and sorrows, its struggles and successes, as the sport of flies, made only to be brushed away, or the malignity of reptiles, fit only to be trampled into death; all was gone. I saw before me, in my solitary tent, that night, the countenances of every friend of my early years-I heard the voices once familiar to my heart-I breathed the beloved and balmy air of my native fields-I exulted in the unrivalled splendours of my native sunshine, my native shores, my native hills. First and last in every landscape, in every proud saloon, in every spot of peace and beauty, I saw the two figures that had decided on my fate, and shut the door of happiness upon me. But time had extinguished the intensity of my passions, and with it much of my pains. I felt that I longed only to forgive and be forgiven, and lie down and die.

"While I was feasting on my lonely banquet of sorrow, the thunders of the Ottoman drums were heard. The contrast was fatal to my soldiership. I felt an instant and irresistible reluctance to the trade of blood. I thought with wonder and with loathing on the savage delight which had hurried me so long through the furies of war. I had shed gore in torrents—and that, too, was Christian gore. On my knees I pledged myself to the Heaven which had so long endured me, never to aid the ferocity of king or people again. I loosed the scimitar from my waist, took the poniard from my sash, the turban from my brow, and throwing over me the cloak of one of the Greek followers of the camp, took my solitary way, and left camp, glory, wealth, the Vizierote, and the world behind.

"I never repented this step. I never turned back my tread. I fixed myself among the Thessalian cottagers, and there led a life of labour and contentment. When the war rendered life there precarious, I returned to the hills, for life had become valuable to me, from the time when I found that it could be made useful to my fellowmen. I had been, like the great King of Babylon, driven out from my kind, a proud madman, degenerating into the savage. I had, like him, fed on the dross and weeds of human life. I had spurned, and raged, and raved; and, in the deepest moral humiliation, in the wildest insanity of the heart, had deemed myself lord of all around me. But the terrible dream had passed, with all its phantoms; the convulsed and fearful distress of the soul had subsided. 'The hair wet with the dew of heaven, and the nails like eagles' claws,' had passed from my nature. I was a man again; and, in the joy of my recovered faculties, I resolved to live in future only for the sake of giving help to man, and homage to Him in whose hand man is only the dust of the balance.

"I am now, I believe, dying; and I die with the hope that the evils of my career may be forgotten, the good remembered, and the frailties forgiven. The Italian prince, the Mongol captain, the famous Hassan Caramata, the obscure Marabout, all have finished their career, and all are now stretched upon the straw-bed of an humble brother of the bare-footed Carmelites. I have, like Solomon, tried the sorrows, the wisdom, and the glories of life—like Solomon, found them all VANITUS!

#### NECESSARY QUARTITY OF SLEEP.

WITH regard to the necessary quantity of sleep, so much depends upon age, constitution and employment, that it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule which will apply to all cases. Jeremy Taylor states that three hours only out of the

twenty-four should be spent in sleep. Baxter extends the period to four hours, Wesley to six, Lord Coke and Sir William Jones to seven, and Sir John Sinclair to eight. With the latter I am disposed to coincide. Taking the average of mankind, we will come as nearly as possible to the truth when we say, that about one-third part of life should be spent in sleep; in some cases even more may be necessary, and in few can a much smaller portion be safely dispensed with. When a person is young, strong, and healthy, an hour or two less may be sufficient; but childhood and extreme old age require a still greater portion. No person who passes only eight hours in bed can be said to waste his time. If, however, he exceeds this, and is, at the same time, in possession of vigor and youth, he lays himself open to the charge of passing in slumber those hours which should be devoted to some other purpose. Too little sleep shortens life as much as an excess of sleep. Barry, in his work on Digestion, has made an ingenious, but somewhat whimsical calculation on this subject. He asserts, that the duration of human life may be ascertained by the number of pulsations which the individual is able to perform. Thus, if a man's life extends to seventy years, and his heart throbs sixty times each minute, the whole number of its pulsations will amount to 2,207,520,000; but if, by intemperance, or any other cause, he raises the pulse to seventy-five in a minute, the same number of pulsations would be completed in fifty-six years, and the duration of life abbreviated fourteen years. Arguing from these facts, he alleges that sleep has a tendency to prolong life, as, during its continuance, the pulsations are less numerous than in the waking state. There is a sort of theoretical truth in this statement, but it is liable to be modified by so many circumstances, that its application can never become general. this was not the case, it would be natural to infer, that the length of a man's life would equal that of his slumbers, whereas it is well known that too much sleep debilitates the frame, and lays the foundation of various diseases, which tends to shorten instead of extending its duration. The persons who sleep most are those who require the least of this indulgence. These are the wealthy and the luxurious, who pass nearly the half of their existence in slumber, while the hard working peasant and mechanic, who would seem, at first sight, to require more than any other class of society, are contented with seven or eight hours of repose—a period brief in proportion to that expended by them in toil, yet sufficiently long for the wants of nature, as is proved by-the strength and health which they almost uniformly enjoy. More sleep is requisite, for the reasons already stated, in winter than in summer. Were there even no constitutional causes for this difference, we would be disposed to sleep longer in the one than in the other, as many of the causes. which induce us to sit up late and rise early in summer are wanting during winter, and we comsequently feel disposed to lie in bed for a longer period of time during the latter season of the year,

# OR: LEAVE ME TO MY SORROW.

Written, Composed and arranged for the Plano Forie,

BY THOMAS MOORE.





II.

In winter from the mountain,
The stream like a torrent flows;
In summer the same fountain,
Is calm as a child's repose.
Thus in grief the first pangs wound us,
And tears of despair gush on,
Time brings forth new flowers around us,
And the tide of our grief is done.

#### III.

Then beed not my pensive hours,
Nor bid me be cheerful now;
Can sunshine raise the flowers
That droop on a blighted bough?
The lake of the tempest wears not
The brightness its slumber wore;
The heart of the mourner cares not
For joys, that were dear before.

## WINDERMERE LAKE.

#### BY L. E. L.

would it had a charmed bark,
 To sail that lovely lake;
 Nor should another prow but mine
 Its silver silence wake.
 No oar should cleave its sunny tide;
 But I would float along,
 As if the breath that filled my sail
 Were but a murmerd song.

Then I would think all pleasant thoughts;
Live early youth anew,
When hope took tones of prophecy,
And tones of music too;
And coloured life with its own hues—
The heart's true Chaude Lorraine—
The rich, the warm, the beautiful,
I'd live them once again.

Kind faces flit before my eyes,
Sweet voices fill my ear,
And friends I long have ceased to love,
I'll still think loved, and here.
With such fair phantasies to fill,
Sweet lake! thy summer air;
If thy banks were not Paradise,
Yes should I dream they were.

#### REST.

#### BY LAURA PRECY.

THERE'S a rest for the troubled heart,
A repose for the care-worn mind,
A balsam for sorrow's smart,
A retreat from the piercing wind;
There's a home for the outeast and lorn,
The victim that none will save,
There is peace:—"Tis the peace of the tomb,
And the rest, is the rest of the grave.

What should the spirit fear,
When the visions of hope depart?
There's a thought that the soul will cheer,
That will bear up the drooping heart;
Why should the orphan mourn,
When the storm of the world he can brave,
He will meet with repose in the tomb,
And he'll rest in the welcome grave!

Sees't thou a terror in death?
That terror is idle and vain,
All that we loved upon earth,
We shall meel—we shall meet with again,
Where brightness and blies over reign,
More pure than hope's vision's e'er gave; \*
We must first quit this valley of pain,
And the road winds its way through the grave.

## THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."
SHARPPEARE.

Among many other evils that attend gaming, are these—loss of time, loss of reputation, loss of health, loss of fortune, loss of temper, ruin of families, defrauding of creditors, and, what is often the effect of it, the loss of life itself.

How poor, even in this beautiful world, with the warm sun and fresh air about us, that alone are sufficient to make us glad, would be life, if we could not make the happiness of others.

How excellently composed is that mind, which shows a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation, high erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy and eloquence, as sweet in the uttering as alow to come to the uttering; and a behaviour so noble, as gives beauty to pomp, and majesty to adversity.

Youth, beauty, pomp, what are these, in point of attraction, to a woman's heart, when compared to eloquence!—the magic of the tongue is the most dangerous of all spells!

Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline: it refines the passion and improves the understanding. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not for a great matter be without the little skill which I possess in this art.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without understanding doth appear,
For all this world's affliction he thereby,
And Fortune's freaks is wisely taught to bear;
Of wretched life the only joy is she,
And the only comfort in calamity;
She arms the breast with constant patience,
Against the bitter throse of Dolour's darts,
She solaceth with rules of saplence,
The gentle winds in midst of worldly smarts;
When he is sad, she seeks to make him merry,
And doth refresh his spirits when they be weary.

The anger of a generous man, is effectually disarmed by a little gentleness on the part of its object—as a bread and milk poultice is sufficient to allay a casual inflammation in a healthy frame.

To combine profundity with perspicuity, with judgment, solidity with vivacity, truth with novelty, and all of them with liberality—who is sufficient for these things?

The world is nothing but babble; and I hardly ever saw the man who did not prate too much and speak too little. And yet half of our are is embezzled in this way. We are kept four or the year to learn words only, and to tack them to the in clause; as many more to make extension to divide steentinued discourse into

so many parts; and other five years, at least to learn succinctly to mix and interweave them after a subtle and intricate manner.

We only begin to know how to live, when we know how to measure ourselves with objects; that is to say, to proportion our attachment and our application to their importance. It is thus that we avoid too great an indifference for great things, and too great an ardour for small ones.

The Gazette of Madrid compares Ferdinand VII. to Titus. In fact, when this benevolent Prince passes a day without causing one of his subjects to be hanged or shot, he exclaims, like the Roman Prince, "I've lost a day."

Origin of the phrase "To Boot." Bote or Bota, in our old law-books, signifies, recompense, repentance, or fine paid by way of expiation, and is derived from the Saxon. Hence our common phrase "to boot," speaking of something given by way of compensation.

Not to the ensanguin'd field of death alone Is valour limited: she sits serene In the deliberate council; sagely scans The source of actions; weighs, prevents, provides, And score to count her glories from the feats Of brust force alone.

Men are sometimes inclinable to be in love, but cannot succeed in their desire; they seek all occasions of being conquered, but escape still! if I may be allowed the expression, they are bound to continue free.

The woman who values her mental qualities more than her beauty, is superior to her sex. She who esteems herself more on account of her beauty than of her talents, is of her sex. But she who prides herself more on account of her birth than her beauty, is out of her sex and above her sex.

Julius Cæsar fought 50 pitched battles, and killed one million and a half of men—for whose good?

The endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor. Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit to one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

The venerable Bede, the English historian, who published his Ecclesiastical History, in the year 731, is the most ancient author whom we find using the modern date, Anno Domini. It was adopted in France under king Pepin, and fully established in the reign of Charlemagne. The custom of beginning the year on the first of January, commenced in France in 1564.

## THE LADY'S BOOK.

## DOTOBEER, 1882.

#### MEPLANATION OF THE PLATE OF THE PASHIONS.

OUT-DOOR DRESS.—It is composed of pearl gray gros de Naples, the cereage partially high, and close to the shape. Sieves of the Gigot form. The cezenos is of India jaconet mustin, made up to the throat, trimmed in the pelerine style, with very rich embroidery round the breast and aboutders, and a full reche sustained round the throat by a cravat of fawn coloured gauze riband. Bonnet of fawn covered meire; the interior of the brim partially covered with gauffred tails. Knots of riband and a bouquet of violets or ament the crown.

In-poor Danes.—It is of Chely, striped alternately in line and fawn colour, the latter figured with brown. The corsage of the demi redingots form; the lapped deep and very open on the bosom, displays a high chemisette of clear cambric. Amadis sleeve. The cap is of gauffred tulls, edged with narrow blond lace, ornamented with a few coques of rose coloured gause riband placed under the trimming. The brides correspond.

Young Lanues' Duess.—The frock of rose coloured Chaly, the corsage high and full, with sorst sleeves. The pantaloons of jaconet muslin.

## PRIZE TALE.

#### MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

BROMLEY CHESTON, an officer in the United States navy, had just returned from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. His ship came into New York; and after he had spent a week with a sister that was married in Boston, he could not resist his inclination to pay a visit to his maternal aunt, who had resided since her widowhood at one of the small towns on the banks of the Delaware.

The husband of Mrs. Marsden had not lived long enough to make his fortune, and it was his last injunction that she should retire with her daughter to the country, or at least to a country town. He feared that if she remained in Philadelphia she would have too many temptations to exercise her taste for unnecessary expense: and that, in consequence, the very moderate income, which was all he was able to leave her, would seen be found insufficient to supply her with comforts.

We will not venture to say that duty to his aunt Marsden was the young lieutenant's only incentive to this visit: as she had a beautiful daughter about eighteen, for whom, since her earliest childhood, Bromley Cheston had felt something a little more vivid than the usual degree of regard that boys think sufficient for their cousins. His family had formerly lived in Philadelphia, and till he went into the navy Bromley and Albina were in habits of daily intercourse. Afterwards, on returning from sea, he always as soon as he set his foot on American ground began to devise means of seeing his pretty cousin, however short the time and however great the distance. And it was in meditation on Albina's beauty and sprightliness that he had often

"while sailing on the midnight deep," beguiled the long hours of the watch, and thus rendered more tolerable that dreariest part of a seaman's duty.

On arriving at the village, Lieutenant Cheston immediately established his quarters at the hotel, fearing that to become an inmate of his aunt's house might cause her some inconvenience. Though he had performed the whole journey in a steamboat, he could not refrain from changing his waistcoat, brushing his coat sleeves, brushing his hat, brushing his hair, and altering the tie of his cravat. Though he had "never told his love," it cannot be said that concealment had "preyed on his damask cheek;" the only change in that damask having been effected by the sun and wind of the occan.

Mrs. Marsden lived in a small modest-looking white house, with a green door and green venetian shutters. In early summer the porch was canopied and perfumed with honeysuckle, and the windows with roses. In front was a flower garden, redolent of sweetness and beauty; behind was a well-stored potager, and a flourishing little orchard. The windows were amply shaded by the light and graceful foliage of some beautiful locust-trees.

"What a lovely spot," exclaimed Cheston—and innocence—modesty--candour--contentment—peace—simple pleasures—intellectual enjoyments—and various other delightful ideas chased each other rapidly through his mind.

When he knocked at the door, it was opened by a black girl named Drusa, who had been brought up in the family, and whose delight on seeing him was so great that she could scarcely

published his great poem of the World of Sorrow, he gives his name at full length. He has tried law, physic, and divinity, and has resigned all for the Muses. He is a great favourite with Mrs. Washington Potts."

"And now, Albina," said Cheston, "as I know you can have but little leisure to-day, I will only detain you while you indulge me with 'Auld lang syne'—I see the piano has been moved out into the porch."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marsden, "on account of

the parlour papering."

"Oh! Bromley Cheston," exclaimed Albina, "do not ask me to play any of those antidiluvian Scotch songs. Mrs. Washington Potts cannot telerate any thing but Italian."

Cheston who had no taste for Italian, immediately took his hat, and apologizing for the length of his stay, was going away with the thought that Albina had much deteriorated in

growing up.

"We shall see you this evening without the ceremony of a further invitation," said Albina.

"Of course," replied Cheston.

"I quite long to introduce you to Mrs. Washington Potts," said Mrs. Marsden.

What simpletons these women are," thought Cheston, as he hastily turned to depart-

"The big plumb-cake's burnt to a coal," said Drusa, putting her head out of the kitchen door.

Both the ladies were off in an instant to the scene of disaster. And Cheston returned to his hotel, thinking of Mrs. Potts, (whom he had made up his mind to dislike) of the old adage that "evil communication corrupts good manners," and of the almost irresistible contagion of folly and vanity. "I am disappointed in Albina," said he, "in future I will regard her only as my mother's niece, and more than a cousin she shall never be to me."

Albina having assisted Mrs. Marsden in lamenting over the burnt cake, took off her silk frock, again pinned up her hair, and joined assiduously in preparing another plumb-cake to replace the first one. A fatality seemed to attend nearly all the confections, as is often the case when particular importance is attached to their success. The jelly obstinately refused to clarify, and the blanc-mange was equally unwilling to congeal. The maccaroons having run in baking, had neither shape nor feature, the kisses declined rising, and the sponge-cake contradicted its name. Some of the things succeeded, but most were complete failures: probably because (as old Katy insisted) " there was a spell upon them." In a city these disasters could casily have been remedied (even at the eleventh hour) by sending to a confectioner's shop, but in the country there is no alternative. Some of these mischances might perhaps have been attributed to the volunteered assistance of a mantua-maker that had been sent for from the city to make new dresses for the occasion, and who on this busy day, being "one of the best creatures in the world," had declared her willingness to turn her hand to any thing.

It was late in the afternoon before the papering was over, and then great indeed was the bustle in clearing away the litter, cleaning the floors, putting down the carpets, and replacing the furniture. In the midst of the confusion, and while the ladies were earnestly engaged in fixing the ornaments, Drusa came in to say that Dixon, the waiter that had been hired-for the evening, had just arrived, and falling to work immediately he had poured all the blanc-mange down the sink mistaking it for bonny-clabber.\* This intelligence was almost too much to bear, and Mrs. Marsden could scarcely speak for vexation.

"Drusa;" said Albina, "you are a raven that has done nothing all day but croak of disaster. Away and show your face no more, let what will happen."

Drusa departed, but in a few minutes she again put in her head at the parlour door and said, "Ma'am may I jist speak one time more."

"What now," exclaimed Mrs. Marsden.

"Oh! there's nothing else spiled or flung down the sink, jist now," said Druss, "but something's at hand a heap worse than alf. Missus's old Aunt Quimby has jist landed from the boat, and is coming up the road with baggage enough to last all summer."

"Aunt Quimby!" exclaimed Albina, "this in-

deed caps the climax!"

"Was there ever any thing more provoking," said Miss. Marsden. "When I lived in town she dissorted me sufficiently by coming every week to spend a day with me, and now she does not spend days but weeks. I would go to Alabama to get rid of her."

"And then," said Albina, "she would come and spend months with us. However, to do her justice she is a very respectable woman."

"All bores are respectable people," replied Mrs. Marsden, "if they were otherwise, it would not be in their power to bore us, for we could cut them and cast them off at once. How very unlucky. What will Mrs. Washington Potts think of her—and the Montagues too, if they should come? Still we must not affront her, as you know she is rich."

"What can her riches signify to us," said Albina, "she has a married daughter."

"True," replied Mrs. Marsden, "but you know riches should always command a certain degree of respect, and there are such things as legacies."

"After all, according to the common saying, ''tis an ill wind that blows no good,' the parlours baving been freshly papered, we can easily persuade Aunt Quimby that they are too damp for her to sit in, and so we can make her stay up stairs all the evening."

At this moment the old lady's voice was heard at the door, discharging the porter who had brought her baggage on his wheelbarrow; and the next minute she was in the front parlour. Mrs. Marsden and Albina were properly astonished, and properly delighted at seeing her; but each, after a pause of recollection, suddenly seized the old lady by the arms and conveyed her into the entry, exclaiming, "Oh! Aunt Quimby, Aunt Quimby! this is no place for you."

"What's the meaning of all this," cried Mrs. Quimby, "why wen't you let me stay in the par-

lour."

"You'll get your death," answered Mrs. Marsden; "you'll get the rheumatism. Both parlours have been newly papered to-day, and the walls are quite wet."

"That's a bad thing," said Mrs. Quimby—" a very bad thing—I wish you had put off your papering till next spring. Who'd have thought of your doing it this day of all days."

"Oh! Aunt Quimby," said Albina, "why did you not let us know that you were coming?"

"Why, I wanted to give you an agreeable surprise," replied the old lady. "But tell me why the rooms are so decked out, with flowers hanging about the looking-glasses and lamps, and why the candles are drest with cut paper, or something that looks like it."

"We are going to have a party to-night," said Albina.—"A party—I'm glad of it. Then I'm just come in the nick of time."

"I thought you had long since given up par-

ties," said Mrs. Marsden, turning pale.

" No, indeed—why should I—I always go when I am asked—to be sure I can't make much figure at parties now, being in my seventy-fifth year. But Mrs. Howks and Mrs. Himes, and several others of my old friends, always invite me to their daughters' parties, along with Mary; and I like to sit there and look about me and see people's new ways. Mary had a party herself last winter, and it went off very well, only that both the children came out that night with the measles; and one of the lamps leaked, and the oil ran all over the side-board and streamed down on the carpet; and, it being the first time we ever had ice-cream in the house, Peter, the stupid black boy, not only brought saucers to eat it in, but cups and saucers both."

The old lady was now hurried up stairs, and she showed much dissatisfaction on being told that as the damp parlours would certainly give her her death, there was no alternative but for her to remain all the evening in the chamber allotted to her. This chamber, (the best furnished in the house) was also to be 'the ladies' room,' and Albina somewhat consoled Mrs. Quimby by telling her that as the ladies would come up there to take off their hoods and arrange their hair, she would have an opportunity of seeing them all before hey went down stairs. And Mrs. Marsden promised to give orders that a portion of all the refreshments, should be carried up to her, and that Miss Matson, the mantuamaker, should sit with her a great part of the evening.

It was now time for Albina and her mother to commence dressing, but Mrs. Marsden went down stairs again with 'more last words,' to the servants, and Albiza to make some change in the arrangement of the centre-table.

She was in a loose gown, her curls were pinned up and to keep them close and safe she had tied over her head an old gauze handkerchief. While bending over the centre-table and marking with rose-leaves some of the most beautiful of Mrs. Hemans' poems, and opening two or three souvenirs at their finest plates, a knock was suddenly heard at the door, which proved to be the baker with the second plumb-cake, it having been consigned to his oven. Albina desired him to bring it to her, and putting it on the silver waiter, she determined to divide it herself into slices, being afraid to trust that business to any one else, lest it should be awkwardly cut or broken to pieces; it being quite warm.

The baker went out leaving the front-door open, and Albina intent on her task of cutting the cake, did not look up till she heard the sound of footsteps in the parlour, and then what was her dismay on perceiving Mr. and Mrs. Montague and their daughter.

Albina's first impulse was to run away, but she saw that it was now too late; and pale with confusion and vexation she tried to summon sufficient self-command to enable her to pass off this contre-tens with something like address.

It was not yet dusk, the sun being scarcely down, and of all the persons invited to the party, it was natural to suppose that the English family would have come the latest.

Mr. Montague was a long-bodied short-legged man, with round grey eyes, that looked as if they had been put on the outside of his face, the sockets having no apparent concavity: a sort of eye that is rarely seen in an American. He had a long nose, and a large heavy mouth with projecting under teeth, and altogether an unusual quantity of face; which face was bordered round with whiskers, that began at his eyes and met under his chin, and resembled in texture the coarse wiry fur of a black bear. He kept his hat under his arm, and his whole dress seemed as if modelled from one of the caricature prints of a London dandy.

Mrs. Montague (evidently some years older than her husband) was a gigantic woman, with features that looked as if seen through a magnifying glass. She had heavy piles of yellowish curls, and a crimson velvet tooque. Her daughter was a tall hard-faced girl of seventeen, meant for a child by her parents, but not meaning herself as such. She was drest in a white muslin frock and trowsers, and had a mass of black hair curling on her neck and shoulders.

They all fixed their large eyes directly upon her, and it was no wonder that Albina quailed beneath their glance or rather their stare, particularly when Mrs. Montague surveyed her through her eye-glass. Mr. Montague spoker first. "Your note did not specify the bour-Miss-Miss Martin," said he, "and as you Americans are early people, we thought we were only complying with the simplicity of republican manners by coming before dark. We suppose

that in general you adhere to the primitive maxim of 'early to bed and early to rise.' I forget the remainder of the rhyme, but you know it undoubtedly."

Albina at that moment wished for the presence of Bromley Cheston. She saw from the significant looks that passed between the Montagues, that the unseasonable earliness of this visit did not arise from their ignorance of the customs of American society, but from premeditated impertinence. And she regretted still more having invited them, when Mr. Montague with impudent familiarity walked up to the cake (which she had nicely cut into slices without altering its form) and took one of them out.—" Miss Martin," said he, "your cake leoks so inviting that I cannot hefrain from helping myself to a piece. Mrs. Montague give me leave to present one to you. Miss Montague will you try a slice?"

They sat down on the sofa, each with a piece of cake, and Albina saw that they could scarcely refrain from laughing openly, not only at her dishabille, but at her disconcerted countenance.

Just at this moment Drusa appeared at the door, and called out, "Miss Albinar, the presarved squinches are all working. Missus found 'em so when she opened the jar." Albina could bear no more, but hastily darting out of the room, she ran up stairs almost crying with vexation.

Old Mrs. Quimby was loud in her invectives against Mr. Montague for spoiling the symmetry of the cake, and helping himself and his family so unceremoniously. "You may rely upon it," said she, "a man that will do such a thing in a strange house is no gentleman."

"On the contrary," observed Mrs. Marsden, "I have no doubt that in England these free and easy proceedings are high ton. Albina have not you read some such things in Vivian Grey?"

"I do not believe," said Mrs. Quimby, "that if this Englishman was in his own country, he would dare to go and take other people's cake without leave or license. But he thinks any sort of behaviour good enough for the Yankees, as they call us."

"I care not for the cake," said Albina, "although the pieces must now be put into baskets, I only think of the Montagues walking in without knocking, and catching me in complete dishabille: after I had kept poor Bromley Cheston waiting half an hour this morning rather than he should see me in my pink gingham gown and with my hair in pins."

"As sure as sixpence," remarked Mrs. Quimby, "this last shame has come upon you as a punishment for your pride to your own cousin."

Mrs. Marsden having gone into the adjoining room to dress, Albina remained in this, and placed herself before the glass for the same purpose. "Heigho!" said she, "how pale and jaded I look. What a fatiguing day I have had! I have been on my feet since five o'clock this morning, and I feel now more fit to go to bed than to add to my weariness by the task of dressing, and then playing the agreeable for four or

five hours. I begin to think that parties (at least such parties as are now in vogue) should only be given by persons who have large houses, large purses, conveniences of every description, and servants enough to do all that is necessary."

"Albina is talking quite sensibly," said Aunt Quimby to Mrs. Marsden, who came in to see if her daughter required her assistance in dressing.

"Pho," said Mrs. Marsden, "think of the eclat of giving a party to Mrs. Washington Potts, and of having the Montagues among the guests. We shall find the advantage of it when we visit the city again."

"Albina," said Aunt Quimby, "now we are about dressing, just quit for a few moments and help me on with my long stays and my new black silk gown, and let me have the glass awhile; I am going to wear my lace cap with the white satin riband. This dark calico gown and plain muslin cap won't do at all to sit here in, before all the ladies that are coming up."

"Oh! no matter," replied Albina, who was unwilling to relinquish the glass or to occupy any of her time by assisting her aunt in dressing, (which was always a troublesome and tedious business with the old lady) and her mother had now gone down to be ready for the reception of the company, and to pay her compliments to the Montagues. "Oh! no matter," said Albina, "your present dress looks perfectly well, and the ladies will be too much engaged with themselves and their own dresses to remark any thing else. No one will observe whether your gown is calice or silk, and whether your cap is muslin or lace. Elderly ladies are always privileged to wear what is most convenient to them."

Albina put on the new dress that the mantuamaker had made for her. When she had tried it on the preceding evening Miss Matson declared that "it fitted like wax." She now found that it was scarcely possible to get it on at all, and that one side of the forebody was larger than the other. Miss Matson was called up, and by dint of the pulling, stretching, and smoothing well known to mantua-makers, and still more by means of her pertinacious assurances that the dress had no fault whatever, Albina was obliged to acknowledge that she could wear it, and the redundancy of the large side was pinned down and pinned over. In sticking in her comb she broke it in half, and it was long before she could arrange her hair to her satisfaction without it-Before she had completed her toilette, several of the ladies arrived and came into the room, and Albina was obliged to snatch up her paraphernalia and make her escape into the next apart-

At last she was drest—she went down stairs. The company arrived fast, and the party began.

Bromley Cheston had come early to assist in doing the honours, and as he led Albina to a seat, he saw that in spite of her smiles she looked weary and out of spirits, and he pitied her.—
"After all," thought he, "there is much that is interesting about Albina Marsden."

The party was very select, consisting of the elite of the village and its neighbourhood; but still, as is often the case, those whose presence was most desirable had sent excuses, and those who were not wanted had taken care to come. And Miss Boreham, (a young lady who having nothing else to recommend her, had been invited solely on account of the usual elegance of her attire, and whose dress was expected to add prodigiously to the effect of the rooms.) came most unaccountably in an old faded frock of last year's fashion, with her hair quite plain and tucked behind her ears with two side-combs. Could she have had a suspicion of the reason for which she was generally invited, and have therefore perversely determined on a reaction?

The Montagues sat together in a corner, putting up their eye-glasses at every one that entered the room, and criticising the company in load whispers to each other; poor Mrs. Marsden endeavouring to catch opportunities of paying her court to them.

About nine o'clock, appeared an inamense cap of bload lace, gauze ribasd, and flowers; and sader the cap was Mrs. Washington Potts, a little thin trifling looking woman with a whitish freckled face, small sharp features, and flaxen hair. She leaned on the arm of Mr. Washington Potts, who was nothing in company or any where else; and she led by the hand a little boy in asuit of scarlet, braided and frogged with blue: a pale rat-looking child whose name she pronounced Laughy-yet, meaning La Fayette; and who being the youngest scion of the house of Potts, always went to parties with his mother, because he would not stay at home.

Bromley Cheston, on being introduced to Mrs. Washington Potts was surprised at the ineignificance of her figure and face. He had imagined her tall in stature, large in feature, loud in voice, and in short the very counterpart to Mrs. Montague. He found her, however, as he had supposed, replete with vanity, pride, ignorance and folly: to which she added a sickening affectation of sweetness and amiability, and a flimsy pretension to extraordinary powers of conversation founded on a confused assemblage of incorrect and superficial ideas, which she mistook for a general knowledge of every thing in the world-

Mrs. Potts was delighted with the handsome face and figure, and the very genteel appearance of the young lieutenant, and she bestowed upon him a large portion of her talk.

"I hear, sir," said she, "you have been in the Mediterranean Sea. A sweet pretty place is it not?"

"Its shores," realied Cheston, "are certainly very beautiful."

"Yes, I should admire its chalky cliffs vastly," resumed Mrs. Potts, "they are quite poetical you know. Pray, sir, which do you prefer, Byron or Bonaparte. I doat upon Byron; and considering what sweet verses he wrote, 'tis a pity he was a corsair, and a vampyre pirate, and all such horrid things. As for Bonaparte, I never could endure him after I found that he had cut

off poor old King George's head. Now, when we talk of great men, my husband is altogether for Washington. I laugh, and tell Mr. Potts it's because he and Washington are namesakes. How do you like La Fayette,"—(pronouncing the name a la canaille.)

"The man or the name?" enquired Cheston.

"Oh! both to be sure. You see we have called our youngest blossom after him. Come here Lafayette, stand forward my dear, hold up your head, and make a bow to the gentleman."

"I won't," screamed La Fayette. "I'll never

make a bow when you tell me."

"Something of the spirit of his ancestors," said Mrs. Potts, affectedly smiling to Cheston, and patting the urchin on the head.

"His ancestors!" thought Cheston. "Who

could they possibly have been?"

"Perhaps the dear fellow may be a little, a very little spoiled," pursued Mrs. Potts. "But to make a comparison in the marine line, (quite in your way, you know,) it is as natural for a mother's heart to turn to her youngest darling as it is for the needle to point out the longitude. Now we talk of longitude have you read Cooper's last novel by the author of the Spy. It's a sweet book-Cooper is one of my pets. I saw him in dear delightful Paris. Are you musical Mr. Cheston?—But of course you are. Our whole aristocracy is musical now. How do you like Paganini? You must have heard him in Europe. It's a very expensive thing to hear Paganini.— Poor man! he is quite ghastly with his own playing. Well; as you have been in the Mediterranean, which do you prefer, the Greeks or the Poles?"

"The Poles, decidedly," answered Cheston, from what I have heard of them, and seen of the Greeks."

"Well, for my part," resumed Mrs. Potts, "I confess I like the Greeks, as I have always been rather classical. They are so Grecian. Think of their beautiful statues and paintings by Rubens and Reynolds. Are you fond of paintings? At my house in the city, I can show you some very fine ones."

"By what artists?" asked Cheston.

"Oh! by my daughter Harriet. She did them at drawing-school with theorems. They are beautiful flower-pieces, all framed and hung up; they are almost worthy of Sir Benjamin West."

In this manner Mrs. Potts ran on till the entrance of tea, and Cheston took that opportunity of escaping from her; while she imagined him deeply imbued with admiration of her fluency, vivacity and variety of information. But in reality, he was thinking of the strange depravity of taste that is sometimes found even in intelligent minds; for in no other way could he account for Albina's predilection for Mrs. Washington Potts.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The author takes this occasion to remark that the illustrious artist to whom so many of his countrymen erroneously give the title of Sir Benjamin West, never in reality had the compliment of knighthood conferred on him. He lived and diff. West, as is well known to all who have any acquaintance with pictures and painters.

"And yet," thought he, "is a young and inexperienced girl more blameable for her blindness in friendship, (or what she imagines to be friendship) than an acute, sensible, talented man for his blindness in love. The master-spirits of the earth have almost proverbially married women of weak intellect, and almost as proverbially the children of such marriages resemble the mother rather than the father. A just punishment for choosing so absurdly. Albina I must know you better."

The party went on, much as parties generally do where there are four or five guests that are supposed to rank all the others. The patricians evidently despised the plebeians, and the plebeians were offended at being despised; for in no American assemblage is any real inferiority of rank ever felt or acknowledged. There was a general duliness, and a general restraint. Little was done, and little was said. La Fayette wandered about in every body's way; having been kept wide awake all the evening by two cups of strong coffee, which his mother allowed him to take because he would have them.

There was always a group round the centre table, listlessly turning over the souvenirs, albums, &c. and picking at the flowers; and La Fayette ate plumb-cake over Cheston's beautiful drawings.

Albina played an Italian song extremely well, but the Montagues exchanged glances at her music; and Mrs. Potts, to follow suit, hid her face behind her fan and simpered; though in truth she did not in reality know Italian from French, or a semibreve from a semiquaver. All this was a great annoyance to Cheston. At Albina's request, he led Miss Montague to the piano. She ran her fingers over the instrument as it to try it; gave a shudder, and declared it most sheckingly out of tune, and then rose in herror from the music stool. This much surprised Mrs. Marsden, as a musician had been brought from the city only the day before for the express purpose of tuning this very instrument.

"No," whispered Miss Montague, as she resumed her seat beside her mother, "I will not condescend to play before people who are incapable of understanding my style."

At this juncture (to the great consternation of Mrs. Marsden and her daughter) who should make her appearance but Aunt Quimby in the calico gown which Albina now regretted having persuaded her to keep on. The old lady was wrapped in a small shawl and two large ones, and her head was secured from cold by a black silk handkerchief tied over her cap and under her chin. She smiled and nodded all round to the company, and said-" How do you do, good people; I hope you are all enjoying yourselves. I thought I must come down and have a peep at you: For after I had seen all the ladies take off their hoods, and had my tea, I found it pretty dull work sitting up stairs with the mantua-maker, who had no more manners than to fall asleep while I was talking."

Mrs. Marsden, much discomfited, led Aunt

Quimby to, a chair between two marrons who were among "the unavoidably invited," and whose pretensions to refinement were not very palpable. But the old lady had no idea of remaining stationary all the evening between Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Jackson. She wisely thought "she could see more of the party," if she frequently changed her place, and being of what is called a sociable disposition, she never hesitated to talk to any one that was near her, however high or however low.

"Dear mother," said Albina in an under voice, "what can be the reason that every one in tasting the ice-cream, immediately sets it aside as if it was not fit to eat. I am sure every thing is in it that ought to be."

"And something more than ought to be," replied Mrs. Marsden, after trying a spoonsful—"the salt that was laid round the freezer has got into the cream, (I suppose by Dixon's carelessness) and it is not fit to eat."

"And now," said Albina starting, "I will show you a far worse mortification than the failure of the ice-cream. Only look—there sits Aunt Quimby between Mr. Montague and Mrs. Washington Potts."

"How in the world did she get there?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. "I dare say she walked up, and asked them to make room for her between them. There is nothing now to be done but to pass her off as well as we can, and to make the best of life. I will manage to get as mean as possible, that I may hear what she is talking about, and take an opportunity of persuading her away."

As Mrs. Marsden approached within hearing distance, Mr. Montague was leaning across Aunt Quimby, and giving Mrs. Potts an account of something that had been said or done during a splendid entertainment at Dovonsbire House.—
"Just at that moment," said he, "I was lounging into the room with Lady Augusta Fitzberry on my arm (unquestionably the finest woman in England) and Mrs. Montague was a few steps in advance, leaning on my friend the Marquis of Elvington."

"Pray, sir," said Mrs. Quimby, "as you are from England, do you know any thing of Betsey Dempsey's husband?"

"I have not the honour of being acquainted with that person," replied Mr. Montague, after a withering stare.

"Well that's strange," pursued Aunt Quimby, 
"considering that he has been living in London at least eighteen years—or perhaps it is only seventeen. And yet I think it must be near eighteen, if not quite. Many seventeen and a half. Well, it's best to be the safe side, so I'll say seventeen. Betsey Dempsey's mother was an old school-mate of mine. Her father kept the Black Horse tavern. She was the only acquaintance I-ever had that married an Englishman. He was a grocer, and in very good business; but he never liked America, and was always finding fault with it, and so he went home, and was to send for Betsey. But he never sent for

her at all; for a very good reason; which was that he had another wife in England, as most of them have—no disparagement to you, sir."

Mrs. Marsden now came up, and informed Mrs. Potts in a whisper that the good old lady beside her, was a distant relation or rather connexion of Mr. Marsden's, and that, though a little primitive in appearance and manner, she had considerable property in bank-stock. To Mrs. Marsden's proposal that she should exchange her seat for a very pleasant one in the other room next to her old friend Mrs. Willis, Aunt Quimby replied nothing but "Thank you, I'm doing very well here."

Mrs. and Miss Montague, apparently heeding no one else, had talked nearly the whole evening to each other, but loudly enough to be heard by all around them. The young lady, though dressed as a child, talked like a woman, and she and her mother were now engaged in an argument whether the flirtation of the Duke of Risingham with Lady Georgiana Melbury would end seriously or not. "To my certain knowledge," said Miss Montague, "his Grace has never yet declared himself to Lady Georgiana, or to any one else." -"I'll lay you two to one," said Mrs. Montague, "that he is married to her before we return to England."-" No," replied the daughter, "like all others of his sex he delights in keeping the ladies in suspense."

"What you say, Miss, is very true," said Aunt Quimby, leaning in her turn across Mr. Montague, "and considering how young you are you talk very sensibly. Men certainly have a way of keeping women in suspense, and an unwillingness to answer questions even when we ask them. There's my son-in-law, Billy Fairfowl, that I live with. He married my daughter Mary eleven years ago, the 23d of last April. He's as good a man as ever breathed, and an excellent provider too. He always goes to market himself; and sometimes I can't help blaming him a little for his extravagance. But his greatest fault is his being so unsatisfactory. As far back as last March, as I was sitting at my knitting in the little front parlour with the door open, (for it was quite warm weather for the time of year) Billy Fairfowl came home carrying in his hand a goodsized shad; and I called out to him to ask what he gave for it, for it was the very beginning of the shad season; but he made not a word of answer; he just passed on, and left the shad in the kitchen, and then went to his store. dinner we had the fish, and a very nice one it was; and I asked him again how much he gave for it, but he still poided answering, and began to talk of something else; so I thought I'd let it rest awhile. A week or two after, I again asked him; so then he actually said he had forgotten all about it. And to this day I don't know the price of that shad."

The Montagues looked at each other—almost laughed aloud, and drew back their chairs as far from Aunt Quimby as possible. So also did Mrs. Potts. Mrs. Marsden came up in an agony of vexation, and reminded her aunt in a low voice

of the risk of renewing her rheumatism by staying so long between the damp newly-papered walls. The old lady answered aloud—"Oh! you need not fear, I am well wrapped up on purpose. And indeed considering that the parlours were only papered to-day, I think the walls have dried wonderfully, (putting her hand on the paper)—I am sure nobody could find out the damp if they were not told."

"What!" exclaimed the Montagues; "only papered to-day—(starting up and testifying all that prudent fear of taking cold, so characteristic of the English). How barbarous to inveigle us into such a place!"

"I thought I felt strangely chilly all the evening," said Mrs. Potts, whose fan had scarcely been at rest five minutes.

The Montagues proposed going away immediately, and Mrs. Potts declared she was most apprehensive for poor little Lafayette. Mrs. Marsden who could not endure the idea of their departing till all the refreshments had been handed round, (the best being yet to come) took great pains to persuade them that there was no real cause of alarm, as she had had large fires all the afternoon. They held a whispered consultation, in which they agreed to stay for the oysters and chicken salad, and Mrs. Marsden went out to send them their shawls, with one for Lafayette.

By this time the secret of the newly-papered walls had spread round both rooms; the conversation now turned entirely on colds and rheumatisms; there was much shivering and considerable coughing, and the demand for shawls increased. However nobody actually went home in consequence.

"Papa," said Miss Montague, "let us all take French leave as soon as the oysters and chickensalad have gone round."

Albina now came up to Aunt Quimby (gladly perceiving that the old lady looked tired,) and proposed that she should return to her chamber, assuring her that the waiters should be punctually sent up to her—"I do not feel quite ready to go yet," replied Mrs. Quimby. "I am very well here. But you need not mind me. Go back to your company, and talk a little to those three poor girls in the yellow frocks that nobody has spoken to yet, except Bromley Cheston. When I am ready to go I shall take French leave, as these English people call it."

But Aunt Quimby's idea of French leave was very different from the usual acceptation of the term; for having always heard that the French were a very polite people, she concluded that their manner of taking leave must be particularly respectful and ceremonious. Therefore, having paid her parting compliments to Mrs. Potts and the Montagues, she walked all round the room, curtseying to every body and shaking hands, and telling them she had come to take French leave. To put an end to this ridiculous scene, Bromley Cheston (who had been on assiduous duty all the evening) now came forward and taking the old lady's arm in his offered to

escort her up stairs. Aunt Quimby was much flattered by this unexpected civility from the finest looking young man in the room, and she smilingly departed with him, complimenting him on his politeness, and assuring him that he was a real gentleman; trying also to make out the degree of relationship that existed between them.

"So much for Buckingham," said Cheston, as he ran down stairs after depositing the old lady at the door of her room. "Fools of all ranks and of all ages are to me equally intolerable. I never can marry into such a family."

The party went on.

"In the name of heaven, Mrs. Potts," said Mrs. Montague, "what induces you to patronize

these people?"

"Why, they are the only tolerable persons in the neighbourhood," answered Mrs. Potts, " and very kind and obliging in their way. I really think Albina a very sweet girl, very sweet indeed: and Mrs. Marsden is rather amiable too, quite amiable. And they are so grateful for any little notice I take of them, that it is really quite affecting. Poor things! how much trouble they have given themselves in getting up this party. They look as if they had had a hard day's work; and I have no doubt they will be obliged, in consequence, to pinch themselves for months to come; for I can assure you their means are very small, very small indeed. As to this intolerable old aunt, I never saw her before, and as there is something rather genteel about Mrs. Marsden and her daughter; rather so at least about Albina; I did not suppose they had any such relations belonging to them. I think, in future, I must confine myself entirely to the aristocracy."

"We deliberated to the last moment," said Mrs. Montague, "whether we would come. But as Mr. Montague is going to write his tour when we return to England, he thinks it expedient to make some sacrifices, for the sake of seeing the

varieties of American society."

"Oh! these people are not in society," exclaimed Mrs. Potts eagerly. "I can assure you these Marsdens have not the slightest pretensions to society. Oh! no—I beg of you not to suppose that Mrs. Marsden and her daughter are at all in society."

This conversation was overheard by Bromley Cheston, and it gave him more pain than he was willing to acknowledge, even to himself.

At length all the refreshments had gone their rounds, and the Montagues had taken real French leave; but Mrs. Washington Potts preferred a conspicuous departure, and therefore made her adieux with a view of producing great effect. This was the signal for the company to break up, and Mrs. Marsden gladly smiled them out, while Albina could have said with Gray's Prophetess—

" Now my weary lips I close, Leave me, leave me to repose."

But, according to Mrs. Marsden, the worst of all was the poet, the professedly eccentric Bewley Garvin Gandy, author of the World of Sorrow, Elegy on a Broken Heart, Lines on a Suppressed Sigh, Sonnet to a Hidden Tear, Stanzas to Faded Hopes, &c. &c. and who was just now engaged in a tale called "The Bewildered," and an Ode to the Waning Moon, which set him to wandering about the country, and "kept him out o' nights." The poet, not being a man of this world, did not make his appearance at the party till the moment of the bustle occasioned by the exit of Mrs. Washington Potts. He then darted suddenly into the room, and looked wild.

We will not insinuate that he bore any resemblance to Sandy Clark. He certainly wore no chapeau, and his coat was not in the least a la militaire, for it was a dusky brown frock. His collar was open, in the fashion attributed to Byron, and much affected by scribblers who are incapable of imitating the noble bard in any thing but his follies. His hair looked as if he had just been tearing it, and his eyes seemed "in a fine frenzy rolling." He was on his return from one of his moonlight rambles on the banks of the river, and his pantaloons and coat-skirt showed evident marks of having been deep among the cat-tails and splatter-docks that grew in the mad of its margin.

Being a man that took no note of time, he wandered into Mrs. Marsden's house between eleven and twelve o'clock, and remained an hour after the company had gone; reclining at full length on a sofa, and discussing Barry Cornwall and Thomas Haynes Bayley, L. E. L. and Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson. After which he gradually became classical, and poured into the sleepy ears of Mrs. Marsden and Albina a parallel between Tibullus and Propertius, a dissertation on Alcœus and another on Menander.

Bromley Cheston who had been escorting home two sets of young ladies that lived "far as the poles asunder," passed Mrs. Marsden's house on returning to his hotel, and seeing the lights still gleaming, he went in to see what was the matter, and kindly relieved his aunt and cousin by reminding the poet of the lateness of the hour, and "fairly carrying him off."

Aunt Quimby had long since been asleep. But before Mrs. Marsden and Albina could forget themselves in "tir'd nature's sweet restorer," they lay awake for an hour, discussing the fatigues and vexations of the day, and the mortifications of the evening. "After all," said Albina, "this party has cost us five times as much as it is worth, both in trouble and expense, and I really cannot tell what pleasure we have derived from it."

"No one expects pleasure their own party," replied Mrs. Marsden. "But you may depend on it, this little compliment to Mrs. Washington Potts will prove highly advantageous to us hereafter. And then it is something to be the only family in the neighbourhood that could presume to do such a thing."

Next morning, Bromley Cheston received a letter which required his immediate presence in New York on business of importance. When he went to take leave of his aunt and comin, he

found them busily engaged in the troublesome task of clearing away and putting in order; a task which is nearly equal to that of making the preparations for a party. They looked pale and spiritless, and Mrs. Washington Potts had just sent her three boys to spend the day with them.

When Cheston took Albina's hand at parting, he felt it tremble, and her eyes looked as if they were filling with tears. "After all," thought he, "she is a charming girl, and has both sense and sensibility."—"I am very nervous to-day," said Albina, "the party has been too much for me; and I have in prospect for to-morrow the pain of taking leave of Mrs. Washington Potts, who returns with all her family to Philadelphia."

"Strange infatuation," thought Cheston, as he dropped Albina's hand, and made his parting bow. "I must see more of this girl, before I can resolve to trust my happiness to her keeping; I cannot share her heart with Mrs. Washington Potts. When I return from New York I will talk to her seriously about that ridiculous woman, and I will also remonstrate with her mother on the folly of straining every nerve in the pursuit of what she calls a certain style."

In the afternoon, Mrs. Potts did Albina the bonour to send for her to assist in the preparations for to-morrow's removal to town; and in the evening the three boys were all taken home sick, in consequence of having laid violent hands on the fragments of the feast: which fragments they had continued during the day to devour almost without intermission. Also Randolph had thrown Jefferson down stairs, and raised two green bumps on his forehead, and Jefferson had pinched La Fayette's fingers in the door till the blood came; not to mention various minor squabbles and hurts.

At parting, Mrs. Potts went so far as to kiss Albina, and made her promise to let her know immediately, whenever she or her mother came to the city.

In about two weeks, Aunt Quimby finished her visitation: and the day after her departure Mrs. Marsden and Albina went to town to make their purchases for the season, and also with a view towards a party which they knew Mrs. Potts had in contemplation. This time they did not as usual stay with their relations, but they took lodgings at a fashionable boarding-house where they could receive their "great woman," comme il faut.

On the morning after their arrival Mrs. Marsden and her daughter, in their most costly dresses, went to visit Mrs. Potts that she might be apprised of their arrival; and they found her in a spacious house, expensively and ostentatiously furnished. After they had waited till even their patience was nearly exhausted, Mrs. Potts came down stairs to them, but there was evidently a great abatement in her affability. She seemed uneasy, looked frequently towards the door, got up several times and went to the window, and appeared fidgetty when the bell rung. At last there came in two very flaunting ladies, whom

Mrs. Potts received as if she considered them people of consequence. They were not introduced to the Marsdens, who after the entrance of these new visiters sat awhile in the pitiable situation of cyphers, and then took their leave. "Strange," said Mrs. Marsden, "that she did not say a word of her party."

Three days after their visit, Mrs. Washington Potts left cards for Mrs. and Miss Marsden, without enquiring if they were at home. And they heard from report that her party was fixed for the week after next, and that it was expected to be very splendid, as it was to introduce her daughter who had just quitted boarding-school. The Marsdens had seen this young lady, who had spent the August holidays with her parents. She was as silly as her mother, and as dull as her father in the eyes of all who were not blindly determined to think her otherwise, or who did not consider it particularly expedient to uphold all of the name of Potts.

At length they beard that the invitations were going out for Mrs. Potts's party, and that though very large it was not to be general; which meant that only one or two of the members were to be selected from each family with whom Mrs. Potts thought proper to acknowledge an acquaintance. From this moment Mrs. Marsden, who at the best of times had never really been treated with much respect by Mrs. Potts, gave up all hope of an invitation for herself; but she counted certainly on one for Albina, and every ring at the door was expected to bring it. There were many rings but no invitation, and poor Albina, and her mother took turns in watching at the window.

At last Bogle was seen to come up the steps with a handful of notes; and Albina, regardless of all rule, ran to the front-door herself. They were cards for a party, but not Mrs. Potts's, and were intended for two other ladies that lodged in the house.

Every time that Albina went out and came home, she enquired anxiously of all the servants if no note had been left for her. Still there was none. And her mother still insisted that the note must have come, but had been mislaid afterwards, or that Bogle had lost it in the street.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday passed over, and still no invitation. Mrs. Marsden talked much of the carelessness of servants. and had no doubt of the habitual negligence of Mesers. Bogle, Shepherd, and other " fashionable party-men." Albina was almost sick with "hope At last, when she came home on deferred." Monday morning from Second street, her mother met her at the door with a delighted face, and showed her the long-desired note, which had just been brought by Mrs. Potts's own man. The party was to take place in two days: and so great was now Albina's happiness, that she scarcely felt the fatigue of searching the shops for articles of attire that were very elegant and yet not too expensive; and shopping with a limited purse is certainly no trifling exercise both of mind and body; so also is the task of going round among fashionable mantua-makers in the

hope of coaxing one of them to undertake a dress at a short notice.

Next morning, Mrs. Potts sent for Albina immediately after breakfast, and told her that as she knew her to be very clever at all sorts of things, she wanted her to stay that day and assist in the preparations for the next. Mrs. Potts, like many other people who live in showy houses and dress extravagantly, was very economical in servants. She gave such low wages that none would come to her who could get places any where else, and she kept them on such limited allowance that none would stay with her who were worth having.

Fools, are seldom consistent in their expenditure. They generally (to use a homely expression) strain at gnats and swallow camels.

About noon Albina having occasion to consult Mrs. Potts concerning something that was to be done, found her in the front parlour with Mrs. and Miss Montague. After Albina had left the room, Mrs. Montague said to Mrs. Potts—"Is not that the girl that lives with her mother at the place on the river, I forget what you call it?—I mean the niece of the aunt."

"That is Albina Marsden," replied Mrs. Potts.

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Montague, "the people that made so great an exertion to give you a sort of party, and honoured Mr. and Miss Montague and myself with invitations."

"She's not to be here to-morrow night, I

hope!" exclaimed Miss Montague.

"Really," replied Mrs. Potts, "I could do no less than ask her. The poor thing, did her very best to be civil to us all last summer."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Montague, "in the country one is willing sometimes to take up with such company as we should be very sorry to acknowledge in town. You assured me that your party to-morrow night would be extremely recherchee. And as it is so early in the season, you know that it is necessary to be more particular now than at the close of the campaign, when every one is tired of parties and unwilling to get new evening dresses lest they should be out of fashion before they are wanted again. Excuse me, I speak only from what I have heard of American customs."

"I am always particular about my parties," said Mrs. Potts.

"A word in your ear," continued Mrs. Montague. "Is it not impolitic, or rather are you not afraid to bring forward so beautiful a girl as this Miss Martin on the very night of your own daughter's debut."

Mrs. Potts looked alarmed for a moment, and then recovering herself said—" I have no fear of Miss Harriet Angelina Potts being thrown in the shade by a little country girl like this. Albina Marsden is pretty enough, to be sure—at least, rather pretty—but then there is a certain style—a a certain air which she of course—in short, a certain style—"

"As to what you call a certain style," said Mrs. Montague, "I do not know exactly what you mean. If it signifies the air and manner of

a lady, this Miss Martin has as much of it as any other American girl. To me they are all nearly alike. I cannot distinguish those minute shades of difference that you all make such a point of. In my unpractised eyes the daughters of your mechanics and shopkeepers look as well and behave as well as the daughters of your lawyers and doctors, for I find your nobility is chiefly made up of these two professions, with the addition of a few merchants; and you call every one a merchant that does not sell his commodities by the single yard or the single quart."

"Mamma," whispered Miss Montague, "if that girl is to be here I don't wish to come. I

can't endure her."

"Take my advice," continued Mrs. Montague to Mrs. Potts, "and put off this Miss Martin. If she was not so strikingly handsome, she might pass unnoticed in the crowd. But her beauty will attract general observation, and you will be obliged to tell exactly who she is, where you picked her up, and to give or to hear an account of her family and all her connexions; and from the specimen we have had in the old aunt, I doubt if they will bear a very minute scrutiny. So if she is invited, endeavour to uninvite her."

"I am sure I would willingly do that," replied Mrs. Potts, "but I can really think of no excuse"

"Oh! send her a note to-morrow," answered Mrs. Montague, carelessly, and rising to depart, "any thing or nothing, so that you only signify to her that she is not to come."

All day Mrs. Potts was revolving in her mind the most feasible means of preventing Albina from appearing at her party; and her conscience smote her when she saw the unsuspecting girl so indefatigable in assisting with the preparations. Before Albina went home, Mrs. Potts had come to the conclusion to follow Mrs. Montague's advice, but she shrunk from the task of telling her so in person. She determined to send her, next morning, a concise note, politely requesting her not to come; and she intended afterwards to call on her and apologize, on the plea of her party being by no means general, but still so large that every inch of room was an object of importance; also that the selection consisted entirely of persons well known to each other and accustomed to meet in company, and that there was every reason to fear that her gentle and modest friend Albina would have been unable to enjoy herself among so many strangers, &c. &c. These excuses, she knew were very flimsy, but she trusted to Albina's good nature, and she thought she could smooth off all by inviting both her and her mother to a sociable tea.

Next morning, Mrs. Potts who was on no occasion very ready with her pen, considering that she professed to be au fait to every thing, employed near an hour in manufacturing the following note to Albina.

"Mrs. Washington Potts' compliments to Miss Marsden, and she regrets being under the necessity of dispensing with Miss M.'s company to join the social circle at her mansion-bouse this evening. Mrs. W. P. will explain hereafter, hoping Mrs. and Miss M. are both well. Mr. W. P. requests his respects to both ladies, as well as Miss Potts, and their favourite little Lafayette desires his best love."

This billet arrived while Albina had gone to her mantua-maker to have her new dress fitted on for the last time. Her mother opened the note and read it; a liberty which no parent should take with the correspondence of a grown-up daughter. Mrs. Marsden was shocked at its contents, and at a loss to guess the motive of so strange an interdiction. At first her only emotion was resentment against Mrs. Potts. Then she thought of the disappointment and mortification of poor Albina, whom she pictured to herself passing a forlorn evening at home, perhaps crying in her own room. Next, she recollected the elegant new dress in which Albina would have looked so beautifully, and which would now be useless.

"Oh!" soliloquized Mrs. Marsden, "what a pity this unaccountable note was not dropped and lost in the street. But then, of course some one would have found and read it, and that would have been worse than all. How could Mrs. Potts be guilty of such abominable rudeness, as to desire poor Albina not to come, after she had been invited. But great people think they may do any thing. I wish the note had fallen into the fire before it came to my hands; then Albina would have known nothing of it; she would have gone to the party, looking more charmingly than ever she did in her life; and she would be seen there, and admired, and make new acquaintances, and Mrs. Potts could do no otherwise than behave to her politely in her own house. Nobody would know of this vile billet, which perhaps after all is only a joke, and Mrs. Potts would suppose that of course Albina had not received it; besides I have no doubt that Mrs. Potts will send for her to-morrow, and make a satisfactory explanation. But then, to-night, if Albina could only get there to-night. What harm can possibly arrive from my not showing her the note till to-morrow. Why should the dear girl be deprived of all the pleasure she anticipated this evening. And even if she expected no enjoyment whatever, still how great will be the advantage of having her seen at Mrs. Washington Potts's select party; it will at once get her on in the world. Of course Mrs. Potts will conclude that the note miscarried, and will treat her as if it had never been sent. I am really most strongly tempted to suppress it, and let Albina go.'

The more Mrs. Marsden thought of this project the less objectionable it appeared to her. When she saw Albina come home delighted with her new dress which fitted her exactly, and when she heard her impatiently wishing that evening was come, this weak and ill-judging mother could not resolve (as she afterwards said) to dash all her pleasant anticipations to the ground and demolish her castles in the air. "My daughter shall be happy to-night," thought she, "whatever may be the event of to-morrow." She hastily

concealed the note, and kept her resolution of not mentioning it to Albina.

Evening came, and Albina's beautiful hair was arranged and decorated by a fashionable French barber. She was drest, and she looked charmingly.

Albina knew that Mrs. Potts had sent an invitation to the United States Hotel for Lieutenant Cheston, who was daily expected but had not yet returned from New York, and she regretted much that she could not go to the party under his escort. She knew no one else of the company, and she had no alternative but to send for a carriage and proceeded thither by herself, after her mother had dispatched repeated messages to the hotel to know if Mr. Cheston had yet arrived, for he was certainly expected back that evening.

As Albina drove to the house, she felt all the terrors of diffidence coming upon her, and already repented that she had ventured on this enterprize alone. On arriving, she did not go into the ladies' room but gave her hood and cloak at once to a servant, and tremulously requested another attendant to inform Mr. Potts that a lady wished to see him. Mr. Potts accordingly came out into the hall, and looked surprized at finding Albina there, for he had heard his wife and daughter talking of the note of interdiction. But concluding, as he often did, that it was in vain for him to try to comprehend the proceedings of women, he thought it best to say nothing.

On Albina requesting him to accompany her on her entrance, he gave her his arm in silence, and with a very perplexed face escorted her into the principal room. As he led her up to his wife, his countenance gradually changed from perplexity to something like fright. Albina paid her compliments to Mrs. Potts, who received her with evident amazement, and without replying. Mrs. Montague, who sat next to the lady of the mansion, opened still wider her immense eyes, and then "to make assurance doubly sure" applied her opera-glass. Miss Montague first stared, and then laughed.

Albina, much disconcerted, turned to look for a seat; Mr. Potts having withdrawn his arm. As she retired to the only vacant chair, she heard a half whisper running along the line of ladies, and though she could not distinguish the words so as to make any connected sense of them, she felt that they alluded to her.

"Can I believe my eyes?" said Mrs. Potts.

"The assurance of American girls is astonishing," said Mrs. Montague.

"She was forbidden to come," said Miss Mon tague to a young lady beside her. "Mrs. Potts herself forbade her to come."

"She was actually prohibited," resumed Mrs. Montague leaning over to Mrs. Jones.

"I sent her myself a note of prohibition," said Mrs. Potts leaning over to Mrs. Smith. "I had serious objections to having her here."

"I never saw such downright impudence," pursued Mrs. Montague. "This I suppose is one of the consequences of the liberty, and freedom and independence that you Americans are

always talking about. 1 must tell Mr.-Montague, for really this is too good to lose."

And beckoning her husband to come to her—
"My dear," said she, "put down in your memorandum-book, that when American married
ladies invite young ladies to parties, they on second thoughts forbid them to come, and that the
said American young ladies boldly persist in
coming, in spite of the forbiddance."

And she then related to him the whole affair, at full length, and with numerous embellishments, looking all the time at poor Albina.

The story was soon circulated round the room in whispers and murmurs, and no one had candour or kindness to suggest the possibility of Miss Marsden's having never received the note.

Albina soon perceived herself to be an object of remark and animadversion, and she was sadly at a loss to divine the cause. The two ladies that were nearest to her, rose up and left their seats, while two others edged their chairs farther off. She knew no one, she was introduced to no one, but she saw that every one was looking at her as she sat by herself, alone, conspicuous, and abashed. Tea was waiting for a lady that came always last, and the whole company seemed to have leisure to gaze on poor Albina and to whisper about her.

Her situation now became intolerable. She felt that there was nothing left for her but to go home. Unluckily she had ordered the carriage at eleven o'clock. At last she resolved on making a great effort, and on plea of a violent headach (a plea which by this time was literally true) to ask Mrs. Potts if she would allow a servant to bring a coach for her.

After several attempts, she rose for this purpose; but she saw at the same moment that all eyes were turned upon her. She tremblingly and with downcast looks advanced till she got into the middle of the room, and then all her courage deserted her at once, when she heard some one say "I wonder what she is going to do next."

She stopped suddenly, and stood motionless, and she saw Miss Potts giggle, and heard her say to a school-girl near her—"I suppose she is going to speak a speech." She turned very pale, and felt as if she could gladly sink into the floor, when suddenly some one took her hand, and the voice of Bromley Cheston said to her—"Albina—Miss Marsden—I will conduct you wherever you wish to go"—and then lowering his tone, he asked her—"Why this agitation—what has happened to distress you?"

Cheston had just arrived from New York, having been detained on the way by an accident that happened to one of the boats, and finding that Mrs. Marsden was in town, and had that day sent several messages for him, he repaired immediately to her lodgings. He had intended declining the invitation of Mrs. Potts, but when he found that Albina had gone thither, he hastily changed his dress and went to the party. When he entered, what was his amazement to see her

standing alone in the centre of the room, and the company whispering and gazing at her.

Albina on hearing the voice of a friend, the voice of Bromley Cheston, was completely overcome, and she covered her face and burst into tears. "Albina," said Cheston, "I will not now ask an explanation; I see that, whatever may have happened, you had best go home."—"Oh! most gladly, most thankfully," she exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate with sobs. Cheston drew her arm within his and bowing to Mrs. Potts, he led Albina out of the apartment, and conducted her to the staircase, whence she went to the ladies' room to compose herself a little, and prepare for her departure.

Cheston then sent one servant for a carriage, and another to tell Mr. Potts that he desired to speak with him in the hall. Potts came out with a pale frightened face, and said—"Indeed, sir—indeed, I had nothing to do with it; ask the women. It was all them entirely. It was the women that laughed at Miss Albina and whispered about her."

"For what?" demanded the lieutenant. "I insist on knowing for what cause."

"Why sir," replied Potts, "she came here to my wife's party, after Mrs. Potts had sent her a note desiring her to stay away; which was certainly an odd thing for a young lady to do."

"There is some mistake," exclaimed Cheston,
"I'll stake my life that she never saw the note.
And near forwhat reason did Mrs. Potts write

"Oh!" replied Potts stammering and heaitating, "women will have their notions; men are not half so particular about their company. Somehow, after Mrs. Potts had invited Miss Albina, she thought on farther consideration that poor Miss Albina was not quite genteel enough for her party. You know all the women now make a great point of being genteel. But, indeed, sir, (observing the storm that was gathering on Cheston's brow) indeed, sir—I was not in the least to blame. It was altogether the fault of my wife."

The indignation of the lieutenant was so highly excited, that nothing could have checked it but the recollection that Potts was in his own house. At this moment Albina came down stairs, and Cheston took her hand and said to her-" Albina did you receive a note from Mrs. Potts interdicting your presence at the party."-" Oh! no, indeed!" exclaimed Albina, amazed at the question. "Surely she did not send me such a note." -" Yes, she did though," said Potts quickly.— " Is it then necessary for me to say," said Albina indignantly, "that under those circumstances nothing could have induced me to enter this house, now or ever. I saw or heard nothing of this note. And is this the reason that I have been treated so rudely—so cruelly—"

Upon this Mr. Potts made his escape, and Cheston having put Albina into the carriage, desired the coachman to wait a few moments. He then returned to the drawing-room, and approached Mrs. Potts who was standing with half

the company collected round her, and explaining with great volubility the whole history of Albina Marsden. On the appearance of Cheston she stopped short, and all her auditors looked foolish.

The young officer advanced into the centre of the circle, and first addressing Mrs. Potts, he said to her-" In justice to Miss Marsden, I have returned madam, to inform you that your note of interdiction, with which you have so kindly made all the company acquainted, was till this moment unknown to that young lady. But even had she come wilfully, and in the full knowledge of your prohibition, no circumstances whatever could justify the rudeness with which I find she has been treated. I have now only to say that if any gentleman presumes either here or hereafter to cast a reflection on the conduct of Miss Albina Marsden, in this or in any other instance, he must answer to me for the consequences. And if I find that any lady has invidiously misrepresented this occurrence, I shall insist on an atonement from her husband, her brother or her admirer."

He then bowed and departed, and the company looked still more foolish.

"This lesson," thought Cheston, "will have the salutary effect of curing Albina of her predominant follies. She is a lovely girl after all, and when withdrawn from the influence of her mother will make a charming woman and an excellent wife."

Before the carriage stopped at the residence of Mrs. Marsden, Cheston had made Albina an offer of his heart and hand, and the offer was not refused.

Mrs. Marsden was scarcely surprised at the earliness of Albina's return from the party, for she had a secret misgiving that all was not right, that the suppression of the note would not eventuate well, and she bitterly regretted having done it. When her daughter related to her the story of the evening, Mrs. Marsden was overwhelmed with compunction, and though Cheston was present, she could not refrain from acknowledging at once her culpability, for it certainly deserved no softer name. Cheston and Albina were shocked at this disclosure, but in compassion to Mrs. Marsden they forbore to add to her distress by a single comment. Cheston shortly after took his leave, saying to Albina as he departed-" I hope you are done for ever with Mrs. Washington Potts."

Next morning, Cheston seriously but kindly expostulated with Albina and her mother on the folly and absurdity of sacrificing their comfort, their time, their money, and indeed their self-respect to the paltry distinction of being capriciously noticed by a few vain silly heartless people, inferior to themselves in every thing but in wealth and in a slight tincture of soi-disant fashion; and who, after all, only took them on or threw them off as it suited their own convenience.

"What you say is very true, Bromley," replied Mrs. Marsden. "I begin to view these things in their proper light, and as Albina remarks, we ought to profit by this last lesson. To

tell the exact truth, I have heard since I came to town that Mrs. Washington Potts is, after all, by no means in the first circle, and it is whispered that she and her husband are both of very low orig n."

"No matter for her circle or her origin," said Cheston, "in our country the only acknowledged distinction should be that which is denoted by superiority of mind and manners."

Next day Lieutenant Cheston escorted Mrs-Marsden and Albina back to their own home and a week afterwards he was sent unexpectedly on a cruize in the West Indies.

He returned in the spring, and found Mrs. Marsden more rational than he had ever known her, and Albina highly improved by a judicious course of reading which he had marked out for her, and still more by her intimacy with a truly genteel, highly talented, and very amiable family from the eastward, who had recently bought a house in the village, and in whose society she often wondered at the infatuation which had led her to fancy such a woman as Mrs. Washington Potts, with whom, of course, she never had any of farther communication.

A recent and very large bequest to Bromley Cheston from a distant relation, made it no longer necessary that the young lieutenant should wait for promotion before he married Albina; and accordingly their union took place immediately on his return.

Before the Montagues left Philadelphia to prosecute their journey to the south, there arrived an acquaintance of theirs from England, who injudiciously "told the secrets of his prisonhouse," and made known in whispers " not loud but deep," that Mr. Dudley Montague, of Normancourt Park, Hants, (alias Mr. John Wilkins of Lamb's Conduit street, Clerkenwell,) had long been well-known in London as a reporter for a newspaper: that he had recently married a widow, the ci-devant governess of a Somers Town Boarding-school, who had drawn her ideas of fashionable life from the columns of the Morning Post, and who famished her pupils so much to her own profit that she had been able to retire on a sort of fortune. With the assistance of this fund, she and her daughter (the young lady was in reality the offspring of her mother's first marriage) had accompanied Mr. Wilkins across the Atlantic: all three assuming the lordly name of Montague, as one well calculated to strike the republicans with proper awe. The truth was, that for a suitable consideration proffered by a tory publisher, the soi-disant Mr. Montague had undertaken to add another octavo to the numerous volumes of gross misrepresentation and real ignorance that profess to contain an impartial account of the United States of America.

"Celibacy," says Doctor Franklin, "greatly lessens a man's value. An old volume of a set of books, bears not the value of its proportion to the set.—What think you of an odd half pair of scissors? It can't well cut any thing; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher."

### THE ACACIA TREE,

### EMBLEM OF DOMESTIC BEAUTY.

Tints of the white, the golden, and the red rose, are beautifully intermingled with rich blossoms of the Acacia. It is found in the most retired places, and it blooms the fairest in the solitary grove: and pines away in the gay garden and crowded parterre. Nourmahal sings:

"Our rocks are rough, but smiling there The Acacia waves her yellow hair; Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less, For flowering in the wilderness—They come—thy Arab maid will be Thy loved and lone Acacia tree."

There could be no fitter emblem of a modest woman, flourishing in the retirement of home, secluded from the vanities of a "crowded life," and adorning with her bloom the abode of domestic affection.

### ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE cemetery in which the ashes of these renowned lovers jointly reposed (at Verona.) was long since destroyed by the falling of a thunderbolt into an adjoining magazine of combustibles; and the stone coffin in which Juliet was placed by the friar after she had swallowed the sleeping draught, is the only relic now to be seen. It is marked by a sinking for the head, two holes for the admission of air, and a place for the reception of a lighted taper, which it is still the custom to fix beside a corpse. Till within the last few years it was placed within the site of the cemetery which had contained the actual tomb: but in consequence of the many depredations committed by those who in the night-time scaled the walls for the purpose of carrying away a chip of the love-stone, it was removed to a yard close by—a safe but not worthy place.

### TO A BUTTERFLY NEAR A TOMB.

### BY MRS. HEMANS.

I stoop where the lip of Song lay low, Where the dust was heavy on Beauty's brow; Where stiliness hung on the heart of Love, And a marble weeper kept watch above.

I stood in the silence of lonely thought, While Song and Love in my own soul wrought; Though each unwhisper'd, each dimm'd with fear, Each but a banish'd spirit here.

Then didst then pass me in radiance by, Child of the Sunshine, young Butterfly! Thou that dost bear, on thy fairy wing, No burden of inborn suffering!

Thou wert flitting past that solemn tomb, Over a bright world of joy and bloom; And strangely I feit, as I saw thee shine, The all that sever'd thy life and mine.

Mise, with its hidden mysterious things, Of Love and Grief, its unsounded springs, And quick thoughts, wandering o'er earth and sky, With voices to question Eternity!

Thins on its reckless and glancing way, Like an embodied breeze at play! Whild of the Sunshine, thou wing'd and free, One moment—one moment—I envied thee!

Thou art not lonely, though born to roam, Thou hast no longings that pine for home; Thou seek'st not the haunts of the bee and the bird, To fly from the sickness of Hope deferr'd.

In thy brief being no strife of mind, No boundless passion, is deeply shrined; But I—as I gazed on thy swift flight by, One hour of my soul seem'd Infinity!

Yet, ere I turned from that ellent place, Or ceased from watching thy joyous race, Thou, even Thou, on those airy wings, Did'st waft me visions of brighter things!

Thou, that dost image the freed soul's birth, And its flight away o'er the mists of earth, Oh! fitly Thou shinest mid flowers that rise Round the dark chamber where Genius lies!

### THE LONGEST DAY.

### BY WORDSWORTE.

SUMMER ebbs;—each that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation, In his providence assign'd Such a gradual declination To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden, Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown, And the heart is loth to deaden Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom-

Now, even now, ere wrapp'd in slumber, Fig thine eyes upon the sea That absorbs time, space, and number; Look towards eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river,
On whose breast are thither borne,
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn;

Through the year's successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,
When his light returns from far.

Thus when Thou with Time hast travell'd Towards the misty gulf of things, And the masy stream uuravell'd With thy best imaginings;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest,
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor, Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown: Choose her thistle for thy sceptre, While thy brow youth's roses crown,

## BMBROIDERY.



FANCY PATTERN.



DRESS PATTERN.

### THE PANDOUR PRINCESS. HIS

A HUNGARIAN SERTCH

"WHAT is the day's news? Tell me something, my dear Colonel, for I am dying of ennui," said the showy Prince Charles of Buntzlau, one of the handsomest men about the court, and incomparably the greatest coxcomb.

"Not much more than yesterday," was the answer of Colonel the Baron Von Herbert. "The world goes on pretty much the same as ever. We have an Emperor, five Electors, and fifty sovereign princes, in Presburg; men eat, drink, and sleep notwithstanding; and until there is some change in those points, one day will not differ much from another to the end of the world."

"My dear Colonel," said the Prince, smoothing down the blackest and longest pair of mustaches in the imperial cuirassiers, "you seem to think little of us, the blood, the couronnes, the salt of the earth, who preserve Germany from being as vulgar as Holland. But I forget; you have a partiality for the gens du peuple.

"Pardon me, Prince," said Herbert, with a smile, " I pity them infinitely, and wish that they might exchange with the Landgraves and Margraves, with all my heart. I have no doubt that the change would often be advantageous to both, for I have seen many a prince of the empire who would make a capital ploughman, while he made but a very clumsy prince; and I have, at this moment, three prodigiously high personages, commanding three troops in my regiment, whom nature palpably intended to clean their own horses' heels, and who, I charitably believe, might, by dint of drilling and half-a-dozen years' practice, make three decent dragoons."

"Just as you please, Colonel," said the Prince, "but beware of letting your private opinion go forth. Leopold is one of the new light, I allow, and loves a philosopher; but he is an Emperor still, and expects all his philosophers to be of his own opinion.-But here comes Collini."

Collini was his Italian valet, who came to inform his highness that it was time for him to pay his respects to the Princess of Marosin. This Italian's principal office was, to serve his master in place of a memory—to recognize his acquaintance for him as he drove through the streetsand to tell him when to see and when to be blind. The Prince looked at his diamond watch, started from the sofa, gave himself a congratulatory glance in a mirror, and, turning to Collini, asked, "When am I to be married to the Princess?"

"Poh, Prince," interrupted the Colonel, with something of disdain, "this is too absurd. Send this grimacing fellow about his business, and make love on your own account, if you will; or if not, choose some woman, whose beauty and virtue, or whose want of them both, will not be dishonoured by such trifling."

"You then actually think her worth the attentions of a Prince of the Empire?" said the handsome coxcomb, as, with one finger curling his mustaches, he again, and more deliberately, surveyed himself in the mirror.

"I think the Princess of Marosin worthy of the attentions of any king on earth," said the Baron, emphatically; "she is worthy of a throne, if beauty, intelligence, and dignity of mind, can make her worthy of one."

The Prince stared. "My dear Colonel!" be exclaimed, " may I half presume you have been speculating on the lady yourself? But I can assure you it is in vain. The Princess is a woman; and allowing, as I do," and this he said with a Parisian bow, that bow which is the very language of superiority, "the infinite pre-eminence of the Baron Von Herbert in every thing, the circumstance of her being a woman, and my being a Prince, is prodigiously in my favour.'

The Baron had involuntarily laid his hand upon his sword at the commencement of this speech, but the conclusion disarmed him. He had no right to quarrel with any man for his own good opinion, and he amused himself by contemplating the Prince, who continued arranging his mustaches. The sound of a trumpet put an end to the conference.

"Well, Prince, the trumpet sounds for parade," said the Baron, "and I have not time to discuss so extensive a subject as your perfections. But take my parting information with you. I am not in love with the lady, nor the lady with me; her one-and-twenty, and my one-and-fifty, are sufficient reasons on both sides. You are not in love with the lady neither, and-I beg of you to hear the news like a hero-the lady is not in love with you. For the plain reason, that so showy a figure cannot possibly be in love with any thing but itself; and the Princess is, I will venture to say, too proud to share a heart with a bottle of lavender water, a looking-glass, and a poodle."

The Prince raised his eye-brows, but Von Herbert proceeded. "Buntzlau will be without a female sovereign, and its very accomplished Prince will remain to the last, the best dressed bachelor in Vienna. Au revoir. I see my Pandours on parade."

Von Herbert and the Prince parted with mutual smiles.—But the Prince's were of the sardonic order; and, after another contemplation of his features, which seemed, unaccountably, to be determined to disappoint him for the day, he rang for Collini, examined a new packet of uniforms, bijouterie, and otto of roses, from Paris, and was closeted with him for two profound hours.

A forest untouched since the flood overhung the road, and a half-ruined huge dwelling.

" Have the patrol passed?"

" Within the last five minutes."

"I wish them at the bottom of the river: they cost me a Turkish carabine, a brace of diamond watches, as I'll be sworn, from the showy fellow that I levelled at, with the valise behind his courier, scented enough to perfume a forest of brown bears."

"Hang those Hulans," was the answer. "Ever since the Emperor's arrival, they have done nothing but gallop about, putting honester men than themselves in fear of their lives, and cutting up our employment so wofully, that, it is impossible to make money enough on the road to give a decent education to one's children. But here comes the captain. We shall now have some news. Speranski never makes his appearance, unless something is in the wind."

This dialogue passed between two Transylvanian pedlars, if a judgment were to be formed from their blue caps, brown cloaks, and the packs strapped to their shoulders. A narrower inspection might have discovered within those cloaks the little heads of a pair of short scimitars; their trowsers would have displayed to the curious the profile of two horse pistols, and their boots developed a pair of those large bladed knives, which the Hungarian robber uses, alike to slice away the trunks of the britchska, to cut the harness of the horse, the throat of the rider, and carve his own sheep's milk cheese.

The captain came in, a tall bold figure, in the dress of an innkeeper. He flung a purse upon the table, and ordered supper. The pedlars disburdened themselves of their boxes, kindled a fire on a hearth, which seemed guiltless of having administered to the wants of mankind for many a wild year; produced from an unsuspected storehouse under the floor some dried venison, and the paws of a bear, preserved in the most luxurious style of Hungarian cookery; decorated their table even with some pieces of plate, which, though evidently of different fashions, gave proof of their having been under noble roofs, by their armorial bearings and workmanship, though the rest of their history did not lie altogether so much in high life; and in a few minutes the captain, throwing off his innkeeper hat and drab-coloured coat, half sat, half lay down to a supper worthy of an Emperor, or of a man who generally sups much better, an imperial commissary.

The whole party were forest robbers; the thing must be confessed. But the spirit of the country prevailed even under the rotting roof of "the Ghost's house,"—the ominous name which this old and ruinous, though still stately mansion, had earned among the peasantry. The name did not exactly express the fact; for, when tenanted at all, it was tenanted by any thing rather than ghosts; by some dozens of rough, raw-boned, bold, and hard-living fellows-as solid specimens of flesh and blood as had ever sent a shot right in front of the four horses of a courier's cabriolet, or had brought to a full stop, scimitar in hand, the heyducs and chasseurs, the shivering valets and frightened postilions of a court chamberlain, whirling along the Vienna road with six to his britchska.

Etiquette was preserved at this supper. The inferior plunderers waited on the superior. Captain Speranski ate his meal alone, and in solemn silence. The pedlars watched his nod; filled out the successive goblets at a glance, and, having performed their office, watched, at a respectful distance, the will of the man of authority. A silver chime announced the hour of ten. One of the pedlars drew aside a fragment of a ragged shawl, which covered one of the most superb pendules of the Palais Royal.

If the Apollo who sat harping in gold upon its stytolate, could have given words to his melodies, he might have told a curious narrative; for he had already seen a good deal of the various world of adventure. Since his first transit from the magnificent Horlogerie of M. Sismond, of all earthly watchmakers the most renowned, this Apollo had first sung to the world and his sister Muses, in the chamber of the unlucky Prince de Soubise. The fates of France had next transferred him, with the Prince's camp plate, dispatches, secret orders, and military chest, into the hands of a regiment of Prussian hussars, at the memorable battle of Rosbach, that modern "battle of the Spurs." But the Prussian Colonel was either too much or too little a lover of the arts to keep Apollo and the Nine all to himself; and the pendule next rang its silver notes over the Roulette table of the most brilliant of Parisian opera-dancers, transferred from the salle of the Academie to the Grand Comedie at Berlin. But roulette, wheel of Plutus as it is, is sometimes the wheel of fortune; and the fair La Pirouette, in spite of the patronage of the court and the nation, found that she must, like Generals and monarchs, submit to fate, and part with her brilliant superfluities. The pendule fled from her Parian mantel-piece, and its chimes were thenceforth to awake the eyelids of the handsomest woman in Hungary, the Countess Lublin nee Joblonsky, memorable for her beauty, her skill at loto, and the greatest profusion of rouge since the days of Philip Augustus. Its history now drew to a close. It had scarcely excited the envy of all the countesses of her circle, and, of course, become invaluable to the fair Joblonsky, when it disappeared. A reward of ten times its value was instantly offered. The Princess of Marosin, the arbiter of all elegance, who had once expressed her admiration of its taste, was heard to regret its loss as a specimen of foreign art. The undone proprietor was only still more undone; for of all beauties, living or dead, she most hated the Princess, blooming, youthful, and worshipped as she was, to the infinite detriment of all the fading Joblonskys of the creation. But no reward could bring it back. This one source of triumph was irrecoverably gone; and from Presburg to Vienna, all was conjecture, conversation, and consternation. So ended the court history of the pendule.

When the repast was fully over, Speranski, pouring out aglass of Tokay from a bottle which bore the impress of the Black Eagle of the House of Hapsburg, and which had evidently been

arrested on its road to the Emperor's table, ordered one of the pedlars to give him the papers, "which," said he, with a smile, "that Turkish courier mislaid where he slept last night." small packet was handed to him;—he perused it over and over with a vigilant eye, but it was obvious, without any of the results which he expected; for, after a few minutes' pause, during which he examined every part of the case in which they were enclosed, he threw the letters aside.-"What," said he, in a disappointed tone, "was to be expected from those opium-eaters? Yet they are shrewd in generation, and the scandals of the harem, the propitious day for shaving the Sultan's head, the lucky star for combing his illustrious beard, or the price of a dagger-hilt, are as good topics as any that pass in our own diplomacy. Here, Sturnwold, put back this circumcised nonsense into its case, and send it, do you hear, by one of our own couriers, to the Turkish secretary at Vienna; let it be thrown on his pillow, or tied to his turban, just as you please; but, at all events, we must not do the business like a clumsy cabinet messenger. Now, begone, and you, Heinrich, hand me the Turk's Meersohaum."

The bandit brought him a very handsome pipe, which, he said, would probably be more suited to the Turk's tobacco, of which he had deposited a box upon the table. Speranski took the pipe, but, at his first experiment, he found the neck obstructed. His quick conception ascertained the point at once. Cutting the wood across, he found a long roll of paper within. He glanced over its contents, instantly sprang up, ordered the attendance of half a dozen of "his friends," on horseback, looked to the priming of his pistols, and galloped off through the forest.

On the evening of one of the most sultry days of July, and in one of the most delicious yet most lonely spots of the Carpathian hills, a trampling of hoofs and a jingling of horse-furniture, and a confusion of loud and dissonant voices, announced that strangers were at hand. sounds told true, for, gradually emerging from the glade covered with terebinth trees, wild vines, that hung their rich and impenetrable folds over elms, hazels, and cypress, like draperies of green and brown silk over the pillars of some Oriental palace, came a long train of sumpter mules, led horses, and Albanian grooms; next came a more formidable group of horsemen, the body-guards of the Hospodar of Moldavia, sent to escort Mohammed Ali Hunkiar, the Moslem Ambassador, through the Bannat; and then came, seated on the Persian charger, given him from the stables of the Padishah, the brother of the sun and the father of the moon, Sultan Selim, the most mighty, a little bitter-visaged old Turk, with the crafty countenance of the hereditary hunchbacks of the great city of the faithful. Nothing could be more luxurious than the hour, the golden sunset; nothing lovelier than its light streaming in a thousand rays, shifts and shapes of inimitable lustre through the blooms and foliage of the huge rayine; and nothing less lovely or more luxurious than the little old ambassador, who had earned his elevation from a cobbler's stall to the Divan, by his skill in cutting off heads, and had now earned his appointment to the imperial embassy, by his dexterity in applying a purse of ten thousand sequins to the conscience of the slipper-bearer of his highness the Vizier.

Nothing could seem less inclined to look at the dark side of things at this moment, or to throw away the enjoyments of this world for the good of Moslem diplomacy, than Mohammed Ali Hunkiar, as he sat and smoked, and stroked his long beard and inhaled the mingled fumes of his Smyrna pipe, and the air aromatic with a host of flowers. But the Turkish proverb, "the smoker is often blinded by his own smoke," was to find its verification even in the diplomatic hunchback. As he had just reached the highest stone of the pass, and was looking with the triumph of avarice, or ambition, if it be the nobler name, down the valley chequered with the troop that meandered through paths as devious, and as many coloured as an Indian snake, a shot struck his charger in the forehead; the animal sprung high in the air, fell, and flung the ambassador at once from his seat, his luxury, and a certain dream of clearing ten times the ten thousand sequins which he had disbursed for his place, by a genuine Turkish business of the dagger, before he left the portcullis of Presburg.

All was instant confusion. The shots began to fall thick, though the enemy might have been the beasts of the earth or the fowls of the air, for any evidence that sight could give to the contrary. The whole troop were of one opinion, that they must have fallen into the power of the fiend himself; for the shots poured on them from every quarter at once. Wherever they turned, they were met by a volley. The cavalry of the Hospodar, though brave as panthers on parade, yet were not used to waste their valour or their time on struggles of this irregular nature. They had bought their own places, and paid the due purchase of a well-fed sinecure; they had bought their own clothes, and felt answerable to themselves for keeping them in preservation worthy of a court; they had bought their own horses. and, like true Greeks, considered that the best return their horses could make was to carry them as safe out of the field as into it. The consequence was, that, in the next five minutes, the whole escort was seen riding at will in whatever direction the destiny that watches over the guards of sovereign princes might point the safest way. The ravine, the hill, the forest, the river, were all speckled with turbans, like flowers, in full gallop; the muleteers, being of slower movement, took the simpler precaution of turning their mules, baggage and all, up the retired corners of the forest, from which they emerged only to turn them with their lading to their several homes. All was the most picturesque melee for the first half-dozen reands, all was the most picturesque flight for the next. All was silence thenceforth; broken only by the shots that came dropping through the thickets, wherever a lurking turban suddenly seemed to recover its energies, and fly off at full speed. At length even the shots ceased, and all was still and lone. The forest looked as if it had been unshaken since the deluge; the ravine, calm, rich, and tusted with thicket, shrub, and tree, looked as if it had never heard the hoof of cavalry. The wood-dove came out again, rubbed down its plumage, and cooed in peace to the setting sun; the setting sun threw a long radiance, that looked like a pyramid of amber, up the pass. Turban, Turk, skirmish, and clamour, all were gone. One remnant of the time alone remained.

Under a huge cypress, that covered the ground with its draperies, like a funeral pall, lay a charger, and under it a green and scarlet bale. The bale had once been a man, and that man the Turkish ambassador. But his embassy was over. He had made his last salaam, he had gained his last sequin, he had played his last trick, he had told his last lie. "Dust to dust" was now the history of Mohammed Ali Hunkiar.

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The Hall of the Diet at Presburg is one of the wonders of the capital. The heroes and magnates of Upper Hungary frown in immeasurable magnitude of mustache, and majestic longitude of beard, on its walls. The conquerors of the Bannat, the ravagers of Transylvania, the potentissimi of Salavonia, there gleam in solidity of armour, that at once gives a prodigious idea of both their strength and their terrors. The famous rivers, figured by all the variety of barbarian genius, pour their pictured torrents over the ceiling. The Draave embraces the Saave, the Graurushes in fluid glory through the Keisse; and floods that disdain a bridge, and flow a hundred leagues asunder, there interlace each other in streams, as smiling and affectionate as if they slept in the same fountain. Entering that hall, every true Hungarian lifts up his hands, and rejoices that he is born in the country of the arts, and, leaving it. compassionates the fallen honours of Florence and Rome.

Yet in that hall, the Emperor Leopold, monarch of fifty provinces, and even sovereign of Hungary, was pacing backwards and forwards, without casting a glance on the wonders of the Hungarian hand. Colonel the Baron Von Herbert was at the end of the saloon, waiting the imperial pleasure. The dialogue, which was renewed and broken off as the Emperor approached or left him, was, of course, one of fragments. The Emperor was in obvious agitation. "It is the most unaecountable thing I ever heard of," said Leopold. "He had, I understand, a strong escort; his own train were numerous; the roads regularly patroled; every precaution taken; and yet the thing is done in full sunshine. A man is murdered almost under my own eyes, travelling with my passport; an ambassador, and above all ambassadors, a Turk."

"But your majesty," said Von Herbert, "is not now in Vienna. Your\_Hungarian subjects have peculiar ideas on the subject of human justice; and they would as soon shoot an ambasador, if the idea struck them, as a squirrel."

"But a Turk," said the Emperor, "against whom there could not have existed a shadow of personal pique; who could have aroused no jealousy at court; who could have been known, in fact, by nobody here; to be killed, almost within sight of the city gates, and every paper that he had upon him, every present, every jewel, every thing carried off, without the alightest clue to discovery!—Baron, I shall begin to doubt the activity of your Pandours."

The Baron's grave countenance flushed at the remark, and he answered, with more than even his usual gravity.—" Your majesty must decide. But, whoever has been in fault, allow me to vindicate my regiment. The Pandour patrol were on the spot on the first alarm; but the whole affair was so quickly over, that all their activity was utterly useless. It actually seemed supernatural."

"Has the ground been examined?" asked Leopold.

"Every thicket," answered Von Herbert. "I would stake my troopers, for sagacity and perseverance against so many bloodhounds; and yet, I must acknowledge to your majesty, that, except for the marks of the horse's hoofs on the ground, the bullets sticking in the trees, and the body of the Turk himself, which had been stripped of every valuable, we might have thought that we had mistaken the place altogether."

"The whole business," said Leopold, "is a mystery; and it must be unravelled." He then broke off, resumed his walk to the end of the hall, then returning, said abruptly—" Look to the affair, Colonel. The Turks have no good opinion of us as it is, and they will now have a fresh pretext in charging us with the assassination of their ambassador. Go, send out your Pandours, offer a hundred ducats for the first man who brings any information of the murder; offer a thousand, if you please, for the murderer himself. Even the crown would not be safe, if these things were to be done with impunity. Look to your Pandours more carefully in future."

The Baron, with a vexation which he could not suppress, hastily replied—"Your majesty does not attribute this outrage to any of my corps?"

"Certainly not to the Baron Von Herbert," said the Emperor, with a reconciling smile. "But, my dear Baron, your heroes of the Bannat have no love for a Turk, while they have a very considerable love for his plunder. For an embroidered saddle or a diamond-hilted dagger, they would go as far as most men. In short, you must give those bold barbarians of yours employment, and let their first be to find out the assassin."

It was afternoon, and the Wienar Straat was crowded with equipages of the great and fair. The place of this brilliant reunion was the drawing-room of the Princess of Marosin, and the occasion was the celebration of her birth-day.

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Princesses have so many advantages over humbler beauties, that they must submit to one calamity. which, in the estimation of many a beauty, is more than a balance for all the gifts of fortune. They must acknowledge their age. The art of printing, combined with the scrutiny of etiquette, prohibits all power of making the years of a princess a secret confided to the bosoms of the privy council. As the hour of her first enclosing the brilliancy of her eyes, in a world which all the court poets profess must be left in darkness without them, so the regular periods by which the bud advances to the bloom, and the bloom matures into ripened loveliness, are registered with an annual activity of verse, prose, and protestation, that precludes all chronological error. Even at the period when the autumnal touch begins to tinge the cheek, and the fair possessor of so much homage would willingly forget the exact number of the years during which she has borne the sceptre, the calculation is continued with fatal accuracy. Not an hour can be silently subducted from the long arrear of time; and while, with all the female world beneath her, he suddenly seems to stand still, or even to retrograde, with the unhappy object of regal reckoning, he moves mercilessly onward, with full expanded wing carries her from climacteric to climacteric, unrestrained and irrestrainable by all the skill of female oblivion, defies the antagonist dexterity of the toilet, makes coiffeur and cosmetics null and void, and fixes the reluctant and lovely victim of the calendar in the awful elevation of "the world gone by." She is a calendar saint, and, like most of that high sisterhood, has purchased her dignity by martyrdom.

But the Princess of Marosin had no reason to dread the keenest reckoning of rivalry. She was on that day eighteen. Eighteen years before that morning, the guns from the grey and warworn towers of Marosin had announced through a circuit of one of the loveliest principalities of Upper Hungary, that one of the loveliest beings that even Hungary had ever seen, was come from its original skies, or from whatever part of creation handsome princesses visit this sublunar world. As the only descendant of her illustrious house, she was the ward of the Emperor, but having the still nearer claims of blood, her marriage now occupied the Imperial care. A crowd of Marshals and Margraves felt that they would make excellent guardians of the Principality, and offered their generous protection. The lady seemed indifferent to the choice; but Prince Charles, of Buntzlau, by all acknowledgment the best dressed prince in the Empire, at the head of the hussar guard of the Emperor, incalculably rich, and incomparably self-satisfied, had already made up his mind on the subject, and decided that the Principality, and lady annexed, were to be his. The Emperor, too, had given his sanction. Prince Charles was not the man whom Leopold would have chosen for the President of the Aulic Council, though his claims as a master of the ceremonies were beyond all discussion. But the imperial policy was not reconcilable

with the idea of suffering this important inheritance to fall into the hands of a Hungarian noble. Hungary, always turbulent, requires coercives, not stimulants, and two hundred thousand ducats a-year, in the hands of one of her dashing captains, would have been sufficient to make another Tekeli. The handsome Prince was evidently not shaped for raising the banner of revolt, or heading the cavaliers of the Ukraine. He was an Austrian in all points, and a new pelisse would have won him from the car of Alexander, on the day of his entry into Babylon.

Among the faithful of the empire, the sovereign's nod in politics, religion, and law. The Marshals and Margraves instinctively bowed before the supremacy of the superhuman thing that wore the crown of Charlemagne, and Prince Charles's claim was worshipped by the whole embroidered circle, as one of the decisions which it would be court impiety to question, as it was court destiny to fulfil.

Hungary was once the land of kings, and it was still the land of nobles. Half oriental, half western, the Hungarian is next in magnificence to the Moslem. He gives his last ducat for a shawl, a jewel-hilted sabre, or a gilded cap, which nothing but his fears of being mistaken for a Turk prevents him from turning into a turban. The Princess Juliana of Marosin sat in the centre of a chamber that might have made the cabinet of the favourite Sultana of the Lord of the Infidels. She sat on a low sofa covered with tapestry from Smyrna; her caftan, girdled with the largest emeralds, was made by the fair fingers of the Greek maidens of Salonichi; her hair, long, black, and drooping round her person, in rich sable wreaths, like the branches of a cypress, was surmounted by a crescent, which had won many an eye in the jewel mart of Constantinople; and in her hand she waved a fan of peacocks' plumes, made by the principal artist to the serail of Teheran. Thus Oriental in her drapery, colour, and costume, she sat in the centre of a chamber, which, for its gloomy carvings, yet singular stateliness of decoration, might have reminded the spectator of some Indian shrine, or subterranean dungeons of the dark spirits enclosing a spirit of light; or, to abandon poetry, and tell the truth in plain speech, the chamber reminded the spectator of the formal, yet lavish splendour of the old kingly times of the land, while its professor compelled him to feel the fact, that all magnificence is forgotten in the presence of a beautiful woman.

The Princess received the homage of the glittering circle with the complacency of conscious rank, and repaid every bow with one of those sweet smiles, which to a courtier are irresistible evidences of his personal merit; to a lover, are spells that raise him from the lowest depths to the most rapturous altitudes; and to a woman, cost nothing whatever. But, to an eye which none of these smiles had deprived of all its powers of reading the human countenance, there was in even this creature of birth, beauty and admiration, some secret anxiety, which, in despite of all

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conjecture, proved that she was no more than mortal. There was a wavering of her colour, that bespoke inward perturbation; a paleness, followed by a flush that threw the crimson of her gorgeous shawl into the shade; a restless movement of the fingers loaded with gems; a quick turn of the head towards the door, though the most potential flattery was at the moment pouring into the ear at the opposite side. There were times, when a slight expression of scorn upon her features escaped her politeness, and gave sign that she agreed with mankind of all ages, in the infinite monotony, dullness and common-place of the elite of the earth, the starred and ribboned society of the high places of mankind. But all was peace to the emotion of her features, when the door slowly opened; and after a note of preparation worthy of the arrival of the great Mogul, the chamberlain announced "Prince Charles of Buntzlau." Pride and resentment flashed across her physiognomy, like lightning across the serenity of a summer sky. Her cheek grew crimson, as the gallant lover, the affianced husband, came bowing up to her; her brow contracted. and the man would have been wise who had argued from that brow the hazard of taking her hand, without first securing the heart. But all was soon over; the lovely lady soon restrained her emotion, with a power which showed her presence of mind. But her cheek would not obey even her determination; it continued alternately glowing and pale; wild thoughts were colouring and blanching that cheek; and the fever of the soul was burning in her restless and dazzling eye. On the birth-days of the great in Hungary, it is the custom that none shall come empty handed. A brilliant variety of presents already filled the tables and sofas of the apartment. But the Prince's present eclipsed them all; it was a watch from the Horlogerie of the most famous artist of Paris, and a chef d'œuvre in point of setting. The Princess looked at it with a disdain which it cost her an effort to conceal. "Prince," said she, "I regret the want of patriotism which sends our nobles to purchase the works of strangers, instead of encouraging the talent of our own country." "Yes, but your highness may condescend to reflect," said the lover," on the utter impossibility of finding any thing of this kind tolerable, except in Paris." The Princess turned to one of the Bohemians who formed her band of minstrels, and said-"Vladimir, desire the jewel-keeper to bring my Hungarian watch." The Bohemian went on his mission-the jewel-keeper appeared with the watch, and it was instantly declared, by the unanimous admiration of the circle, to be altogether unrivalled in the art. The Prince, chagrined at this discomfiture, asked, with more than the authority of a lover, if the Princess "would do him the honour to mention the artist so deserving-of her patronage." She handed the watch over to He opened it, and a paper dropped out. it was written the name of Mohammed Ali "The murdered ambassador!" instinctively

exclaimed fifty voices. The Princess rose from her seat, overwhelmed with surprise and alarm. "The Turkish ambassador!" said she; "then this must have been a part of his plunder." The jewel-keeper was summoned to give account of the circumstances connected with the purchase. His answer was, that "It was no purchase." But he produced a note which he had received along with it. The note was " a request that her highness would accept so trivial a present on her birth-day, from one of her faithful subjects:" and that, unable to discover the name of the donor, he had accepted it accordingly. Her circle soon after broke up. In a court, all things are known; in a province all things, known or unknown, are an invaluable topic as long as they are new. The story of the Hungarian watch was turned into shapes innumerable. But the result of the investigation, which immediately took place, by order of the Princess, was, that it had actually been made by an artist of Buda for the Sultan, by whom it was sent among the presents designed for the Emperor. On the fall of the Turk, it had disappeared, like all the rest of his plunder, and had been unheard of until it started into light in the household of the Princess of Marosin.

The little perturbation excited by this incident lasted but till the high and mighty of the circle had withdrawn, to communicate the fact to a dozen other circles, and talk of it until the world was weary alike of the tale and the tellers. But there was a perturbation in the mind of this young and lovely being, which came from a deeper source, and lasted longer than even the delight of her dear five hundred friends, in surmising all the possible modes in which the stately relative of Emperors had contrived to charm into her fair hands the most superb montre under the roofs of the city of Presburg.

Sunset began to shed its quiet gold on the hilltops round the city—the sounds of day were fading fast—the glittering crowd had left her hall to silence—and as she walked through the suite of magnificent chambers in her gala dress, tissued with emeralds and rubies, and her regal loveliness contrasted with her eye fixed upon the ground, and her slow and meditative step, she might have been taken for the guardian genius of those halls of ancestry, or a new avatar of the tragic muse. Arrived at the balcony, she almost fell into the flowery seat, below which spread a vast and various view of the most fertile plain of Hungary. But the vision on her eye was not of the harvest heavily swelling before her at every wave of the breeze. Her thoughts were of valleys, where the sun never reached their green depths-of forests, where the roebuck fed and sported in scorn of the hunter-of mountains, whose marble spines were covered only with clouds, and whose only echoes were those of the thunder or the eagle. All before her eye was beauty cultured, and calm pleasure. The peasantry were driving their wains homeward, loaded with the luxuriance of the Hungarian fields, proverbially rich where they are cultivated at all. Large droves of quiet cattle were speckling the

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distant pasture, and enjoying the heat and light of the evening. The citizens were issuing from the city gates to taste the freshness of the hour, and troops of the nobles attendant on the imperial ceremony, relieved from the labours of etiquette and ante-chambers, were driving their glittering equipages through the avenues, or caracolling their Ukraine chargers through the meadows. Yet for the living landscape the young gazer had no eyes. The scene on which her spirit dwelt was one of savage majesty and lonely power. A vast pile of rocks, through which a way seemed to have been cloven by the thunderbolt, opened on a glen as desolate as if it had never been trodden by the foot of man. Yet, under the shelter of one of its overhanging cliffs, peeping out from a drapery of heath, lichens, and wild flowers, as rich as a Persian carpet, was seen the outline of a rude building, half cottage, half tower, and, resting on the slope beside it, a hunter with his boar-spear fixed upright in the turf-a greyhound beside him, and his whole soul employed in listening to the roar of the Mediterranean, whose waters chafed and swelled at the entrance of the ravine, and spread to the horizon like a gigantic sheet of sanguined steel.

The murmur of the church bells for the evening service, at length scattered the vision. The mountain forests vanished, the glen of eternal marble was a garden embroidered with all the cultivation of art, and nothing was left of the whole proud picture but the star that now came, like a bride from her chamber, and stood showering radiance upon her head. That star, too, had gleamed upon the sky of the Croatian ravine, and in her enthusiasm she could almost have addressed it like a friend, or put up a prayer to its shrine, as that of a beneficent divinity. In the strong sensibility of the moment, she uttered a few broken aspirations to its brightness, and a wish that she might escape the infinite weariness of life, and, like that star, be a gazer on existence, from a height above the cares and clouds of this world. A sudden movement among the shrubs below caught her ear; she glanced down, and saw, with his countenance turned full on her, as if she were something more than human, the hunter whom her fancy had pictured in the glen!

It was midnight, when twenty individuals, evidently of high rank, had assembled in an obscure house in one of the suburbs. But it was evident, from the plainness of their dress, that they had some object in concealing their rank; and, from the weapons under their cloaks, it was equally evident that they had come upon some business, in which either danger was to be guarded against, or violence intended.

For some time there was silence, the only words exchanged were in whispers. At intervals, a low knock at the door, a watchword, and a sigh, exchanged between the keeper of the entrance and the applicant without, announced a new comer. Still, nothing was done; and as the cathedral bells tolled midnight, the anxiety for the arrival of some distinguished stranger, who had

unaccountably delayed his coming, grew excessive. It gradually escaped too, that the Cardinal di Lecco, the Papal Internuncio, was the expected individual.

The signal was given at last; the door opened, and a pale, decrepit Roman ecclesiastic entered. "Are all your friends here?" was his first question. But the answer was by no means a hospitable one. "By what means, Monsignore," said a tall, dark-featured personage, advancing to him, "have we the honour of seeing you here? We are upon private business." "I come by your own invitation," said the ecclesiastic mildly, producing, at the same time, a letter, which was handed round the circle. "But this letter is to the nuncio of his holiness; and it was only from him that we desired an answer in person." Then, in a higher tone, and half drawing his sword, an action which was imitated by all, "We must know, reverend signor, who you are, and by what authority you have intruded yourself into this room, or you must prepare to receive the reward due to all spies and traitors." The venerable priest's countenance betrayed the most obvious alarm; surrounded by this conflux of indignant visages, and with twenty swords already flashing round his head, it required more than usual firmness to contemplate his situation without awe. The single glance which he cast to the door, seemed to say, how gladly he would have escaped from this specimen of Hungarian deliberation. His perturbation evidently deprived him of defence; he tried to explain the cause of his coming; he searched his dress for some paper, which, by his signs rather than his words, he intimated would answer for his character. He searched his bosom—all was in vain; his hands became entangled, he made a sudden step to the door, but suspicion was now thoroughly roused. Every sword was flashing there against his bosom. He tottered back, uttered some indistinct sounds of terror, and fell fainting into a chair.

The question was now how to dispose of him, for that he was not the Cardinal was a matter of personal knowledge to Count Colvellino, the personage who had first addressed him.

The Count, a man of habitual ferocity, proposed that he should be stabbed on the spot—an opinion which met with universal assent; but the difficulty was, how to dispose of the body. To bury it where they were was impossible for men with no other instruments than their swords; to fling it into the river, would inevitably betray the murder by daylight; and even to convey it through the streets, to the river side, might be perilous, from the number of guards and loiterers brought together by the imperial residence. During the deliberation, the old ecclesiastic returned to his senses. By some accident, his hand had fallen upon the secret packet which contained his credentials; the discovery acted on him as a cure for all his feebleness, and in his delivery of his mission, he even wore an air of dignity. "The length and haste of my journey from Rome," said the venerable man, " may apologize, most noble lords, for my weakness; but this

paper will, I presume, be satisfactory. It is, as you see, the rescript of his Holiness to the Cardinal di Lecco, whose servant and secretary stands before you.-The Cardinal, suddenly occupied by the high concerns of the Secreta Concilia, of which he has just been appointed president, has sent me with his signet, his sign manual, and his instructions, as contained in this cipher, to attend the high deliberations of my most honoured Lords, the Barons of Upper Hungary.' The credentials were delivered. All were authentic. Colvellino acknowledged that he had been premature in condemning the Papal envoy. who now announced himself as the Father Jiacomo di Estrella, of the Friars Minors of the Capital: and the point at issue was directly entered upon. It was of a nature which justified all their caution. The Emperor Leopold was supposed to have brought with him to the throne some ideas, hostile alike to the ancient feudalism of Hungary, and the supremacy of the Roman See. Revolution was threatening in Europe; and the Barons felt violent suspicions of a revolutionary inroad on their privileges headed by the possessor of the Imperial Crown. The simple plan of the conspirators on this occasion, was the extinction of the hazard by the extinction of the instrument. Leopold was to be put to death in the moment of his coronation, and the heir of the former royal race of Hungary, a monk in the convent of St. Isidore, was to be placed on the vacant throne. The debate lasted long, and assumed various shapes, in which the Papal Envoy exhibited the complete recovery of his faculties, and showed singular vividness and subtlety in obviating the impediments started to the project of getting rid of Leopold. Still, to overthrow an imperial dynasty, in the very day when its head was in the fullness of power, surrounded by troops, and still more protected by the etiquette that kept all strangers at a distance from the royal person, had difficulties which profoundly perplexed the Barons. But the deed must be done; Colvellino, already obnoxious to suspicion, from his habitual love of blood and violence of life, led the general opinion. After long deliberation, it was decided that as poison was slow, and might fail—as the pistol was too public, might miss the mark, and but wound after all, the secure way was the dagger. But how was this to find the Emperor, through a host of attendants, who surrounded him like a Persian monarch, and through ten thousand men-at-arms, covered with iron up to the teeth, and as watchful as wolves? Fra Jiacomo then made his proposal. "To attack the Emperor in his chamber," said he, "would be impossible; and, besides, would be an unmanliness disgraceful to the warlike spirit of the nobles of Hungary." All voices joined in the sentiment. "To attack him in his passage through the streets, on the day of his coronation, would be equally impossible, from the number of his guards, and equally dishonourable to the high character of the Hungarian nobles for fidelity to all who trust them." A second plaudit, almost an acclamation, followed the sentiment. Fra

Jiacomo now paused, as evidently waiting to collect his thoughts, and asked, in the humblest voice, whether it was absolutely necessary that Leopold should die? "He or we," cried Colvellino, indignant at the delay of the timid old priest. "He or we," echoed all the voices. "I obey," said the friar, with a sigh, and clasping his trembling hands upon his bosom. "It is not for an old monk, a feeble and simple man like me, my noble lords, to resist the will of so many destined to lead the land of their fathers. But let us, if we must be just, also be merciful. Let the victim die at the high altar of the cathedral." A murmur rose at the seeming profanation. The friar's sallow cheek coloured at this mark of disapproval. He was silent; but Colvellino's impatience spoke. "Let us," said he, "have no womanish qualms now; what matters it where, or when, a tyrant falls? Church or chamber, street or council, all are alike. The only question is, who shall first or surest send the dagger to his heart? Who among us shall be the liberator of his country?" The question remained without an answer. The service was obviously a difficult one at best, and the Brutus was sure of being sacrificed by the swords of the guards. "Cowards!" exclaimed Colvellino, "is this your spirit? 'Tis but a moment since you were all ready to shed your blood for the death of this German puppet, and now you shrink like abildren." Alf it were not in the cathedral multipud some of the conspira-tors, a Moole, sentered the haughty Count, to such scraples all places are cathedrals. But the cause shall not be disgraced by hands like yours.—Colvellino himself shall do it; aye, and this good friar shall give me his benediction, too, on the enterprise." The ruffian burst out into a loud laugh. "Peace, my son," said the priest, with hands meekly waving, and his eyes fixed on the ground. "Let us not disturb our souls, bent as they are on the pious services of the church and his holiness the father of the faithful, by unseemly mirth. But let us, in all humility and sincere soberness, do our duty. The Count Colvellino has nobly offered, with a heroism worthy of his high name, to consummate the freedom of the Hungarian church and state. But this must not be be, his life is too precious. If Prince Octar, the last hope of the ancient line of Ladislaus should die, Count Colvellino is the rightful heir. The hopes of Hungary must not be sacrificed."

The Count's dark eye flashed, and his cheek burned up with the flame of an ambition which he had long cherished, and which had stimulated him to this sudden and suspicious zeal for his country. "The Emperor must not put the crown of Hungary on his head and live," said he, in a tone of expressed scorn and hope. "To-morrow," said the friar, rising, as if he could throw off the infirmities of age in the strength of this resolution—"To-morrow, at the moment of the mass, Leopold dies, and dies by my hand." All stared. "Noble Lords," said the friar, almost abashed into his former-humility, by the sight of so many bold and proud countenances gazing on

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him in every expression of surprise, doubt, wonder, and applause—"Noble lords," he pursued, "what is my life that I should value it, except as the means of serving his holiness and this illustrious country, which has for so many centuries been the most faithful daughter of the church? To me life and death are the same. But I shall not die. My sacred function, to-morrow, will bring me close to the Emperor unsuspected. I shall be among the prelates who lead him up to the altar. At the moment when he takes the crown into his hand, and before he has profaned it by its resting on his brow, Hungary shall be free."

A loud cry of admiration burst from the whole assembly. Colvellino, alone, seemed to regret the loss of the honour. His countenance lowered, and, grasping the self-devoted friar's sleeve, he said, in a tone of wrath but ill stifled, "Friar, remember your promise. No parleying now. No scruples. Beware of treachery to the cause. But, to make all secure, I tell you, that you shall be watched. As Grand Chamberlain, I myself shall be on the steps of the altar, and the slightest attempt at evasion shall be punished by a dagger, at least as sharp as ever was carried by a priest in either church or chamber." Fra Jiacomo bowed his head to his girdle, and only asked, in a tone of the deepest meekness," Count, have I deserved this? Noble Lords of Hungary, have I deserved this? Is treason laid rightly to my charge? If you doubt me, let me go." He turned to the door as he spoke, but even Colvellino's disdain, felt the folly of losing so willing an accomplice, and one who, besides, was now so much master of the conspiracy. "Well, then, so be it," murmured the Count, " the cause will be disgraced by the instrument. But this Emperor at least will molest Hungary no more." Fra Jiacomo bowed but the deeper. All was now concerted for the deed. The conspirators were appointed to wait in the church of Saint Veronica, behind the cathedral, for the signal of Leopold's death, and thence to proceed to the convent, where the heir of Ladislaus was kept, and proclaim him king. Colvellino listened to the latter part of the arrangement with a smile of scorn. They were separated by the sound of the cannon, announcing the dawn of the great ceremonial.

The morning of the coronation found all Presburg awake. The streets were thronged before day with citizens; noblemen hastening to the palace; troops moving to their various posts in the ceremony; peasants pouring in from all the provinces, in all the wild festivity and uncouth dialects of the land of the Huns. Then came the Magnates, riding on their richly caparisoned horses, and followed by their long train of armed attendants, a most brilliant and picturesque display. The equipages contained all that the kingdom could boast of female beauty and high birth, and the whole formed a singular and vivid contrast of the strange, the lovely, the bold and the graceful, the rude and the magnificent, the Ori-

ental and the Western—all that a feudal, half barbarian people could exhibit of wild exultation—and all that an empire as old as Charlemagne could combine of antique dignity and civilized splendour.

The sun, which so seldom condescends to shine on regal processions, threw his most auspicious beams on the city of Presburg on this memorable day. But it was in the cathedral that all the opulence of the imperial and national pomp was displayed. The aisles were hung with tapestry and banners of the great feudal families, and crowded with the body guards of the Emperor, and the richly costumed heydukes and chasseurs of the Hungarian lords. The centre aisle was one canopy of scarlet tissue, covering, like an immense tent, the royal train, the great officers of the court, and the Emperor as he waited for the consecration. Farther on, surrounding the high altar, stood a circle of the Hungarian Prelacy in their embroidered robes, surrounding the Archbishop of Presburg, and in their unmoving splendour, looking like a vast circle of images of silver and gold. Above them all, glittering in jewels, looking down from clouds of every brilliant dye, and luminous with the full radiance of the morning, the Virgin Mother in celestial beauty, the patroness of Presburg, a wonderworking Madonna, "whom Jews might kiss, and infidels adore."

At length, to the sound of unnumbered voices, and amid the flourish of trumpets, and the roar of cannon from all the bastions, Leopold entered the golden rails of the altar, ascended the steps, followed by the great officers of the kingdom, and laid his hand upon the crown. At that moment, the Grand Chamberlain, Count Colvellino, had knelt before him to present the book of the oath by which he bound himself to the rights and privileges of Hungary. In the act of pronouncing the oath, the Emperor was seen to start back suddenly, and the book fell from his hand. At the same moment a wild scream of agony rung through the cathedral: there was a manifest confusion among the prelacy: the circle was broken down, some rushed down the steps; some retreated to the pillars of the high altar; and some seemed stooping, as if round one who had fallen. Vases, flowers, censers, images, all the pompous ornaments which attend the Romish ritual on its great days, were trampled under foot in the tumult; and prelate, priest, and acolyte, were flung together in the terror of the time. The first impression of all was, that the Emperor had been assassinated, and the startled flying nobles, and the populace at the gates, spread the report through the city, with the hundred additions of popular alarm. But the Imperial body guard, instantly drawing their swords, and pressing their way through the nobles and multitude up to the altar, soon proved that the chief terror was unfounded, by bringing forward the Emperor in their midst, and showing him to the whole assemblage unhurt; he was received with an acclamation that shook the dome.

But blood had been spilled: the Grand Cham-

berlain was found pierced to the heart. He had died at the instant from the blow. But by whom he was thus foully murdered, or for what cause, baffled all conjecture. The general idea, from the position in which he fell, was, that he had offered his life for the Emperor's: had thrown himself forward between his royal master and the assassin, and had been slain by accident or revenge. Leopold recollected, too, that in the act of taking the book of the oath, he had felt some hand pluck his robe; but, on looking round had seen only the Grand Chamberlain kneeling before him. Enquiry was urged in all quarters, but in vain. Colvellino was a corpse; he remained bathed in his loyal blood, the heroic defender of his liege lord; the declared victim of his loyalty; and a reward of a thousand ducats was declared on the spot, by his indignant sovereign, for the discovery of the murderer. The gates of the cathedral were instantly closed; strict search was made, but totally in vain. Order was slowly restored. But the ceremony was too important to be delayed. The crown was placed upon the imperial brow, and a shout like thunder hailed Leopold "King of Hungary." In courts all things are forgotten.

As the stately procession returned down the aisle, all was smiles and salutation, answered by the noble ladies of the court and provinces, who sat ranged down the sides according to their precedency, under pavilions tissued with the arms of the great Hungarian families. In this review of the young, the lovely, and the high born, all eyes gave the prize of beauty, that prize which is awarded by spontaneous admiration, and the long and lingering gaze of silent delight, to the Princess of Marosin. Her dress was, of course, suitable to her rank and relationship to the imperial line, all that magnificence could add to the natural grace, or dignity of the form; but there was in her countenance a remarkable contrast to the general animation of the youthful and noble faces round her-a melancholy that was not grief, and a depth of thought that was not reverie, which gave an irresistible superiority to features which, under their most careless aspect, must have been pronounced formed in the finest mould of nature. Her eyes were cast down, and even the slightest bending of her head had a degree of mental beauty. It was clearly the unconscious attitude of one whose thoughts were busied upon other things than the pomps of the hour. It might have been the transient regret of a lofty spirit for the transitory being of all those splendours which so few years must extinguish in the grave; it might have been the reluctance of a generous and free spirit at the approach of that hour which would see her hand given by imperial policy, where her heart disowned the gift; it might be patriotic sorrow for the fallen glories of Hungary; it might be romance; it might be love. But whatever might be the cause, all remarked the melancholy, and all felt that it gave a deep and touching effect to her beauty, which fixed the eye on her, as if spell-bound. Even when the Emperor passed, and honoured

the distinguished loveliness of his fair course by an especial wave of his sceptred hand, she answered it by scarcely more than a lower bend of the head, and the slight customary pressure of the hand upon the heart. With her glittering robe, worth the purchase of a principality drawn round her, as closely as if it were the common drapery of a statue, she sat not unlike the statue, in classic gracefulness, but cold and unmoving as the marble.

But all this was suddenly changed. As the procession continued to pass along, some object arrested her glance which penetrated to her heart. Her cheek absolutely burned with crimson; her eye flashed; her whole frame seemed to be instinct with a new principle of existence; with one hand she threw back the tresses, heavy with jewels, that hung over her forehead, as if they obstructed her power of following the vision; with the other she strongly attempted to still the beatings of her heart; and thus she remained for a few moments, as if unconscious of the place, of the time, and of the innumerable eyes of wonder and admiration that were fixed upon her. There she sat; her lips apart; her breath suspended; her whole frame fevered with emotion; the statue turned to life, all beauty, feeling, amaze, passion. But a new discharge of cannon, a new flourish of trumpet and cymbal, as the Emperor reached the gates of the cathedral, and appeared before the assembled and shouting thousands without, urged on the procession. The magic was gone. The countenance, this moment like a summer heaven, with every hue of loveliness flying across it, in rich succession, was the next colourless. The eye was again veiled in its long lashes; the head was again dejected; the marble had again become classic and cold; the beauty remained, but the joy, the enchantment, was no more.

The Baron Von Herbert was sitting at a deak in the armoury of the palace. Javelins rude enough to have been grasped by the hands of the primordial Huns; bone-headed arrows that had pierced the gilded corslets of the Greeks of Constantinople; stone axes that had dashed their rough way through the iron head-pieces of many a son of Saxon chivalry; and the later devices of war, mail gold-enamelled, silver-twisted, purplegrained, and Austrian, Italian, and Oriental escutcheon, gleamed, frowned, gloomed and rusted in the huge effigies of a line of warriors, who, if weight of limb, and sullenness of visage, are the elements of glory, must have fairly trampled out all Greek and all Roman fame.

A key turned in the door, and the Emperor entered hastily, and in evident perturbation. He turned the key again as he entered. The Baron stopped his pen, and awaited the commands of his sovereign. But Leopold was scarcely prepared to give counsel or command. He threw a letter on the table.

"Read this, Von Herbert," said he, "and tell me what you think of it. Is it an impudent falsehood, or a truth, concerning the public safety? Read it again to me." The Baron read:-

"Emperor, you think yourself surrounded by honest men. You are mistaken. You are surrounded by conspirators. You think that, in offering a reward for Colvellino's murderer, you are repaying a debt of gratitude. You are mistaken. You are honouring the memory of a murderer.-You think that, in giving the hand of the Princess of Marosin to Prince Charles of Buntzlau, you are uniting two persons of rank in an honourable marriage. You are mistaken. You are pampering a coxcomb's vanity, and breaking a noble heart. You think that, in sending your Pandours to scour the country, you can protect your court, your palace or yourself.
You are mistaken. The whole three are in my power. "SPERANSKI."

The Baron laid down the paper, and gravely paused for the Emperor's commands. But the Emperor had none to give. He put the simple query-" ls this a burlesque or a reality? Is the

writer a charlatan or a conspirator?"

"Evidently something of both, in my conception," said the Colonel; "the paper is not courtly, but it may be true, nevertheless. The writer is apparently not one of your Majesty's chamberlains, and yet he is clearly master of some points that mark him for either a very dangerous inmate of the court, or a very useful one."

Leopold's anxious gesture bade the Baron proceed. He looked over again the letter, and

commented on it as he passed along.

"'Surrounded by conspirators?" Possible The Hungarian nobles never knew how to obey. They must be free as the winds, or in fetters. The mild government of Austria is at once too much felt and too little. No government, or all tyranny, is the only maxim for the Magnates. If not slaves, they will be conspirators."

"Then this rascal, this Speranski, tells the

truth after all?" said the Emperor.

"For the fact of conspiracy I cannot answer yet," said Von Herbert; "but for the inclination I can, at any hour of the twenty-four." He proceeded with the letter-" You are honouring the memory of a murderer."

"An atrocious and palpable calumny!" exclaimed the Emperor. "What! the man who died at my feet? If blood is not to answer honour and loyalty, where can the proof be given? He had got besides every thing that he could desire. I had just made him Grand Chamberlain."

Von Herbert's grave countenance showed that

he was not so perfectly convinced.

"I knew Colvellino," said he, "and if appearances were not so much in his favour by the manner of his death, I should have thought him one of the last men in your Majesty's dominions to die for loyalty."

"You are notoriously a philosopher, Von Herbert," cried Leopold impatiently. "Your creed

is mistrust."

"I knew the Grand Chamberlain from our school-days," said the Baron calmly; "at school he was haughty and headstrong. We entered the royal Hungarian guard together; there he was selfish and profligate. We then separated for years. On my return as your Majesty's aidde-camp, I found him the successor of an estate which he had ruined, the husband of a wife whom he had banished from his palace, the colonel of a regiment of Hulans which he had turned into a school of tyranny, and Grand Chamberlain to your Majesty, an office which I have strong reason to think he used but as a step to objects of a more daring ambition."

"But his death, his courageous devotion of himself, the dagger in his heart!" exclaimed the

Emperor.

"They perplex, without convincing me," said the Baron.

He looked again at the letter, and came to the

words, "Breaking a noble heart."

"What can be the meaning of this?" asked Leopold, angrily. "Am I not to arrange the alliances of my family as I please? Am I to forfeit my word to my relative, the Prince of Buntzlau, when he makes the most suitable match in the empire for my relative the Princess of Marosin? This is mere insolence, read no more."

The Baron laid down the letter and stood in silence.

"Apropos of the Princess," said Leopold, willing to turn the conversation from topics which vexed him, " has there been any further intelligence of her mysterious purchase; that far-famed plunder of the Turk, her Hungarian chef-d'œuvre?"

"If your Majesty alludes to the Princess's very splendid watch," said the Baron, "I understand that all possible enquiry had been made, but without effect of tracing any connexion between its sale and the unfortunate assassination of the Turkish envoy."

"So, my cousin," said the Emperor, with a half smile, " is to be set down by the scandalous Chronicle of Presburg, as an accomplice in rifling the pockets of Mohammed? But the whole place seems full of gipsyism, gossiping, and juggling. I should not wonder if that superannuated belle. the Countess Joblonsky, lays the loss of her pendule to my charge, and that the Emperor shall quit Hungary with the character of a receiver of stolen goods."

"Your Majesty may be the depredator to a much more serious extent, if you will condescend but to take the Countess's heart along with you," said the Colonel, with a grave smile. " It is, I have no doubt, too loyal, not to be quite at

your Majesty's mercy."

"Hah," said Leopold, "I must be expeditious then, or she will be devote, or in the other world, incapable of any love but for a lapdog, or turned into a canonized saint. But in the meantime, look to these nobles. If conspiracy there be, let us be ready for it. I have confidence in your Pandours. They have no love for the Hungarians. Place a couple of your captains in my antechamber. Let the rest be on the alert. You

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will be in the palace, and within call, for the next forty-eight hours."

The Emperor then left the room. Von Herbert wrote an order to the Major of the Pandours, for a detachment to take the duty of the imperial apartments. The evening was spent at the opera, followed by a court ball; and the Emperor retired, more than satisfied with the dancing loyalty of the Hungarian beaux and belles.

The night was lovely, and the moon shone with full orbed radiance upon the cloth of gold, embroidered velvet curtains, and high enchased silver sculptures of the imperial bed. The Emperor was deep in a midsummer night's dream of waltzing with a dozen winged visions, a ballet in the grand Opera given before their majesties of Fairyland, on the occasion of his arrival in their realm. He found his feet buoyant with all the delightful levity of his new region; wings could not have made him spurn the ground with more rapturous elasticity. The partner round whom he whirled was Oberon's youngest daughter, just come from a finishing school in the Evening Star, and brought out for the first time. But a sudden sound of evil smote his ear; every fairy dropped at the instant; he felt his winged heels heavy as if they were booted for a German parade; his blooming partner grew dizzy in the very moment of a whirl, and dropped fainting in his arms; Titania, with a scream expanded her pinions, and darted into the tops of the tallest trees. Oberon, with a frown, descended from his throne, and stalked away in indignant majesty.

The sound was soon renewed; it was a French quadrille, played by a golden Apollo on the harp -a sound, however pleasing to earthly cars, too coarse for the exquisite sensibilities of more ethereal tempers. The God of song was sitting on a beautiful pendule, with the name of Sismonde conspicuous on its dial above, and the name of the Countess Joblonsky engraved on its marble pedestal below. The Emperor gazed first with utter astonishment, then with a burst of laughter; his words had been verified. was in a new position. He was to be the "receiver of stolen goods" after all. But in the moonlight lay at his feet a paper; it contained these words:--" Emperor-You have friends about you, on whom you set no value; you have enemies, too, about you, of whom you are not aware. Keep the pendule; it will serve to remind you of the hours that may pass between the throne and the dagger.—It will serve, also, to remind you how few hours it may take to bring a noble heart to the altar and the grave. The toy is yours. The Countess Joblonsky has already received more than its value.

"SPERANSKI."

The Countess Joblonsky had been the handsomest woman in Paris twenty years before. But in Paris, the reign of beauty never lasts supreme longer than a new Opera—possibly, among other reasons, for the one that both exhibited without

mercy for the eyes or ears of mankind. The Opera displays its charms incessantly, until all that remain to witness the triumph are the fiddlers and the scene-shifters. The Belle electrifies the world with such persevering attacks on their nervous system, that it becomes absolutely benumbed. A second season of triumph is as rare for the Belle as the Opera, and no man ever living has seen, or will see, a third season for either. The Countess retired at the end of her second season, like Diocletian, but not like Diocletian to the cultivation of cabbages. She drew off her forces to Vienna, which she entered with the air of a conqueror, and the rights of one; for the fashion that has fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf" in Paris, is entitled to consider i tself in full bloom at Vienna. At the Austrian capital she carried all before her, for the time. She had all the first of the very first circle in her chains. All the Archdukes were at her bidding; were fed at her petits soupers of five hundred hungry noblesse, en comite; were pilfered at her loto tables; were spell-bound by her smiles, laughed at in her boudoir, and successively wooed to make the fairest of Countesses the haughtiest of Princesses. Still the last point was incomplete she was still in widowed loveliness.

The coronation suddenly broke up the Vienna circle.-She who had hitherto led or driven the world, now condescended to follow it; and the Countess instantly removed her whole establishment, her French Abbe, her Italian chevaliers, ordinaires and extraordinaires, her Flemish lapdogs, her Ceynese monkeys, and her six beautiful Polish horses, to Presburg, with the determination to die devote, or make an impress on the imperial soul, which Leopold should carry back, and the impression along with it to Vienna. But cares of state had till now interposed a shield between the Emperor's bosom and the lady's diamond eyes. She had at last begun actually to despair; and on this morning she had summoned her Abbe to teach her the most becoming way for a beauty to renounce the world. She was enthroned on a couch of rose-coloured silk, worthy of Cytherea herself, half-sitting, half-reposing, with her highly rouged cheek resting on her snowy hand, that hand supported on a richly bound volume of the Life of La Valliere, delicious model of the wasted dexterity, cheated ambition, and profitless passion of a court beauty, and her eyes gazing on the letter which this pretty charlatan wrote on her knees, in the incredible hope of making a Frenchman feel. The Countess decided upon trying the Valliere experiment upon the spot, writing a letter to the Emperor, declaring the "secret flame which had so long consumed her," "confessing" her resolution to fly into a convent, and compelling his obdurate spirit to meditate upon the means of rescuing so brilliant an ornament of his court from four bare walls, the fearful sight of monks and nuns, and the performance of matins and vespers as duly as the day.

At this critical moment, one of the imperial carriages entered the porte cochere. A gentle-

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man of the court, stiff with embroidery, and stiffer with Austrian etiquette, descended from it, was introduced by the pages in attendance, and with his knee almost touching the ground, as to the future possessor of the diadem, presented to the Countess a morocco case. It contained a letter-The perusal of the missive brought into the fair reader's face a colour that outburned all the labours of her three hours' toilette. It requested the Countess Joblonsky's acceptance of the trifle accompanying the note, and was signed Leopold. The case was eagerly opened. A burst of brilliancy flashed into the gazer's eyes. It was the superb watch, the long-talked of, the long-lostthe watch of the Princess Marosin, and now given as an acknowledgment of the personal superiority of her handsome competitor. She saw a crown glittering in strong imagination over her head. The Life of La Valliere was spurned The Abbe was instantly countermanded. The Countess had given up the nunnery; she ordered her six Polish steeds, and drove off to make her acknowledgments to the Emperor in person.

But what is the world? The Countess had come at an inauspicious time. She found the streets crowded with people talking of some extraordinary event, though whether of the general conflagration, or the flight of one of the Archduchesses, it was impossible to discover from the popular ideas on the subject. Further on, she found her progress impeded by the troops. The palace was double guarded. There had evidently been some formidable occurrence. A scaffold was standing in the court, with two dead bodies in the Pandour uniform lying upon it. Cannon, with lighted matches were pointed down the principal streets. The regiment of Pandours passed her, with Von Herbert at their head, looking so deeply intent upon something or other, that she in vain tried to obtain a glance towards her equipage.—The Pandours, a gallant looking, but wild set, rushed out of the gates and galloped forward, to scour the forest, like wolf dogs in full cry. The regiment of Imperial Guards, with Prince Charles of Buntzlau witching the world with the best perfumed pair of mustaches, and the most gallantly embroidered mantle in any hussar corps in existence, rode past, with no more than a bow. All was confusion, consternation, and the clank of sabre sheaths, trumpets, and kettle-drums. The Countess gave up the day and the diadem, returned to her palace, and began the study of La Valliere again.

The story at length transpired. The Emperor's life had been attempted. His own detail to his Privy Council was—That before daylight he had found himself suddenly attacked in his bed by ruffians. His arms had been pinioned during his sleep. He called out for the Pandour officers who had been placed in the antechamber; but, to his astonishment, the flash of a lamp, borne by one of the assailants, showed those Pandours the most active in his seizure. Whether their purpose was to carry him off, or to kill him on the spot: to convey him to some cavern or forest

where they might force him to any conditions they pleased, or to extinguish the imperial authority in his person at once, was beyond his knowledge; but the vigour of his resistance had made them furious, and the dagger of one of the conspirators, was already at his throat, when he saw the hand that held it lopped off by the sudden blow of a sabre from behind.—Another hand now grasped his hair, and he felt the edge of a sabre. which slightly wounded him in the neck, but before the blow could be repeated, the assailant fell forward, with a curse and a groan, and died at his feet, exclaiming that they were betrayed. This produced palpable consternation among them; and on hearing a sound outside, like the trampling of the guards on their rounds, they had silently vanished, leaving him bleeding and bound. He had now made some effort to reach the casement and cry out for help, but a handkerchief had been tied across his face, his arms and feet were fastened by a scarf, and he lay utterly helpless. In a few moments after, he heard steps stealing along the chamber. It was perfectly dark; he could see no one; but he gave himself up for lost. The voice, however, told him that there was no enemy now in the chamber, and offered to loose the bandage from his face, on condition that he would answer certain questions. The voice was that of an old man, said he, but there was a tone of honesty about it that made me promise at once.

"I have saved your life," said the stranger; "what will you give me for this service?"

"If this be true, ask what you will."

"I demand a free pardon for the robbery of the Turkish courier, for shooting the Turkish envoy, and for stabbing the Grand Chamberlain in your presence."

"Are you a fool or a madman who ask this?"

"To you neither. I demand, further, your pardon for stripping Prince Charles of Buntzlau of his wife and his whiskers together—for marrying the Princess of Marosin—and for turning your Majesty into an acknowledged lover of the Countess Joblonsky."

"Who and what are you? Villain, untie my hands."

The cord was snapped asunder.

"Tell me your name, or I shall call the guards, and have you hanged on the spot."

"My name!" the fellow exclaimed with a laugh—"Oh, it is well enough known every where—at court, in the cottages, in the city, and on the high road—by your Majesty's guards, and by your Majesty's subjects. I am the Pandour of Pandours—your correspondent, and now your cabinet counsellor. Farewell, Emperor, and remember—Speranski!"

"The chords were at the instant cut from my feet. I sprang after him, but 1 might as well have sprung after my own shadow. He was gone—but whether into the air or the earth, or whether the whole dialogue was not actually the work of my own imagination, favoured by the struggle with the conspirators, I cannot tell to this moment. One thing, however, was unquestionable, that I had been in the hands of murderers, for I

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stumbled over the two bodies of the assassins who were cut down in the melee. The first lamp that was brought in showed me also, that the two Pandour captains had been turned into the two Palatines of Sidlitz and Frankerin, but by what magic I cannot yet conjecture."

A more puzzling affair never had bewildered the high and mighty functionaries of the imperial court. They pondered upon it for the day, and they might have added the year to their deliberations, without being nearer the truth. The roll of the Pandours had been called over. None were missing except the two captains; and certainly the two conspirators, though in the Pandour uniform, were not of the number.

" More perplexity still. The imperial horseguards returned in the evening terribly offended by a day's gallop through the vulgarity of the Hungarian thickets, but suffering no other loss than of a few plumes and tassels, if we except one, of pretty nearly the same kind, Prince Charles of Buntzlau. The Prince had been tempted to spur his charger through a thicket. He led the way in pursuit of the invisible enemy; he never came back. His whole regiment galloped after him in all directions. They might as well have hunted a mole; he must have gone under ground—but where, was beyond the brains of his brilliantly dressed troopers. He was un prince perdu.

Leopold was indignant at this frolic, for as such he must conceive it; and ordered one of his aides-de-camp to wait at the quarters of the corps, until the future bridegroom grew weary of his wild-goose chase, and acquainted him that the next morning was appointed for his marriage. But he returned not.

Next morning there was another fund of indignation prepared for the astonished Emperor. The bride was as undiscoverable as the bridegroom. The palace of the Princess de Marosin had been entered in the night; but her attendants could tell no more, than that they found her chamber doors open, and their incomparable tenant flown, like a bird from its gilded cage. All search was made and made in vain. The Prince returned after a week's detention by robbers in a cave. He was ill received. Leopold, astonished and embarrassed, conscious that he was treading on a soil of rebellion, and vexed by his personal disappointments, broke up his court, and rapidly set out for the hereditary dominions.

He had subsequently serious affairs to think of. The French interest in Turkey roused the Ottoman to a war.—Orders were given for a levy through the provinces, and the Emperor himself commenced a tour of inspection of the frontier lying towards Roumelia. In the Croatian levy, he was struck peculiarly with the Count Corneglio Bancaleone, Colonel of a corps of Pandours, eminent for beauty of countenance and dignity of form, for activity in the manœuvres of his active regiment, and one of the most popular of the nobles of Croatia. The Emperor expressed

himself so highly gratified with the Count's conduct, that, as a mark of honour, he proposed to take up his quarters in the palace. The Count bowed, reluctance was out of the question.—The Emperor came, and was received with becoming hospitality; but where was the lady of the mansion? She was unfortunately indisposed. The Emperor expressed his regret, and the apology was accepted; but in the evening, while, after a day of reviews and riding through the Croatian hills, he was enjoying the lovely view of the sun going down over the Adriatic, and sat at a window covered with fruits and flowers, impearled with the dew of a southern twilight, a Hungarian song struck his ear, that had been a peculiar favourite of his two years before, during his stay in Petersburg. He inquired of the Count who was the singer. Bancaleone's confusion was visible. In a few moments the door suddenly opened, and two beautiful infants, who had strayed away from their attendants, rambled into the room. The Count in vain attempted to lead them out. His imperial guest was delighted with them, and begged that they might be allowed to stay.

The eldest child, to pay his tribute to the successful advocate on the occasion, repeated the Hungarian song.—"Who had taught him?" "His mother, who was a Hungarian." Bancaleone rose in evident embarrassment, left the room, and shortly returned, leading that mother. She fell at the Emperor's feet. She was the Princess of Marosin, lovelier than ever; with the glow of the mountain air on her cheek, and her countenance lighted up with health, animation, and expressive beauty. Leopold threw his arms round his lovely relative, and exhibited the highest gratification in finding her again, and finding her so happy.

But sudden reflections covered the imperial brow with gloom. The mysterious deaths, the conspiracies, the sanguinary violences of Presburg, rose in his mind, and he felt the painful necessity of explanation.

Bancaleone had left the room; but an attendant opened the door, saying that a Pandour had brought a dispatch for his majesty. The Pandour entered, carrying a portefeuille in his hand. The Emperor immediately recognised him, as having often attracted his notice on parade, by his activity on horseback, and his handsome figure. After a few tours d'addresse, which showed his skill in disguise, the Count threw off the Pandour, and explained the mystifications of Presburg.

"I had been long attached," said he, "to the Princess of Marosin, before your majesty had expressed your wishes in favour of the alliance of Prince Charles of Buntzlau. I immediately formed the presumptuous determination of thwarting the Prince's objects. I entered, by the favour of my old friend, Colonel Von Herbert, as a private in his Pandours, and was thus on the spot to attend to my rival's movements. The Pandours are, as your majesty knows, great wanderers through the woods, and one of them, by some means or other, had found, or perhaps robbed, a

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part of the Turkish courier's dispatches. These dispatches he showed to a comrade, who showed them to me; they were of importance; for they developed a plot which the Turks were concerting with some profligate nobles of Presburg, to carry off your majesty into the Turkish dominions, a plot which waited only for the arrival of the Turkish envoy. I got leave of absence, joined some of the rabble of gypsies who tell fortunes, and rob, when they have no fortunes to tell. We met the Turk, a melee ensued, he was unfortunately killed; but I secured the dispatches. The Turk deserved his fate as a conspirator. His papers contained the names of twenty Magnates, all purchased by Turkish gold. The Magnates were perplexed by his death. They now waited for the arrival of a Romish priest, who was to manage the ecclesiastical part of your majesty's murder. I went into the woods again, caught the Cardinal alive on his march, put him into the hands of the gypsies, who, feeling no homage for his vocation, put him on a sanative and anti-political regimen of bread and water for a fortnight, and then dismissed him over the frontier. On the day of the coronation, your majesty was to have died by the hands of Colvellino. I volunteered the office. Colvellino followed me, to keep me to my duty. I plucked your robe to put you on your guard; saw the Grand Chamberlain's dagger drawn to repay me for my officiousness, and, in self-defence, was forced to use my own. He was a traitor, and he died only too honourable a death."

"But the magic that changed the Pandour captains into Palatines? That Speranski, too, who had the impudence to lecture me in my bonds?" asked the Emperor with a smile.

"All was perfectly simple," said the Count; "the two captains were invited to a supper in the palace, which soon disqualified them for taking your majesty's guard. Their uniforms were then given to two of the Palatines, who undertook to carry off your majesty, or kill you in case of resistance. But no man can work without instruments. One of the gypsies, who was to have acted as postilion on the occasion, sold his employment for that night to another, who sold his secret to me. I remained in the next chamber to your majesty's during the night. I had posted a dozen of the Pandours within call, in case of your being in actual danger. But my first purpose was to baffle the conspiracy without noise. However, the ruffians were more savage than I had thought them, and I was nearly too late. But two strokes of the sabre were enough, and the two Palatines finished their career as expeditiously at least as if they had died upon the scaffold. In this portefeuille are the Turk's dispatches, the Cardinal's prayers, Colvellino's plot, and the Magnates' oaths."

Leopold rose, and took him by the hand.—
"Count, you shall be my aid-de-camp, and a general. You deserve every praise that can be given to skill and courage. But the watch, the pendulel, the trap for that prince of parroquets, Buntalau?" said Leopold, barsting out into a

laugh fatal to all etiquette. "Your majesty will excuse me," said the Count, "these are a lady's secrets, or the next to a lady's, a man of fashion's. Mystification all. Magic every where; and it is not over yet. The Vienna paper this morning met my astonished eye, with a full account of the marriage of his Serene Highness of Buntzlau with the illustrious widow of the Count Lublin nee Joblonsky. Capitally matched. He brings her his ringlets, she brings him her rouge. He enraptures her with the history of his loves; she can give him love for love, at least. He will portion her with his debts, and she is as equal as any countess in Christendom to return the politeness in kind. Vive le beau marriage! A coxcomb is the true cupidon for a coquette all over the

### MODERN EDUCATION.

Even as a child, I was struck by the absurdity of modern education. The duty of education is to give ideas. When our limited intelligence was confined to the literature of two dead languages, it was necessary to acquire those languages in order to obtain the knowledge which they embalmed. But now each nation has its literature, and each nation possesses, written in its own tongue, a record of all knowledge, and specimens of every modification of invention. Let education, then, be confined to that literature, and we should soon perceive the beneficial effects of this revolution upon the mind of the student. Study would then be a profitable delight. I pity the poor Gothic victim of the Grammar and the Lexicon. The Greeks, who were masters of composition, were ignorant of all languages but their own. They concentrated their study of the genius of expression upon one tongue. To this they owe that splendid simplicity and strength of style, which the imitative Romans, with all their splendour, never obtained. To the few, however, who have leisure or inclination to study foreign literatures, I will not recommend them the English, the Italian, the German, since they may rightly answer, that all these have been in great part found upon the classic tongues, and, therefore, it is wise to ascend to the fountain-head; but I will ask them, for what reason they would limit their experience to the immortal languages of Greece and Rome? Why not study the oriental? Surely, in the pages of the Persians and the Arabs, we might discover new sources of emotion, new modes of expression, new trains of ideas, new principles of invention, and new bursts of fancy.-D'Israeli, jun.

Even the dreams of the philanthropist only tend towards equality; and where is equality to be found but in the state of the savage? No; I thought otherwise once; but I now regard the vast lazar-house around us without hope of relief: Death is the sole physician?

## OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

Ir was on a pouring wet morning in the end of the month of March, 1827, that I sat drowsily ensconced in a "Wooburn," beside the fire in my study(!) in a front room in Upper Brook Street—for I am in easy circumstances, and rent "a suite of apartments fit for the immediate reception of an M. P. or bachelor of fashion," in the house of a "professional man of celebrity, who has no family." I had spelt through two newspapers, even to the last resource of "Rowland's Kalydor" and "Gowland's Lotion." I had read and dozed over every article in the last page of my last paper, until I caught myself reading the small-printed prices of the markets—potatoes at 8s. and 6d."

I began to feel as hunting gentlemen do during a hard frost-what is called "hard up." I had stirred my fire till it was out; and yawned until I began to fear a locked jaw. In very despair I strolled to the window, hopeless as I was of seeing any thing more amusing than overflowing gutters, half-drowned sparrows, or a drenched apothecary's boy. It was early in the morning, at least in a London morning, and I could not even anticipate the relief of a close carriage, with an oil-skin hammer-cloth, driving by: what then was my delight when, at one glance, as I reached the window, I descried that the bills in a large and handsome house opposite had been taken down! Now do not suppose that I love to pry into my neighbour's affairs for the sake of gossip-far from it; but what is an honest bachelor gentleman to do on a rainy morning, if he may not pick up a small matter of amusement by watching his opposite neighbours now and then?

The houses opposite were worse than no houses at all; for one was inhabited by an old and infirm lady, who had no visitors but an M. D., an apothecary, and a man in a shovel-hat. The other house contained only an elderly and very quiet couple, who had not near so much variety as a clock; they never stopt-never went too fast or too slow-never wanted winding up-they went of themselves-their breakfast and dinner bells rang daily to a minute at half-past eight and at six o'clock—their fat coachman and fat horses came to the door precisely at two o'clock to take them out, always to the Regent's Park, and drove twice round the outer circle. I took care to enquire into that fact. I ascertained too for certain that they had a leg of mutton for dinner every Tuesday and Friday, and fish three times a week, including Sundays, on which day too the butcher always brought roasting beef-always the thick part of the surloin. What could I do with such people as these? I gave them up as honeless.

Preparations for the reception of a family in my favourite house now went on with great apirit; a thorough internal cleaning and scouring on the first day; on the second, all the windows were cleaned. I could stand it no longer, and snatching up my hat, I just stepped over promiscuously to ask the maid who was washing the steps, by whom the house was taken. She was a stupid, ignorant, country girl, and did not seem at all alive to the interest attaching to her examination. I however discovered that—the house was taken by a baronet, and that his family consisted of his lady and one child (a boy), and his wife's sister.

I took a few turns in the Park, and just as I rapped at my own door, I determined I would make no farther enquiries concerning the expected family—no, it would be infinitely more interesting to discover every thing by my own penetration and ingenuity;—it would be a nice employment for me, for I was dreadfully at a loss for something to do, and would keep me from falling asleep.

I began now to count the hours. I was afraid of stirring from the window lest the strangers should escape my rigilance, and arrive unknown to me. I even dined in my study, and here, by the way, I must let the reader into a little secret. I had a large wire blind fixed on one of my windows, behind which I could stand and direct my enquiries unseen by any, body, though few within range were unseen by me.

A few days past slowly on. Muslin curtains were put up, not blinds, fortunately for me, (I have a mortal antipathy to blinds to any windows but my own), boxes of mignionette appeared in every window. A cart from Colville's in the King's Road, filled with Persian lilacs, moss roses, and heliotropes, unladed its sweets at the door. They had then a rural taste; county people perhaps; and I sighed as I figured to myself a bevy of plump rosy misses in pink and green, and one or two young squires in green coats and top boots. The arrival, whatever it might be, must be drawing very near-nearer and nearer for a respectable looking housekeeper made her appearance one morning at the window, who had stolen a march on me; I never could make that out, for I had never seen her arrive. Two or three maids also were flitting about, and a gentleman out of livery appeared, now at the area, and now at the hall door, superintending the unpacking of a grand piano-forte from Broadwood's; then arrived a cart from Brecknell and Turner, wax-chandlers in the Haymarket; and one from Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly, with divers other carts and packages of minor consideration. Then came hackney-coaches with servants and coloured paper boxes-smart looking maids in Leghorn bonnets and drab shawls, and footmen in dark green, and very plain liveries. The family could not be far behind. At last, about four o'clock, the fish arrived—a turbot and two fine lobsters for sauce. I can be on my outh it was not a brill, and fish was very dear that morning, for I enquired; therefore that could not be

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for the servants; Sir Charles and family must be close at hand.

I remained rooted to the window, and was soon rewarded for my patient investigation, by hearing, at about six o'clock, a carriage driving rapidly up the street from Park Lane. It was them actually. A green travelling carriage, all over imperials, stopped at the door in good earnest, most beautifully splashed with mud-no arms—only a bird for the crest; four post horses, and a maid and man servant in the rumble. My heart beat thick, my eyes strained in my head lest any one of the inmates of the carriage should escape my vigilance. The hall doors were thrown open in an instant, and the gentleman out of livery, with two of his colleagues, flew out to assist the ladies to alight. First of all, a gentleman-Sir Charles of course—made his appearance, tall, and very distinguished looking, dressed in a brown frock coat, and dark fur travelling cap, and apparently about thirty years of age. Next came a lady, who skipped out very lightly, and who seemed rather in a hurry to see the new abode—that was the sister. She was thin, and very graceful, and wrapped in a white cachemere, with rather a narrow border; her features were hidden from my view, as she wore one of those plaguey large coarse straw bonnets, tied down with white satin ribbons—two bows, and the edges cut in vandykes. Another lady then descended, more slowly and carefully, and as she watched the alighting of a nurse who had deposited a fine rosy boy, about a twelvemonth old, into the arms of Sir Charles; therefore, I had already ascertained, beyond a doubt, which was the wife, and which was the wife's sister. The doors then closed, and I saw no more that evening, excepting that the lamp was lit in the dining room, and the shutters closed at seven o'clock, and then in the gloom I saw three figures descend the stairs, from which I concluded they all went to dinner; besides the turbot, they had house lamb, and asparagus.

The next morning, while dressing, I espied the sister, whom I shall call Ellen, standing on the balcony admiring and arranging the flowers.— The morning was beautiful and very light, so that I had a perfect view of her. It was impossible that a more lovely creature could be seen. She appeared not more than sixteen or seventeen; indeed, from the extreme plainness of her dress, I suspected she had not quite left the school-room. She was rather above the middle height, very alight and graceful, bright and beautiful, with long light auburn curls, and a very patrician air about her. Had I been young and romantic, I should most assuredly have fallen in love on the instant, as she stooped over the balcony, with a most enchanting air, smiling and kissing her hand to the baby, whom his nurse, at that moment, carried out of the hall door for an early walk in

Presently she was joined by her sister, whom I shall call Lady Seymour, who evidently came to summon her to breakfast. She appeared about twenty-five or twenty-six years old: pale, inte-

resting, and beautiful; had a mild and pensive, I almost thought a melancholy look, and seemed very quiet and gentle in all her movements.

I should have been inclined to fall in love with her too, if she had not been a married woman, and I had not seen Ellen first; but Ellen was by far the more beautiful of the two fair sisters-the most striking, the most animated, and I always admired animation, for it argues inquiry, and from inquiry springs knowledge. The ladies lingered, and stooped down to inhale the fragrance of their flowers until Sir Charles appeared to summon them, and the whole trio descended to breakfast, Lady Seymour leaning on the arm of her husband, and Ellen skipping down before them. Sir Charles was very handsome, very tall, and very dignified looking. Nothing could be more promising than the appearance of the whole party. I was delighted with the prospect; no more gaping over newspapers; adieu ennui, here was food for reflection. My mind was now both actively and usefully employed, and a transition from idleness to useful occupation is indeed a blessing.

Days flew on, and I gradually gathered much important and curious information. The Seymours had many visitors; a vast proportion of coronetted carriages among them; went regularly to the opera. I could not make out who was Ellen's harp-master; but Crivelli taught her singing, from which I argued their good taste. She went out to evening parties; I concluded therefore that she had only just come out and was still pursuing her education. A green britska and chariot were in requisition for both ladies, as the day was fine or otherwise: a dark cab with a green page attended Sir Charles on some days, on others he rode a bay horse with black legs. and a star on his forehead. With respect to the general habits of the family, they were early risers, and dined at eight o'clock. The beautiful baby was the pet of both ladies, and lived chiefly in the drawing room; and I observed that Ellen frequently accompanied him and his nurse in their early walks, attended by a footman,

The Seymours occupied the whole of my time; I gave up all parties for the present, on the score of business, and I assure you't was quite as much as one person could do conveniently to look to them. From discoveries I made, the family speedily became very interesting to me, I may say painfully interesting. Now I am not at all given to romance or high-flying notions, seeing that I am but seldom known to invent anything; what I am about to relate, may safely be relied on as the result of an accurate though painful investigation.

Before communicating these discoveries to my readers, I pause, even on the threshold. I have endeavoured to bespeak their interests for the fair Ellen, as I felt a deep one for her myself,—but,—truth must out,—it is my duty.

From the first day of the arrival of the Seymours, as I shall continue to designate them, I
had been struck by the evident dejection of Lady
Seymour. I frequently observed her, when alone,

bury her face in her hands, as she leant upon a small table beside the couch on which she sat.

The work, or the book, or the pencil,—for she drew,-was invariably thrown aside when her husband or her young sister quitted the apartment. The fine little baby seemed her greatest pleasure. He was a wild, struggling little fellow, full of health and spirits, almost two much for her delicate frame, and apparently weak state of health. She could not herself nurse him long together, but I observed that the nurse was very frequently in the room with her, and that the fond mother followed and watched her little darling almost constantly. She was surrounded by luxuries-by wealth. Her husband, in appearance at least, was one whom all women must admire; one of whom a wife might feel proud;she had a beautiful child; -she was young, lovely, titled. What then could be the cause of this dejection? What could it be? I redoubled my attention: I was the last to retire and the first to rise. I determined to discover this mystery.

One morning I discerned her weeping-weeping bitterly. Her bedroom was in the front of the house; she was walking backwards and forwards between the window and the opened folding doors, her handkerchief at her eyes. first I thought she might have the toothache,-- not being given as I before said to romance: then I suspected her confinement was about to take place,—but no, that could not be. No Mr. Blagden appeared—his carriage had not even been at her door for more than a week; at which I was rather surprised. She was evidently and decidedly weeping,—I ascertained that beyond a doubt. A flash of light beamed across my mind! I have it! thought I,—perhaps her husband's affections are estranged. Could it be possible? Husbands are wayward things,—I felt glad that I was not a husband.

A kind of disagreeable and tormenting sus-picion at that moment strengthened my belief; a suspicion that—how shall I speak it?—perhaps he might love the beautiful Ellen. I tried to banish the idea: but circumstances, lightly passed over before, returned now in crowds to my recollection to confirm me in it. From that moment I renewed my observations daily, and with still increased vigilance, and was obliged to come to the painful conclusion that my suspicions were **4 not** only but too well founded with regard to Sir Charles, but that Ellen returned his passion .-Yes she was romantically in love with the husband of her sister! I seldom find myself'wrong in my opinions, yet, in this case, I would willingly have given five hundred pounds to feel sure that I was in error. Such was the interest with which the extreme beauty, the vivacity and grace of the youthful Ellen had inspired me. Here then was food for philosophy as well as reflection. Who shall say that enquirers are impertinent, when such facts as these can be elicited. it not been for me such is the anathy of what does not concern them—a base had an artful intriguing sister, might till mitationed a fair face to the world; but

I was determined to cut the matter short, and open the eyes of the deluded wife as to the real extent of her injury. Honour compelled me to it. Let not the reader think me rash,—I will explain the circumstances which influenced my conviction. Oh, Ellen! how have I been deceived in thee! How hast thou betrayed a too susceptible heart.

Sir Charles was an M. P., which my ingenuity in sitting together hours and facts enabled me to make sure of. He frequently returned late from the debates in the house. The weather grew warm, and the shutters were always left open till the family retired for the night. Their lamps were brilliant, and I could discern the fair Ellen peeping over the balustrades of the staircase, and lingering and waiting on the landing place, evidently on the look-out for an anxiously expected arrival. Then the cab of Sir Charles would stop at the door-his well-known knock would be heard, and Ellen would fly with the lightness of a fairy to meet him as he ascended the stairs. He would then fold her in his arms, and they would enter the drawing-room together; yet, before they did so, five or ten minntes' tete a-tete frequently took place on the landing, and the arm of Sir Charles was constantly withdrawn from the waist of Ellen, before they opened the drawing-room door and appeared in the presence of the poor neglected wife, whom he greeted with no embrace as he took his seat be-

side her control seek.

For some lime I set down the empressments of Ellen to meet Sir Charles as that of a lively and affectionate girl to greet her sister's husband, in the manner she would receive her own brother. I was soon obliged to think differently.

When Ellen played on the harp, which she did almost daily, Sir Charles would stand listening beside her, and would frequently imprint a kiss on her beautiful brow, gently lifting aside the curls which covered it: but this never took place when Lady Seymour was in the room—mark that—no, not in a single instance. Sir Charles sometimes sat reading in a chair near the drawing-room window, and would, as Ellen passed him, fondly draw her towards him and hold her hands, while he appeared to converse with her in the most animated manner. If the door opened, and the poor wife came in, the hands were instantly released.

As the spring advanced, the appearance of Lady Seymour, and more frequent visits of Mr. Blagden, led me to suppose her confinement drew near; she became later in rising in the morning, and Sir Charles and Ellen almost constantly took a very early tete-a-tete walk in the park, from which they usually returned long before Lady Seymour made her appearance in the drawing-room.

A very handsome man, with a vincount's circular to his cab, was a frequent visitor in Upper Brook Street. I doubted not but that he was an admirer of and suitor to the fair Ellen. Yet she slighted him; he was entirely indifferent to her: otherwise why did she often leave the drawing

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room during his very long morning visits and six reading in the window of a room upstairs, or playing with the baby in the nursery, leaving her sister to entertain him? The reason was too evident; cruel and heartless Ellen! My heart bled more and more for the poor wife; I absolutely began to hate Ellen.

At length closed bedroom shutters, hurry and bustle, cart-loads of straw, and the galloping chariot of Mr. Blagden, announced the accouchement of Lady Seymour. All seemed happily over before the house was closed for the

night.

Sir Charles and Ellen were in the drawing room together. The lady's maid rushed into the apartment; I almost fancied I heard her exclain, "my lady is safe, and a fine boo." So well did the deceitful Ellen act her joy, she clasped her hands together, and then; in the apparent delight of her heart, shook hands with the maid, who left the room directly. My heart was relenting towards her, as she was flying to follow the woman, no doubt with the intention of hastening to the bedside of her sister; but no—she returned to tenderly embrace Sir Charles | efore she quitted the drawing-room. At such a time too! Oh, faithless and cruel Ellen!

Sir Charles and Ellen were now more frequently together—more in love than ever. They sang together, read together, walked together, played with the little boy together, and nursed

the new little baby in turns.

In due course of time poor Lady Seymour recovered, and resumed her station in the drawing room, and then Sir Charles was less frequently at home. I was furious at him as well as at Ellen. All my tender compassion and interest centred in the unhappy and neglected wife.

One other instance in corroboration of the justness of my suspicions I will relate. A miniature painter, whom I knew by sight, came early every morning to the house. Sir Charles was sitting for his picture. One morning, when I concluded it must be nearly finished, Sir Charles and the artist left the house together. I saw the picture lying on the table near the window, in the same spot where the artist had been working at it for nearly two hours before, while Sir Charles was sitting to him. I had not for a moment lost sight of it, and am ready to affirm upon oath that the miniature was the likeness of Sir Charles, and of no one else; for you must know that I have a small pocket telescope by which I can detect these nice points accurately. Well,-Miss Ellen came into the room;—she was alone; -she walked up to the picture, gazed on it for a long while, and-will it be believed? pressed it several times to her lips and then to her heart!-Yes, I am quite sure she pressed it to her heart; no one can deceive me in that particular. She did not indeed think or guess that any eye observed her.-But oh! Ellen, there was an eye over you that never slumbered, at least very seldom. Things had thus arrived at such a pass, that concealment on my part would have been criminal.—My duty was clear, an instant exposure without regard to the feelings of any one. But how could it be accomplished without personal danger. Sir Charles was a shot. I had seen a case of pistols arrive from John Marton and Son, Dover-street; besides, he was big enough to eat me, so that putting myself forward was out of the question. I had it-I would write to the Times and the True Sun, under the signature of "a Friend to Morality." That very night I condensed these notes into three columns, as I said to the editor, not to occupy too great a space in his valuable journal; and early on the following morning I arose to dispatch my letters, when, what should greet my astonished senses, but, at the door of the Seymours, their travelling carriage with four post horses! What could it mean? I had seen no signs of packing: no trunks. or wagons! What could it mean? I stood perfectly aghast: my eves were fixed intently upon the carriage. Oh! I had it again, my wits never fail me-the murder was out. I need not write to the Times. Miss Ellen was discovered, and going to be sent off to school, or perhaps to " dull aunts and croaking rooks" in the country! I was glad to be spared the pain of forwarding the explanation; and yet-Good heavens! what was my surprise and profound mystification when Sir Charles appeared, handing in, first Lady Seymour, a beautiful flush on her countenance, radiant with smiles, and almost as quick and light in her movements as Ellen herself—then the old nurse with the new baby: then Ellen, smiling as usual; and last of all Sir Charles got upon the box, followed by the Viscount!! and then off they drove as fast as the horses could carry them. My eyes and mouth continued wide open long after they had turned the corner into Park Lane. I was at my wits end; at sea without a rudder. What could all this possibly portend? The little boy was left behind too! and all the servants, with the exception of one of the lady's maids, and Sir Charles's own man. Could it be that Ellen was going to be palmed off upen the poor deceived Viscount? But why then should they go out of town to be married? why had sot T seen the least glimpse of a lawyer, or any preparation for a trousseau? and why did the new baby go with them? that could not be of much use at a wedding. No, that could not be it. Where could they be going? I passed a restless day, a sleepless night. The next morning I grew desperate, and was on the point of sallying forth in my cap and dressing gown, to knock at the door of the deserted mansion, and demand satisfaction of the butler, when who should I pounce upon at the door, but my old friend General Crossby. It was devilish unlucky, but I was obliged to ask him up. "I intended to call on my friends, the St. Legers, over the way, this morning," said he, "but I find they are gone to Portsmouth."

"To Portsmouth, are they? that's very curious," said 1, interrupting him. "Do you know the family?" asked 1, with something like agitation.

"I have known Sir Charles St. Leger all his

life; he married Fanny Spenser, a daughter of Admiral Spenser."

"Good God!"

"Why are you surprised?" asked he gravely.

"Why, General, I must be candid with you; truth and honour compel me to a disclosure, which, I am sure will, as a friend of the family, cause you exceeding pain." The General was now surprised in his turn.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "Nothing has happened to Mrs. Murray or the child, I hope."
"I don't know who you meen by Mrs. Mura

"I don't know who you mean by Mrs. Murray," I replied, with great seriousness. "It is of Lady St. Leger and her sister that I am about to speak." And I then told him every circumstance of guilt, with their corroborating proofs, to which I had been so unwilling a witness; I told him all without disguise; to all of which he listened, as I thought, very calmly, apathetically indeed, considering he was a friend of the family; but on the conclusion of my recital, to my great dismay he arose, put on his hat, and looking at me sternly, said, "Sir, the lady whom you have thus honoured by so great a share of your attention is not the intriguante you suppose, is not the paramour of Sir Charles St. Leger, but is no other than his wife and my god-daughter.—I wish you, Sir, a good morning.

"Wife! God-daughter!" I repeated in a faint voice. "But, General, for God's sake, one instant, the elder lady?" "Is Lady St. Leger's elder sister, the wife of the gallant Captain Murray, whose absence on service she has been for some time lamenting. His ship has arrived at Portsmouth, and they are all gone to meet him."

He had reached the door; I was in an agony; my hair stood on end;—"One word more, the Viscount?" "Is Captain Murray's elder brother. And before I take my leave, permit me to wish you a better occupation than clandestinely watching the actions of others, of misinterpreting the actions of an amiable and virtuous lady, and traducing the character of an estimable man, whose refinement of feeling you have neither mind to understand nor appreciate. Sir, I wish you again a good morning."

What would I not have given at that moment of shame to have been on my travels down the bottomless pit. Anywhere rather than on the first floor at Brook-street. I was positively at my wite and

my wits end.

I hung my head, completely abashed, discomfited—I had nothing to say, absolutely not a word—and was thoroughly ashamed of myself and my ingenuity. Had I possessed a tail, I should have slunk off with it hanging down between my legs, in the manner I have seen a discomfited dog do: but I had no such expressive appendage, and I could only ejaculate to myself at intervals during the whole of the next three days—

"God bless my soul! what a false scent I have been on! And for a bachelor gentleman too, not at all given to invention! Yet how was I to guess that a wife could be in love with her husband? There is some excuse for me after all. God bless my soul!"

P. S. The St. Legers are returned—Captain Murray is with them—French blinds are putting up all over the house, "Othello's occupation's gone," can't stand it—off to the continent.

### THE LILY.

BY MRS. TIGHE.

How withered, perished, seems the form Of you obscure, unsightly root! Yet from the blight of wintry storm, It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace, No beauty in the scaly folds, Nor see within the dark embrace What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales, The lily wraps her silver vest, 'Till vernal suns and vernal gales Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap The undelighting slighted thing! There in the cold earth buried deep. In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close In gloom upon the barren earth, While still in undisturbed repose, Uninjured lies the future birth.

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye, Hope's patient smile shall wondering view; Or mock her fond credulity, As her soft tears the spot bedew.

### STANZA TO MY HORSE.

BY E. BULWER, ESQ. M. P.

COME forth, my brave steed! the sun shines on the vale
And the morning is bearing its baim on the gale—
Come forth my brave steed, and brush off as we pass,
With the hoofs of thy speed, the bright dew from the grass.

Let the lover go warble his strains to the fair— I regard not his rapture, and heed not his care; But now, as we bound o'er the mountain and lea, I will weave, my brave steed, a wild measure for thee.

Away and away—I exult in the glow
Which is breathing its pride to my cheek, as we go;
And blithely my spirit springs forth as the air
Which is waving the mane of thy dark flowing hair.

Hall, thou gladness of heart, and thou freahness of soul!

Which have never come o'er me in pleasure's control—

Which the dance and the revel, the bowl and the board,

Though they figsh'd, and they fever'd, could never afford.

In the spiendour of solitude speed we along.
Through the silence, but broke by the wild linnet's song
Not a sigh to the eye—not a sound to the em—
To tell us that sin and that sorrow are near.

Away—and away—and away then we pass,
The blind mole shall not hear thy light hoof on the gram;
And the time which is flying, whilst I am with thee,
Seems as swift as thyself—as we bound ear the let.

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THE WOODPECKER.



THE PEACOCK.

### THE WOODPECKER.

WOODPECKERS are found in various parts of the world: they live on insects; in search of which they are generally seen climbing up and down trees. They are admirably calculated for their mode of life: the foot of the Woodpecker is scansorial; its tongue is long and slender; its point is sharp and barbed; it is furnished with a powerful set of muscles, affixed to two long, slender and elastic processes of the os hyoides, or bones of the tongue, which, passing backward close to the articulation of the lower mandible, encircle the back part of the head, and terminate on the frontal bone. By means of this curious apparatus, the bird has the power of darting its tongue into clefts and crevices of great depth, where it transfixes the insects on which it feeds. It is also capable, by means of its bill, which is sharp, strong, and pointed, of boring holes in trees. The tail is composed of ten remarkably stiff and sharp-pointed feathers; these are bent inwards, and the bird supports itself upon them when climbing, or clinging to the trunks of trees. Nearly all the Woodpeckers lay their eggs in holes, formed by the birds' bills, except those of Guinea and Brazil, which suspend their curious habitations from slender boughs, "where neither the mischievous monkies, nor the numerous snakes, which, in vain, wreathe their terrific forms round the trunks below, can possibly reach them." It is worthy of observation, that the Woodpeckers in other parts of the world do not even line the holes, in which they lay their eggs, with feathers, wool, or any material whatever.

There are many varieties of this genus. Buffon, in his account of the Yellow Woodpecker of Cayenne, says that the natives call it the Yellow Carpenter. There is also a three-toed Woodpecker, having two toes before and one behind: both of these birds, like most of the genus, have fine plumage. The Green Woodpecker is a well-known English species: it is called, in several parts, the Laugher, from its making a noise very much like laughing, "particularly before the welcome showers of spring." The Carolina Woodpecker is rather less than the Green Woodpecker: the top of its head and neck are of a beautiful scarlet colour; the breast is olive, the belty reddish, and the back, wings and tail black, with markings of light brown and white. The smallest of the genus is a native of South America, and about the size of a Wren.

### THE PEACOCK.

This bird, now so common in this country, is of eastern origin, and has been the admiration of all ages from that of King Solomon\* to the present. Found in a wild state in many parts of Africa and Asia, but are no where so large as in India in the neighbourhood of the Ganges, from whence by degrees they have spread into all parts, increasing in a wild state in the warm climes, but wanting some care in the colder regions. They seem to prefer the most elevated places to roost on of nights, such as high trees, tops of houses, and the like. Their cry is loud and inharmonious, a perfect contrast to their external beauty.

The life of this bird is reckoned by some at about 25 years, by others 100. They average about three feet eight inches in length.

\* Every three years once came the ships of Tarshish bringing gold and silver, ivory, asses and peaceeks. 2 Chron. ix. 21.

### SINGULAR EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.

ONE of the most singular cases of the effect of the imagination upon weak and credulous minds, stated in Darwin's Zoonomia, is that of a gentleman in England, who, walking over his grounds, found a poor old woman upon his premises, gathering sticks. He ordered her to lay them down, and go off his lands. She obeyed the command; but after she had laid down the faggots, she cast her wan eye upon him, and lifting her nerveless arm to heaven, exclaimed in a plaintive tone, " Mayest thou never know the blessing to be warm!" The man was struck with her suppliant imprecation; he returned to his house, retired to his chamber, complained of cold, and notwithstanding the application of woollens, and heat from fires, he continued to labour under this disease of the imagination for a few weeks, when he died! His offence was comparatively small; he performed a lawful act, and that in a comparatively lenient manner; but her imprecation upon him was too powerful for his nerves to sustain.

### SHAKSPEARE'S CHAMBER.

Such is the idolatry manifested for the chamber wherein Shakspeare first inhaled the breath of life, that its walls are literally covered throughout with the names of visitors, traced in peacil by their own hands. The surface of the apartment is merely whitewashed, laid on about twenty years back, during which time, the ceiling, sides, projecting chimney, in short, every portion of the surface, has been written over, so that a list of signatures would at once exhibit all the character and genius of the age, and prove, of itself, a singular curiosity. Among the names thus registered, are those of Moore and Scott, the poets, with the distinguished tragedians, Kemble and Kean; and in honour of the bard, is also the signatures of his late majesty, then Regent, as well as that of his royal brother, the Duke of Clarence, to which may be added those of at least half the two houses of Parliament, and numerous foreigners of the highest distinction, particularly autographs of Lucien Bonaparte and the Austrian Princes.

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# THE CELEBRATED BARCAROLLE,

SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR.

# IN THE OPERA OF FRA DIAVOLO,

The Poetry by Rophino Lacey—The Music by Auber.





The Gondolier, fond passion's slave, Will in his Bark each danger brave, By jealous cares unrestrain'd? From the lips of his Fair Let a smile soothe his care; It is still something gain'd.

### m.

The Gondolier, fend passion's slave,
Will thro' the storm the Billows brave,
By sweet hope still sustain'd!
If at last to his breast
He folds her he loves best,
It is still something gain'd!

## THE FALSE ONE.

Sers is not happy, tho' she smiles, And looks as free from care, As if Life's shadows could not frown On one so young and fair.

Tho' Pleasure seems to light her eye,
And on her cheek repose,
As beautiful and placidly
As sunbeams on the rose.

'Tis but a simile of joy;
There's that within her breast,
Which takes from every bliss she woos
The sweetness and the zest;

And like some rare sepulchral urn, In which the dead are laid, Without she's all surpassing bright, Within, all gloom and shade.

She lov'd, and yet was false to one, Young, ardent, kind, and brave, Whose spirit could not brook the wrong— Self-doom'd, he sought the grave.

Rank, wealth, and dotage bought her hand; She's now a thing of art; But tho' deceit doth sun her brow, It cannot light her heart.

### THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THE charge is given—trumpets sounding, Urge the warriors on their way; Forward their fiery coursers bounding, Eager for the battle fray.

They glitter in the sun's bright beams, Their standards reared in pride: They come, they come, as torrent streams Roll o'er the mountain's side.

They meet, they meet—foes of ages— Sons of sires who met to die; Each one, as the battle rages, Hears their blood for vengeance cry.

With nerves as firm, and hearts as brave, Sons their fathers' weapons wield; They follow where the banners wave, Welcome Death, but scorn to yield.

They fall, they fall, sires are childless—Fondest wives are widow'd now;
Death with Glory's laurel's wreathes
Cypress round the blood-stain'd brow.

The strife is o'er—the sun has set
On bands of fallen heroes;
Who proudly rode in martial state,
When first its beams arose.

## A STRAY LEAF IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NOVELIST.

" The why-the where-what boots it now to tell ?"-Corsair.

" My Majesty! this is mere diversion!"—WIDOW CHESHIRE.

"Confound this gout!" pettishly exclaimed Mr. Walton, as he rose from his solitary dinner.

Now, Mr. Walton was a bon vivant, a humourist of the first fashion, a tale-writer (it must be owned) of the first talent, and one whose society was so constantly courted, in all dinner-giving and literary circles, that a lonely meal was a most unusual and unpleasant occurrence to him.

"Well," continued he, "I must, per force, content myself with another day of sofa and Quarterly;" for Mr. Walton ranked among the most devoted adherents to the Quarterly creed

of politics.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, in a tone half peevish and half resigned, when a servant handed him a letter, bearing an official seal of stupendous dimensions, and marked, in the cor-

ner, " private and confidential."

Walton eagerly opened the envelope, and, to his no small dismay, learned that the great man on whose smiles he lived, and to whose fortunes and party he was attached, (by a snug place,) required immediate information on subjects connected with our naval establishments, into the expenditure of which, the great political economist, on the opposite side of the house, intended to make certain inquiries in the course of a night or two. Mr. Walton was requested, not to say commanded to see the commissioner at Portsmouth as speedily as possible, to investigate facts. and to report progress on his return. It was at the same time delicately hinted, that the expenses of this important mission, would be defrayed by the writer from that convenient and ever-open source, the public purse.

"A journey of seventy-two miles, when I'd resolved upon quiet: but in the service of one's country, when it costs one nothing! Well, I must forget the gout, or lose my——. Hangit! I can't call on the commissioner in list slipers. Travers! step up to Hoby's, and tell him to send me a pair of boots, somewhat larger than my usual fit; and take a place in the Portsmouth coach for to-morrow morning;—'tis too late to night for the mail—but d'ye hear? not in my

name, as I travel incog."

Walton made the few arrangements for so short an absence from town, retired earlier than usual to bed, was horrified at the imperative necessity of rising before the sun, found himself booked by his literal servant as "Mr. Incog," had the coach to himself, and, at six o'clock in the evening, alighted at the George, in High-street.

Travelling without a servant, and with so scanty an allowance of baggage, he was ushered into the coffee-room, of which he found himself the sole occupant, asked for the bill of fare, and was served with the usual delicacies of a coffee-

room dinner; cold soup, stale fish, oiled butter, rancid anchovy, flabby veal-cutlet, with mildewed mushroom sauce. Cape and brandy, doing duty for sherry, and a genuine bottle of Southampton port, so well known by the seducing appellation of "Black-strap." All these luxuries were brought him by a lout of a boy, who looked more lik a helper than a waiter.

"Well," thought Walton, "the sooner I complete my mission the better. I could not bear this sort of thing long. How far is it to the dock-

yard, waiter?"

"I don't know; master can tell'e; it's no use going there now, the gates be shut."

"But I wish to see Sir Henry Grayhurst, the commissioner."

"He be gone to the Isle of Wight, with his family, so I heerd master say."

" Is he expected back soon?"

"Lord, Sir, how can I tell? if you ask master, he do know."

"Pleasant and intelligent youth!" sighed Walton, "I'll put him into my next sketch. Well, I've had the bore of this day's journey for nothing, since the man I came to see is absent, as if on purpose to oblige me. How extremely agreeable! I must 'ask master' then. Tell the landlord I want him."

"Master and missus be gone to the play; it's old Kelly's benefit, and they do go every year."

"The play! there's comfort in the name; any thing is preferable to this lonely, gloomy coffeeroom. Send the chambermaid to me."

An old woman, with a flat tin candle stick, led the way to a small inconvenient room up numerous flights of stairs, not evincing the slightest sympathy with the limp of our traveller, who, by the way, had nearly forgotten his gout in his annoyances. She assured him that all the best

rooms were engaged.

What soothers of irritated feelings are soap and water! Walton washed his handsome face, and aristocratic hands, (novelist-ink had not spoiled them,) got rid of his dusty travelling suit, put on a capacious king's-stock with flowing black drapery, and a well-regulated and well-braided Stulz. His ready-made Hoby's he consigned to "boots," having assumed the bas de soie and easy pumps. Leaving word that he should require something for supper, he bent his steps to the theatre.

The acting was sufficiently bad to amuse him, and at a moment when the attention of the audience was directed to the closing scene of the tragedy, and the ladies of the Point were weeping at the distress of the lady in point, the door of an opposite box was opened by the identical lout who had waited on him at dinner. The lad,

making his way through a box full of over-dress-ed and vulgar-looking people, whispered to a man in a blue coat and powdered head, singling out Walton, as though he was the subject of this unexpected communication. The landlord of the "George," for it was no less a personage, started up, and instantly left the house, accompanied by the females of his party.

When the curtain fell, a whisper spread from box to box, and during the farce Walton could not help perceiving that he had become a greater attraction in the eyes of the audience than the

performers were.

"What the devil does all this mean?" thought he; "have they found out what I am? Perhaps they never saw a live author before. Let them stare. If they like to make a lion of me, I'll humour the joke."

On rising to leave the house, Walton found that the door was thronged with people, who, as he approached, respectfully made way for him, and he overheard sundry sotto voce remarks as he passed—"That's he."—"Arrived this evening."—"Incog."—"Staying at the George!"

Wondering at the extraordinary interest he had excited, congratulating himself on an evidence of fame that Sir Walter himself might have envied, and, followed by a crowd, he reached the inn. Three or four spruce waiters in their full dress, received him at the gateway, with most obsequious homage. The landlord, (his hair re-powdered for the occasion,) carrying a silver branch of four wax lights, stepped up to him with a low bow.

"This way, an' please your —, this way. Supper is ready for your —.."

Walton, indulging his love of comic adventure, followed his guide with a dignified air into the drawing-room. The splendid chandelier threw a flood of light over a table, covered " with every delicacy of the season." His host lamented that the champaigne had not been longer in ice, and was distrest at having been absent from home when his illustrious guest arrived. Waiters flew about anticipating the asking eye, and, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "all was alacrity and adulation." Walton could not help contrasting the indifference which he encountered at his afternoon meal with the courtesy which graced his evening repast. He made ample amends to his insulted appetite, and regretted that he had no friend to partake in the joke, for he began to find these mysterious attentions too vast for even his literary vanity to swallow. Remembering the purport of his visit, he inquired how soon the commissioner was expected to return.

"Sir Henry came back this evening, may it

please---'

"I must see him to-morrow early: take care I am called at eight."

- "A carriage shall be in attendance, your—"
  "No, no; my visit is of a private nature."
- "I understand, so please—and will caution my servants."

Walton, after having discussed some well-made biskop, and a segar or two, rang for a night can-

dle. The attentive landlord, like Monk Lewis's beautiful spirit, still bearing the silver branch, led the way to the best bed-room. Walton thought of the loftily-situated apartment first allotted to him, and smiled. Dismissing his officious attendant, he retired to rest.

The next morning, somewhat tired by the parade of the past night, he breakfasted in his bed room, and was preparing for his visit to the dockyard, when his persevering host entered, beseeching the honour of showing him the way. His offer was accepted; and, finding that the champaigne had renewed his gouty symptoms, Walton took advantage of his companion's supporting arm. The good man appeared overwhelmed with this condescension, and looked unutterable things, at the various acquaintance he encountered in his way. At the dock gate, Walton left his delighted cicerone, who intimated his ambition to remain there, to have the supreme felicity of showing him the way back.

Some hours rolled away, during which our traveller received the information he had sought, which appeared of so much import to the Right Honourable--, on whose behalf he had made the inquiry, that he determined on leaving Portsmouth instantly. A footman of the commissioner's was despatched for a chaise and four, with directions that the bill should be brought at the same time. Down rattled the chaise, and down came waiters, chambermaids, boots, and all "the militia of the inn," to the dock-yard! Walton, without looking at items, put the amount into the hands of his gratified host, distributed his favours liberally to the domestics, threw a crown-piece at the head of the lout, and stepped into his chaise, amidst huzzas from the many idlers who had joined the Georgians.

"Long life to the Grand ——" were the only words the noise of the wheels permitted him to hear.

He reached London, without any farther adventure, in as short a time as four horses could get over the ground. Arrived at his home, he instantly forwarded the essential documents to his patron; and, having disburthened himself of the more weighty affair, fell into a series of conjectures, as to the possible motives for the reverential deference he had met with. Tired with conflicting speculations, between his fond wishes to attribute it all to his literary reputation, and his secret fears that the homage was somewhat too profound, even for a literateur of his eminence to reckon upon, he kicked off his boots! Certain characters on the morocco lining attracted his attention. In a moment the mystery was solved. On decyphering them, he discovered no less a title than that of

"THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS!"
for whom the Hoby's had been originally designed—for whom they had proved either too large or too small; and for whom also—our literary diplomatist had been mistaken, from the moment that he consigned them to the polishing hands of the wise waiter at the George!

"Fairly hooked," muttered Walton, as he went grumbling up to bed, and hoping the newspapers on the other side might never get hold of the story.

### THE DEAD.

How few there are, as has been remarked by a forcible and impressive writer, who read the ordinary list of deaths, who know any thing of the depth of human feeling, or the intensity of human suffering, which is recorded in the simple and brief notices which we read with so much carelessness, and so coldly in the newspapers. Finding no familiar name to arrest attention, or awaken sympathy, we think no more of the matter, for what care we for the long midnight vigils of watchful, affectionate friendship-the weary aching head-the afflicted, desponding heart-we do not feel the pain the languishing sufferer has experienced, and we know nothing of the agony which exhausted his frame and wore out his weary nature; nor care we for the spirit which has fled its frail tenement, and uttered its last, final, grasping farewell. We know nothing of the heart breaking anguish which is felt, or the hot burning tears which gush out in the agony of severed friendship, from bosoms swollen and burst ing with an excess of passionate grief. We know nothing of the bitterness of parting, of the strength of affections which have been torn asunder-of the hopelessness of the first flood of tears -of the depth of protracted suffering-or of the intensity of the afflictions which real friends have been called upon to suffer and endure.

It is a melancholy, though instructive consideration, that the tendency of every thing is to decay; that the happiest prospects and brightest visions of future bliss, are but delusive fancies, which become extinguished when they shine out most vividly, and give the strongest evidence of permanent duration. "Hopes which were angels in their birth," become, from their intimacy and close connexion with human frailty and decay, but things of earth; and thus it is, that those dear objects upon which we have lavished most flattering hopes of future happiness and bliss are removed from us before we are conscious of the palsying illness which quenched the spirit and laid them low. We grieve that they are taken from us so suddenly-that they could not have been spared a little longer, then we could have appreciated their worth, returned their manifold kindnesses, and gradually prepared ourselves for that event which, from its sudden occurrence, unmans our resolutions and prostrates us in the dust by the sternness and severity of the blow. There is another sad thought, but, nevertheless, a true one-that the more friendships we form, the more attachments we make, the more tender and endearing connexions we weave around us and invest ourselves with, in this world, the more of grief and suffering we shall be called to endure. A time will come when all earthly attachments must be severed, and the more fond we have been of

friends and the more devoted to connexions, the more agonizing and severe will be the struggle which separates us and tears us away from among them. It may be that the Stoic's life is productive, eventually, of less pain and suffering than that individual endures, who possesses more delicate sensibility and is alive to the generous impulses of nature and the finest feelings of the human heart; it may be so, but yet his cold enjoyments, and benumbing sympathies afford him but poor comfort, when most he needs the sympathy. the sustaining hand and upholding arm of ardent and enduring friendship. Life would not be worth possessing, if this polar star did not illuminate its dark paths, and throw around its dreariness some evidence of sympathetic love for each other, and though separation, when it comes, crush the heart and tear asunder its very fibres, yet how eagerly we taste of its delicious sweets and exult in the participation of its delirious enjoyments.

### TRANSPARENCY OF THE SEA.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, that strikes a northern traveller more than the singular transparency of the waters; and, the farther he penetrates into the Arctic regions, the more forcibly is his attention riveted to this fact. At a depth of twenty fathoms, or one hundred and twenty feet, the whole surface of the ground is exposed to view. Beds, composed entirely of shells, sand lightly sprinkled with them, and sub-marine forests, present, through the clear medium, new wonders to the unaccustomed eye. It is stated by Sir Capel de Brooke, and fully confirmed by my observation in Norway, that sometimes on the shores of Norland the sea is transparent to a depth of four or five hundred feet; and that when a boat passes over subaqueous mountains, whose summits rise above that line, but whose bases are fixed in an unfathomable abyss, the visible illusion is so perfect that one who has gradually in tranquil progress passed over the surface, ascended wonderingly the rugged steep, shrinks back with horror as he crosses the vortex, under an impression that he is falling headlong down the precipice. The transparency of tropical waters generally, as far as my experience goes, is not comparable to that of the sea in these northern latitudes; though an exception be made in favour of the China seas, and a few isolated spots on the Atlantic. Every one who has passed over the bank known to sailors as the Sava de Malha, ten degrees north of the Mauritius, must remember with pleasure the worlds of shell and coral which the translucid water exposes to view, at a depth of thirty to five and thirty fathoms.-Elliott's Letters from the North of Europe.

Angry friendship is sometimes as bad as calm enmity. For this reason the cold neutrality of abstract justice is, to a good and clear cause, a more desirable thing than an affection liable to be any way disturbed.

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### Origina). ENIGMA.

In torrid climes, where Phebus' burning ray Parches the arid soil, the livelong day, In cold and frozen regions of the North, Where from each hill the torrent gushes forth, In ev'ry mountain, ev'ry lowly vale, My presence never has been known to fail. Constant as autumn's fruit, or summer's flow'rs, Or noiseless flight of swiftly fading hours, My dwelling is the clouds, and there my voice Speaks in the thunder's rour-the cannon's noise In deep redoubling echoes breaks the air, Swelling more loud and deep-for I am there. Old Ocean with his wat'ry " waste of waves," The mad tornado that in fury raves, Would cease to be, or raise their tumult high, Were I not there, would calm and peaceful die. And yet, though Nature in her angriest mood I love to dwell with-be it understood. At times I shun the restless din of strife, And lead at worst a very noiseless life. I fear the lightning's flash, nor can restrain My timid form from shunning falls of rain, In beds of violets and roses shrined Refuge from danger, and sweet case I find; Or in the cool brook rippled by no storm, See in its mirror bright my lengthened form. I fly from men, but in their words I breathe-The soul of joy-I od'rous garlands wreathe, In sadness or in pain though never seen, By men of ev'ry tribe invoked I've been When anguish tortured, or when pleasure smil'd, My name but mention'd has their care beguiled. Then all ye wits and sages most profound, To guess my secret look on all around. Nor far in trackless wilds unthinking roam Y. P. But visit at your case my lowly home.

### TO THE EVENING STAR.

MILD cresset of Eve, in thy lustre appearing,
Like Hope's beacon-lainp, midst yon fast-fading ray,
While the dun vested twilight in stillness is rearing
Her flowers to the last golden glances of day;
How sweet, when in peace sinks each feverish emotion,
Reclined by the brink of the hoarse sounding shore.
To watch thy pale beam on the bosom of Ocean,
And trace the dim records of joys that are o'er.

Say, Star of the lonely—Night's fairest of daughters,
By whom are thy far distant regions possest?
Do the depths of thy valleys—the banks of thy waters,
Resound to the praises and strings of the blest;
Where the morn of content breaks, unclouded by sorrow,
And joy blooms, unchilled, by the clear-flowing springs,
And fear shrinks no more from the dark-frowning morrow,
And Time dooms no parting, and Love has no wings?

Oh! fain would we deem that the shades of the perished, Released from life's ills and the fetters of earth, Smile thence on the hearts where their memories are cherished.

And still fondly watch o'er the place of their birth; And fain would we trust, that each now mourning spirit, When one darkness is spread o'er our dust and our cares.

May hope, by those fountains of light, to inherit A bliss unpolluted and lasting as theirs.

Whate'er be the scenes which thy radiance discloses, Or thy realm's joyous tenants, bright gem of the west! Still, as now, when Eve scatters yon heaven with her roses.

Be thine influence descending, as balm to the breast:
And still, where the minstrel is silently musing,
May the smile of thy glory be shed from a-far,
Its own gentle ray on his pathway diffusing,
Its peace on his visions—thou soft-beaming Star.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."
SHARSPEARE.

GATHERER.

THE consciousness of how little individual genius can do to relieve the mass, grinds out, as with a stone, all that is generous in ambition; and to aspire from the level of life is but to be more graspingly selfish.

The first thing printed in New England was the Freeman's Oath, the second an Almanac, and the third a version of the Psalms. This was in the year 1636. The first wind-mill erected in New England was located near Watertown, but was, in the year 1632, (200 years ago) removed to Boston.

Conscience implies goodness and piety, as much as if you call it good and pious. The luxuriant with of the schoolmen, and the confident fancy of ignorant preachers has so disguised it, that all the extravagancies of a light or a sick brain, and the results of the most corrupt hear are called the effects of conscience: and to make it better understood, the conscience shall be

called erroneous, or corrupt, or tender, as they have a mind to support or condemn those effects. So that, in truth, they have made conscience a disease fit to be entrusted to the care of a physician every spring and fall, and he is most like to reform and regulate the operation of it.

A newspaper is the history of the world for one day. It is the history of that world in which we now live, and with it we are consequently more concerned than with those which have passed away, and exist only in remembrance: though, to check us in our too fond love of it, we may consider that the present, likewise, will soon be past, and take its place in the repositories of the dead.

God's mercies are more than we can tell, and they are more than we can feel, for all the world; in the abyss of the divine mercies, like a man diving in the sea, over whose head the waters run insensibly and unperceived, and yet the weight is vast, and the man is not pressed with the burden nor confounded with numbers: and no observation is able to recount, no understanding great enough to apprehend his infinity.

If you find no more books in a man's room, save some four or five, including the red-book and the general almanac, you may set down the individual as a man of genius, or an ass;—there is no medium.

To practise sincerity, is to speak as we think; to do as we profess; to perform what we promise; and, really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

It is provoking, when a vein of precious ore is just discovered, the working of which would have yielded abundant treasure, to have it choked by mere rubbish.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortune of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.

The primitive inhabitants of Mexico believed that the soul had to pass through places full of snow and thorns, and encounter many hardships before it arrived at its destined abode; and they therefore buried them with all their apparel, yestments and shoes.

In the gardens of Chapultepec, near Mexico, the first object that strikes the eye is the magnificent Cypress called the Cypress of Montezuma. It had attained its full growth, when the monarch was on the throne, (1520) so that it must now be at least 400 years old; yet it still retains all the vigour of youthful vegetation. The trunk is forty-one feet in circumference, yet the height is so majestic as to make even this enormous mass appear slender. At Santa Maria de Tula, in Oaxaca, is a Cypress 93½ English feet in circumference which yet does not show the slightest symptom of decay.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene Supports the mind, supports the body too. Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel is hope: the balm and life-blood of the soul; It pleases sand it lasts. Iadulgent Heaven Sent down the kind dehusion, through the paths Of rugged life to lead us patient on, And make our happiest state-no tedious thing. Our greatest good, and what we can least spare, Is hope: the last of all our evils, fear.

If you see half-a-dozen faults in a woman, you may rest assured she has a hundred virtues to counterbalance them. I love your faulty, and fear your faultless women. When you see what is termed a faultless woman, dread her as you would a beautiful snake. The power of completely concealing the defects that she must have, is of itself a serious vice.

Disappointed pursuers deny the existence of happiness, and call it a phantom present to the view, but perpetually eluding the grasp. Where did they hope to seize it? On the stormy road

of ambition, on the sunny and yet sterile waste of prodigality, or in the grovelling valley of slavish avarice? Amid such scenes it never professed to dwell; it will be found sheltering under the covert of an independent mind, and blooming in deeds of silent benevolence; it is his who, "having nothing, yet possesseth all things."

Valour and Art are both the sons of Jove, Both brethren by the father, not the mother; Both peers without compare, both live in love, But Art doth seem to be the elder brother, Because he first gave life unto the other. Who afterward gave life to him again, Thus each by other doth his life retain.

Julius Cæsar wrote, read, dictated, and listened to the conversation of his friend, at the same time.

There are seasons, when we are suddenly called from ourselves, by the remembrances of early childhood: something touches the electric chain, and, lo! a host of shadowy and sweet recollections steal upon us. We are born again and live anew. As the secret page in which the characters once written seem for ever effaced, but which, if breathed upon, gives them again into view; so the memory can revive the images invisible for years; but while we gaze, the breath recedes from the surface, and all one moment so vivid, with the next moment has become once more a blank

Manlius, who threw down the Gauls from the Capitol, had received twenty-three wounds and taken two spoils, before he was seventeen years of age.

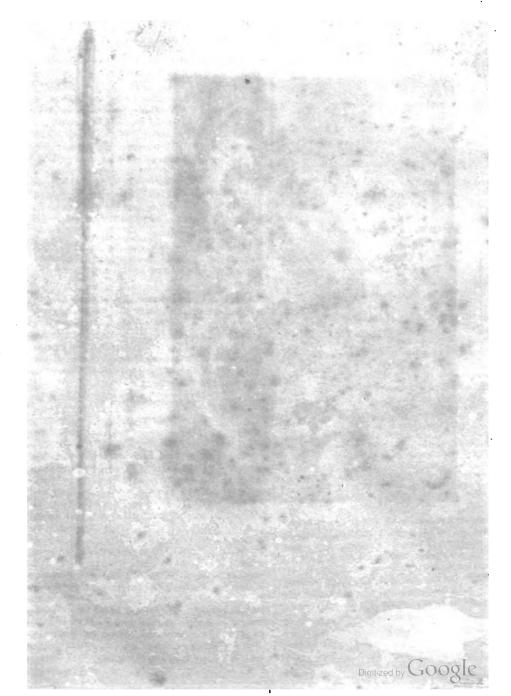
It will hardly be credited, that while all Europe were expressing indignation at the exportation of christian slaves from the Morea, the trade was actually carrying on in the Maltese and Gibraltar vessels, bearing the British flag. The principal consuls, I believe, knew nothing of the fact; but the vice-consuls winked at the abuse, and pocketed the fees.

### RECIPE.

REMARKS ON SCOURING WOOLLENS.

It often happens that woollens are dyed with a false dye, which is generally more brilliant than a fast or good dye. When this happens to be the case, especially in very fine colours, as purples, greens, maroons, &c. instead of spotting the cloths with soap in the solid state, other means must be used. A thin solution of soap should be made, and the brush dipped in, and then applied to the dirty places; and in case it is a false green, after it has been treated the same as all light colours, a pan should be filled half full of spring water, and the coat, &c. having been previously well rinsed in two waters at least, a teaspoonful or rather more of the best oil of vitriol should be poured into this vessel of spring water, and the coat put in and handled a minute or two, which will revive the colours, if a chemic green and if not, it will not hurt any fast green.

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## THE LADY'S BOOK.

## Moarmber, Joss.

Original

### THE PALATINE.

TWENTY miles south-east of the place where I am now writing, there lies on the breast of a beautiful expanse of sea, a dark, sulky looking object, low and humpy, like a sea-serpent, bluff at one end like a spermaceti whale, and, altogether, forming no bad representation of a large specimen of that respectable fish.

It is, however, no whale, but an island. Devoid of the light, buoyant grace, and feathery lift of hills, which make other isles we wot of seem floating gardens of an ocean paradise, and inhabited by a stupid race, half cod, half water-fowl, it earned, and has borne, from the earliest times, the name of Block Island. The Block islander is as much a distinct species among the "'long shore" people of New England, as are the Gypsies among Europeans. He may be known in any village on the coast where he goes to procure a grist, or to get his blacksmithing done, by his stature and size; five feet five, at the utmost, and all the way of the same bigness, like a rice cask. He may be known by his inimitable rolling gait, by his peculiar accent, and even by his peculiar voice-now shrill and whistling, like the wind through a key-hole, and anon, hoarse and grum, like the same wind through the forest tops, or the breakers on a reef. Add to these the national costume, the renowned roundabout, the body and the sleeves of which are invariably of different colours, and set the Block-islander on board his boat before a furious gale, and you have as unique a flying phenomenon as land or water can afford. Other peculiarities they have. They burn nothing but peat; have few vegetables except sea-weed; and use no money but speciehaving infinitely more confidence in the Banks of Newfoundland, than in the Bank of the United

Their island being sterile, Providence seems to have clearly pointed out to them their way upon the mountain wave for the means of life. But sailors—in the nobler acceptation of the word they are not. I do not believe that a Block islander ever crossed the ocean, or embarked on any other than a fishing voyage. He would not exchange his boat for the best ship affoat. 'His boat is his darling; he loves it as fondly as the Arab does his desert steed. And well may they be proud of them. Two masted, schooner rigged, exceedingly deep and sharp, they are the swiftest and safest craft that swim. Often are they known to put out to sea, when heavy ships are lying to under storm stay-sails; and the very seafowl are seeking sheller on the land.

Fisher men and women then they are in the broadest sense; for even the softer sex are so much given to the waters, that, as I am credibly informed, the pretty creatures are web-footed. Indeed, the Indian philosophers say that the whole island is nothing but a gigantic cod-fish, moored in these seas, time out of mind, by the powerful Manitto, who formed Nantucket with the ashes of his pipe; and that he will one day get under weigh with the mer-men and maidens who have settled on his dorsal fin, and put out to sea.

There is one trait peculiar to these islanders, and to the Bahama wreckers, to which I hardly know how to allude. However, it is considered peculiarly unfortunate for a vessel to be cast away upon Block Island; and one hundred years ago, the national character was very decidedly dashed with a propensity to petty acts of piracy. Custom house laws were lax, revenue cutters scarce, and pilots, in those days, could not, as now, be expected to know every rock on the bottom of the sea. To the stranger, unacquainted with these facts, Block Island would seem the last place in the world to be associated with any thing romantic. Such however is not the case. The Phantom Ship of Block Island has been seen by hundreds.

It is several years ago that I embarked at Stonington, on board one of their boats, to gratify a desire, which I had long indulged, of visiting the island. After waiting till late in the afternoon for a breeze, we at length sailed with a broken winded one, under which we could just lay our course. It puffed and puffed-and, at length, as if completely exhausted, left us in a flat calm off Watch Hill. Here then was a beautiful predicament, fifteen miles from the island, in an open boat on the open ocean, and the prospect of a stormy night; for, just then, the sun dropped behind a huge mountain of a black cloud in the west, and painted on its southern edge a zig-zag line of volcanic brightness. It grew dusk, and the cloud rose higher, stooping over the sea, like some aerial monster that had leagued with darkness and the waves for our destruction. Its outermost edge passed the zenith, and we began to feel its breath. k came gently, at first, and fair.

"W-wing and w-wing!" cried stuttering Bill Rose, our helinsman; and "wing and wing," it was—the two sails being boomed out larboard and starboard, like the wings of a bird.

Our breeze increased to a gale. The sea rose.

It blew harder, and was as dark as I desire ever to see it. I felt most uncomfortably lonely, for none on board sympathised in my emotions. Six out of the seven islanders were snoring in the bottom of the boat. The wind howled, and the sea roared, and the monotonous song of Bill

Rose, more intolerable than the wail of the water

fiend, chimed in with them. But I was soon roused from loneliness to a keen sense of danger. The last faint streak of blue in the east was obliterated. The blackness of heaven met the blackness of ocean; and the compact of the elements was complete. seemed as if the pall of nature had suddenly dropped around us, so terrible was the darkness; so foamless, though strongly agitated, the sea. But the sea soon gave us light. The legions of the tempests were heard in full career in mid heaven and fell upon us with unexampled fury. We cut the water as a bird cleaves the air, but could not outstrip the fiery-crested seas that tumbled on all sides of us, pressing upon our rear with the fleetness of the wind.

Rose managed the helm with unequalled dexterity and coolness. He knew how to take advantage of a path, where, to a landsman's eye, human skill seemed utterly unavailing. And the behaviour of our good boat was above all praise, dashing through the wild chaos of waters with inimitable buoyancy and speed.

Rose had spoken but once since dark, and that was to order the sails reefed. He now suddenly looked round and exclaimed, "It's a c-coming!" The next instant the crest of a sea struck me sharply in the face, and nearly half filled the boat. Our drowsy crew was effectually roused, and flew to the pump and buckets. Another huge billow came curling and roaring towards us. "We are gone, Rose!" I exclaimed, seizing his arm.-"N-no, we a'n't," said he; and obedient to the skilful movement of the helm that followed, the sea dived under us, and rose and rushed away on - the other side. "There are worse craft affoat to-night than

the little Sea Flower," I at length remarked. "Ay," replied Rose, "you may well say

thet'
He was ever and anon stretching his head forward as if he saw something. ...

" Is that Point Judith light?" said I.

"Pint Judy? whereaway?" said Rose. "Here's Pint Judy on our larboard beam. But as you say, there is worse boats affoat to-night than this here Sea Flower: ay, and worse fellows a-sailing them too than old Bill Rose."

"But what light can that be ahead of us, a little on the larboard bow?"

"Don't you see by the bearings it can't be on the island nor on the main?"

"Where then can it be?" and as I spake, the light which was at first small, began to expand d stream upwards.

That, sir," said Rose solemnly, " is on board the ship Palatine!"

"The Palatine!" exclaimed the men, in the suppressed tones of superstitious away

"That then," repeated I, " is the Palatine-the phantom ship of Block Island."

" Ay," said Rose; (by the way, I must request my readers to imagine for themselves the double tonguing, and other graces, inimitable on paper, that garnished the conversation of this veteran;) "Ay," said he, "and before now, I have been near enough to count every rope in her, and to see the flames creep up the rigging, till every rope was a thread of fire: ay," and he dropped his voice to a lower key, "and I have seen the poor fellows run up the masts as the fire chased them, and from top to top, till they dropped from the yards into the flames below-ay, and I have seen the lady standing at the helm in the thickest of the fire. And there," continued he, " see it shoot up the mainmast-and now, the fore and mizen-and now, she burns all over."

Sure enough, the fire which, at the first, was a

shapeless mass upon the sea, and apparently, a

mile or two distant, now streamed up in three distinct spires, as high as the masts of a frigate, and even if I had been unacquainted with the supernatural legend of the Palatine, I should have pronounced it a ship in flames. I had frequently heard of the light seen off Block Island. and dark hints of unnatural deeds committed on board a ship whose ghost still haunted these waters. Of course, whatever credit I might have been disposed to give to the account of the lost ship, (and I have seen silver cups that came out of her) I had scouted "the light" as an inge-

the firing of some brush-heap on the headlands. But here was the phenomenon actually before me, on the open sea, and, to all appearance, bona fide fire, burning high and fiercely: and now the foremast fell, and now the mizen; and then it sunk to a smouldering mass on the breast of the sea, threw up fitful bursts of light, and expired.

nious fiction of the islanders, or at the best, as

Soon it appeared again farther out to sea.

"There will be fresh water enough soon to put out all that fire, if there's not enough in the sea,"

In five minutes it began to thunder and lighten. and a deluge of rain burst upon us; but, in half an hour, we reached the island and landed

I confess that the events of this night completely changed my objects of enquiry. I thought of nothing and talked of nothing but the Palatine; and the business of the webbed feet, which I had determined to make the subject of particular investigation, slipped my memory entirely. saw nothing however to contradict the popular belief on this point.

It was the morning after my arrival. thunder gust of the last night had turned into a regular rain storm, and I sat "taking mine case in mine inn," entertained with the fish talk of several worthies of the isle, when entered Captain William Rose. Well named was stuttering Bill Rose; for verily his face was "like the red red

of the law tong "Old uncle John Dory is dead," said he low voice. والمراجع المراجع المراجع

"Gone off in the Palatine," said one; "for she

"And if he has," said another, "it is not the first time he has been on board of her, I'll swear."

"Ay, sy," added a third, "he knew more about her than he could have wished, any time these sixty years."

"Well, dead he is," said Rose, " and as I could n't wish my worst enemy to die. He saw the

Palatine last night."

"He saw the Palatine? impossible," cried all.

"Lying on his bed, from which he has not risen this twelve-month," said Rose, "and with his shutters closed, he saw her: and it came nigh freezing my blood, to see his eye roll, and his finger point, so and so, and so he died."

Rose really shuddered, as he tried to make us tinderstand him.

"And who is this John Dory?" I enquired.

"The last man," replied Rose, "who really knows all about the Palatine and her passengers."

"Then am I too late," said I, mentally. But our mysterious power of conscience! how, with its whip of scorpions does it drive the murderer, the successful evader of the laws, to become his own accuser, and to unroll to a shuddering world the black records of his heart, which he had vainly hoped to keep for the archives of hell alone.

Among the papers of John Dory was found a full confession of the whole transaction, written for the peace of his soul. It is, however, so rude and disjointed that, in laying it before the public, I shall throw him out of the narration, and give the story in my own language; carefully adhering however, to the facts.

Early in the last century, Jacob Vanderlin and others chartered the good ship Palatine at Hamburgh, to convey themselves, their families and effects to Pennsylvania. The cause of their emigration is not stated; but certain it is, that Vanderhin and several others of the company were very wealthy men, and the lading of the ship was extremely valuable. There were in the whole thirty souls, one half of whom were females. Those were the days of the Buccaneers. and the name of Kidd was the terror of all who had business on the great deep. Vanderlin and his colleagues had therefore been careful to procure a well armed ship, and had enjoined upon Captain Horner to engage a faithful and effectual crew. In a few days, the Captain informed them that all was ready. His first and second officers were indeed strangers to him, but they had come recommended by the first commercial house in Amsterdam; his third was young Reynolds, an Englishman, and his own adopted son; his crew picked men, selected by his mates from every maritime nation in Europe, were thirty-five strong sea-dogs, every man among them a match for Kidd himself.

Encouraged by this flattering account, the conclusion of which, at least, was true, but not in the sense that the Captain intended, they at length set sail; and Mary Vanderlin saw through her tears the blue shores of Germany for the first and the last time sink behind the waters. She was one of the fairest flowers that grew on the banks of the Elbe, and never could have survived this removal from her native soil, but for the presence of those whose smile was her sun. Her father and mother were with her; and one other with whom she would have been content to bloom and blush unseen in a desert. This was young Reynolds, the son of an English merchant, and nephew of Horner. Left independent by his father, he had made several voyages with his uncle rather to gratify his love of roving than from any pecuniary necessity, or to learn the science of navigation. He had for some time known Mary Vanderlin, and worshipped her at a distance, as the Chaldean might a star; till at length, from some peculiar aspect of his beautiful cynosure, the young astrologer began to indulge the most rapturous anticipations of the heaven of purity and love where it rolled. He converted a part of his estate into money, and obtained from his uncle the berth on board the Palatine which he held. The star of his destiny pointed westward, and he was determined to follow it. Still they had never told their love. Cruel restraint! soon to be broken-unowned ties! soon to be made stronger than death by common sufferings and dangers.

I pass over an interval of five weeks and present to my readers the Palatine becalmed in the middle of the Atlantic. There seemed something unnatural in that calm. The winds had stopped, twelve days before, as if strangled—the sea became motionless, as if frozen to the bottom. The burning August sun had wheeled, day after day, over a hard, arid sky, and set, without a vapour on the horizontal air, to soften the intensity of his beams, or to adorn the twilight. Silence and immensity, a liquid Sahara, and their ship chained in the midst of it, were all that fell upon the senses of our hapless voyagers.

It was the twelfth day of the calm. was dropping towards the sea, as to his grave. A large group was collected on the Palatine's deck. A melancholy change had passed upon them. Five weeks before their faces were as bright as health and hope could make them; and they had left their port amid cheers and salutes. Now, they were pale and emaciated. A great part of their provisions had, in some unaccountable way, become spoiled-a malignant fever was in the cabin and steerage, and they were The disease, which was now met at a funeral. of the most virulent type, had not yet reached those parts of the ship inhabited by the sailors, and the bluff tars stood looking on with a grim indifference that contrasted strangely with the Vanderlin saddened looks of the passengers. was there with the fever spot on his cheek, and on his arm leaned his daughter, looking him in the face like the spirit of health; for hitherto she had walked amid the pestilence, like an angel of light, untouched and scathless.

But, the mournful rite proceeded, the last deep

prayer was said, and the body of the veteran commander of the Palatine glided into the depths of the sea. Wide waving circles moved upon the glassy waters, and soon seemed to call up an answering and counter ripple from the eastern bound of the horizon.

"Square the yards!" shouted a harsh voice, "our Jonah's gone at last, and here comes a breeze." The passengers turned with indignation and amazement at this unfeeling speech. Their eyes met the demoniacal glance of Mark Dusenbach, late first officer, now master of the Palatine. His square, brawny form was planted on the quarter deck, and his orders were delivered with clearness and authority, while the sailors braced round the yards, and gave to the breeze the full volume of the sails. The passengers felt that they, as well as the ship, had a new master; and, quailing before glances which they could neither understand nor brook, they retired each to his place in the cabin or steerage.

Well had Captain Horner said that his first officer was a match for Kidd himself. He was a genius in wickedness. He had sailed under Kidd till the common atrocities of piracy had palled upon his appetite; and he left the service, determined to do something refined and original. He entered the merchant service in Holland; and, being an accomplished seaman, was soon able to procure the credentials that gained him his place on board the Palatine. He had heard of the proposed emigration, and the fiend of his heart had whispered that now at last was the golden opportunity to give scope to his genius and gather laurels on an untried field. The second mate was a creature of his own, and the crew, whom he as chief mate, had enlisted, were Whether the disease on indeed picked men. board was to be ascribed to the unprecedented heat and calm, or to some diabolical arts of his own, certain it is, that, in Horner, it had removed the only obstacle to his operations. Triumph swelled his form as he strode the quarter deck. He beckoned to him his second in command.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good," remarked this worthy, with a smirk like the smile of a wolf.

"Wind?" said Dusenbach, "never talk of wind after such a beautiful calm. It has been better for our purpose than all the industry we could have used. Only think, that old Horner should have been the first to take the fever."

"One would almost think that he was inoculated for it," said the other solemnly.

Have our readers seen the laughing hyena? If so, they may form some idea of the distortion of face with which Dusenbach met this remark.

"But now to business, Mr. Dunscomb;" said the Captain; "are the men ripe?"

"Dead ripe!" said Dunscomb.

"But the younker, Reynolds?"

"The boy's dead ripe—fierce as a shark. He laughed and jumped and hollowed like a madman when I let him a leetle into the plot of our comedy. He said, and ground his teeth as if he could have bit a marlin spike in two, that "proud

old hunks Yaucoop Vanderlin had refused him his daughter; and now, all he asked was to be appointed his family physician!"

"Ha! ha! he shall be their doctor, and I will find medicine," said Dusenbach. "But let me see," he continued, with mock solemnity, "self-preservation is the first law of nature. They have got the fever down aft here, therefore, there they must stay lest they infect the rest of the ship's company. Provisions and water are getting short, therefore if they have any they must pay well for it. Ha! dunder! this last is a rare pott. 'Tis sweet, to make them give even when you mean to take."

Dunscomb grinned applause.

"And in this way," continued Dusenbach, "I think they will be done for in a few days, without our having recourse to any more a— a—"

"Inoculation;" said Dunscomb; and with a grin of mutual ferocity, they separated.

Such was the cold blooded decree of these monsters in human shape; a decree to which they adhered with a steadiness more appalling than the blackest murder of the pirate; and seven of the hapless passengers, within as many days, were launched from this floating hell into the ocean.

"This wind is getting too fair," said Dusenbach glancing with discontented eye at the rapid headway made by the vessel; "we are not ready to go up the Delaware yet."

"Shall I get her upon the wind, sir?"

"Do, Mr. Dunscombe." And for six days more they beat up and down the New England seas, daily committing to the waves some two or three of their unhappy victims, till there were not more than six or eight half famished wretches left, most of whom were deeply tainted with the dreadful disease that seemed leagued with these human bloodsuckers for their destruction. Sometimes, when they were allowed to come on deck to witness the sea burial of a companion, they would catch a glimpse of the blue land of promise, and they would weep and wring their hands, and, in the most piteous accents, entreat to be set on shore. But Dusenbach was not yet ready to go into port.

Vanderlin lay in his berth, clasping the hands of his wife and child.

"You are sick—you are dying," said he, tenderly, "let the wretches have all, so they will save us."

"Never!" said his high spirited wife, "they shall have my life first!"

"And our child's?"

"And father's, mother?" said Mary, in an agony of tears.

Madame Vanderlin's lip quivered, but she answered firmly:—"What will it avail, my husband? They must and will have our lives. It is necessary to their safety, and this they knew when they commenced their horrid system. The ministering angel whose care has thus far kept life in us, has told us that nothing short of a miracle can save us; some of the crew have taken the fever: they must go into port soon they can

not take us with them. Soon, therefore, disease or their knives must end us!"

"You say truly," said the mournful voice of a youth, who, at that moment, softly entered the cabin: "but," and he knelt beside Mary and clasped her passionately to his heart—"living or dying, we will go hence together."

"Oh! since so it must be," cried Madame Vanderlin, "oh! that we could indeed depart together, and instantly! But—His will be done."

"His will be done!" responded her expiring partner; and that very day, at evening, his body was committed to the waves. His wife took his place in the sick berth. Then it was that Mary's fortitude forsook her. "Oh, to be left alone!" was her bitter cry. Again her guardian angel was at her side, and repeated his vow to die with her. She wept upon his faithful bosom, and for a moment was relieved. But suddenly she raised her head wildly. "You die?" she exclaimed—"su ely, surely, you can escape."

"I am not the ruffian I am forced to appear on deck," said he, with closed teeth; and he drew from his bosom a dagger, and fiercely clutching it—" Thy life measures Dusenbach's and mine."

It was the day after Vanderlin's death.
"Well, Doctor Reynolds," said Dusenbach,
"how's practice? A distressing time of health
in the cabin, eh?"

"I dismissed one patient yesterday, you know," said Reynolds with a grim smile.

"Ay, but the faculty on shore could have dismissed all three in less time. Provisions are getting short; we must go into port soon, and with a clean bill of health, you know. Quicker cures, or I must send Dr. Dunscomb to consult with you."

Want and disease had indeed reached the crew, and they began to murmur. There still existed in the cabin two witnesses of their atrocities, and in the steerage, six. Dusenbach pondered long and deeply upon the shedding of blood, and the glances of his malignant eye became hourly more baleful. But a power was gathering in the air to hasten the consummation of his crimes, and to work an appalling change in the aspect of our narrative.

"Twill be a miracle if this northeaster don't bring us a windfall," said John Dory with his nose to the windward, like a jackall scenting his prey. He was standing with a number of hard looking fellows on the outermost beach of Block Island, looking out upon the sea which maddened and drove to the shore with a violence rarely witnessed, even on that weather-beaten coast.

"Belay all that! Tom Rose," said another, as one of the youngest of them recled and nearly fell before the strength of the wind—"You had better put in your dead lights and rig your sea legs, before you venture to look this wholesome breeze in the eye!" And he fell to whistling in that peculiar key, with which a seaman invokes the wind, with now and then an ejaculation of "Blow, my good breeze, blow!" And they stood upon the beach, gazing out upon the sea,

like birds of ill omen, trying to pierce the increasing darkness of twilight, and ready to devour whatever the elements might spare. It grew darker, and, with discontented looks, they began to disperse.

"Never mind," said John Dory; "if there's any thing within a hundred miles of the coast, it

must come in."

"If that tall fellow," said the youngster, " that stood hereaway yesterday morning, were only there now, we should have the picking of her bones."

"Bones, boy?" said Dory; "we'd have her fat—and Davie Jones might pick her bones." And with a laugh they were retiring, when a distant heavy sound came floating with the blended mist and spray, down on the fierce northeaster. They stopped with ears erect. Again and again it came, booming heavily on the night-wind.

"'Tis a signal of distress!" cried John Dory; "now three to the lights and three to my pilotboat! In a few minutes three fires were lighted at as many different points, and a boat was seen stealing, like a spectre, out of the little harbour into the thick darkness of the ocean. The signal guns continued to be heard, at intervals, for several hours, as the ship neared the coast.

"Are you sure of your bearings pilot?" shouted the anxious voice of Dusenbach, through the

din of the tempest.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the voice of John Dory, out of the top of his huge monkey-jacket, "the larboard light and the further light bear dead upon the reef—"

"Keep her away then," cried the excited

captain.

"And the starboard light and the further light in a line, brings us into smooth water, and soft bottom. A leetle more—luff now, luff! So steady!"

But a broad phosphorescent glare now appeared on their weather bow, towards which the ship bowed low with her side to the wind, was furiously dashing.

"Pilot, are you sure?—very sure?" cried the almost distracted captain of the Palatine.

"Very sure, sir. The starboard light—"

"To the devil with your lights, sir! What is that there forward?—Don't I see—don't l hear breakers?"

"You must be 'tarnal dull if you don't," said Dory.

With a muttered curse, Dusenbach dealt him a blow that sent him reeling across the deck.

"Keep her away!" he shouted with all the might of his lungs—"away with her—away!" and he sprung to the helm himself, and put it hard up. The ship made a rapid sweep and once more darted off before the wind. The next moment she stopped with a shock that made her quiver in every timber and nearly sent the masts by the board.

"Where are we?" screamed the captain.

"In the Mouse Trap," said Dory, coolly shifting his quid—" smooth water and soft bottom, you remember—fits like a mould," The state of the s sey must see; Profiting short, therefore if Day well for it. Ha. but. "This sweet, to he you mean to take." master of the mas planted ers were deliwity, while the to to Dunscomb grinne omb g And in this way s. The passenthink they will be d in this ship, had a new --our having recours ey will mees which they "Inoculation;" and the control of th ulation ook, they retired grin of mutual ferosteerage. monsters in human aid that his first nself. He was a the blackest murde with a sailed under Kidd kest mu the hapless passe piracy had palled were launched fr pless pas t the service, denched oceanned and original. This wind is wisce in Holland; bach glancing witl s wind is caman, was soon headway made by s that gained him a ncing wi to go up the Dela He had heard 100 y made by Shall I get he 100 the Dela nd the fiend of his "Do, Mr. Dur w at last was the more they beat u Il get her some to his genius - Mr. Dun sed field. The seseas, daily comm ey beat up three of their his own, and the aily committ icon discount discount discount blooding the state of the s of their unha re than six or in the though ost of whom v al disease that shore into E Por B bloodsnckers or his and when they we ess the sen catch a gl ey would most 1 Digitized by Google

not take us with them. Soon, therefore, deeper or their knives must end us!"

"You say truly," said the mouraful water of a youth, who, at that moment, will extend to cabin: "but," and he knelt beside May clasped her passionately to his heartdying, we will go hence together."

"Oh! since so it must be cried Manager Vanderlin, "oh! that we could make a second gether, and instantly! But-Ha will be time

"His will be done!" responded her examine partner; and that very day, at evening, in many was committed to the wares. He will be a place in the sick berth. Then two har Warra fortitude forsook her. "Oh to be left and was her bitter cry. Again her granten and was at her side, and repeated his new to the will her. She wept upon his faithful house and he a moment was relieved. But subsection to the her head wildly. "You de?" the end surely, surely, you can escape

"I am not the refine I am forced to a pear on deck," said be, with closed teefin and is the from his bosom a danger, and feeters in it-" Thy life measures Duscrines

It was the day after Vanderius in "Well, Doctor Revolute" and June "how's practice? I discrete the a

ain the cabin, eh? "I dismissed one pulses years

10

said Reynolds with a grin smile

"Ay, but the faculty or show could have missed all three in less time. From getting short; we must go not not with a clean bill of health, was incures, or I must send lie lies with you."

Want and discuss including crew, and they began to more cities, and in the steer and long and description came hopely more balein. men the armin

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aid the islander. "His punishen from here to Nantucket. near the point. If you leave 's wharf, at Newport, I shall good bye. Here's a smooth l bright starlight; and yon-

re the boat round, putting d; and placing the helm in umped overboard and pulled

orning, the boat entered They tarried in that place me Vanderlin was entirely of Reynolds and his Mary the altar; and then, as if ir as possible from the sea with such dreadful recolfar west, into the interior purchased a large tract of numerous descendants still

alatine. It was " midnight been the crew and islanders ning of value was already on its however were still along the crew still on board. Of sick, down forward; six were the hold for valuables, and four lyards ready to hoist up whatever John Dory, and six or eight nd. ders, were lounging lazily near the , and none of them, except Dory, take any interest in what was going He, ever and anon, approached and Dusenbach stood down the hatchway. perintending the whole in person.

What have they got hold of now?" at length

All hands clustered round the hatchway, and stood looking down into the hold with eager expectation. Quick as thought, Dory tripped Dusenbach's heels, hurled him head foremost down below. His men accompanied him in his flight; for Dory's associates had, like clockwork, most ably seconded their leader. The hatches were closed and barred, and every avenue to the inner parts of the ship locked. There was a running up and down the decks for a few minutes, and then the boats put off. But ere they reached the shore, three heavy columns of smoke rose from the Palatine; and in a few minutes after the whole ship was a mass of flames. The deliberate murderers, instead of landing, sailed round and round the ship to cut off the retreat by water of any whose impossibility of escape they had already made deathly sure.

But ever on this very night, the superstitious horror connected with this ship began to be felt. Numbers affirmed that they saw some of the poor wretches burst from the hold and run up the masts, where they hung from the yards; till, literally roasted and fried, they dropped into the fires below; and that when the flames raged highest, a female form was distinctly seen from all the boats, standing on the quarter deck in the

ato t nes rag seen fro seen fro Dusenbuch ground his teeth with madness.

"Rig a noose in the main-top-gallant halyards!" shouted he to his men. "When you next set a mouse-trap and catch a lion, you'll be careful to keep your hands out of his mouth, my old boy!"

"Look you, master captain," said Dory, very calmly; "you may save yourself the trouble. Do you think me such a fool as to come out on a might like this, for the mere honour of being ship-wrecked in your company?"

Dusenbach's only answer was a blank, un-

meaning stare.

"I say," continued Dory, with a tone and manner, in which the very spirit of honesty seemed to breathe—"Does it look reasonable that I should leave my warm home on shore, and board you on such a night as this, and risk being drowned or murdered, for the mere pleasure of wrecking you; when it has been proved to-night that the quickest way of doing that, is to let you steer yourself?"

"A'n't there the reef?" said the bewildered captain, "and wan't you steering the ship dead

upon it?"

"To be sure it is—to be sure I was. The channel lies close under the lee of the rocks—it a'n't wider than an Indian track—but I can make a ship walk it, the darkest night that ever fell. But you drove the pilot from the helm, and here you are."

"Where?" cried Dusenbach.

"In the Mouse Trap—so called," said Dory; smooth water and soft bottom inside the Horse-Shoe reef."

Day was now slowly breaking, and soon showed them their real situation. Within a short mile under their lee the shore was dimly discernible through the mist; and upon it numerous figures of men, whom expectation, arising from their confidence in Dory's pilotage, had kept waiting on the beach all night. The ship was stranded on a sand bank within a semi-circular reef, and hardly a cable's length to leeward of the breakers. She was thus tolerably well defended from the assaults of the sea, save when some gigantic breaker acquired headway sufficient to overleap the barrier of rocks, and to pitch headlong on her deck and sides. But this soon became frequent. The wind rose with the sun, and there raged a Wave after wave dashed perfect hurricane. upon the devoted ship with the force of cataracts. All her boats were swept away-not one could come off from the island, and even John Dory began to cast auxious glances landward. As for the captain and crew they betrayed the most unmanly symptoms of terror.

"How long will she last, think you, pilot?" said Dusenbach.

"Why, I have known a ship thumped to pieces a leetle further out, in about four hours."

But the Palatine stood it wonderfully. The clank of the pump brake was indeed heard incessantly, and she seemed settling still deeper into the sands, but the "four hours" had expired, and the storm was gradually abating. At length

the sun set; and the tempest, as if its errand was accomplished, gathered up its clouds and vanished. A brisk southwester sprung up, and several boats from the island came along side.

Released from the absorbing and imminent dangers of the last twenty-four hours, Dusenbach's mind now had leisure to return to its former plans and fears. The bows were badly stove; the ship must be abandoned that very night; if left standing, the islanders must needs come on board, and there were yet eight tongues to publish the foulest crime ever committed on land or sea. He took his resolution; a resolve sufficiently horrid to stagger the understanding of a fiend. He determined after removing the valuables out of the ship, to burn her, and with her, the eight living witnesses of his atrocities. He communicated this to Dunscomb and Rey-Through all the storm the cabin and steerage had been carefully locked, and additional caution was used while the islanders were along side or on board.

Although Reynolds was convinced that Dory had purposely cast the ship away, and consequently distrusted him exceedingly, yet he could not let this only opportunity of reaping the reward of his painful and masterly dissimulation, and of saving a life far dearer than his own, pass unimproved. He had therefore very cautiously informed him of the real character of Dusenbach and his crew, and the dreadful fate that awaited the passengers. Dory, half freebooter as he was, was astounded at the information.

"Whew!" said he; "but this beats all nater. I am glad of it, for I thought we were going to be a little too bad!" A hurried consultation then took place between them.

It was now quite dark, and the boats were ready to put off. "I will leave my boat under the ship's stern, captain," said Dory. "From the looks of her bews you may have need of one before we return. Twenty of the crew went on shore in the boats to protect the property. Reynolds was sent forward to examine the bows. He went reluctantly, for he felt that the crisis of his fate was at hand.

Dusenbach strode the deck with a hurried step and a gloomy brow. A new thought was cast up in his storm-tossed soul. "Better make all snug at once," said he mentally; and he beckoned to him three grim looking fellows, and gave them some order in a whisper. Two of them entered the steerage, and one the cabin. Darkness shrouded the deed of that night. were groans and shricks upon the night wind, but none can tell what caused them; and heavy plunges into the water, but none can say that they were not occasioned by the casting overboard of shot. A solitary lamp burned in the cabin. Mary was kneeling by her sick mother in the attitude of prayer. Her eye met the 25sassin's, as he entered, and, charmed by their basilisk influence, remained fixed on him in mute horror. He paused; he attempted to approach; still her eye followed his; till, at length, he turned abruptly and rushed up the stairs. Reynolds

was just then returning from the forward part of the ship. He saw the cabin door open, and a figure emerge armed with a knife. Despair and horror shot through his brain and heart, like lightning, and almost prostrated him on the deck. But the next instant, like the lightning, he leaped upon the assassin and grasped him by the throat. "Wretch!" he screamed, "what hast thou done?"

"I cannot do it—I cannot—I cannot," gasped the ruffian.

Reynolds' presence of mind returned instantly.

"Fool! coward!" cried he, hurling the fellow from him—"give me the knife—Pil do it." He rushed down the stairs and fastened the door. Mary was lying apparently lifeless.

"O heavens! the villain told me he could not do it."

"Nor has he," said Madame Vanderlin-"unless his looks have killed her!"

"Mary—dearest—mine in life and death," cried be, passionately, lifting her in his arms—"Be yourself now."

"I am prepared to die," said Mary, opening her eyes.

"But life, Mary! for life now, dearest!" cried he, bearing her towards the cabin window. With a hurried hand he removed the dead-light, and the broad face of John Dory instantly appeared at the window.

"Softly, lad! quick, and softly," said he, receiving from Reynolds his lovely burden, and carefully laying her down in the boat. In less than a minute more, Madame Vanderlin and Reynolds were safely on board; the fast loosed; and the boat suffered to drift clear of the ship. The sails were then hoisted, and she was put upon the wind towards the shore. What language can do justice to the feelings of the mother and child, when the waking certainty-the blessed reality of this wonderful escape, came home full upon their hearts? An escape from such horrors! They wept-they prayed-they fell upon each other's necks-into the arms of one deliverer, and at the feet of the other.

"Well, ma'am, well," said Dory, "it was cutely done, that's certain, almost as well as my piloting last night; and I hope 'twill go somewhat towards balancing a heavy score I have been running up on the debit side of the great account book; and to which, I am fearing there will be some items added before morning."

"Well, Captain Reynolds," continued Dory, as they rapidly neared the shore—"here are your trunks, you see, and some of madam's, I suppose from the 'nitials; I was careful to have them stowed in my boat, to which, as they were putting off, I slyly added myself. And now I'm thinking you had better not land on the island at all twont be best for you. Block islanders are wrockers, and there are things to be done yet, to which we don't want to have any 'long shore witnesses."

"But, Dusenbach, the villain!" said Reynolds.
"Leave him to John Dory and a Block Island

Court Martial," said the islander. "His punishment shall be seen from here to Nantucket. But, here we are, near the point. If you leave, the boat at Tucker's wharf, at Newport, I shall get her again. So, good bye. Here's a smooth sea, fair breeze, and bright starlight; and youder's Sekonnet light."

So saying, he wore the boat round, putting her before the wind; and placing the helm in Reynolds' hand; he jumped overboard and pulled for the shore.

Early the next morning, the boat entered Newport harbour. They tarried in that place till the health of Madame Vanderlin was entirely restored. The hands of Reynolds and his Mary were then united at the altar; and then, as if anxious to remove as far as possible from the sea—associated as it was with such dreadful recollections—they retired far west, into the interior of Pennsylvania, and purchased a large tract of land, on which their numerous descendants still live.

Return we to the Palatine. It was "midnight deep." So busy had been the crew and islanders that almost every thing of value was already on shore. Three boats however were still along side, and fifteen of the crew still on board. Of these, five were sick, down forward; six were still rummaging the hold for valuables, and four stood at the halyards ready to hoist up whatever they might find. John Dory, and six or eight Block Islanders, were lounging laxily near the main-hatch, and none of them, except Dory, seemed to take any interest in what was going forward. He, ever and anon, approached and looked down the hatchway. Dusenbach stood by, superintending the whole in person.

"What have they got hold of now?" at length said Dory.

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very hottest of the fire, till the whole mass suddenly went out, and the last flame curied upwards, as if the arch-fiend had sunk through the sea with his prey.

Of the fate of those of the crew who landed, there is no certain record. Some say that the islanders took the administration of the law into their own hands, and actually gibbetted them. Others, that after a bloody battle over the spoils, in which many fell on both sides, a parley was held, and the few surviving sailors were not only spared, but admitted to all the rights of island-shire.

But sure it is, that whatever became of the crew, the islanders were, ultimately, heirs to them and to the hapless passengers of the Palatine. To the final consummators of this tragedy their ill-gotten wealth proved a curse. They led troubled lives. They avoided the sight of each other, and some of them, as if determined to remove as far as possible from their companions in

crime, loaded their boats and removed to different points of the main coast. There hard drinking, to drown the horrors of conscience, soon ended their days. At last only three remained on the island, and to these the curse of a haunted existence was extended to a most preternatural old age. The last of them died as related in the early part of this narrative; and the Phantom Ship, which had appeared at the death of each of them, has not been seen since.

It will, perhaps, be difficult to account for the atmospheric phenomenon which is associated in the minds of the islanders with such a tale of horror. Of its appearance, rare indeed, but attested by hundreds of witnesses, there is not a doubt. That it should haunt the scene of the Palatine's wreck, or that it should appear at all, is certainly extraordinary; and all I can say to the sceptic is,

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

### ADIEU TO SCOTLAND.

LAND of my soul! what meet farewell, Chall trombling lips like mine address thee? Such struggling thoughts my bosom swell. That words I scarce can find to bless thee!

Fame to thy sons of noble race!

Joy to thy maids of matchless grace!

Peace to my father's dwelling place,
And health to all who love the .!

What child of thine may hope to find, Amid the climes where fate shall lead him, The virtues that he leaves behind,

Thy truth, thy honour, and thy freedom?
They shun the blood-stained soil of France,
In Rome they sleep in death-like trance!
Helvetia's mountains knew them once,
And for thy sake—I'll love her!

Yet there, even there—thy heath clad hill,
Thy clear brown streams—the woods that line them,
Thy fairy lakes, shall haunt me still,

And mock the lands that would outshine them.
In vain shall Alps invade the sky,
And rivers roll majestic by,
And mightier lakes expanded lie—
Like thine. I cannot love them!

Sounds too there are—as all have known— Upon the soul resistless stealing, From voice of friends, the mingled tone Of Scotia's music—mirth and feeling!

Oh Italy! thy matchless art
A moment's rapture may impart:
Like these, it ne'er can reach the heart
From infancy that loved them!

There is a spot, a darling spot,
Whose charms no other scene can borrow,
Whose smiles can cheer the darkest lot!

Can double joy, and lighten sorrow;
Through marble halls I'll coldly roam,
Unenvious of the princely dome!
And from their state, my lowly home!
Still more I'll learn to love thee.

But for that friend who guides my way,
That tie which death alone can sever;
Unable for to go, or stay,

My heart would linger on forever,
But duty calls, the sall is set,
And eyes with friendly tears are wet—
Adieu, adieu: Ohf ne'er forget,
Thi I return, to love me!

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

## MY NATIVE ISLE.

On! tell me not of fairer lands, Beneath a brighter sky; Of streams that rolled o'er golden sands, And flowers that never die!

My native isle! my native isle!
Though bare and bleak thou be;
And scant and cold thy summer's smile,
Thou'rt all the world to me!

The flower that on thy mountain's brow,
When wintry winds assail,
Securely sleeps beneath the snow,
Its cold and kindly veil—

Transplanted to a richer soil, Where genial breezes play, In sickly bloom will droop awhile, Then wither and decay.

Such, such, thy sheltering embrace, When storms prevail I feel, My father's father's resting place, Though cold, yet kindly still.

And ah! the floweret's fate were mine,
If doomed from thee to part—
To sink in sickening slow decline,
The canker of the heart.

Love's dearest bands, friendship's strong ties, That round my bosom twine— All past delight, all present joys, My native isle! are thine!

If all were gone like summer's dew,
Before the morning beams;
Still friends, that pass not, I should view
In thy wild rocks and streams.

Oh! may thy still, thy changeful akies, Thy clouds, thy mist be mine! And the sun that saw my morning rise, Gleam on thy day's decline.

My native isle! my native isle!
Though bleak and bare thou be,
And scant and cold thy summer's smile,
Thou'rt all the world to me!

F 2

# PREVAILING PASHIONS.



## THE REFUGEE.

A DRAMATIC SERTCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE " MERCHANT OF LONDON."

Scans.—A drawing-room, simply but elegantly furnished, opening to a Lawn, with a quiet picturesque Landscape: doop Woods in the half distance. A Summer's Evening, just after Sunset.

CHARACTERS.—The Earl of ---; Lady Julia, his daughter; the Conde de ---; Don Ribeiro de ----; other Guests, male and female, Foreigners and Natives.

EARL. That was a sweet air, Julia, one of those On which the pleas'd ear lingers. There are melodies That never pall the sense, and this is one To me.

CONDE. 'Tis beautiful. RIBBIRO. Ay, very beautiful, And sweetly sung. CONDE. And blends deliciously With the mellow sunset.

Julia. You have ta'en perhaps Its tone hence, and the fine association Pleases you.

CONDR. Nay-

Julia. There are some Spanish airs Which I have heard, that speak true poetry Of music: such as burst from the full heart In the natural shout of triumph, or the wailings Of tenderness ill-fated, or break forth In throes of o'ercharged pleasure : some, the echoes Of nature's solitudes, sometimes simply telling Of peace and beauty, sometimes raised aloud To piety and worship. Every land Hath legends of the soul like these. Old lays Echoing th' eternal passions; thoughts still new In their pure wisdom, sounds still new in beauty, And far more touching than the lays of Spain.

RIBBIRO. There is a rough war-song-CONDE. A war note comes From Don Ribeiro like the flery snortings Of a charger before battle, when his nature Is waken'd by the trumpet. EARL. Sing it, sing it!

At such a moment even I could sing: 'Tis part of conversation. RIBEIRO. You shall have it.

> Now the last charge! The sun goes down in blood, But not so red, . As the grassy bed, Of the thousand Moors who firmly stood With sabre and with targe.

Charge! charge once more! The infidels must yield; Bravely they've fought, And dearly bought Shall be the trampled field. Sodden with human gore.

Charge, charge again! What is it now to die 7 Conquer'd who'd live? And who'd not give His life for victory, A victory for Spain 7

Julia. It thrills me. EARL. Aye; the air is bold and stirring, And makes the pulse of an old warrior beat With youthful quickness.

RIBERO. You should hear the song In its own country; you should be a Spaniard To hear it. These things ever speak to me With such a mingled voice of memory And melody. To hear them in one's land, The noble bymns of war, chanted aloud By myriad armies, ringing round the hills,

The lion-voice of freemen. I have heard it-Oh! I have heard it once, when my own tent Was the mausoleum of my ancestors,

Who had joined in the same song, ere they led forth Their bands to conquest. Yes, I've heard the song, When my own name was the battle-word, a name Had been among the victor cries of Spain For ages, and had never lost its spell Till now, when freedom joined with it, a cause The noblest and the last it e'er shall grace. Yes, it was something that the very word Was a historic record, and would raise A flush in every cheek, in every heart A throb of glorious pride, that Spain should own it, And here an unknown, an unheard of sound. Would I had died then with it! for my country Is now a ruin, a sad wreck, where honour Lies buried, and the fame of my great forefathers Cast on the shore for pilfering slaves to spoil, Blasting their glories with the shames of Spain. I go too far, I wrong your hospitality: I should be more contented. I owe much

To England; ---- but I've now no country.

EARL. True! But immortality has given such names To all ages, and all lands; and such is yours. RIBIERO. Thanks, my lord.

CONDE. I remember that a friend
Of mine, an Englishman, praised once a song. With which, upon our lonely bivouse In the French war, near Salamanca, once I wiled away the night—poor Levison ! He fell next day.

Julia. What his CONDE. You shall hear.

JULIA. Your lute is by your hand, you looked for it. CONDE. Yes, it will aid a rough voice.

Julia You play well.

## THE CONDE'S SORG.

May I not tell, oh! gently tell, Feelings so kind, so pure, so true? What means the stient, fearful spell, That prompts, yet checks me, when I'd sue?

Oh read, then read, my burning cheek, Are mine eyes dumb? how unlike thine! Of love, of hope, of heaven they speak-Does nothing answer them in mine?

The cork-tree waveth silently, In the soft sighing breeze of night, Fair Seville's towers pensively Shadow the placid moon's pale light.

My soul is full of love and thee, Even nature hallows the firm spell-And will not nature plead for me, When to my heart it speaks so well ?

We break the spell at fifty, "Why, what a crowd

Julia. Tis fanciful. RIBBIRO. And fancifully sung. EARL. Why, yes; the Conde is young, and half believes Love's dreams realities. CONDE. Are they not so? EARL. Credulity in them grows not with age,

Of things impossible, are in your song!
CONDE. Aye, you may banter, but as once I heard it,
You had yielded to its magic, and believed
That a thousand times as much, for her

That a thousand times as much, for her Who sung it. 'Twas a black-eyed maid, so pale, So gently thoughtful, with a low soft voice, That you would list to as sweet bells far off, When the night wind just wafts their holy sound. She took the veil soon after: as I think,

'Twas the last song of earth she ever sung.

JULÍA. She took the veil! poor girl!

EARL. How Julia pities

Bo hard a fortune!

CONDE. 'Twas an eve of which
This somewhat may remind me—but the air
Of eve in Spain—where was I? We were seated
in a balcony. I was then a stripling,
Some three or four joyous yet gentle girls,
This pale one, and a reckless youth, who smiled
As her eye fell upon his, with a meaning
I knew not, yet remembered her look fell,
Nor sung nor said she more—and I've since thought

"Twee the last breathing of a pessionate heart, That murmured in that song.

JULIA. And he regarded not? CONDR. No.

EARL. That was dull of him, eh, Julia? 'Twas not yourself, Conde?

CONDE. No, thank Heaven, I sported With gayer trifies; for I was gay then, Young, full of hope, one to whom chivalry Comprised existence. Gallantry and fame My idol and my care.

EARL. You're yet that boy, Conde.
CORDE. Oh that I were! that I could once more dwell
Among such beauteous visions, such fair truths!
To live in the romance of my own land,
My own beloved Spain! Oh! to recall
Its skies, its hills, its waters, its bright clime,
Its old accustomed manners, charities
Of native country, and of infant home;
Its songs, its loves, its sorrows, and its mirths!
I am a banished man.

## THE LOST JAGER.

"I AM for the Gemsjagd this morning, Netty." said young Fritz of the Back Alp, as the swag gered over the threshhold of her grandmother's cottage: that is, he did not exactly swagger, but he stepped in with an air, such as became the handsomest bursch, and the stoutest wrestler, and the best shot in Grindlewald, and who knew withal that he was beloved, deeply and dearly, by the prettiest fraulein of the valley. And pretty she was—a dear little bashful drooping mountain daisy, with such hair-not black-not exactly black-but with a glossy golden brightness threading through it, like-what shall I liken it to?—like midnight braided with a sun-beam. And she looked so handsome in her Bernese bonnet, with its airy Psyche-like wings; and she tripped so lightly; and I believe, to say the truth, she had the only handsome foot and ancle in the parish—and such an one!—and then she had such a neat, light, elastic, little figure. Suffice it to say, she was Fritz's liebeken, and Fritz was a passable judge of female beauty, and himself the Adonis of Grindlewald. And she was the sun of the valley, rather the mild moon-or, in short, sun, moon, and stars; and had been so denominated in sundry clumsy German rhymes in her praise, by Hans Keller, who, with a like multiplicity of attributes, was himself the Horaceand Virgil, and Anaoreon, and-schoolmaster of the neighbourhood: very clever, and very crazy. Darling Netty-many an evening, as, by a sort of accident prepense, I happened to saunter by with my pipe, and lingered to goesip away half an hour of bad German, with Fritz and his intended, and her dear, drowsy, deaf, old granmother, I have thought Fritz was a very happy man; and perhaps, to say the truth-perhapsenvied him-a little.-Heaven forgive me!

"I am for the Gemsjagd this morning," said Fritz, as he flung his arm round the blushing maiden. Old Clausen marked some half dozen of them up by the Roseulani Gletscher yesterday; and I think we shall pull down some of the gallants, before we have done with them. He promised to meet me at the chalet at eleven; and, by the shadow of the Eiger, it must be close upon the hour: so come with me luck, and by to-morrow evening at furthest, we shall be back with a couple of noble gemsen. 'Down, foolish fellow!—down, Blitz!' he said to his dog, that was yelping around him, in anticipation of the sport.—'Why, he is as fond of chamois hunting as his master. Look at him, Netty.'"

Fritz knew well But Netty did not look. enough that she dreaded, on his account, even to terror, the perils of chamois hunting; but he was devoted to it, with an enthusiasm which is so common to those who practise that dreadful diversion. Perhaps this passion did not compete with his love for Netty; perhaps it did. He had never gone, it is true, without her consent; but it was as well for both, that the question had never been brought to an issue, whether he would have gone without it. Not but that he loved, really loved Netty; but he thought her fears very foolish, and laughed at them, as men are very apt to do on such occasions. Netty started when he mentioned the Gemsjagd, and bowed her head to his breast-perhaps to hide a tear-perhaps to examine the buckle of his belt, in which, at that moment, she seemed to find something particularly interesting. Fritz talked on laughingly, as he thought the best way to dispel her fears was not to notice them at all: so he talked, as I said, until he had no apology for talking any more; and then he paused.

"Fritz! my dear Fritz!" said she, without looking up, and her fingers trembled in the buckle which she was still examining. "My dear Fritz!"—and then she paused too.

"Why, my dear Netty," said he, answering her implied expostulation, "I wouldn't like to disappoint old Hans-after Wednesday, you know"—and he kissed her cheek, which glowed even deeper than before. "After Wednesday, I promised never to hunt chamois again; but I must go, once-just once-to drink a farewell to the Monck and the Aarhom, to their own grim faces-and then-why, I'll make cheese, and cut wood, and be a very earth-clod of the valley, like our good neighbour Jacob Biedermann, who trembles when he hears an avalanche, and cannot leap over an ice-cleft without shuddering. But once—just once—come with me luck, this time, and, for the future, the darlings may come and browse in the Wergisthal for me."

"I did not say I wished you not to go, Fritz."

"No; but you looked it, love; and I would not see a tear in those bright eyes, for all the gemsen between this and the Orteles; but you know, my dear, there is really no danger; and if I could persuade you to give me your hearty consent and your good wishes"—

"l'll try, Fritz"-

"What! with that sigh, and that doleful look?

No, no, Netty; I will send an apology to old Hans." Here Blitz, as he put a small hunting-horn in the dog's mouth, and pointed up the hills, "Off, boy! to the Adelbeden. And now, have you any thing to employ my clumsy fingers, or shall we take a trip as far as Bohren's Chalet, to see if the cream and cheese of my little old rival are as good as their wont. I shall go and saddle old Kaisar, shall I?—he has not been out these two days."

Fritz, peasant as he was, knew something of the practical philosophy of a woman's heart, and had a good idea of the possibility of pursuing his own plan, by an opportune concession to her's. On the present occasion he succeeded completely.

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, with unaffected good-will, "you really must not disappoint Hans, he would never forgive me. So come," said she, as she unbuckled the wallet which hung over his right shoulder—"let me see what you have here. But."—and she looked tearfully and earnestly in his face—"you will be back to-morrow evening, will you indeed?"

"By to-morrow evening, love, Hans—gemsen—and all. My wallet is pretty well stocked, you see; but 1 am going to beg a little of that delicious Oberhasli Kirchwasser, to fill my flaschen."

I need not relate how Fritz had his flask filled with the said Kirchwasser, or how his stock of eatables was increased by some delicious cheese, made by the pretty hands of Netty herself, or how sundry other little trifles were added to his portable commissariat, or how he paid for them all in ready kisses, or how Netty sat at the window and watched him with tearful eyes, as he strode up the hill towards the Scheidegg.

At the chalet he found that Hans had started alone, and proceeded towards the Wetterhorn. He drew his belt tighter, and began to ascend the steep and craggy path, which wound round

the base of the ice-heaped mass, along the face of which, half way to the summit, the clouds were lazily creeping. It was a still, sunny day, and he gradually ascended far enough to get a view over the splendid glacier of Rosenlani. Its clear ice, here and there streaked with a line of bright crystal blue, that marked the edges of an icereft. Hans was not to be seen. All was still. except now and then the shrill piping of the marmot, or the reverberated roar of the summer lavanges, in the remote and snowy wilds above him. He had just reached the edge of the glacier, and was clambering over the lebris, which a long succession of ages had carried down from the rocky peaks above, when the strange whistling sound emitted by the chamois caught his ear. On they dashed, a herd of nine, right across the glacier-bounding like winged things over the fathomless refts, with a foot as firm and confident as if it trod on the green sward. Fritz muttered a grim dormerwetter between his teeth, when the unerring measurement of his practised eye, told him they were out of shot; and dropping down between the huge blocks of stone among which he stood, so as to be out of sight of the game, he watched their course, and calculated his chance of reaching them. They crossed the glacier-sprung up the rocky barrier on the opposite side, leaping from crag to crag, and finding footing where an eagle scarce could perch, until they disappeared at the summit. A moment's calculation, with regard to their probable course, and Friz was in pursuit. He crossed the glacier further down, and chose a route by which he knew; from experience, he would be most likely, without being perceived by the chamois, to reach the spot where he expected to meet with them. At some parts it consisted but of a narrow ledge, slippery with frozen snow, on which even his spiked mountain-shoes could scarcely procure him footing. Sometimes the path was interrupted, and the only means of reaching its continuation, was by trusting himself to the support of some little projection in the smooth rock, where the flakes, which last winter's frost had carried away, broke off abruptly. Sometimes the twisted and gnarled roots of a stunted pine, which had wrought into the clefts, and seemed to draw their nourishment from the rock itself, offered him their support. He did not look back; he thought not of danger-perhaps not even of Netty-but merely casting an occasional glance to the sky, to calculate the chances of a clear evening, resumed his perilous journey.

Many hours had elapsed in the ascent, for he was obliged to make a long circuit, and the sun was getting low in the west when he arrived at the summit. His heart throbbed audibly as he approached the spot where he expected to get a view. All was in his favour. He was to leeward—the almost unceasing thunder of the avalanches drowned any slight noise which the chamois might otherwise have heard—and a little ridge of drifted snow on the edge of the rock behind which he stood, gave him an opportunity of reconnoitering. Cautiously he made an aperture

through the drift—there they were, and he could distinguish the bend of their horns—they were within reach of his rifle. They were, however, evidently alarmed, and huddled together on the edge of the opposite precipice, snuffed the air, and gazed about anxiously, to see from what quarter they were menaced. There was no time to lose—he fired, and the victim he had selected, giving a convulsive spring, fell over the cliff, while its terrified companions, dashing past, fled to greater heights and retreats still more inaccessible.

The triumph of a conqueror for a battle won, cannot be superior to that of an Alpine huntsman for a chamois shot. The perils run, the exertions undergone, the many anxious hours which must elapse before he can have an opportunity even of trying his skill as a marksmanall contribute to enhance the intense delight of that moment when these perils and exertions are repaid. Fritz leaped from his lurking-place, and ran to the edge over which the animal had There it was, sure enough, but how it was to be recovered presented a question of no little difficulty. In the front of the precipice, which was almost as steep and regular as a wall, a ledge projected at a considerable distance from the summit, and on this lay the chamois, crushed. by the fall. To descend without assistance was impossible, but there was a chalet within a couple of hours' walk, at the foot of the Gauli Gletsher. The evening was fine, there was every promise of a brilliant moonlight night, and Fritz was too good a huntsman to fear being benighted, even with the snow for his bed, and the falling avalanche for his lullably.

Gaily, therefore, he slung his carabine, paid his respects to the contents of his wallet, not forgetting the Oberhasli Kirchwasser, and as he made the solitude around him ring with the whooping chorus of the kuh-lied, commenced his descent towards the chalet.

On his arrival he found it empty. The inmates had probably descended to the lower valley, laden with the products of their dairy, and had not yet returned. He seized, however, as a treasure, on a piece of rope which he found thrown over a stake, in the end of the house appropriated to the cattle, and praying his stars that it might be long enough to reach the resting-place of the chamois, he once more turned his face towards the mountains.

It was deep night when he reached the spot. The moon, from the reflection of the snow, seemed to be shining from out a sky of ebony, so dark and so beautiful, and the little stars were peering through, with their light so clear and pure; they shine not so in the valleys. Fritz admired it, for the hearts of nature's sons are ever open to nature's beauties, and though he had not been taught to feel, and his admiration had no words, yet accustomed as he was to scenes like this, he often stopped to gaze. The kuh-lied was silent, and almost without being aware of it; the crisping of the frozen snow beneath his footsteps was painful to his ear, as something not in accordance

with the scene around him-'twas a peasant's unconscious worship at the shrine of the sublime. But, to say the truth, he had no thought but one, as he approached the spot where the chamois lay. The ledge on which it had fallen ran a considerable way along the face of the cliff, and by descending at a point at some distance from that perpendicularly above it, where a piece of crag, projecting upwards, seemed to afford him the means of fastening securely his frail ladder, he hoped to be able to find his way along to the desired spot. Hastily casting a few knots on the rope, to assist him in his ascent, he committed himself to its support. He had arrived within a foot of the rocky platform, when the piece of crag, to which the rope had been attached, slipped from the base in which it seemed so firmly rooted, struck in its fall the edge of his restingplace, sprung out into vacancy, and went booming downwards into the abyss below.

Fritz was almost thrown over the edge of the precipice by the fall, but fortunately let go the rope, and almost without at all changing the position in which he fell, could trace the progress of the mass as it went whirling from rock to rock, striking fire wherever it touched in its passage, until it crashed amid the pine-trees. With lips apart, and eyes starting from their sockets, while his fingers clutched the sharp edges of the rock until they were wet with blood, he listened in the intense agony of terror to the sounds which, after a long interval, rose like the voice of death, from the darkness and solitude below. Again all was silent-still he listened-he stirred not, moved not, he scarcely breathed-he felt that kind of trance which falls on the spirit under the stroke of some unexpected calamity, of a magnitude which the imagination cannot grasp. The evil stalks before our glassy eyes, dim, and misty, and shapeless, yet terrible-terrible! He had just escaped one danger, but that escape, in the alternative before him, scarcely seemed a blessing. Death! and to die thus! and to die now! by the slow, graduated torture of thirst and starvation, almost within sight of the cottage of his destined bride. Thoughts like these passed hurriedly and convulsively through his mind, and he lay in the sick apathy of despair, when we feel as if the movement of a limb would be recalling the numbed sense of pain, and adding acuteness to its pangs. At length, with a violent effort, he sprung upon his feet. He ran along the ledge, leaping many an intervening chasm, from which even he would at another moment have shrunk. His hurried and oppressed breathing approached almost to a scream, as he sought in vain for a projection in the smooth rock, by which, at whatever risk, he might reach the summit. Alas! there was none. He stood where but the vulture and the eagle had ever been, and from which none but they could escape. He was now at the very extremity of his narrow resting-place, and there was nothing before him but the empty air. How incredulous we are when utter hopelessness is the alternative.

Once more he returned—once more he example.

mined every spot which presented the slightest trace of a practicable passage, once more in vain. He threw himself on the rock, his heart seemed ready to burst, but the crisis of his agony was come, and he wept like a child.

How often, when madness is burning in the brain, have tears left the soul placid and resigned, like the calm twilight melancholy of a summer's eve, when the impending thunder cloud has dissolved into a shower. Fritz wept aloud, and long and deep were the sobs which shook every fibre of his strong frame; but they ceased, and he looked up in the face of the placid moon, hopeless, and yet not in despair, and his breathing was as even and gentle as when he gazed up towards her on yestereve, from the rustic balcony of Netty's cottage. Aye, though he thought of that eve when, her cheek reclined on his bosom, they both sat in the still consciousness of happiness, gazing on the blue glaciers, and the everlasting and unchanging snow-peaks. He had no hope—but he felt not despair—the burning fangs of the fiend no longer clutched his heart-strings. He sat and gazed over pine forest and gray crag, and the frozen and broken billows of the glaciers. and the snows of the Wetterhom, with their unbroken wilderness of pure white, glistening in the moonlight, and far, far beneath him, the little dusky cloudlets dreaming across the valley, and he could trace in the misty horizon the dim outline of the Faulhorn, and he knew that at its base, was one heart that beat for him as woman's heart alone can beat, and yet he was resigned. .

The moon neared to her setting, but just before she went down, a black scroll of cloud stretched across her disk. It rose higher and higher, and became darker and darker, until one half of the little stars which were coming forth in their brightness, rejoicing in the absence of her, by whose splendour they were eclipsed, were wrapped as in a pall; and there came through the stillness and darkness a dim and mingled sound, the whisper of the coming hurricane. On it came, nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, and the pines swayed, and creaked, and crashed, as it took them by the tops, and now and then there passed a flash over the whole sky, until the very air seemed on flame, and laid open for one twinkling the rugged scene, so fitting for the theatre of the tempest's desolation; and then the darkness was so thick and palpable, that to him who sat there, thus alone with the storm, it seemed as if there were no world, and as if the universe were given up to the whirlwind and to him. And then the snow came down small and sharp, and it became denser and denser, and the flakes seemed larger and larger, until the wings of the tempest were heavy with them; and as the broken currents met and jostled, they whirled, and eddied, and shot up into the dark heavens, in thick and stifling masses. Scarce able to breathe, numbed with cold, exhausted with fatigue, and weak from the mental agony he had undergone, Fritz was hardly able to keep his hold of a projecting ledge of rock to which he had clung, when, waiting to gather strength, the gust came down with a violence which even the Alpine eagle could not resist, for one which had been carried from its perch swept by in the darkness, blindly struggling and screaming in the storm.

Oh, Night! Night! there is something so intensely beautiful in thee! Whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the clear, and placid, and pearly effulgence of thy moon; or when thou wrappest thy brow in its black and midnight mantle, and goest with thy tempests forth to their work of desolation-Oh, thou art beautiful! The spirit of poetry mingles its voice with the thrillings of thy wind-harp, and even in thy deep and holy silence there is a voice to which the soul listens, though the ear hears it not. On the wide sea, and on the wide moor, by the ocean strand, and on mountain lake, and dell and dingle, and corn-field and cottage, O thou art beautiful! But amid the lavange, and the icefall, and the mighty masses of everlasting snow rising up into the heavens where the clouds scarce dare, amid their solitude and their majesty, there is an awe in thy beauty, which bows down the soul to the dust in dumb adoration. The lofty choir-the dim and massy aisle—the deep roll of the organ these, even these, often strike like a spell on the sealed spirit, and the well-springs of devotion gush forth fresh and free. Yet, O what are these? The deep music moaning from vault to vault to the roar of the fierce thunder; or the lofty temple, to the mighty hills, atoms though they be in the universe of God; or the studied darkness of the shrine, to the blank duliness of the tempest night, seeming, with its grim indefinite, to shadow forth immensity.

What a small portion of the poetry which the heart has felt has ever been recorded. How many wordless thoughts-how many unuttered emotions, such as shine like stars over the pages of the happy few whose lips have been unsealed, rise in the soul of the peasant hind, and are known, and enjoyed, and pass away—into the nothingness of forgotten feelings! Full, deep, and strong, flows onward, silently, and perpetually, the stream of sympathy; and here and there, by the river side, one dips in his little pitcher, and preserves a tiny portion; while all the rest, undistinguished passes on to the sea of wide eternity. Through the mind of the Alpine peasant, on such a night, with a hopeless sentence passed upon him, what a world of feelings must have strayed, to which he could give but lisping and broken utterance. He prayed—with an artless and fervent eloquence, he committed himself and his spirit to the hands of his God, to whose presence he seemed more nearly to approach in his isolation from the world. He prayed, in words such as his tongue had never before uttered, and with feelings such as, till that period, his heart had never known.

The storm became gradually exhausted in its violence. The thunder grew faint, and the gusts came at longer intervals. As the immediate peril decreased, Fritz, whose senses, from the stimulus of danger, had hitherto borne up against the intense cold and his previous fatigue, began

to feel creeping upon him, along with a disinclination to move, a wild confusion of thought, such as one feels when sleep is struggling with pain. There was a dim sense of peril-a thought of falling rocks and cracking glaciers—and sometimes there was a distant screaming of discordant voices-and sometimes they seemed to mumble uncouth and harsh sounds into his ear-and then again would he rally back his recollection, and even find in his known peril a relief from the undefined and ghastly horrors of his wandering thoughts. But his trance at every relapse became deeper and deeper, and his returns of recollection were more and more partial. He had still enough to make an attempt at shaking off the numbing drowsiness which was creeping upon him, and twining round his heart with the slow and noiseless coil of a serpent. He endeavoured to struggle, but every limb was palsied. He seemed to himself to make the efforts of the wildest desperation to raise himself up; but no member moved. A gush of icy coldness passed through every vein, and he felt no more.

During that night there was no little bustle in Grindlewald. Poor, poor Netty. The storm had come down with a sudden violence, which completely baffled the skill of the most sagacious storm-seers in the valley; and even Herr Kruger himself-even Herr Kruger, Old Long Shot, as they used to call him-had been taken by surprise. He was sitting opposite me, with the full red light of the wood fire in the kitchen of mine host of the Three Kings beaming on his wrinkled brow, and thin gray locks, which were twisted and staring in every imaginable direction, as if they had got a set in a whirlwind. The huge bowl of his meerschaum, was glowing and reeking, and the smoke was playing all sorts of antics; sometimes popping out at one side of his mouth, sometimes at the other, in a succession of rapid and jerking puffs, whose frequency soon ran up a sum total of a cloud, which enveloped his head like a napkin. He had just given me the history of the said pipe, and of its presentation to him by the Baron Von -, who, by his assistance and direction, had succeeded in bringing down a The motto, Wein und Liebe, was gemsbock. still visible on its tarnished circlet of silver, and the old man pointed out its beauties with a rapture, not inferior, perhaps, to that of the connoisseur, who falls into ecstasies over some bright sunspot on the canvas of Rembrandt. As the low moaning which preceded the storm, caught his ear, he drew in the fragrance of the bright Turkish with which I had just replenished his pipe, and as he emitted the fumes in a slow, cautions stream, turned inquisitively towards the range of casements which ran along one side of the neat wainscotted apartment. He was apparently satisfied, and turned again to the fire. But the growl of the thunder the instant after came down the valley, and disembarrassing himself of his mouthful, with a haste which almost choked him, walked hastily to the window. One d returning during in binance, muttered, as he habitually replaced his meerschaum in his mouth, God help the Jagers to-night!

"A rough evening, Herr Kruger," said Hans, who this moment entered the room, and clapped his carabine in the corner. He had evidently dipped deep in the kirschwasser.

What, Hans! is that you? Beym kimmel! I was afraid you were going to pass the night up yonder—and young Fritz? you and he were to

have been at the jagd together?"

"True, so we were; but, heaven be praised. Fritz called to bid good bye to pretty Netty—and—and so—old Hans had to go alone."

"And feeling lonely among the hills, had the good luck to come back to Grindlewald, instead of sleeping till doomsday in a dainty white snow

wreath. There are no others out?"

"None, thank heaven," and he filled the glass which stood next him from the bottle at my elbow. "So here's your health Herr Kruger, and to you, Herr B—, good health, and good luck, and a good wife, when you get one." I was just putting my German in order, for the purpose, in after-dinner phrase, of "returning thanks," when our hostess, looking in at the door, said, in a voice of the greatest earneatness; "A word,

Hans."

Hans was just in the middle of his goblet, and its bottom was gradually turning upwards to the ceiling, when he was thus interrupted. He merely rolled his eyes in the direction of the speaker, with an expression which indicated—"I'll be there immediately," and continued his draught with the good-will of one who hates mineing matters.

"Come, once more, Hans," said I, as I filled his cup to the very brim. "I have a health to give, you will drink heartily I am sure. Here's to our good friend Fritz and his little liebchen a long life and a happy one."

"Topp! mein bester manu!" said Hans, and the second goblet disappeared as quickly as the

Once more the head of our hostess appeared at the door, and her previous summons was repeated.

"I'll be there immediately, my dear, pretty, agreeable, good-natured Wirthinn—there immediately—immediately;" hiccuped Hans. "I like you my young Englishman, I like you, and I like you the better for liking Fritz; and if you have any fancy for bringing down a gemsbock, there's my hand, junker! Hans Clausen knows every stone of the mountains as well as—"

Once more the door opened, and—not our hostess, but Netty herself, entered the room.

It seemed to be with difficulty that she crossed the floor. Her face was pale, and her long Bernese tresses were wet with the rain. She curt-sied to me as she rose, and would almost have fallen, had she not rested one hand on the table, while the other passed with an irregular and quivering motion over her pale brow and throbing temples. Hans had become perfectly quiet the instant of her entrance, and stood with an air of the most dogged and determined sobriety, though

the tremulous manner in which the fingers of his left hand played among the skirts of his hunting-jacket, bespoke a slight want of confidence in his own steadiness. Poor Netty! She had just strength to whisper, "Where is Fritz, Hans?" and unable to await his answer, sunk feebly on the bench, and covered her eyes with her trembling fingers.

Kruger laid down his pipe; no trifling symptom of emotion. Hans was thunderstruck. Every idea but that of Fritz's danger, seemed blotted from his memory. He stared and gaped for a few seconds on me and Kruger, and then, utterly forgetful of Netty's alarm, flung himself blubbering upon his knees. "Oh! for God's sake, Madehan, do not tell me, Fritz went to the hunting to-day. Oh, unglucklich! unglucklich! lost, lost, lost! My poor Fritz; my friend, my best beloved!" and he would have continued longer the maudlin incoherence of his lamentations; but the first words of his despair were too much for Netty, and she sunk down upon the table, help-less, and breathless.

She seemed to be gone for ever, it was so long before the exertions of the hostess and her daughter could recal her to her senses. She was conveyed to bed, and left under the care of her poor old grandmother, who had followed her from the cottage. A consultation was immediately held, under the presidentship of old Kruger; and, notwithstanding the whole collective wisdom of Grindlewald was assembled in mine host's kitchen, nothing could be done. To wait till morning was the only course, and with no little impatience did many a young huntsman watch for the first break of day and the subsiding of the storm. Fritz was a universal favourite, so fearless, so handsome, such a shot, and so goodnatured withal. And then, Netty! The little Venus of Grindlewald! There were none who would not willingly have risked their lives to save him.

With the first dawn of morning, half a dozen of the stoutest huntsmen, under the guidance of Hans, started for the Rosenlain. They had made every provision for overcoming the difficulties they expected to meet with in their search. One of them had, from the cliffs of the Eiger, seen Fritz cross the glacier the day before, and commence the ascent which was previously described; a path well known to the hunters, but so perilous, as to be only practicable to those of the steadiest nerves, quickest eye, and most unerring step. Their shoes were furnished with cramps, a light ladder formed part of their equipage, and several short coils of ropes slung over the right shoulder, and so made, that they could be easily connected together, were carried by the party. They had the blessings and the good wishes of all Grindlewald at their departure: I accompanied them to the edge of the Rosenlain, and watched the progress of their journey over its frozen waves. Slowly they ascended the giddy path; sometimes gathering into a little cluster of black atoms on the face of the cliffs, sometimes scattered from ledge to ledge. Then, when obliged partially to descend, an individual of the party was slung by a rope from the upper platform, for the purpose of fixing the ladders and securing a safe passage to the rest. "Well!" which way shall we turn now," said young round-faced, light-haired, ruddy-cheeked, rattle-pated, Gottfried Basler, who had blubbered like a baby the night before, and, of course, like a baby, had exhausted his grief before morning. "Which way are we to turn now, Hans? I am afraid, after all, we have come out on a fool's errand. There have been wreaths thrown up here last night big enough to bury Grindlewald steeple; and if poor Fritz be really lost in them, we may look till Mont Blanc melts before we find him. It is, to be sure, a satisfaction to do all we can, though, heaven help us, I am afraid there is little use in it."

Hans, poor fellow, was nearly of the same opinion, but it was too much to have the fact thus uncompromisingly stated. He muttered a half audible curse as he turned impatiently away, and walked along the cliff, endeavouring to frame an answer, and make up his mind as to the point towards which the search ought to be directed. His companions followed without uttering a word.

Basler again broke silence.

"Gott, what a monster!" he exclaimed, and his carabine was cocked in a twinkling.

Far below them, a huge lammer-geyer was sailing along the face of the cliff. He seemed not to perceive the group, to whom, notwith-standing the mournful search in which they were engaged, his appearance was so interesting, but came slowly dreaming on, merely giving now and then a single heavy flap with his huge sail-like wings, and then floating forward as before.

"Stay Basler," whispered Hans, as he himself cocked his carabine, "There is no use throwing away your bullet. He will probably pass just below us, and then you may have a chance. Steady yet a little. How odd he does not notice us. Nearer, and nearer; be ready, Basler. Now—fire. A hit! beym himmel!"

Crack! crack! crack! went carabine after carabine, as the wounded bird fell tumbling and screaming into the ravine, while its mate sprung out from the face of the rock on which the slayers were standing, and swept backwards and forwards, as if to brave their shot, uttering absolute yells of rage. Basler's skill, however, or his good fortune, reigned supreme, and, though several of his companions fired from a much more advantageous distance, their bullets, unlike his, whizzed on and spent themselves in the empty air. The object of the practice still swept unhurt across their range, until his fury was somewhat exhausted, and then dropped down towards the dark pine trees, to seek for his unfortunate companion.

"A nest, I dare say," said Hans, as he threw himself on his face and stretched his neck over the cliff. "Ha! a chamois they have managed to throw down—the kerls! Zel You're spoiled their feast, Basler. But—mein Gott! is it possible! Gottfried—Heinrich—look there. Ja freilich! freilich! it is Fritz!" And he leaped up, screaming like a madman, nearly pushed Gottfried over the precipice to convince him of the reality of the discovery, and then, nearly did the same to Carl, and Frauz, and Jacobeher, and Heinrich.

"I am afraid he is dead," said Basler.

Hans again threw himself on his face, and gazed gaspingly down. Fritz did not move. Hans gazed, and gazed, but his eyes-filled with tears, and he could see no more.

"Here Jacob," said he, as he once more sprung up, and hastily began looping together the ropes which his companions carried. "Here Jacob, place your feet against the rock there. Now, Gottfried, behind Jacob: Heinrice—Carl—now, steady, all of you—or stay, Carl, you had better descend after me, and bring your flaschen along with you."

In a few seconds, Carl and he stood beside their friend. They raised him up. A little kirchwasser was administered to him—they used every measure which their mountain-skill suggested to waken him from his trance, which was rapidly darkening down into the sleep of death. The sun, which now began to beat strongly on the dark rocks where they stood, assisted their efforts. They succeeded—his life was saved.

That evening Fritz sat on one side of the fire in the cottage of Netty's grandmother, while the good old dame herself plyed her knitting in her usual diligent silence on the other. He was pale, and leant back on the pillows by which he was supported, in the languid apathy of exhaustion Netty sat at his knee, on a low oaken stool, with his hand pressed against her cheek, and many and many a tear, such as overflow from the heart in the fulness of its joy, trickled over his fingers.

"Now, Fritz," said she, looking earnestly up in his face, "you will never—never, go to the gemsjagd again."

"Never-never," echoed Frits.

But he broke his word, and was chamois-hunting before the end of the honey-moon.

## THE SPANISH HEADSMAN.

THE town clock of Menda had tolled the hour of midnight, when a young French officer, leaning on the wall of an extensive terrace, which formed the bounds of the gardens of the chateau, appeared lost in reflection, and absorbed in deeper contemplation than generally accompanies the gay thoughtlessness of a military life: although, undoubtedly, place, season, and all by which he was surrounded, were most propitious to meditation. It was one of the clear and cloudless nights of Spain; the twinkling of the stars, and the moon's pale and partial beams, threw a soft light on the rich and romantic valley, in which, at a hundred feet beneath him, was situated the small but handsome town of Menda, skirting the base of a rock, which sheltered its inhabitants from the north wind, and on the summit whereof was placed the vast and antique chateau; and thence the waters of the Atlantic, extending far on either side, might be fully descried. The chateau of Menda, however, afforded a contrast to the calm and silence of the scene around it. From its numerous casements blazed forth a profusion of light; the lively clamour of the cheerful dance, the sounds of mirthful music, and the joyous voices of the assembly, often mingled with, and oftener overpowered, the noise of the more distant waves dashing against the shore. The refreshing coolness of the night, succeeding a day of extraordinary heat, with the delicious perfume of trees and flowers by which he was surrounded, in restoring him from the severe fatigue which the military duties of the morning occasioned, had long detained the young soldier in that delightful spot, and induced him to forego the social enjoyments which the interior of the mansion afforded.

The chauteau itself belonged to a Spanish grandee of the first rank; who, with his family, now resided there. Of his two daughters, the eldest was particularly handsome: and had, during the evening, greatly attracted the admiration of the French officer, whose notice had evidently not been disregarded by the fair Spaniard: but, whenever she addressed him, there was, mixed up with her looks and tones of kindness, so singular an expression of seeming sorrow and compassion, that, haply, the impression it had made on him, had led him to withdraw from the society, and induced his deep and lengthened reveric. Notwithstanding she was one of five children, the great wealth of the Marquis justified the idea that Clara would be richly endowed: but Victor Marchand could scarcely bring himself to hope that, in any event, the daughter of one of the proudest and most powerful nobles in all Spain, would even be permitted to regard, with more than ordinary civility, the son of a Parisian grocer.

The French were hated; and General G\*\*t\*\*r, the commandant of the province, having had strong reason to suspect that the Marquis de Leganes contemplated an insurrection of the inhabitants of that and the surrounding country, in favour of Ferdinand the Seventh, the battalion commanded by Victor Marchand had been sent to garrison Menda; and to overawe its inhabitants and the people of the neighbouring towns and villages, who were at the disposal and under the influence of the Marquis. Indeed, a recent despatch of Marshal Ney had even communicated the probability of the English attempting a landing on the coast, and of the Marquis being in active correspondence with the cabinet of Lon-

don. So that, notwithstanding the welcome and hospitality evinced by the Marquis to himself and his comrades, Victor Marchand never relaxed in the adoption of every precaution that prudence could suggest. In pacing the garden terrace, and casting a keen and watchful glance from time to time to ascertain the state of the town, of which his position gave him a distinct and general view; or in listening occasionally to whatever sounds arose from the valley below, in which it lay, he strove vainly to reconcile to his mind, the open and almost unreserved friendship the Marquis had displayed towards him, and the peace and tranquillity of the country itself, with the doubts and fears expressed by his general-when his curiosity was suddenly awakened, and his suspisions aroused by new and somewhat unaccountable circumstances. Innumerable lights, at one and the same instant, were to be seen moving in the town below: the hum of many voices simultaneously heard, where all had been for so many hours darkness and repose. Although it was the feast of Sant'Jago, he had issued, that very morning, severe and peremptory orders, that everywhere—with the exception of the chateau—fire and light should be extinguished at the hour appointed by the military regulations. Again he looked, and more intently: and certainly could distinguish the glittering of muskets and bayonets at several of the posts where his sentinels were stationed. The lights were yet seen; but a solemn silence now succeeded to the noise, which was wholly distinct from that which might be supposed to accompany the observance of a festival of the church. Whence could proceed so general and extraordinary an infraction of military orders, in despite of the more than inadequate nocturnal police and rounds which he had organized? He was resolved to fathom the mystery: and at once, and with all the impetuosity of youth, he was in the act of scaling the terrace wall, to reach, by a direct and rapid descent of the rock, the corps-de-garde stationed at the entrance of the town, on the side of the chateau, when a slight movement near him, resembling the light step of a female on the sanded alley of the garden, induced him to pause. He looked around him anxiously for some moments, but without success. Again he raised himself to observe, and he became fixed and motionless with surprise, as his strained sight dwelt on some distant object; for, clear and distinct as the moon in heaven, he beheld a fleet of ships riding upon the waters, and nearing the land. He was casting in his mind, with the utmost rapidity of thought, the measures he must instantly pursue, when his reflections were interrupted by a hoarse, low voice, proceeding from a breach in the wall, at some paces distance, above which a human head projected. He hastened to the spot, and ascertained it to be the orderly, who was in attendance upon him at the chateau.

the watch, and hastened to make my report to vou."

"Speak!" said Victor Marchand.

"Seeing a man leave the chateau privily, with a lantern, I resolved to follow him; for a lantern, and at this hour, looked suspicious, so I stuck close to him, as he crept thitherwards: and on a platform of the rock, there, where my finger points, Sir, I saw him approach an enormous pile of faggots; when——"

A tremendous shout rose from the town beneath. A wide and sudden blaze of light broke forth near him, produced by the firing of straw and dry wood: and, at the same instant, the grenadier he had been talking with, received a ball in his skull, and fell dead upon the spot.

The cheerful sounds within the chateau walls were hushed at once. A death-like silence reigned around for a moment; and then were heard, but for an instant, distant and heart-piercing groans, as of a short conflicting agony: the report of a cannon boomed along the surface of the ocean. Cold drops burst from the forehead of the officer. He was there alone, unarmed, unfriended. His soldiers had all—all perished. He felt himself a degraded a dishonoured being: he would be dragged before a council of war, a prisoner, and in chains: all who could vindicate his zeal and prudence were of another world. With a keen rapid glance he scanned the depth below; and, leaping on the terrace walk, was on the point of casting himself into the abyss, when the slight shrick and convulsive grasp of some one by his side restrained him.

"Fly! Oh fly!" whispered Clara, almost breathless from agitation; "my brothers follow me—descend the rock, quickly—without delay—there—that way—below you will find Juniato's horse—begone—haste—haste—"

She urged him onward with all her strength. Lost and confused, the young man gazed on her for a moment; but, quickly yielding to the instinct of self-preservation, which rarely deserts us, he leaped into the park, and rushed onwards in the direction pointed out to him. The steps of persons in pursuit were heard, danger animated him to speed: he hastily scrambled down the rocks, by paths never before trodden but by goats. A shower of musket-balls whistled by him: but, with almost inconceivable rapidity, he gained the valley. The horse was there. He bounded on its back, and disappeared.

A few hours brought him to the head quarters of General G\*\*t\*\*r, who was at breakfast with his staff, and he was instantly admitted into the commander's presence.

"I come to resign myself to death," exclaimed the Colonel, as he stood before the General, pale and haggard."

"Sit down, Sir," and when you are more composed, I will listen to you;" and the stern severity of his countenance, which truly indicated his well known harsh unyielding character, somewhat abated as he witnessed the emotion of his visitor. As soon as he was able, Victor told his horrible tale: and the downcast looks and deep

<sup>&</sup>quot;Is it you, Colonel?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Hit in!"

wife The beggars, below there, Sir, are twisting their like so many worms. I have been upon

silence of his auditors were the only, but expressive comment on his history.

"It appears to me, Sir," at length said the General, calmly," that you are more unfortunate than criminal; you can hardly be deemed responsible for the guilt of the Spaniards; and, if the Marshal decide not otherwise, I shall not hesitate to acquit you."

These words afforded but feeble consolation to Victor, who falteringly demanded, "But when the Emperor learns the report, Sir?" "It is not impossible he may order you to be shot," observed the General, in a tone of indifference: "but of that hereafter," he added, rising and assuming his more bitter expression of tone and feature. "Let us now only think of vengeance—vengeance, deep, deep and terrible on these Spaniards."

In a short hour, an entire regiment, with detachments of cavalry and artillery, were on their march; at the head of which rode the General and Victor. The troops, informed of the massacre of their comrades, pressed onwards with unrelenting activity, actuated by feelings of hate and fury. The villages through which their road lay were already up in arms: but they were soon reduced to obedience, and, in all of them, each tenth man was told off and shot.

By some unaccountable fatality, the English fleet remained lying to and inactive, without even communicating with the shore: so that the town of Menda was surrounded by the French troops, without the slightest show of resistance on the part of its inhabitants: who, disappointed in the succour on which they had relied, offered to surrender at discretion. Such as were more immediately implicated in the massacre of the garrison, justly presuming that, for their act, the town would be delivered up to flames, and the entire population put to death, by an effort of courage and self-devotion, not unfrequent in the war of the Peninsula, offered to become their proper accusers. This unexpected and extraordinary proposition was acceded to by the General; and he engaged to accord a pardon to the rest of the inhabitants, and prevent the town being fired or pillaged by the incensed soldiery. But, at the same time, he levied an enormous contribution on the people; for the payment of which, within twenty-four hours, he commanded that the principal and wealthiest residences should be given as hostages into his hands; and inflexibly decreed that all the persons appertaining to the chateau, from the Marquis to his lowest valet, should be placed, unconditionally, in his power.

Having seen his soldiers encamped, and taken all due precautions for their safety against a sudden attack, the General proceeded to the chateau, of which he immediately assumed military possession. The respective members, with the domestics of the family of Leganes, were bound with cords, and the ball-room was assigned them as a prison, the casements whereof opened upon the terrace: while the General and his staff occupied an adjoining suit of rooms where a council was holden, to adopt all necessary measures,

in the event of an attempted disembarkation by the British. Orders were given for the erection of batteries on the coasts, and despatches sent off to the Marshal.

The two hundred Spaniards who had acknow-ledged themselves as the authors of the massacre, and resigned themselves into the General's power, were drawn up on the terrace of the chateau, and shot, without a single exception. As soon as their execution had terminated, General G+\*i\*\*r ordered the erection of as many gallows as there were prisoners in the ball-room, on the same spot; directing, moreover, that the hangman of the town should be summoned.

Victor Marchand profitted by the interval in the work of death, which the execution of the General's orders required, to visit the unhappy prisoners; and a few minutes only elapsed before he again presented himself to his commanding officer. "I presume, Sir," he said, with much emotion, "to implore your consideration in behalf of the condemned family."

"You!" observed the General, with a sneer "Alas, Sir: it is a sorrowful indulgence they solicit. The Marquis, in observing the preparations for the approaching execution, trusts that you will deign to change the mode of punishment; and that such as are of noble blood may suffer by decapitation." "Granted," was the laconic reply. "He also hopes you will allow him to have the aid of religion; and in tendering his solemn engagement not to indulge in the thought of escape, he prays that he and his may be freed from their bonds." "Be it so," said the General: "you being responsible for the consequences. What further would you?" he added, sternly and impatiently, seeing the Colonel yet linger and hesitate to speak-"He presumes, Sir, to tender you all his wealth-his entire fortune—so that his youngest son might be spared." "Indeed," said the General; "it is no extraordinary exertion of generosity, as his property is already at the disposal of King Joseph. But," he continued, after some moments of reflection, while an indescribable expression of savage triumph lightened up his features-" I perceive all the importance attached to his last request, and shall even go beyond it. Let him then purchase the continuance of his name and family, that it may exist a memorial of his treason and its penalty. But it shall be on my terms; mark me-I leave his fortune free, and grant like pardon to such one of his sons as shall assume the office of executioner. I have said it-begone! and let me hear no more of him or his." General turned from Victor towards the chateau, where dinner for himself and staff had been just served; leaving the Colonel thunderstruck.

His brother officers eagerly hastened to satisfy an appetite provoked by fatigue, but he had no thought but for the wretched prisoners; and, summoning resolution again to meet them, he slowly entered the ball-room, where the father and mother, their three sons and two daughters, sat bound to their rich and gilded chairs; while the eight servants of the house stood with their arms tied behind their backs, mute and motionless, their looks turned on their superiors, as if to derive a lesson of courage or resignation from their bearing. At times a hasty exclamation disturbed the silence, attesting the regret of some bolder spirits, at having failed in their enterprize. The soldiers who guarded them were stern and silent, as if respecting the misfortunes of their enemies; and Victor shuddered as he looked upon the mournful spectacle of their distress, where but so lately joy and gaiety presided; and compared their afflicted state with the gaudy trappings which yet adorned the walls, as in mockery of the dreadful doom which they were sentenced in a few minutes to undergo.

Ordering the soldiers to loose the bonds of the others, he hastened to the release of Clara; and, while every eye was turned towards him with intense interest, he freed her beautifully moulded arms from the cords. Even in that moment of sorrow, he could not but admire the loveliness of the Spanish girl, her perfect form-her raven hair—her long, dark eye-lashes—and an eye too brilliant to be gazed on, suffused as it was with tears of anguish or indignation. "Have you succeeded?" she whispered, as he bent over her; and her look strove to penetrate his inmost thoughts. An involuntary groan was Victor's sole reply; and to avoid her ardent gaze, he threw a wild and piteous look upon her brothers and her parents, and again on her. The eldest son, Juanito, was about thirty years of age, short of stature, and scarcely well formed; but these defects were redeemed by a countenance eminently Spanish, proud, fierce, and disdainful, teeming with all his country's gallantry. Filippo, the second, was about twenty years of age, and bore an extraordinary resemblance to Clara. Raffaele, the youngest, was eight years old; a mild and passive creature, with much of patience or endurance in his gentle features. The venerable countenance of the aged Marquis, and his silver hair, offered a study worthy of Murillo. As he contemplated the mournful group, Victor knew not how to announce the General's determination. Compliance with it was surely out of the question; and why should the cup of grief, already full, be unnecessarily overcharged? The entreaties of Clara, however, overcame him; her face wore the hue of death as she listened, but she struggled violently with her feelings, and, assuming a comparatively calm and tranquil air, she arose and placed herself solemnly on her knees at her father's feet.—"Oh, Sir! -Father!" she exclaimed; and, as all leaned forward in breathless attention, her accents fell clear and distinct around, as earth upon the coffin-lid. "Command—command Juanito to swear, by all his hopes of mercy hereafter, that he will now obey your orders, whatever they may be, to their fullest extent, and we shall yet be happy."

The mother trembled from joy and hope, eagerly, as unobserved she bent forward to participate in the communication her daughter whispered in her father's ears. She heard, and fell

fainting to the earth. Juanito himself seemed evidently aware of its intent; for he writhed from rage and horror.

Victor now commanded the guards to quit the room, the Marquis renewing his promise of unconditional submission. They accordingly retired, leading away the domestics, who, as they issued forth, were delivered over, one by one, to the public executioner, and successively put to death.

Thus relieved from painful intrusion, the old man arose-" Juanito!" said he, sternly. The son, aware of his intention, only replied by an inclination of the head, indicative of a decided refusal. He then sank into a chair, while his wild, fixed, and haggard look rested upon his parent. "Come, come, Juanito; dearest brother!" said Clara, in an encouraging and cheerful tone, as she playfully placed herself upon his knee, one arm encircling his neck, the other hand fondly removing the hair from his burning forehead, which she affectionately kissed. "If you knew, my Juanito, my own kind brother, how welcome death would be, if given at your hand. Think, Juanito! my loved, loved, Juanito! that I shall thus escape the odious touch of the public executioner. You, you will end my sufferings: and so shall we thwart the triumph -." Her dark eye turned from Juanito full on Victor, as if to awaken in her brother's bosom all his hatred of the French.

"Be a man, brother. Summon all your courage!" said Filippo; "let not our name perish, and by your fault."

Clara arose; while all made way for the Marquis, who addressed his son. "It is my will-I command you, Juanito." The young Count moved not, stirred not; and his father fell at his feet. Raffaele, Filippo, and their sisters did the same, stretching forth their supplicating hands towards him, who alone could save their name from forgetfulness and extinction, while the Marquis, on his knees, continued, "My son, my Juanito, prove yourself a Spaniard. Show the stern resolve, the noble feeling of a Spaniard. Let not your father thus kneel in vain before you. What are your sufferings compared with the honour of those you love—those who so truly love you? Let not your own sorrows prevail against your father's prayer. Would I not die for you, were it required of me? Live then for us. Let not the hand of infamy insult my hoary head.—Is he our son, Madam?" indignantly exclaimed the Marquis, addressing his wife, as be arose, while Juanito, with a fixed and horrid stare, sat dead-like; the distended muscles of his livid front seeming less the traits of mortal man than those of chiselled marble.

"He yields, he yields," shrieked forth the mother, in accents of triumph and despair. "He consents," she cried, as she marked a slight movement of his brow, which she only could understand as implying the hard and cruel obedience of her child.

The almoner of the chateau entering, he was instantly surrounded by the family, who led him

towards Juanito, while Victor, no longer able to endure the scene, made sign to Clara of his intention, and rushed from the room to make one last effort with the General. Him he found in one of his milder moods, cheerfully conversing with his officers, while he partook of the delicious wines the cellars of the chateau afforded.

An hour afterwards, and one hundred of the principal inhabitants of Menda were assembled, by the General's orders, on the terrace, to witness the execution of the family of Leganes.—They were arranged beneath the line of gallows, on which hung the bodies of the Marquis's domestics; and a strong military guard preserved order. At about thirty paces distant, a block had been prepared, on which a large and naked soimetar was laid; while the executioner stood near to act, in the event of Juanito's refusal.

The dead silence which prevailed was interrupted by the sound of many footsteps; the slow and measured tread of soldiery, and the clattering of arms, drowned, at times, by the loud laugh of the officers over their wine. So had the dance and music, but shortly since, been mingled with the expiring groans of the French garrison. All eyes were now directed towards the chateau, and the several members of the Leganes family approached, with firm, unshrinking step, and countenances patient, calm and serene—save one. He pale, wan and heart stricken, leant upon the priest, who unceasingly urged every argument of religion, to sustain and console the wretched being who was alone condemned to live. The Marquis, his wife, and their four children, took their places at some paces distant from the block, and knelt. Juanito was led forward by the priest, and, having reached the fatal spot, the public executioner advanced and whispered him, haply imparting some necessary instructions in his dreadful mystery. The confessor would have arranged the victims so as to avoid, as far as possible, a view of the work of death; but they were Spaniards, and evinced no symptoms of

Clara now darted forwards to her brother.—
"Juanito!" she exclaimed, "you must have pity
on my weakness. I am a sad, sad, coward.—
Begin with me."

A hasty step was heard approaching—it was Victor. Clara was kneeling by the block, and her white neck already bared to the scimetar. The officer shuddered, but rushed forward—"Your life is spared, Clara. The General pardons you, if you consent—to—to be mine."

The Spanish lady looked on him for an instant; a proud, disdainful glance of withering scorn, "Quick, quick, Juanito," she murmured, in a hurried hollow voice, as she turned, and her head rolled at Victor's feet.

As the first dull blow of the heavy scimetar was heard, for one moment the mother's whole frame moved convulsively. It was the first and only sign of weakness exhibited.

"Am I well so—my good—good Juanito?" said the little Raffaele. "You weep, my Marquirita, my sister." And, verily, the voice of Juanito seemed as a voice from the tomb, as again he lifted the scimetar.

"It is for you, dear brother," she answered. "Poor, poor Juanito!—you will be without us all, alone, and so unhappy."

The tall commanding figure of the Marquis now approached. He looked on his children's blood, and then, turning towards the assembled Spaniards, and stretching forth his arms over Juanito, exclaimed, in a loud and resolute tone of voice:—"Spaniards, hear me! A father's blessing I give unto my son; may it ever rest on and with him!—His is the post of duty. Now, Marquis of Leganes, strike firm and surely, for thou art without reproach!"

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by the confessor—the scimetar struck heavily against the earth, as he shrieked in bitterest agony—"Mother!—God!—God!—it is too much—She bore—she nourished me.—Blood! and my mother's blood!" A cry of horror burst from all around. The bacchanalian orgies within the castle were at once ended.

The Marchioness, sensible that the strength and courage of her son had fled, cast one glance, and one only, at the scene at her feet; and then, aged as she was, leaped the terrace balustrade, and disappeared. As she fell upon the rocks beneath, the recking instrument of death dropped from the hand of Juanito. His eyes flashed an almost maniac fire. A low, gurgling sound, like a death-greeting, broke from his livid lips—life seemed to forsake his limbs—and he sunk senseless upon the ground, beside the beloved beings who had fallea by his hand.

Notwithstanding the unlimited respect and high honours accorded by his sovereign to the Marquis de Leganes-notwithstanding the title of El Verdugo, by which his ancient and noble name has been rendered yet more illustrious, the Marquis now lives an almost heart-broken and solitary man. The birth of an heir to his name and fortune (an event which, unhappily, deprived her who bore him of existence) had been impatiently awaited by him, and as his son saw the light, the father felt it was now his privilege, in Heaven's own time, to join that troop of shadows, that are ever with him and around him. With these, in his long hours of solitude, he holds strange discourse: and if he ever smile, it is when he points out his sleeping boy to those unseen beings-unseen by all, save himself—and swears by its innocent head, and by the generations yet unborn, an eternal enmity to France and to her children.

Man is belligerent by nature, and the thought of war summons up sensations and even faculties within him, that, in the common course of life, would have been no more discoverable than the bottom of the sea: the moral earthquake must come to strip the bosom to our gazo.

#### THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village Inn did gain, Just as the setting sun's last ray Tipt with refulgent gold the vane Of the old church, across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to begulie
In moralizing o'er the dead,
That moulder'd round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave show'd Where want and pain and toil did rest; And many a flatt'ring stone I view'd, O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.

A faded beach, its shadow brown, Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept: On which, tho' scarce with grass o'ergrown, Two ragged children sat and wept.

A place of bread between them lay, Which neither seem'd inclined to take; And yet they look'd so much a prey To want, it made my heart to ache.

"My little children, let me know Why you in such distress appear; And why you wasteful from you throw That broad which many a heart would cheer?

The little boy, in accents sweet,

Replied, whilst tears each other chas'd—

"Lady, we've not enough to eat,

And if we had we would not waste.

- "But, sister Mary's naughty grown,
  And will not eat, whate'er I say,
  Though sure I am the bread's her own,
  And she has tasted none to-day."
- "Indeed, (the wan, starv'd Mary said)
  Till Henry eats I'll eat no more;
  For yesterday I got some bread;
  He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave; I felt as tho' deprived of speech— I stlent sat upon the grave, And press'd a clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shiv'ring boy did nearer draw,
And thus their tale of woe impart—

- "Before my father went away, Enticed by bad men o'er the sen, Sister and I did maught but play— We lived beside you great ask tree.
- "And then poor mother did so cry,
  And look'd so changed, I cannot tell;
  She told us that she soon should die,
  And bade us love each other well.
- "She said that when the war is o'er, Perhaps we might our father see; But if we never saw him more, That God our father then would be,
- "She kiss'd us both, and then she died, And we no more a mother have— Here many a day we sat and cried Together on poor mother's grave.
- "But when our father came not here, I thought if we could find the sea, We should be sure to meet him there, And once again might happy be.

- "We hand in hand went many a mile, And ask'd our way of all we met, And some did sigh, and some did smile, And we of some did victuals get.
- "But when we reached the sea, and found,
  "Twas one great water round us spread,
  We thought that father must be drown'd,
  And cried and wish'd us both were dead.
- "Lo, we return'd to mother's grave, And only long with her to be! For Goody, when this bread she gave, Said father died beyond the sea.
- "Then since no parents have we here, We'll go and seek for God around, Lady, pray can you tell us where That God, our father, may be found.
- "He lives in Heaven, mother said, And Goody says that mother's there; So if she thinks we want his aid, I think, perhaps, she'll send him here."
- I clasp'd the prattiens to my breast, And cried—"Come both and live with me, I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest, And will a second mother be.
- "And God will be your father still;
  'Twas he in mercy sent me here,
  To teach you to obey his will,
  Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

## THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

"For the postilence that walketh is darkness, nor the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall come not nigh thee."

In is the city of the plague, of mourning, and of death,
There's desolation in the air and poison in its breath;
The sickening scourge of terror has levelled in its train
The high and low, the rich and poor, and ruled the couch
of pain.

It has blanch'd the cheek of beauty, and chased the blooming rose,

And swept the gentle maiden from her calm and sweet repose;

It has wreck'd the parent's heart in sorrowing o'er her son, She murmurs in her wretchedness—"O Lord, thy will be done!"

It has set the canker worm on manhood's glowing cheek; Has bowed the spirit of the brave, the humble and the meek; The infant is an orphan ere the closing of the day; Yet 'tie " the will of Him who gave and taketh now away;"

Yet 'tis" the will of Him who gave and taketh now away;"
Has dimm'd the eye of childhood with the first full tear of
grief,

And broke the wo-worn heart with pain which struggled for relief;

Has left the lovely mourner on her widowed couch alone, The whisperings of love exchang'd for sorrow's anguish'd moan.

Has fill'd affliction's bitter cup, o'erflowing to the brim;
The world that is, the world that was, in chaos seems to swim;

Mankind, in terror, shun to hold communion with their race:

There's peril in the multitude, despair in every face.

Creator of the Universe! O God above, 'tis Thou,

Who knowest best what is for us; we to thy judgments

bow.

Hear all thy humble suppliants who Thee approach is prayer:

Spare all the people from the scourge. Thy mercy let them

## THE YOUNG WIDOW OF BREMEN.

THERE is a mural monumental tablet, in a common field wall, near a handsome house in the suburbs of Bremen. On one side of the lane in which it stands are the court-yards of some spacious residences; on the other is a walk, leading through some of the prettiest fields near the town.

Two travellers, in the last century, stopped to gaze on this tablet, which appeared to have been very recently erected. It was of very fine execution, and looked fitter for some old church than the place where it stood. The design represented a kneeling female figure, mourning over an urn; in her position and features remorse was mingled with grief. Her eyes were hidden by the hand which supported the weeping head. By the broken sword and entangled balance on which her feet rested, the mourner seemed to personify Justice. No inscription or other guide to the meaning appeared, and our travellers turned eagerly to see if any one were near who could explain what the monument meant, and why it was placed there.

At length an old man, of a sad, but benevolent countenance, came slowly up; and of him they inquired the meaning of this tablet. He sighed deeply, and then bade them sit down beside him on the grass.

You might look long, (said the old man, after a pause of some minutes,) on the crowded ramparts of Bremen, when all the fairest were there, ere your eye rested on a more beautiful face, or a lighter, and more graceful figure, than Mary Von Korper's. Often were her dark eyes beaming, and her little feet seen twinkling, on the favorite resorts of the fair and the gay; and if the stranger asked who she was, whose smile was brightest, and who moved along so trippingly, the answer from all or any of her townsmen would be ever the same, "'Tis the young widow of Bremen." And fair-very fair she still was; still looked she younger than many girls under twenty, though she had been the young widow of Bremen for seventeen years at least.

She had been married when a mere child; her husband died soon after the birth of his only son, and marriage seemed never to have dimmed the first freshness of her youth and beauty; so that when her son Hermann returned now and then from Jena, where he studied, and when he and his mother walked together, even her near neighbours thought rather of a brother and sister, than of a mother and her son. And he looked rather her older than younger brother, for Hermann, like his father, was of a thoughtful, deeply-channelled cast of features, whilst our widow had the light, sunny glance of a girl. So young, so handsome, and so fond of life and enjoyment, it seemed strange that Mary had never married again. This was not for want of offers. Each suitor, however, met the same cold, civil repulse, and the same answer, in nearly the same words. She said that she could not love him. Indeed, the standing jest of her neighbours was, that Mary never looked serious, save when refusing an offer-

Up to the period of our narrative, her life, during her widowhood, had been pure above the breath of scandal; but the same could not wholly be said of her married career. There were queer tales of a young Bavarian officer, whom her husband had found too familiar with his household on his return from a short absence, and whom he drove an die degens spitze out of Bremen; for Hermann Von Korper the older, was a man whom few dared to trifle with. But nothing more was ever made of this story than a mere domestic quarrel, and the early unblemished widowhood of Mary banished it from the memories of all save the very old, or the very scandalous.

Our narrative properly begins with the return of young Hermann home in the autumn. He was now eighteen—full of impetuous passions and feelings; just in this point resembling his father, though when nothing roused him, you would have thought him a quiet, melancholy, low-voiced youth.

The household of Mary Von Korper included a Verwalter, or land and house-steward—a sort of confidential manager, raised over all the other servants, and filling, in some sort, the place of master of her establishment. This office had long been filled by one who had entitled himself to the esteem of all the neighbours, and they all sorrowed greatly when old Muller was persuaded by his kind young mistress to better his fortune, by accepting a far higher service which she, unsolicited, procured for him. His place was filled by a wholly different sort of person, and filled so rapidly, that few knew of the change until the stranger was amongst them. Adolphe Brauer was a far younger man than his predecessor, but he was far less liked. Not because he was rude or haughty to the poor; on the contrary his manners were more than commonly courteous. But all this suavity wanted heartiness and sincerity, and he was feared rather than loved.

I knew the widow's family at this time, and with herself I was always on terms of the most friendly and confidential intercourse. Before this visit, I had been as kindly received by her son as was possible with one of his close and reserved character. Now, however, his manners were more than cold; they were absolutely repulsive.

Meanwhile, rumours began to circulate: first scattered and low-whispered—then more uniform and frequent—louder in voice and bolder in assertion, against the character of my fair neighbour. It was said that the new steward seemed high in his lady's confidence and favour; that he was admitted to many long and close private consultations with her; nay, even that die junge Wiltwe had been seen leaning on his arm in the open street; and sorely were the antique Misses

Keppelcranick, time out of mind, the best modistes in Bremen, scandalized thereat. Out of this same walk had further arisen a most remarkable rencontre which was witnessed by Peter Snick the tailor, who lay perdu behind a high wall, over which, now and then, he could peep with fear and trembling.

Hermann, who had left his mother's house for the day, but had returned home sooner than he had expected, on turning a corner into the Bauerstrasse, met his mother leaning on the arm of Adolphe Brauer; they separated hastily, with fearful looks, the moment they saw him. Hermann merely gave his mother one stern glance; then springing on the steward, he seized him by the throat. Adolphe quailed before his fury; indeed, the steward was rather of a crafty nature than of boiling courage; and when his young master flung him from him, and ordered him home, he obeyed without a word. Hermann then, with a proud cold air, took his mother's arm, who looked more dead than alive; and both vanished from the terrified gaze of Peter Snick.

After this the fair widow was not often seen abroad, until an event occurred which filled the whole neighbourhood with wonder and discussion. The very day when young Hermann should have returned to Jena, Adolphe Brauer vanished as completely as if the earth had gaped and swallowed him. The affrighted widow, on being asked by the servants, who waited for the steward's usual household orders, whether she knew what had become of him, merely shook her head and wept. She begged those most in her confidence to avoid mentioning the name of Brauer, for that her son had taken so deep a hatred to him, that the sound of it excited him to phrenzy. Hermann, however, soon made it known that he had sent Adolphe away, and that he would never return. He recalled the late steward, and stayed a day past the time he had intended, to welcome him home. All this time he was unusually merry; and set off for Jena in high spirits.

But a short interval had elapsed ere I remarked, with sorrow, that the widow's health and spirits grew worse from day to day. Whilst I was pondering over the propriety of writing to her son in Jena, an old man arrived suddenly in Bremen, begging to be directed to the widow Von Korper. He said he was Ludwig Brauer, the father of Adolphe her steward, and that he had come all the way from Weimar to see his son. When he heard that Adolphe had departed, some months before, no one knew whither, he displayed the greatest agitation and grief. In the end, a chapter of minute inquiries was addressed to Hermann, the only person of whom intelligence was to be sought; and until the answer could come from Jena, the restless and anxious stranger asked all the neighbours around for news of his son. But Adolphe Brauer was of a distant and reserved disposition, and had mentioned his designs to none. Yet some tidings of him were gleaned; though these were after all but scanty. Once more had Peter Snick, the tailor, been playing the listener.

None, save himself, had seen Adolphe on the day when he was suddenly missed. But at a very early hour, not long after sunrise, Peter, by some strange chance, happened to be passing the corner of this very wall here, at the back of the widow Von Korper's residence—a lane very little frequented. Suddenly he came up to young Hermann, who stood in his morning gown and slippers. The young man was in a high fury; one hand grasped the collar of Adolphe Brauer, and the other held a stout oaken cudgel. What more passed, Peter Snick knew not. He feared being punished as an eaves-dropper, and sneaked back silently to Bremen.

Nothing would satisfy old Ludwig, but a visit to the very place where his son had been seen for the last time. Peter led him; and to the astonishment of all present, the old man, in sitting down on a stone, covered by high weeds, to rest, whilst Snick acted over his story on the very spot, found something hidden amongst nettles and dock-weeds. It was a man's hat, crushed and broken, which, by a broad lace he wore, was remembered in a moment to have belonged to Adolphe Brauer.

Business called me to Lubec whilst these strange events were passing; and on my return some months after, I was aghast to learn that Hermann Von Korper was in prison, charged with the murder of Adolphe Brauer, and the concealment of the body. The proof rested principally on their known disagreement-the sudden disappearance of Brauer-the undenied story of Peter Snick, and the discovery of this hat on the very spot where their last quarrel was supposed to have taken place. The grand difficulty, which no inquiry threw any light upon, was to find how the body had been disposed of. To complete the chain of testimony, an expedient was resorted to, which cannot be contemplated without horror. They examined the prisoner by torture! Young Hermann was laid upon a low iron bedstead, and his wrists and ancles passed through tight iron rings secured to the four posts. A heavy weight was placed upon his breast. Then the bed was drawn out of the frame by machinery, leaving his body supported by the wrists and ancles alone, and bearing this ponderous load. At first the great muscular force and symmetry of his frame endured this severe tension, and he suffered apparently but little. Soon, however, his limbs quivered violently; and huge drops started upon his forehead, and ran down in a stream to the

Then the judge called aloud, asking him "Whether he would confess where he had hidden the body of Adolphe Brauer, whom he had murdered?" "You may kill me," cried Hermann, in a weak voice broken by agony, "but I die innocent, and have told you all the truth." From the strength displayed by the wretched young man it was thought he had not suffered pain enough to break his obstinacy. Strong levers were applied to the four sides of the bed, by which his limbs were further strained. Hitherto he had suffered silently; now he scarcely stifled a shriek, and

groaned heavily and incessantly. The executioner then brought a second heavy stone, and laid it over the other upon his breast. Human nature gave way: their barbarity had done its worst. He uttered a loud and piercing shriek, and trembled all over so violently, that the joints of his wrists broke. He became quite senseless. His mouth was wetted with a feather, to recal sensation, and the question repeated, but no sign of consciousness was returned. They were forced to end their horrid cruelty—and by many strong stimulants, with difficulty recalled him to life.

He was taken back to his prison, and left all night alone, barely furnished with some liquid to · allay his fever, and keep his poor racked frame alive till morning. On the following day he was again brought up for examination. I was present; for I hoped to be able to bring some evidence in his favour; but I was little prepared for the cruel scene which followed. He was brought in, supported by two officers, looking so pale, so anguish-worn, that I could hardiy recognize him. When he was brought near the terrible "bed of judgment," and compelled to touch it whilst be answered the questions put to him, his whole frame trembled like a leaf. He returned the same answer as before, and passionately called Heaven to witness that he was guiltless of the blood of Adolphe. The judges began to pity him, and obviously believed him innocent, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, when the counsel for old Ludwig Brauer craved leave to examine another who had just arrived in Bremen. As soon as young Von Korper looked on this stranger, he half shouted aloud, and then turned his head away. The witness said his name was Ernest Hortsberg, son of the minister of a Lutheran church in Hamburg. He deposed that he was a fellow-student, intimate with young Hermann in Jena; that he had heard the prisoner, on receiving certain letters from Bremen, break out into the most violent and frightful imprecations against Adolphe Brauer, vowing to take his life.

Hermann prayed leave to ask this witness some few questions, when it appeared that they had been rivals for the affections of Sophia Meyer, daughter of the Greek professor at Jena, and that Hermann was the favoured lover; further, that they had fought two separate duels on this quarrel, in both of which young Hortsberg had been worsted. Though these discoveries threw some suspicion over the evidence, yet they seemed important enough to demand a second investigation, by putting "the question"—that is to say, by torture.

Who could paint the looks of young Hermann when this decision was announced, and he was once more asked "what became of Adolphe Brauer?" In a voice that went to my very heart, he called Heaven to witness that if he were torn alive joint from joint, he could not tell more than he had already revealed. They made ready again to tie him to the dreadful bed, but when they touched his sweln dislocated wrists, he fairly

shricked aloud, and earnestly called on God for the mercy which man denied. He was bound in the rack; and I had covered my eyes, and was prepared to rush out, for I could bear to see no more, when he called out wildly, that "if they would but untie him, and bring him water, he would confess all." I was thunderstruck on hearing these words, and stood fixed to the spot, looking on him in wonder. He spoke hurriedly and confusedly, and told some tale of his having had a quarrel with Brauer for supplanting his friend, old Muller. He said he made some pretext on that fatal morning for their going out early, to give him an opportunity to commit the murder; that a true account had been given by Peter Snick, soon after whose departure he struck Brauer heavily with a bludgeon, and killed him; that a pedlar happening to pass with a packhorse, he bribed him to take away the body, and that he had never seen the man again, and did not know how he disposed of it; but finding the steward's hat left in the hurry by the pedlar, where it had fallen in the scuffle, he hid it amongst the weeds, just as the old man found it. Having signed this confession, he was taken back to prison.

For some time after he was gone I stood as one stupified; my ears tingled as if I had been hearing the dizzy sounds of a dream, or of delirium. Was young Hermann, then, really a murderer? Impossible! I had known him from a child! But his own confession! I resolved instantly to see him in prison; and though all approach of his friends was denied to him, by a heavy bribe, I obtained that very morning admission to his cell.

When I approached the stone on which he lay heavily manacled, and looked on his sickly emaciated features, I could feel only pity for him, and should have stretched out my hand to him had he been guilty of a hundred murders; but he shrank from me, and hid his face. "You are kind," said he faintly; "but I cannot bear to see you-I am not worthy of the light." "There is forgiveness," I replied, "for all sin which is repented of; and there may have been some palliation for yours—sudden passion—an accidental blow "-he instantly sprang up to the full stretch of his shackles. "You surely cannot think that I killed him?" cried he. "Your own voice said it," I replied. He answered in low and halfchoked accents, "God pardon me! What could I do? I should have died beneath their hands. The very sight of that rack maddened me. I could not bear that second torture (holding up his crushed hands). I said all they wanted, for leave to die in peace; but to stain my fair name-to be beheaded as a murderer—to die with a lie on my lips! God pardon me! My poor, poor mother!"

I now saw the whole truth; and my heart bled with indignation and sorrow. I vowed I would make his innocence appear: it was impossible his judges could be wicked enough to condemn him. He shook his head mournfully, and begged I would comfort his mother.

All my efforts-all that man could do was vain.

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His own hand had sealed his fate. He was convicted, and—executed.

I will hasten over what I cannot bear to think of. He died resigned and firm. Up to the very last moment he told no one of his real confession to me. But just ere his eyes were bound, he turned to the multitude, and cried loudly, "That for the sake of his father's name, and his mother, who yet lived, he would not die without raising his voice to declare before God that he died innocent of blood—that in the madness of torture and agony he had confessed to utter falsehoods merely to procure ease, for which he implored Heaven to pardon him!" Then he prayed in silence, and waited for the death-blow.

His poor mother pined daily. She could not be prevailed upon to stir into the open air; and if she had now been seen as of old, gliding along the ramparts, few would have recognized in her wasted features the young widow of Bremen.

There was another sad page in this unhappy story. She received a parcel from Jena, which contained a small box, and a letter from Franz Meyer, the Greek professor. His daughter Sophia was dead; her last care had been to make up this little pacquet—her last request that he would send it when she died, to Mary Von Korper. It contained young Hermann's portrait, and a note from poor Sophia. She said that she sent her lover's features to the only one now on earth who knew how to love them; and that she prayed with her parting breath, that Heaven might bring her to join them where his innocence would be known to all, as it was now known to them alone.

It was many years before Mary Von Korper crossed her threshhold. At last I prevailed on her to walk slowly about the neighbourhood of her house. She seemed slowly sinking into the grave; and her physician told her that exercise was her only chance of life. One morning she expressed a wish to cross some fields at the back of her house, where there was a seat, in a beautiful little woodland, of which she used to be fond. We proceeded onwards; as we slowly passed the corner of this wall here, where the fatal scuffle between Hermann and young Brauer had taken place so long before, I saw an officer-standing on this very spot, his arms folded, looking towards us. Mary was then leaning on me, holding her face down; and just before she lifted her head to speak to me, I was shocked to feel how light was her emaciated frame, though I was then bearing her whole weight. As she raised and turned her head, her eyes fell full on the stranger's features: she gave him one wild earnest look, shrieked, and sank lifeless in my arms. The stranger sprang forwards to hold her. "Lay her on the ' said he, " she has only fainted; run to the house for water, and I will support her."

When I came back she was sitting on the grass, leaning on the stranger, whom she introduced to me as Ernest Von Harstenleit, a friend of her early days, whom she had not seen for a long—long time; the sudden meeting, she said, had been too great a shock for her weak frame.

I begged her to let us take her home, that she might rest, and quiet her fevered nerves. We proceeded thither—the stranger and I supporting her between us. When we entered she appeared unable to bear up a moment longer, and called, faintingly, for water. Old Muller, who had watched her return with much anxiety, came himself to attend on her. She looked zildly but significantly at him, and then at me-pointed to the stranger, and gasped out rather than spoke-"Seize him! He is Adolphe; Adolphe, for whom my boy was murdered!" She fainted as the words left her lips, and we were running towards her, when a quick movement of the stranger warned us not to let him escape. The undefined feeling which had made me gaze so earnestly upon him was fully explained. He was, indeed, Adolphe Brauer, for whose supposed murder my poor young friend had been executed! The conspiracy to procure the death of young Hermann, by this false accusation, was clearly brought home to him, and he was executed for it; but the accomplice who had appeared as his father, escaped detection. The poor widow only survived for a few days the shock of this sudden discovery; and from his confession, and her disclosure to me, just before her death, the tissue of this strange and mournful story was made complete.

Ernest Von Harstenleit was the Bavarian officer, of whom mention was made in the beginning of my story. Mary confessed that her husband's suspicions were not groundless. During his absence her heart had been won by the stranger, and when he returned, she had forgotten her duty and was in Ernest's power. Her husband's fury drove Von Harstenleit ignominiously from the town; and he fled, no one knew whither. During his absence, it appeared by his own confession, that the wretch had employed a woman, since but too notorious throughout Germany, who entered Von Korper's service as cook, merely to poison him.

It was long ere the officer ventured again on the scene; but in his new character of steward he soon regained his ascendancy over the widow, who had no suspicion of his agency in her husband's death. Indeed, I suspect, he was the only man she ever really loved. The fury of young Hermann, who discovered their attachment, drove away the disguised steward; and the scene that ensued, happened just as poor Hermann had confessed—save in the catastrophe.

Burning with hatred, Adolphe fled wounded, and without his hat, which had been struck off in the struggle. He resumed the military dress which he had worn previous to his assuming the disguise of a steward, and Adolphe Brauer was now no more. With the malice of a fiend, Ernest devised the plot, which, by the aid of a suborned villain, brought poor Hermann to the scaffold. He would have remained undetected, had he not madly thought Mary's love would follow him through every depth of crime. No eye but hers could recognize him, and on her he relied undoubtingly.

But though the sanctuary of her affections had been polluted—though even to the last her love remained, and the struggle killed her; Mary Von Korper shrank with horror from the assassin of her son. To clear his memory, she gave up her guilty love; but it was twined in the very heart-strings of her life, and she survived not the sacrifice. \_\_.

crifice. This is the spot, (said the old man, turning to the travellers,) where the murder was alleged to have been committed; and here Mary begged me with her last breath to put up this tablet, that the stranger might learn, and the inhabitant never forget, that this history is mournfully true, and no idle legend.

#### MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is certainly a condition upon which the happiness or misery of life does very much depend; more, indeed, than most people think beforehand. To be confined to live with one perpetually, for whom we have no liking or esteem, must certainly be an uneasy state.-There had need be a great many good qualities to recommend a constant conversation with one, when there is some share of kindness; but without love, the very best of all good qualities will never make a constant conversation casy and delightful. And whence proceed those innumerable domestic miseries that plague and utterly confound so many families, but from want of love and kindness in the wife or husband-from these come their neglect and careless management of affairs at home, and their profuse, extravagant expenses abroad. In a word, it is not easy, as it is not needful, to recount the evils that arise abundantly from the want of conjugal affection

And since this is so certain, a man or woman runs the most fearful hazard that can be, who marries without this affection in themselves, and without good assurance of it in the other. Let your love advise before you choose, and your choice be fixed before you marry. Remember the happiness or misery of your life depends upon this one act, and that nothing but death can dissolve the knot. A single life is doubtless preferable to a married one, where prudence and affection do not accompany the choice; but where they do, there is no terrestrial happiness equal to the married state. There cannot be too near an equality, too exact a harmony, betwixt a married couple—it is a step of such weight as calls for all our foresight and penetration; and, especially, the temper and education must be attended to. In unequal matches, the men are more generally in fault than the women, who can seldom be choosers.

"Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make your fortune than your happiness."

Marriages, founded on affection, are the most happy. Love, says Addision, ought to have shot its roots deep, and to be well grown, before we enter into that state. There is nothing which

more nearly concerns the peace of mankind—it is his choice in this respect, on which his happiness or misery in life depends. Though Solomon's description of a wise and good woman may be thought too mean and mechanical for this refined generation, yet certain it is, that the business of a family is the most profitable and honourable study they can employ themselves in. The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is, when she has in her countenance mildness—in her spirit, wisdom—in her behaviour, modesty—and in her life, virtue.

### FORMATION OF MOUNTAINS.

It is an opinion now entertained, almost universally, by the most distinguished geologists, that the great mountain chains have been upraised from the bowels of the earth subsequently to the stratification and consolidation of the exterior crust.-Now, if we admit this theory, it will follow as a natural consequence, that the melted matter extruded by force, acting from below would carry along with it the consolidated strata, which would thus obtain an inclined position, and form a covering to the flanks of the new mountain. The nature of the strata which cover the sides of a mountain chain will therefore indicate the state of the surface at the epoch when the elevation took place; and hence, since geologists are able to assign certain relations, in respect of age or priority of formation, among the different stratifications, we are enabled, by the same means, to determine the relative ages of the mountains. But it is extremely remarkable that those chains which are covered by strata, or sedimental deposits, belonging to the same era of formation, are generally found to range in a direction parallel to the same great circle of the sphere; and this relation between the direction of the mountain chains and the nature of their covering has been found to hold good in so many instances, that some geologists of distinguished name do not hesitate to rank it among the principles of their science, and to regard the parallelism of different chains as a distinctive character of synchronous elevation. According to this theory, which was first broached by Elie de Beaumont, and which Humboldt thinks the phenomena of the Asiatic continent tend to support, the four great parallel chains of Central Asia must have had a contemporaneous formation, while the transverse ranges of the Oural, the Bolor, the Ghauts of Malabar, and the Khing-khan, have been elevated at a subsequent and probably a very different epoch. In the present state of geological knowledge, the hypothesis of Beaumont cannot be admitted to rest on firm or tenable grounds; yet it cannot be disputed that even in the position of the different mountain-chains, and without any reference to the materials of which they are constituted, we have abundant evidence that the earth has only attained its present form through a succession of revolutions caused by the action of internal forces.—Foreign Quarterly Review

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#### STATUM OF PETER THE GREAT, AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

This superb work of modern art stands in one of the finest squares of St. Petersburgh, and of Europe, according to Sir Robert Ker Porter. It was erected by command of the Empress Catherine, and, like all her projects, bears the stamp of greatness. The name of the artist is Falconet: "He was a Frenchman; but," adds Sir R. K. P. "this statue, for genius and exquisite execution, would have done honour to the best sculptors of any nation. A most sublime conception is displayed in the design. The allegory is finely imagined; and had he not sacrificed the result of the whole to the prominence of his group, the grand and united effect of the statue and its pedestal striking at once upon the eye, would have been unequalled in the works of man. A mass of granite, of a size at present most immense, but formerly most astonishing, is the pedestal. A steep acclivity, like that of a rugged mountain, carries the eye to its summit, which looks down on the opposite side to a descent nearly perpendicular. The figure of the hero is on horseback, supposed to have attained the object of his ambition, by surmounting all the apparent impossibilities which so arduous an enterprise presented. The victorious animal is proudly rearing on the highest point of the rock, whilst his imperial master stretches forth his mighty arm, as the father and protector of his country. A serpent, in attempting to impede his course, is trampled on by the feet of the horse, and writhing in all the agonies of expiring nature. The Emperor is seated on the skin of a bear; and habited in a tunic, or sort of toga, which forms the drapery behind. His left hand guides the reins; his right is advanced straight forward on the same side of the horse's neck. The head of the statue is crowned with a laurel wreath." It was formed from a bust of Peter, modelled by a young French damsel. The contour of the face expresses the most powerful command, and exalted, boundless, expansion of thought. "The horse," says Sir Robert, " is not to be surpassed. To all the beauties of the ancient form, it unites the easy grace of nature with a fire which pervades every line; and gives such a life to the statue, that as you gaze you expect to see it leap from the pinnacle into the air. The difficulty of keeping so great a mass of weighty metal in so volant an attitude, has been admirably overcome by the artist. sweep of the tail, with the hinder parts of the horse, are interwoven with the curvatures of the expiring snake; and together compose a sufficient counterpoise to the figure and forepart of

Our representation of this masterpiece of art is copied from a Russian medallion presented to an ingenious English artist, Mr. W. H. Brooke, by M. Francia.

<sup>\*</sup> Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden. By Sin Robert Ker Porter, 4to. Digitized by

### THE HOME OF LOVE.

WY WES. HEWARS.

They sin who tell us love can die. With Life all other Passions fly, All others are but vanity;—

But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.—Souther.

Frow movest in visions, Love !—Around thy way, E'en through this World's rough path and changeful day, Forever floats a gleam,

Not from the realms of Moonlight or the Morn, But thine our Soul's illumined chambers born— The colouring of a dream!

Love, shall I read thy dream?—Oh! is it not All of some sheltering, wood-embosomed spot— A bower for thee and thine?

Yes! lone and lowly is that Home; yet there Something of Heaven in the transparent air Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that glorifies
Bends o'er it ever from the tender skies,
As o'er some Blessed Isle;
E'en like the soft and spiritual glow,
Kindling rich woods, whereon th' ethereal bow
Sleeps lovingly awhile.

The very whispers of the Wind have there
A flute-like harmony that seems to bear
Greeting from some bright shore,
Where none have said Farewell!—where no decay
Lends the faint crimson to the dying day;
Where the Storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,
In the deep sanctuary of one true breast
Hidden from earthly ill:
There would'st thou watch the homeward step, whose sound
Wakening all Nature to sweet echoes round,
Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a glorious page,
From mind to mind th' immortal heritage,
For thee its treasures pour;
Or Music's voice at vesper hours be heard,
Or dearer interchange of playful word,
Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,
Thence duly should arise;
Lifting the eternal hope, th' adoring breath,
Of Spirits, not to be disjoined by Death,
Up to the starry skies.

There, dost thou believe, no storm should come
To mar the stillness of that Angel-home;—
There should thy slumbers be
Weighed down with honey-dew, serenely bless'd,
Like theirs who first in Eden's Grove took rest
Under some balmy tree.

Love! Love! thou passionate in Joy or Woe!
And can'st then hope for cloudless peace below—
Here, where bright things must die?
Oh, thou! that, wildly worshipping, doet shed
On the frail altar of a mortal head
Gifts of infinity!

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful Love!

Danger seems gathering from beneath, above,

Still round thy precious things;—

Thy stately Pine-tree, or thy gracious Rose, In their sweet shade can yield thee no repose, Here, where the blight hath wings.

And, as a flower with some fine sense imbued To ahrink before the wind's vicissitude,

So in thy prescient breast
Are lyre strings quivering with prophetic thrill
To the low footstep of each coming ill;—
—Oh: canst Thos dream of rest?

Bear up thy dream! thou Mighty and thou Weak Heart, strong as death, yet as a reed to break,

As a flame, tempest-swayed!

He that sits calm on High is yet the source

Whence thy soul's current hath its troubled course,

He that great Deep hath made!

Will He not pity?—He, whose searching eye
Reads all the secrets of thine agony?—
Oh: pray to be forgiven
Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
And seek with Him that Bower of Blessedness—
Love! thy sole Home is Heaven!

### THE CONTRAST.

SEE you this picture? Such the once bright look Of that worn aged woman, bending low O'er the large pages of that Hollest Book, With dull fixed eye, and pale lips moving slow.

What earnest find you in that rulned shrine
Of weary, wasted, poor humanity,
Of the full loveliness so like divine
Of form and face, she wore in days gone by?

Is this the figure, wrought in truest mould,
Whose natural graces owned such power to move,
Is this the brow—the giance—whose mirror told
Nought dwelt within but joy, and truth, and love?

And more than all, is this the mind that drew
Thought, fancy, feeling, from the meanest thing,
And its own mystery of enchantment threw
O'er other hearts, till echoed every string:

This is strange contrast—but how such things are, Bewilder not thy watchful wondering heart; For I will show thee contrast deeper far, And more enduring—yet thou with not start.

Amid the spirits of departed worth, Who now in sainted glory lifted high, Look down upon the busy fields of earth, From their offulgent chambers in the sky;—

Methinks already, throned in light, I see
That feeble matron's soul to heaven upborne—
A floating seraph, blessed, pure, and free,
As golden cloudlet on a summer's morn!

And e'en when dazzling in her life's best hour, Bloom on her cheek, and beauty on her brow, Oh! was she not a weak and worthless flower Compared with all she is in glory now!

That form, so peerless once, was but of clay;
That heart, tho' warm, was mortal in its feeling;—
But radiant now in heaven's eternal day,
Each moment as it files is ayo revealing

More and more clear the spirit's perfect mind; Whose holy eye our noblest darings here Views but in sorrow, and compassion kind, And o'er their stain, lets fall an Angel's tear!

Oh, endless mystery of Almighty Power!
That from the acorn rears the giant tree,
And grants to Faith for a triumphant dower,
The crown that never fades—of Immortality!

# PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

THE THUNDER-STRUCK.

In the summer of 18—, London was visited by one of the most tremendous thunder-storms that have been known in this climate. Its character and effects—some of which latter form the subject of this chapter—will make me remember it to the latest hour of my life.

There was something portentous—a still, surcharged air—about the whole of Tuesday, the 10th of July, 18—, as though nature were trembling and cowering beneath the coming shock. From about eleven o'clock at noon the sky wore a lurid, threatening aspect that shot awe into the beholder; suggesting to startled fancy the notion, that within the dim confines of the "labouring air" mischief was working to the world.

The heat was intolerable, keeping almost every body within doors. The very dogs, and other cattle in the streets, stood everywhere panting and loath to move. There was a prodigious excitement, or rather agitation diffused throughout the country, especially London; for, strange to say, (and thousands will recollect the circumstance,) it had been for some time confidently foretold by certain enthusiasts, religious as well as philosophic, that the earth was to be destroyed that very day; in short, that the awful Judgment was at hand!

By the time I reached home, late in the afternoon, I felt in a fever of excitement. I found an air of apprehension throughout the whole house. My wife, children, and a young visitor, were all together in the parlour, looking out for me, through the window, anxiously-and with paler faces than they might choose to own. The visitor just alluded to, by the way-was a Miss Agnes P-, a girl of about twenty-one, the daughter of an old friend and patient of mine. Her mother, a widow, (with no other child than this,) resided in a village about fifty miles from town-from which she was expected, in a few days' time, to take her daughter back again into the country. Miss - was, without exception, the most charming young woman I think I ever met with. The beauty of her person but faintly showed forth the loveliness of her mind and the amiability of her character. There was a rich languor, or rather softness of expression about her features, that to me is enchanting, and constitutes the highest and rarest style of feminine loveliness. Her dark, pensive, searching eyes, spoke a soul full of feeling and fancy. If you, reader, had but felt their gaze—had seen them—now glistening in liquid radiance upon you, from beneath their long dark, lashes—and then sparkling with enthusiasm, while the flush of excitement was on her beautiful features, and her white hands hastily folded back her auburn tresses from her alabaster brow, your heart would have thrilled as mine often has, and you would with me have exclaimed in a sort of ecstacy-" Star of your

sex!" The tones of her voice, so mellow and various-and her whole carriage and demeanour, were in accordance with the expression of her features. In person she was a little under the average height, but most exquisitely moulded and proportioned; and there was a Hebe-like ease and grace about all her features. She excelled in almost all feminine accomplishments; but the "things wherein her soul delighted, were music and romance. A more imaginative, etherealized creature was surely never known. It required all the fond and anxious surveillance of her friends to prevent her carrying her tastes to excess, and becoming in a manner, unfitted for the "dull commerce of dull earth." No sooner had this fair being made her appearance in my house, and given token of something like a prolonged stay, than I became the most popular man in the circle of my acquaintance. Such assiduous calls to enquire after my health, and that of my family !- Such a multitude of menyoung ones, to boot-and so embarrassed with a consciousness of the poorness of the pretence that drew them to my house! Such matronly enquiries from mothers and elderly female relatives, into the nature and extent of "sweet Miss P---'s expectations?" During a former stay at my house, about six months before the period of which I am writing, Miss P- surrendered her affections—(to the delighted surprise of all her friends and relatives)—to the quietest and perhaps the worthiest of her claimantsyoung man, then preparing for orders at Oxford. Never, sure, was there a greater contrast between the tastes of a pledged couple: she all feeling, romance, enthusiasm; he serene, thoughtful, and matter-of-fact. It was most amusing to witness their occasional collisions on subjects which brought into play their respective tastes and qualities; and interesting to note, that the effect was invariably to raise the one in the other's estimation—as if they mutually prized most the qualities of the other. Young N- had spent two days in London-the greater portion of them, I need hardly say, at my house—about a week before; and he and his fair mistress had disputed rather keenly on the topic of general discussion -the predicted event of the 10th of July. If she did not repose implicit faith in the prophecy, her belief had, somehow or another acquired a most disturbing strength. He laboured hard to disabuse her of her awful apprehensions—and she as hard to overcome his obstinate incredulity. Each was a little too eager about the matter: and for the first time since they had known each other, they parted with a little coldness-yes, although he was to set off the next morning for Oxford! In short, scarcely any thing was talked of by Agnes but the coming 10th of July; and if she did not anticipate the actual destruction of

the globe, and the final judgment of mankindshe at least looked forward to some event, mysterious and tremendous. The eloquent enthusiastic creature almost brought over my placid

wife to her way of thinking:-

To return from this long digression-which, however, will be presently found to have been not unnecessary. After staying a few minutes in the parlour, I retired to my library, for the purpose among other things, of making those entries in my Diary from which these "passages" are taken-but the pen lay useless in my hand. With my chin resting on the palm of my left hand, I sat at my desk lost in reverie; my eyes fixed on the tree which grew in the yard and overshadowed my windows. How still-how motionless-was every leaf! What sultry-oppressive-unnatural repose! How it would have cheered me to hear the faintest "sough" of wind -to see the breeze sweep freshening through the leaves, rustling and stirring them into life! -I opened my window, untied my neckerchief, and loosened my shirt collar-for I felt suffocated with the heat. I heard at length a faint pattering sound among the leaves of the treeand presently there fell on the window-frame three or four large ominous drops of rain. After gazing upwards for a moment or two in the gloomy aspect of the sky-I once more settled down to writing; and was dipping my pen into the ink-stand, when there blazed about me, a flash of lightning with such a ghastly, blinding splendour, as defies all description. It was like what one might conceive to be a glimpse of hell —and yet not a glimpse merely—for it continued, I think, six or seven seconds. It was followed at scarce an instant's interval, with a crash of thunder as if the world had been smitten out of its sphere and was rending asunder!—I hope these expressions will not be considered hyperbolical. No one, I am sure, who recollects the occurrence I am describing, will require the appeal!-May I never see or hear the like again! -The sudden shock almost drove me out of my senses, I leaped from my chair with consternation; and could think of nothing, at the moment, but closing my eyes, and shutting out from my ears the stunning sound of the thunder. For a moment I stood literally stupified. On recovering myself, my first impulse was to spring to the door, and rush down stairs in search of my wife and children. I heard, on my way, the sound of shricking proceed from the parlour in which 1 had left them. In a moment I had my wife folded in my arms, and my children clinging with screams round my knees. My wife had fainted. While I was endeavouring to restore her, there came a second flash of lightning, equally terrible with the first-and a second explosion of thunder, loud as one could imagine the discharge of a thousand parks of artillery directly over head. The windows-in fact, the whole house, quivered with the shock. The noise helped to recover my wife from her swoon.

"Kneel down! Love! Husband!"—she gasped, endeavouring to drop upon her knees-

"Kneel down! Pray-pray for us! We are undone!" After shouting till I was hoarse, and pulling the bell repeatedly and violently, one of the servants made her appearace—but in a state not far removed from that of her mistress. Both of them, however, recovered themselves in a few minutes, roused by the cries of the children.-"Wait a moment, love," said I, " and I will fetch you a few reviving drops!"-I stepped into the back room, where I generally kept some phials of drugs-and poured out a few drops of sal volatile. The thought then for the first time struck me, that Miss P-was not in the parlour I had just quitted. Where was she? What would she say to all this?-God bless me, where is she?-I thought with increasing trepidation.

"Edward-Edward!" I exclaimed, to a servant who happened to pass the door of the room where I was standing; "where is Miss P---?" "Miss P-, Sir!-Why-I don't-Oh, yes!" he replied, suddenly recollecting himself, "about five minutes ago I saw her run very swift up stairs and hav'n't seen her since, Sir."-"What!" I exclaimed with increased trepidation, "Was it about the time that the first flash of lightning came?"-" Yes it was, Sir!"-" Take this into your mistress, and say I'll be with her immediately," said I, giving him what I had mixed. I rushed up stairs, calling out as I went, "Agnes! Agnes! where are you?" I received no answer. At length I reached the floor where her bedroom lay. The door was closed, but not shut.

"Agnes! Where are you?" I enquired very agitatedly, at the same time knocking at her door. I received no answer.

"Agnes! Agnes! For God's sake, speak!-Speak, or I shall come into your room!" No reply was made; and I thrust open the door.

Heavens! Can I describe what I saw!

Within less than a vard of me stood the most fearful figure my eyes have ever beheld. It was Agnes!-She was in the attitude of stepping to the door, with both arms extended as if in a menacing mood. Her hair was partially dishevelled. Her face seemed whiter than the white dress she wore. Her lips were of a livid hue. Her cyes, full of awful expression-of supernatural lustre, were fixed with a petrifying stare, on me. Oh, language fails me-utterly!-Those eyes have never since been absent from me when alone! I felt as though they were blighting the life within I could not breathe, much less stir. I strove to speak but could not utter a sound. My lips seemed rigid as those I looked at. The horrors of nightmare were upon me. My eyes at length closed; my head seemed turning round -and for a moment or two I lost all consciousness. I revived. There was the frightful thing still before me-nay, close to me! Though I looked at her, I never once thought of Agnes It was the tremendous appearance—the ineffable terror gleaming from her eyes, that thus overcame me. I protest I cannot conceive any thing more dreadful! Miss P- continued standing perfectly motionless; and while I was gazing at her in the manner I have been describing, a peal of thunder roused me to my self-possession. I stepped towards her, took hold of her hand, exclaiming "Agnes-Agnes!"-and carried her to the bed, where I laid her down. It required some little force to press down her arms; and I drew the eyelids over her staring eyes mechanically. While in the act of doing so, a flash of lightning flickered luridly over herbut her eye neither quivered nor blinked. She seemed to have been suddenly deprived of all sense and motion: in fact, nothing but her pulse -if pulse it should be called-and faint breathing, showed that she lived. My eye wandered over her whole figure, dreading to meet some scorching trace of lightning-but there was nothing of the kind. What had happened to her? Was she frightened—to death? I spoke to her; I called her by her name, loudly; I shook her, rather violently: I might have acted it all to a statue!—I rang the chamber-bell with almost frantic violence: and presently my wife and a female servant made their appearance in the room; but I was far more embarrassed than assisted by their presence. "Is she killed?" murmured the former, as she staggered towards the bed, and then clung convulsively to me-" Has the lightning struck her?"

I was compelled to disengage myself from her grasp, and hurry her into the adjoining roomwhither I called a servant to attend her; and then returned to my hapless patient. But what was I to do? Medical man as I was, I never had seen a patient in such circumstances, and felt as ignorant on the subject, as agitated. It was not epilepsy—it was not apoplexy—a swoonnor any known species of hysteria. The most remarkable feature of her case, and what enabled me to ascertain the nature of her disease, was this; that if I happened accidentally to alter the position of her limbs, they retained, for a short time, their new position. If, for instance, I moved her arm-it remained for a while in the situation in which I had last placed it, and gradually resumed its former one. If I raised her into an upright posture, she continued sitting so, without the support of pillows, or other assistance, as exactly as if she had heard me express a wish to that effect, and assented to it; but, the horrid vacancy of her aspect! If I elevated one eyelid for a moment, to examine the state of the eye, it was some time in closing, unless I drew it over myself. All these circumstances—which terrified the servant who stood shaking at my elbow, and muttering, "She's possessed! she's possessed!—Satan has her!"—convinced me that the unfortunate young lady was seized with ca-TALEPSY; that rare mysterious affection, so fearfully blending the conditions of life and deathpresenting—so to speak—life in the aspect of death, and death in that of life! I felt no doubt, that extreme terror, operating suddenly on a nervous system most highly excited, and a vivid, active fancy, had produced the effects I saw. Doubtless the first terrible outbreak of the thunscially the fierce splendour of that fast flash of lightning which so alarmed myself—apparently corroborating and realizing all her awful apprehensions of the predicted event, overpowered her at once, and flung her into the fearful situation in which I found her—that of one ARRESTED in her terror-struck flight towards the door of her chamber. But again—the thought struck me—had she received any direct injury from the lightning? Had it blinded her? It might be so—for I could make no impression on the pupils of the eyes. Nothing could startle them into action. They seemed a little more dilated than usual, and fixed.

I confess that, besides the other agitating circumstances of the moment, this extraordinary, this unprecedented case too much distracted my self-possession to enable me promptly to deal with it. I had heard and read of, but never before seen such a case. No time, however, was to be lost. I determined to resort at once to strong antispasmodic treatment. I bled her from the arm friely, applied blisters behind the ear, immerses feet, which, together with her hands, were cold as marble, in hot water, and endeavoured to force into her mouth a little opium and ether. Whilst the servants were busied about her, undressing her, and carrying my directions into effect, I stepped for a moment into the adjoining room, where I found my wife just recovering from a violent fit of hysterics. Her loud laughter, though so near me, I had not once heard, so absorbed was I with the mournful case of Miss P- After continuing with her till she recovered sufficiently to accompany me down stairs, I returned to Miss P----'s bed-room. She continued exactly in the condition in which I had left her. Though the water was hot enough almost to parboil her tender feet, it produced no sensible effect on the circulation or the state of the skin; and finding a strong descrimination of blood towards the regions of the head and neck, I determined to have her cupped between the shoulders. I went down stairs to drop a line to the apothecary, requesting him to come immediately with his cupping instruments. As I was delivering the note into the hands of a servant, a man rushed up to the open door where I was standing, and, breathless with haste, begged my instant attendance on a patient close by, who had just met with a severe accident. Relying on the immediate arrival of Mr. ---, the apothecary, I put on my hat and great coat, took my umbrella, and followed the man who had summoned me out. It rained in torrents, for the storm, after about twenty minutes' intermission, burst forth again with unabated violence. The thunder and lightning were really awful!

The patient who thus abrubtly, and under circumstances inopportunely, required my services, proved to be one Bill—, a notorious boxer, who, in returning that evening from a great prize-fight, had been thrown out of his gig, the horse being frightened by the lightning, and the rider besides much the worse for liquor, and his ankle dreadfully dislocated. He had been taken up by some passengers, and conveyed with great difficulty to his ewn residence, a public house

not three minutes' walk from where I lived. The moment I entered the tap-room, which I had to pass on my way to the stair-case, I heard his groans, or rather howls, over head. The excitement of intoxication, added to the agonies occasioned by his accident, had driven him, I was told, nearly mad. He was uttering the most revolting execrations as I entered his room. He damned himself-his ill-luck (for it seemed he had lost considerable sums on the fight)—the combatants-the horse that threw him-the thunder and lightning-every thing, in short, and every body about him. The sound of the thunder was sublime music to me, and the more welcome, because it drowned the blasphemous bellowing of the monster I was visiting. Yesthere lay the burley boxer, stretched upon the bed, with none of his dress removed, except the boot from the limb that was injured-his new blue coat with glaring yellow buttons, and drabknee-breeches, soiled with the street mud into which he had been precipitated—his huge limbs, writhing in restless agony over the bed—his fists clenched, and his flat, iron-featured face swollen and distant with pain and rage.

"But, my med woman," said I, pausing at the

door, addressing myself to the boxer's wife, who, wringing her hands, had conducted me up stairs: "I assure you, I am not the person you should have sent to. It's a surgeon's, not a physician's case; I fear I can't do much for him-quite out of my way"-

"Oh, for God's sake—for the love of God don't say so!" gasped the poor creature, with affrighted emphasis—Oh, do something for him, or he'll drive us all out of our senses-he'll be killing 'ts!"

"Do something!" roared out my patient, who had overheard the last words of his wife turning his bloated face towards me-" do something indeed? ay, and be -- to you! Here, here-look ye, Doctor-look ye, here!" he continued, pointing to the wounded foot, which all crushed and displaced, and the stocking soaked with blood, presented a shocking appearance-" look here, indeed !-ah, that --- horse! that --- horse!" his teeth gnashed, and his right hand was lifted up, clenched with fury-" If I don't break every bone in his -- body, as soon as ever I can stir . this cursed leg again!"

I felt, for a moment as though I had entered the very pit and presence of Satan, for the lightning was gleaming over his ruffianly figure incessantly, and the thunder rolling close over head while he was speaking.

"Hush! hush! you'll drive the doctor away! For pity's sake, hold your tongue, or doctor won't come into the room to you!" gasped his wife, dropping on her knees beside him.

"Ha, ha! Let him go! Only let him stir a step, and lame as I am, - me! if I don't jump out of bed, and teach him civility! Here, you Moctor, as you call yourself! What's to be done?" Really I was too much shocked at the moment, to know. I was half inclined to leave the room immediately—and had a fair plea for doing so, in the surgical nature of the case-but the agony of the fellow's wife induced me to do violence to my own feelings, and stay. After directing a person to be sent off, in my name, for the nearest surgeon, I addressed myself to my task, and proceeded to remove the stocking. His whole body quivered with the anguish it occasioned: and I saw such fury gathering in his features, that I began to dread lest he might rise up in a sudden phrenzy, and strike me.

"Oh! oh! oh!—Curse your clumsy hands! You don't know no more nor a child," he grouned, "what you're about! Leave it-leave it alone! Give over with ye! Doctor, ---, 1 say

be off!"

"Mercy, mercy, Doctor!" sobbed his wife in a whisper, fearing from my momentary pause, that I was going to take her husband at his word -" Don't go away! Oh, go on-go on! It must be done, you know? Never mind what he says! He's only a little worse for liquor now-and-and then the pain! Go on, doctor! He'll thank you the more for it to-morrow!"

"Wife! Here!" shouted her hushand. The woman instantly stepped up to him. He stretched out his Herculean arm, and grasped her by the shoulder.

"So-you --! I'm drunk, am I? I'm drunk eh-you lying --!" he exclaimed, and jerked her violently away, right across the room, to the door, where the poor creature fell down, but presently rose, crying bitterly.

"Get away! Get off-get down stairs-if you don't want me to serve you the same again! Say I'm drunk-you beast?" With frantic gestures she obeyed-rushed down stairs-and I was left alone with her husband. I was disposed to follow her abrubtly, but the positive dread of my life (for he might leap out of bed and kill me with a blow,) kept me to my task. My flesh crept with disgust at touching his! I examined the wound, which undoubtedly must have given him torture enough to drive him mad, and bathed it in warm water; resolved to pay no attention to his abuse, and quit the instant that the surgeon, who had been sent for, made his appearance. At length he came. I breathed more freely, resigned the case into his hands, and was going to take up my hat, when he begged me to continue in the room, with such an earnest apprehensive look, that I reluctantly remained. 1 saw he dreaded as much being left alone with his patient, as I! It need hardly be said that every step that was taken in dressing the wound, was attended with the vilest execrations of the patient. Such a foul-mouthed ruffian I never encountered any where. It seemed as though he was possessed of a devil. What a contrast to the sweet speechless sufferer whom I had left at home, and to whom my heart yearned to return!

The storm still continued raging. The rain had comparatively ceased, but the thunder and lightning made their appearance with fearful frequency and fierceness. I drew down the blind of the window, observing to the surgeon that the lightning seemed to startle our patient.

"Put it up again! Put up that blind again, I say!" he cried impatiently. "D'ye think I'm afeared of the lightning, like my — horse today? Put it up again—or I'll get out and do it myself!" I did as he wished. Reproof or expostulation was useless. "Ha!" he exclaimed in a low tone of fury, rubbing his hands together—in a manner bathing them in the fiery stream, as a flash of lightning gleamed ruddily over him. "There it is!—Curse it—just the sort of flash that frightened my horse—d—it!"—and the impious wretch shook his fist, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile!"

"Be silent, sir! be silent! or we will both leave you instantly. Your behaviour is impious! It is frightful to witness! Forbear—lest the vengeance of God descend upon you!"

"Come, come—none o' your —— methodism here! Go on with your business! Stick to your

shop," interrupted the Boxer. "Does not that rebuke your blasphemies?" I enquired, suddenly shading my eyes from the vivid stream of lightning that burst into the room, while the thunder rattled over head-apparently in fearful proximity. When I removed my hands from my eyes, and opened them, the first object that they fell upon was the figure of the Boxer, sitting upright in bed, with both hands stretched out, just as those of Elymas the sorcerer, in the picture of Raphael-his face the colour of a corpse—and his eyes almost starting out of their sockets, directed with a horrid stare towards the window. His lips moved not—nor did he utter a sound. It was clear what had occurred. The wrathful fire of Heaven, that had glanced harmlessly around us, had blinded the blasphemer. Yes-the sight of his eyes had perished. While we were gazing at him in silent awe, he fell back in bed speechless, and clasped his hands over his breast seemingly in an attitude of despair. But fer that motion, we should have thought him dead. Shocked beyond expression, Mr. - paused in his operations. I examined the eyes of the patient. The pupils were both dilated to their utmost extent, and immovable. I asked him many questions, but he answered not a word. Occasionally, however, a groan of horror-remorse-agony-(or all combined) would burst from his pent bosom; and this was the only evidence he gave of consciousness. He moved over on his right sidehis "pale face turned to the wall"—and unclasping his hands, pressed the fore-finger of each with convulsive force upon the eyes. Mr. proceeded with his task. What a contrast between the present and past behaviour of our patient! Do what we would—put him to never such great pain—he neither uttered a syllable, nor expressed any symptoms of passion, as before. There was, however, no necessity for my continuing any longer; so I lest the case in the hands of Mr. —, who undertook to acquaint Mrs. — with the frightful accident that had happened to her husband. What two scenes had I witnessed that evening?

I hurried home full of agitation at the scene I

had just quitted, and melancholy apprehensions concerning the one to which I was returning. On reaching my lovely patient's room, I found, alas! no sensible effects produced by the very active means which had been adopted. She lay in bed, the aspect of her features apparently the same as when I last saw her. Her eyes were closed—her cheeks very pale, and mouth rather open, as if she were on the point of speaking. The hair hung in a little disorder on each side of her face, having escaped from beneath her cap. My-wife sat beside her, grasping her right hand weeping, and almost stupified; and the servant that was in the room when I entered, seemed so bewildered as to be worse than useless. As it was now nearly nine o'clock, and getting dark, I ordered candles. I took one of them in my hand, opened her eye-lids, and passed and repassed the candle several times before her eyes, but it produced no apparent effect. Neither the eye-lids blinked, nor the pupils contracted. I then took out my penknife, and made a thrust with the open blade, as though I intended to plunge it into her right eye; it seemed as if I might have buried the blade in the socket, for the shock or resistance called forth by the attempt. I took her hand in mine—having for a moment displaced my wife—and found it damp and cold; but when I suddenly left it suspended, it continued so for a few moments, and only gradually resumed its former situation. I pressed the back of the blade of my penknife upon the flesh at the root of the nail, (one of the tenderest parts, perhaps, of the whole body,) but she evinced not the slightest sensation of pain. I shouted suddenly and loudly in her ears, but with similar ill success. I felt at an extremity. Completely baffled at all points-discouraged and agitated beyond expression, I left Miss P- in the care of a nurse, whom I had sent for to attend upon her, at the instance of my wife, and hastened to my study to see if my books could throw any light upon the nature of this, to me, new and inscrutable disorder. After hunting about for some time, and finding but little to the purpose, I prepared for bed, determining in the next morning to send off for Miss P---'s mother, and Mr. - from Oxford, and also to call upon my eminent friend Dr. D-, and hear what his skill and experience might be able to suggest. In passing Miss P-'s room, I stepped in to take my farewell for the evening. "Beautiful, unfortunate creature!" thought I, as I stood gazing mournfully on her, with my candle in my hand, leaning against the bed-post. mystery is upon thee? What awful change has come over thee?—the gloom of the grave and the light of life-both lying upon thee at once! Is thy mind palsied as thy body? How long is this strange state to last? How long art thou doomed to linger thus on the confines of both worlds, so that those, in either, who love thee, may not claim thee! Heaven guide our thoughts to discover a remedy for thy fearful disorder!" I could not bear to look upon her any longer; and after kissing her lips, burried up

to bed, charging the nurse to summon me the moment that any change whatever was perceptible in Miss P--. I dare say, I shall be easily believed when I apprize the reader of the troubled night that followed such a troubled day. The thunder-storm itself, coupled with the predictions of the day, and apart from its attendant incidents that have been mentioned, was calculated to leave an awful and permanent impression in one's mind. "If I were to live a century hence, I could not forget it," says a distinguished writer. "The thunder and lightning were more appalling than I ever witnessed, even in the West Indies—that region of storms and hurricanes. The air had been long surcharged with electricity; and I predicted several days beforehand, that we should have a storm of very unusual violence. But when with this, we couple the strange prophecy that gained credit with a prodigious number of those one would have expected to be above such things-neither more nor less than that the world was to come to an end on that very day, and the judgment of mankind to follow: I say the coincidence of the events was not a little singular, and calculated to inspire common folks with wonder and fear. I dare say, if any one could but find them out, that there were instances of people being frightened out of their wits on the occasion. I own to you candidly that 1, for one, felt a little squeamish, and had not a little difficulty in bolstering up my courage with Virgil's Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas, &c.

I did not so much sleep as dose interruptedly for the first three or four hours after getting into bed. I, as well as my alarmed Emily, would start up occasionally, and sit listening, under the apprehension that we heard a shriek; or some other such sound, proceed from Miss P---'s The image of the blind Boxer flitted in room. fearful forms about me, and my ears seemed to ring with his curses.—It must have been, I should think, between two and three o'clock, when I dreamed that I leaped out of bed, under an impulse sudden as irresistible—slipped on my dressing-gown, and hurried down stairs to the back drawing-room. On opening the door, I found the room lit up with funeral tapers, and the apparel of a dead-room spread about. At the further end lay a coffin on tressels, covered with a long sheet, with the figure of an old woman sitting beside it, with long streaming white hair, and her eyes bright, as the lightning, directed towards me with a fiendish stare of exultation. Suddenly she rose up-pulled off the sheet that had covered the coffin—pushed aside the lidplucked out the body of Miss P-, dashed it on the floor, and trampled upon it with apparent triumph! This horrid dream woke me, and haunted my waking thoughts. May I never pass such a dismal night again!

I rose from bed in the morning, feverish and unrefreshed; and in a few minutes' time hurried teaMiss P——'s room. 'The mustard applications to the soles of the feet, together with the blisters behind the ears, had produced the usual local

effects, without affecting the complaint. Both her pulse and breathing continued calm. The only change perceptible in the colour of her countenance was a slight pallor about the upper part of the cheeks: and I fancied there was an expression about her mouth approaching to a smile. She had, I found, continued, throughout the night, motionless and silent as a corpse. With a profound sigh I took my seat beside her, and examined the eyes narrowly, but perceived no change in them. What was to be done? How was she to be roused from this fearful—if not fatal lethargy?

While I was gazing intently on her features, I fancied that I perceived a slight muscular twitching about the nostrils. I stepped hastily down stairs (just as a drowning man, they say, catches at a straw) and returned with a phial of the strongest solution of ammonia, which I applied freely with a feather to the interior of the nostrils. This attempt, also, was unsuccessful as the former ones. I cannot describe the feelings with which I witnessed these repeated failures to stimulate her torpid sensibilities into action: and not knowing what to say or do, I returned to dress, with feelings of unutterable despondency. While dressing, it struck me that a blister might be applied with success along the whole course of the spine. The more I thought of this expedient, the more feasible it appeared:-it would be such a direct and powerful appeal to the nervous system-in all probability the very seat and source of the disorder! I ordered one to be sent for instantly—and myself applied it, before l went down to breakfast. As soon as I had despatched the few morning patients that called, I wrote imperatively to Mr. N- at Oxford, and to Miss P---'s mother, entreating them by all the love they bore Agnes, to come to her instantly. I then set out for Dr. D---'s, whom I found just starting on his daily visits. I communicated the whole case to him. He histened with interest to my statement, and told me he had once a similar case in his own practice, which, alas! terminated fatally, in spite of the most anxious and combined efforts of the elite of the faculty in London. He approved of the course I had adopted-most especially the blister on the spine; and earnestly recommended me to resort to galvanism-if Miss P---, should not be relieved from the fit before the evening-when he promised to call, and assist in carrying into effect what he recom-

"Is it that beautiful girl I saw in your pew last Sunday, at church?" he enquired, suddenly.

"The same—the same!"—I replied with a sigh.

Dr. D—continued silent for a moment or two.

"Poor creature!" he exclaimed, with an air of deep concern, "one so beautiful! Do you know I thought I now and then perceived a very remarkable expression in her eye, especially while that fine voluntary was playing. Is she an enthusiast about music?"

"Passionately—devotedly"—— \*\*\*\*
"We'll try it!" he replied brinkly, with a con-

fident air—" We'll try it! First, let us disturb the nervous torpor with a slight shock of galvanism, and then try the effect of your organ." I listened to the suggestion with interest, but was not quite so sanguine in my expectations as my friend appeared to be.

In the whole range of disorders that affect the human frame, there is not one so extraordinary, so mysterious, so incapable of management, as that which afflicted the truly unfortunate young lady, whose case I am narrating. It has given rise to almost infinite speculation, and is admitted I believe, on all hands to be—if I may so speak—a nosological anomaly. Van Swieten vividly and picturesquely enough compares it to that condition of the body, which, according to ancient fiction, was produced in the beholder by the appalling sight of Medusa's head—
"Raxifici Medusa's head—"Raxifici Medusa's head—"

The medical writers of antiquity have left evidence of the existence of this disease in their day -but given the most obscure and unsatisfactory descriptions of it, confounding it, in many instances, with other disorders—apoplexy, epilepsy, and swooning. Celsus, according to Van Swieten, describes such patients as these in question, under the term " attoniti," which is a translation of the title I have prefixed to this paper; while in our own day, the celebrated Dr. Cullen classes it as a species of apoplexy, at the same time stating that he had never seen a genuine instance of catalepsy. He had always found, he says, those cases which were reported such, to be feigned ones. More modern science, however, distinctly recognises the disease as one peculiar and independent; and is borne out by numerous unquestionable cases of catalepsy, recorded by some of the most eminent members of the profession. Dr. Jebb, in particular, in the appendix to his "Select Cases of Paralysis of the Lower Extremities," relates a remarkable and affecting instance of a cataleptic patient.

On returning home from my daily round—in which my dejected air was remarked by all the patients I had visited—I found no alteration whatever in Miss P--. The nurse had failed in forcing even arrow-root down her mouth, and, finding it was not swallowed, was compelled to desist, for fear of choking her. She was, therefore obliged to resort to other means of conveying support to her exhausted frame. The blister on the spine, and the renewed sinapisms to the feet, had failed to make any impression! Thus was every successive attempt an utter failure! The disorder continued absolutely inaccessible to the approaches of medicine. The baffled attendants could but look at her, and lament. Good God! was Agnes to continue in this dreadful condition till her energies sunk in death? What would become of her lover? of her mother? these considerations totally destroyed my peace of mind. I could neither think, read, eat, nor remain any where but in the chamber where, alas! my presence was so unavailing!

Dr. D— made his appearance soon after dinner; and we proceeded at once to the room

where our patient lay. Though a little paler than before, her features were placed as those of the chiselled marble. Notwithstanding all she had suffered, and the fearful situation in which she lay at that moment, she still looked very beautiful. Her cap was off, and her rich auburn hair lay negligently on each side of her, upon the pillow. Her forehead was white as alabaster. She lay with her head turned a little on one side, and her two small white hands were clasped together over her bosom. This was the nurse's arrangement: for " poor sweet young lady," she said, "I couldn't bear to see her laid straight along, with her arms close beside her like a corpse, so I tried to make her look as much asleep as possible!" The impression of beauty, however, conveyed by her symmetrical and tranquil features, was disturbed as soon as lifting up the eyelids, we saw the fixed stare of the eyes. They were not glassy or corpse-like, but bright as those of life, with a little of the freadful expression of epilepsy. We raised her in bed, and she, as before, sat upright, but with a blank, absent aspect, that was lamentable and unnatural. Her arms, when lifted and left suspended, did not fall, but sunk down again gradually. We returned her gently to her recumbent posture; and determined at once to try the effect of galvanism upon her. My machine was soon brought into the room; and when we had duly arranged matters, we directed the nurse to quit the chamber for a short time, as the effect of galvanism is generally found too startling to be witnessed by a female spectator. I wish I had not myself seen it in the case of Miss P---! Her colour went and came her eyelids and mouth started open-and she stared wildly about her with the aspect of one starting out of bed in a fright. I thought at one moment that the horrid spell was broken, for she sat up suddenly, leaned forward towards me, and her mouth opened as though she were about to

"Agnes! Agnes! dear Agnes! Speak, speak! but a word! Say you live!" I exclaimed, rushing forwards, and folding my arms round her.—Alas, she heard me—she saw me—not, but fell back in bed in her former state! When the galvanic shock was conveyed to her limbs, it produced the usual effects—dreadful to behold in all cases—but agonizing to me, in the case of Miss P—... The last subject on which I had seen the effects of galvanism, previous to the present instance, was the body of an executed malefactor;\* and the association revived on the present

<sup>\*</sup> A word about that case, by the way, in passing. The spectacle was truly horrific. When I entered the room where the experiments were to take place, the body of a man named Carter, which had been cut down from the gallows scarce half an hour, was lying on the table; and the cap being removed, his frightful features, distorted with the agonies of sufficiation, were visible. The crime he had been hanged for, was murder; and a brawny, desperate ruffian he looked. None of his clothes were removed. He wore a fustian jacket, and drab knee-breeches. The first time that the galvanic shock was conveyed to him, will never, I dare say, be forgotten by any one present. We all shrunk from the table in consternation, with the momentary belief that we had posi-

occasion were almost too painful to bear. begged my friend to desist, for I saw the attempt was hopeless, and I would not allow her tender frame to be agitated to no purpose. My mind misgave me for ever making the attempt. What, thought I, if we have fatally disturbed the neryous system, and prostrated the small remains of strength she had left? While I was torturing myself with such fears as these, Dr. down the rod, with a melancholy air, exclaiming -"Well! what is to be done now? I cannot tell you how sanguine I was about the success of this experiment! \* \* \* know whether she ever had a fit of epilepsy?" he enquired.

"No-not that 1 am aware of. I never heard of it. if she had."—

"Had she generally a horror of thunder and

lightning?"

"Oh—quite the contrary! she felt a sort of ecstacy on such occasions, and has written some beautiful verses during their continuance. Such seemed rather her hour of inspiration than otherwise!"

"Do you think the lightning has affected her?

—Do you think her sight is destroyed?"

"I have no means of knowing whether the immobility of the pupils arises from blindness, or is only one of the temporary effects of catalepsy."

"Then she believed the prophecy, you think, of the world's destruction on Tuesday?"

"No.—I don't think she exactly believed it; but I am sure that day brought with it awful apprehensions—or at least, a fearful degree of uncertainty."

"Well—between ourselves, ——, there was something very strange in the coincidence, was not there? Nothing in life ever shook my firmness as it was shaken yesterday! I almost fancied the earth was quivering in its sphere!"

"It was a dreadful day! One I shall never forget!—That is the image of it," I exclaimed, pointing to the poor sufferer—"which will be engraven on my mind as long as I live!—But the worst is, perhaps, yet to be told you: Mr. N—, her lover—to whom she was very soon to have been married, HE will be here shortly to see her"——

"My God!" exclaimed Dr. D—— clasping his hands, eyeing Miss P——, with intense commiseration—" What a fearful bride for him!—
'Twill drive him mad!"

"I dread his coming—I know not what we shall do!—And, then, there's her mother—poor old lady!—her I have written to, and expect almost hourly!"

tively brought the man back to life; for he suddenly sprung up into a sitting posture—his arms waved wildly—the colour rashed into his cheeks—his lips were drawn apart, so as show all his teeth—and his eyes glared at us with apparent fury. One young man, a medical student, shrieked violently, and was carried out in a swoon. One gentleman present, who happened to be nearest to the upper part of the body, was almost knocked down with the violent blow he received from the left arm. It was some time before any of us could recover presence of mind sufficient to proceed with the experiments.

"Why—what an accumulation of shocks and miseries! it will be upsetting you!"—said my friend, seeing me pale and agitated.

"Well!"—he continued—"I cannot now stay here longer—your misery is catching; and, besides, I am most pressingly engaged: but you may rely on my services, if you should require

them in any way."

My friend took his departure, leaving me more disconsolate than ever. Before retiring to bed, I rubbed in mustard upon the chief surfaces of the body, hoping-though faintly-that it might have some effect in rousing the system. I kneeled down, before stepping into bed, and earnestly prayed, that as all human efforts seemed baffled, the Almighty would set her free from the mortal thraldom in which she lay, and restore her to life, and those who loved her more than life! Morning came-it found me by her bedside as usual, and her, in no wise altered-apparently neither better nor worse! If the unvarying monotony of my descriptions should fatigue the reader-what must the actual monotony and hopelessness have been to me!

While I was sitting beside Miss P-, I heard my youngest boy come down stairs, and ask to be let into the room. He was a little fair-haired youngster, about three years of age-and had always been an especial favourite of Miss P---'s -her "own sweet pet"-as the poor girl herself called him. Determined to throw no chance away, I beckoned him in and took him on my knee. He called to Miss P-, as if he thought her asleep; patted her face with his little hands, and kissed her. "Wake, wake!-Cousin Aggy -get up!"-he cried-" Papa say, 'tis time to get up !- Do you sleep with eyes open ?\*-Eh?-Cousin Aggy?" He looked at her intently for some moments-and seemed frightened. He turned pale, and struggled to get off my knee. I allowed him to go-and he ran to his mother, who was standing at the foot of the bed-and hid his

face behind her. I passed breakfast time in great apprehension, expecting the two arrivals I have mentioned. I knew not how to prepare either the mother or the betrothed husband for the scene that awaited them, and which I had not particularly described to them. It was with no little trepidation that I heard the startling knock of the general postman; and with infinite astonishment and doubt that I took out of the servant's hands, a letter from Mr. N-, for poor Agnes!-For a while I knew not what to make of it. Had he received the alarming express I had forwarded to him; and did he write to Miss P-! Or was he unexpectedly absent from Oxford, when it arrived? The latter supposition was corroborated by the post mark, which I observed was Lincoln. I felt it my duty to open the letter. Alas! it was in a gay strain-unusually gay for N-; informing Agnes that he had been suddenly summoned into Lincolnshire to his cousin's wedding-where he

was very happy—both on account of his relative's

\* I had been examining her eyes, and had only half closed the lids.

happiness, and the anticipation of a similar scene being in store for himself! Every line was buoyant with hope and animation; but the postscript most affected me.

"P. S. The tenth of July, by the way—my Aggy!—Is it all over with us, sweet Pythonissa?—Are you and I at this moment on separate fragments of the globe? I shall seal my conquest over you with a kiss when I see you! Remember, you parted from me in a pet, naughty one!—and kissed me rather coldly! But that is the way that your sex end arguments, when you are vanquished!"

I read these lines in silence;—my wife burst into tears. As soon as I had a little recovered from the emotion occasioned by a perusal of the letter, I hastened to send a second summons to -, and directed it to him in Lincoln, Mr. Nwhither he had requested Miss P-– to address him. Without explaining the precise nature of Miss P---'s seizure, I gave him warning that he must hurry up to town instantly; and that even then it was to the last degree doubtful whether he would see her alive. After this little occurrence, I could hardly trust myself to go up stairs again and look upon the unfortunate girl. My heart fluttered at the door, and when I entered, I burst into tears. I could utter no more than the words, "poor-poor Agnes!"-and withdrew.

I was shocked, and indeed enraged, to find in one of the morning papers, a paragraph stating, though inaccurately, the nature of Miss P——'s illness. Who could have been so unfeeling as to make the poor girl an object of public wonder and pity? I never ascertained, though I made every inquiry, from whom the intelligence was communicated.

One of my patients that day happened to be a niece of the venerable and honoured Dean of —, at whose house she resided. He was in the room when I called; and to explain what he called "the gloom of my manner," I gave him full account of the melancholy event which had occurred. He listened to me till the tears ran down his face.

"But you have not yet tried the effect of music—of which you say she is so fond! Do you not intend to resort to it?" I told him it was our intention; and that our agitation was the only reason why we did not try the effect of it immediately after the galvanism.

"Now, Doctor, excuse an old clergyman, will you?" said the venerable and pious Dean, laying his hand on my arm, "and let me suggest that the experiment may not be the less successful with the blessing of God, if it be introduced in the course of a religious service. Come, Doctor, what say you?" I paused. "Have you any objection to my calling at your house this evening, and reading the service appointed by our church for the visitation of the sick? It will not be difficult to introduce the most solemn and affecting strains of music, or to let it precede or follow." Still I hesitated—and yet I scarce knew why.

"Come, Doctor, you know I am no enthusiast; I am not generally considered a fanatic. Surely, when man has done his best, and fails, he should not hesitate to turn to God!" The good old man's words sunk into my soul, and diffused in it a cheerful and humble hope that the blessing of Providence would attend the means suggested. I acquiesced in the Dean's proposal with delight. and even eagerness: and it was arranged that he should be at my house between seven and eight o'clock that evening. I think I have already observed, that I had an organ, a very fine and powerful one, in my back drawing-room; and this instrument was the eminent delight of poor Miss P---. She would sit down at it for hours together, and her performance would not have disgraced a professor. I hoped that on the eventful occasion that was approaching, the tones of her favourite music, with the blessing of heaven, might rouse a slumbering responsive chord in her bosom, and aid in dispelling the cruel "charm that deadened her." She certainly could not last long in the condition in which she now lay. Every thing that medicine could do, had been tried—in vain; and if the evening's experiment cour forlorn hope, failed-we must, though with a bleeding heart, submit to the will of Providence, and resign her to the grave. I looked forward with intense anxiety—with alternate hope and fear-to the engagement of the evening.

On returning home, late in the afternoon, I found poor Mrs. P--- had arrived in town, in obedience to my summons; and heart-breaking, I learned, was her first interview, if such it may. be called, with her daughter. Her shrieks alarmed the whole house, and even arrested the attention of the neighbours. I had left instructions, that in case of her arrival, during my absence, she should be shown at once, without any precautions, into the presence of Miss Pwith the hope, faint though it was, that the abruptness of her appearance, and the violence of her grief, might operate as a salutary shock upon the stagnant energies of her daughter. " My child! my child! my child!" she exclaimed, rushing up to the bed with frantic haste, and clasping the insensible form of her daughter in her arms, where she held her till she fell fainting into those of my wife. What a dread contrast was there between the frantic gestures—the passionate lamentations of the mother, and the stony silence and motionlessness of the daughter! One little, but affecting incident occurred in my presence. - (as yet unacquainted with the peculiar nature of her daughter's seizure) had snatch-—'s hand to her lips, kissed it repeatedly, and suddenly let it go, to press her own hand upon her head, as if to repress a rising hysterical feeling. Miss P---'s arm, as usual, remained for a moment or two suspended, and only gradually sunk down upon the bed. It looked as if she voluntarily continued it in that position, with a cautioning air. Methinks I see at this moment the affrighted stare with which Mrs. P- regarded the outstretched arm, her body recoiling from the bed, as though she expectèd her daughter were about to do or appear something dreadful! I learned from Mrs. -

that her mother, the grandmother of Agnes, was reported to have been twice affected in a similar manner, though apparently from a different cause; so that there seemed something like a hereditary tendency towards it, even though Mrs. P—— herself had never experienced any thing of the kind.

As the memorable evening advanced, the agitation of all who were acquainted with, or interested in the approaching ceremony, increased. Mrs. P-, I need hardly say, embraced the proposal with thankful eagerness. About half past seven, my friend Dr. D- arrived, pursuant to his promise; and he was soon afterwards followed by the organist of the neighbouring church—an old acquaintance, and who was a constant visitor at my house, for the purpose of performing and giving instructions on the organ. I requested him to commence playing Martin Luther's hymn-the favourite one of Agnes-as soon as she should be brought into the room. About eight o'clock the Dean's carriage drew up. I met him at the door.

"Peace be to this bouse, and to all that dwell in it!" he exclaimed, as soon as he entered. I led him up stairs; and, without uttering a word, he took the seat prepared for him, before a table, on which lay a bible and prayer-book. After a moment's pause, he directed the sick person to be brought into the room. I stepped up stairs, where I found my wife, with the nurse, had finished dressing Miss P-..... I thought her paler than usual, and that her cheeks seemed hollower than when I had last seen her. There was an air of melancholy sweetness and languor about her, that inspired the beholder with the keenest sympathy. With a sigh, I gathered her slight form into my arms, a shawl was thrown over her, and, followed by my wife and the nurse, who supported Mrs. P-, I carried her down stairs, and placed her in an easy recumbent posture, in a large old family chair, which stood between the organ and the Dean's table. How strange and mournful was her appearance! Her luxuriant hair was gathered up beneath a cap, the whiteness of which was equalled by that of her countenance. Her eyes were closed; and this, added to the paleness of her features, her perfect passiveness, and her being enveloped in a long white unruffled morning dress, which appeared not unlike a shroud, at first sight—made her look rather a corpse, than a living being! As soon as Dr. D—— and I had taken seats on each side of our poor patient, the solemn strains of the organ commenced. I never appreciated music, and especially the sublime hymn of Luther, so much as on that occasion. My eyes were fixed with agonizing scrutiny on Miss P---. Bar after bar of the music melted on the ear, and thrilled upon the heart; but, alas! produced no more effect upon the placid sufferer than the pealing of an abbey organ on the statues around! My must began to misgive me: if this one last exfailed! When the music ceased, we all down, and the Dean, in a solemn, and tone of voice, commenced reading appropriate passages from the service for the visitation of the sick. When he had concluded the 71st psalm, he approached the chair of Miss P——, dropped upon one knee, held her right hand in his, and, in a voice broken with emotion, read the following affecting verses from the 8th chapter of St. Luke:

"While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

"But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

"And when he came into the heuse, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but aleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

"And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she rose straightway."

While he was reading the passage which I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P—— moving. I trembled from head to foot; but, alas, it was a delusion.

The Dean, much affected, was proceeding with the fifty-fifth verse, when such a tremendous and long-continued knocking, was heard at the street door, as seemed likely to break it open. Every one started up from their knees, as if electrified; all moved but the unhappyAgues; and stood in silent agitation and astonishment. Still the knocking was continued, almost without intermission. My heart suddenly misgave me as to the cause.

"Go—go—See if"—— stammered my wife, pale as ashes—endeavouring to prop up the drooping mother of our patient. Before any one had stirred from the spot on which he was standing, the door was burst open, and in rashed Mr. N—, wild in his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his dress covered with dust from head to foot. We stood gazing at him, as though his appearance had petrified us.

"Agnes—my Agnes!" he exclaimed, as if choked for want of breath.

"AGNES!—Come!" he gasped, while a laugh appeared on his face that had a gleam of madness in it.

"Mr. N——! what are you about! For mercy's sake be calm! Let me lead you, for a moment into another room, and all shall be explained!" said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm.

"Agnes!" he continued, in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P——lay. I endeavoured to interpose, but he thrust me aside. The venerable Dean attempted to dissuade him, but met with no better a reception than myself.

"Agnes!" he reiterated, in a hoarse, sepulairal whisper, "why won't you speak to me? what are they doing to you?" He stepped within a

foot of the chair where she lay-calm and immovable as death! We stood by, watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat, which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and, before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he was about, he snatched Miss P-out of the chair, and compressed her into his arms with frantic force, while a delirious laugh burst from his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His arms gradually relaxed—he muttered, "Music! music! a dance!" and almost at the moment that we removed Miss P--- from him, fell senseless into the arms of the organist. Mrs. P- had fainted; my wife seemed on the verge of hysterics! and the nurse was crying violently. Such a scene of trouble and terror I have seldom witnessed! I hurried with the poor unconscious girl up stairs, laid her upon the bed, shut and bolted the door after me, and hardly expected to find her alive: her pulse, however, was calm, as it had been throughout the seizure. The calm of the Dead Sea seemed upon her!

\* \* \* I feel, however, that I should not protract these painful scenes; and shall therefore hurry to their close. The first letter which I had despatched to Oxford after Mr. N- happened to bear on the outside the words "special haste!" which procured its being forwarded by express after -. The consternation with which he received and read it may be imagined. He set off for town that instant in a post-chaise and four; but, finding their speed insufficient, he took to horseback for the last fifty miles, and rode at a rate which nearly destroyed both horse and rider. Hence his sudden appearance at my house, and the frenzy of his behaviour! After Miss P- had been carried up stairs, it was thought imprudent for Mr. N- to continue at my house, as he exhibited every symptom of incipient brain fever, and might prove wild and unmanageable. He was therefore removed at once to a house within a few doors off, which was let out in furnished lodgings. Dr. D-accompanied him, and bled him immediately, very copiously. I have no doubt that Mr. N- owed his life to that timely measure. He was placed in bed, and put at once under the most vigorous antiphlogistic treatment.

The next evening beheld Dr. D—, the Dean of —, and myself, around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The Dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer.

"Well, my friend," said he to me, "she is in the hands of God! All that man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence!"

"Aye, nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear!" replied Dr. D-.

"How much longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?" enquired the Dean.

"I cannot say," I replied with a sigh. "She

must sink, and speedily. She has not received, since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant's meal!"

"I have an impression that she will die suddenly," said Dr. D—; possibly within the next twelve hours; for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from, or bear longer, this fearful paralysis!"

"Alas, I fear so too!" \* \* \*

"I have heard some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this," said the Dean. "I hope in heaven that you will not think of committing her remains to the earth, before you are satisfied, beyond a doubt, that life is extinct." I made no reply—my emotions nearly choked me—I could not bear to contemplate such an event.

"Do you know," said Dr. D—, with an apprehensive air, "I have been thinking, latterly, of the awful possibility, that, notwithstanding the stagnation of her physical powers, her MIND may be sound, and perfectly conscious of all that has transpired about her!"

"Why—why"—stammered the Dean, turning pale—"what if she has—has HEARD all that has been said!"\*

"Aye!" replied Dr. D—, unconsciously sinking his voice to a whisper, "I know of a case—in fact a friend of mine has just published it—in which a woman"—— There was a faint knocking at the door, and I stepped to it for the purpose of enquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr. D—'s voice exclaim, in an affrighted tone, "Great God!" and, on turning round, I saw the Dean moving from the bed, his face white as ashes, and he fell from his chair, as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw, on approaching the bed?"

The moment before, I had left Miss Plying in her usual position, and her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of what I had seen when I first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth-in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed. In a moment both Dr. D- and I lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken! The trance over !- I implored Dr. D-to recollect himself, and conduct the Dean from the room, while I would attend to Miss P--. The nurse was instantly at my side, shaking like an aspenleaf. She quickly procured warm water, sponges, cloths, &c., with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The first sound uttered by Miss P--- was a long deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bosom of an intolerable sense of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, at the same time raising her trembling right hand to her face. Again she sighed-again opened her eyes, and to my delight, their expres-

<sup>\*</sup> In almost every known instance of recovery from Catalepsy, the patients have declared that they heard every word that had been uttered beside them, by

sion was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed-curtains—and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy and water, and gave her a little in a tea-spoon. She swallowed it with great difficulty. I ordered some warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her, watching every motion of her features with the most eager anxiety. "How are you, Agnes?" I whispered, kissing her. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly—but gave me no answer.

"Do you feel pain anywhere?" I enquired. A faint smile stole about her mouth, but she did not utter a syllable. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly recovered energies; so I ordered her a gentle composing draught, and left her in the care of the nurse, promising to return by and by, to see how my sweet patient went on. I found that the Dean had left. After swallowing a little wine and water, he recovered sufficiently from the shock he had received, to be able, with Dr. D—'s assistance, to step into his carriage, leaving his solemn benediction for Miss P—.

As it was growing late, I sent my wife to bed, and ordered coffee in my study, whither I retired, and sat lost in conjecture and reverie till nearly one o'clock. I then repaired to my patient's room; but my entrance startled her from a sleep that had lasted almost since I had left. As soon as I sat down by her, she opened her eyes-and my heart leaped with joy to see their increasing calmness-their expression resembling what had oft delighted me, while she was in health. After eveing me steadily for a few moments, she seemed suddenly to recognise me. "Kiss me!" she whispered, in the faintest possible whisper, while a smile stole over her languid features. I did kiss her; and in doing so, my tears fell upon her cheek.

"Don't cry!" she whispered again, in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling, lilied fingers, with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation; and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered, as though she were going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion; and lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I once more kissed her—bade her good-night—her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine—and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered caution to step to me instantly, if any change should take place in Agnes. I could not sleep! I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife that she might whare in my joy.

I received no summons during the night; and, on entering her room about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that Miss P—— had taken a little arrow roof in the course of the night, and alept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequently; and once or twice conversed

for a short time with the nurse about heaven—as I understood. She was much stronger than I had expected to find her. I kissed her, and she asked me how I was—in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

"Is the storm over?" she enquired, looking

towards the window.

"Oh yes—long, long ago!" I replied, seeing at once that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

"And are you all well?—Mrs. ——," (my wife)

" how is she?"

"You shall see her shortly."

"Then, no one was hurt?"

" Not a hair of our heads !",

"How frightened I must have been!'
"Pho, pho, Agnes! Nonsense! Forget it!"

"Then—the world is not—there has been no—is all the same as it was!" she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

"The world come to an end—do you mean?"
She nodded, with a disturbed air—"Oh, no, no!
It was merely a thunder-storm."

"And it is quite over, and gone?"

"Long ago! Do you feel hungry?" I enquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

"Did you ever see such lightning?" she asked, without regarding my question.

"Why-certainly it was very alarming"-

"Yes, it was! Do you know, Doctor," she continued, with a mysterious air—" I—I—saw—yes—there were terrible faces in the lightning."

"Come, child, you rave?"

—" They seemed coming towards the world"— Her voice trembled, the colour of her face changed.

"Well—if you will talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife.

Would you like to see her?"

"Tell N—— to come to me to-day—I must see HIM. I have a message for him!" She said this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. I kissed her and retired. The last words surprised and disturbed me. Were her intellects affected? How did she know—how did she conjecture that he was within reach? I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned Mr. N——'s name to her, but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I had kissed her, and was quitting the room, when, happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I re-

turned.

"I MUST see N— this evening!" said she, with a solemn emphasis that startled me; and, as soon as she had uttered the words, she turned her head from me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr. N—, whom I found in a very weak state, but so much recovered from his illness, as to be sitting up and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest enquiries, I gave him a

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full account of the nature of Miss P—'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favourable change that had occurred, with evident, though silent ecstacy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice repeated request she had made. The intelligence blanched his already pallid check to a whiter hue, and he trembled violen'ty.

"Did you tell her I was in town? Did she recollect me?"

"No one has breathed your name to her!" I replied. \* \* \*

"Well, Doctor—if, on the whole, you think so—that it would be safe," said N——, after we had talked much on the matter—"I will step over and see her; but—it looks very—very strange!"

"Whatever whim may actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal may be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from meagain. I will see if she continues in the same mind; and, if so, I will step over and tell you." I took my leave.

A few moments before stepping down to dinner, I sat beside Miss P.—, making my usual enquiries; and was gratifie to have that her progress, though slow, seems surfice. I was going to kiss her, before leaving, when, with similar emphasis to that she had pregiously displayed, she again said—

"Remember! N— must be here to-night!" I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity? I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N—. I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue; and yet,

what could I do?

It was evening—a mild, though lustrous, July evening. The skies were all blue and white, where the retiring sun-light produced a mellow mixture of colours towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I set on each side of the bed where lay our lovely invalid, looking, despite of her recent illness, beautiful, and in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionally flushed with colour. She spoke scarce a word to us, as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware that health could not possibly produce the colour and vivacity of her complexion and eyes, and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

"Agnes, love!—How beautiful is the setting sun!" exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

"Raise me! Let me look at it!" replied Miss P—, faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes; and then abruptly said to me—

" He will be here soon?"

"In a few moments I expect him. But—Agmes—Why do you wish to see him?" She sighed and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr. D—should accompany Mr. N—to my house, and conduct him up stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth—as the saying is—when I heard the expected knock at the door.

"N--- is come at last!" said I, in a gentle tone, looking earnestly at her, to see if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but

evinced no trepidation.

" Shall he be shown in at once?" I enquired.

"No-wait a few moments," replied the extraordinary girl, and seemed lost in thought for about a minute. "Now!" she exclaimed; and I sent down the nurse, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr. D- and Mr. N-.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I looked anxiously at my patient, and kept my fingers at her pulse. There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, and Dr. Die slowly entered, with N— upon his arm. As soon as his pale, trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss P—. It was full of ineffable loveliness! She stretched out her right arm: he pressed it to his lips, without uttering a word.

My eyes were riveted on the features of Miss P—. Either they deceived me, or I saw a strange alteration—as if a cloud were stealing over her face. I was right!—We all observed her colour fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr. D—— also came nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eye was fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

"PREPARE!" she exclaimed, in a low thrilling tone;—her features became paler and paler—her arms fell. She had spoken—she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months poor N— followed her; and to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind but the momentous warning which issued from the expiring lips of Agnes P—, PREPARE!

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred; and hope they may not be told in vain!

Our complexion is such, that we are palled with enjoyment, and stimulated with hope; that we become less sensible to a long possessed benefit, from the very circumstance that it is become habitual.—Specious, untried, ambiguous prospects of new advantage recommend themselves to the spirit of adventure, which more or less prevails in every mind. From this temper, men, and factions, and nations too, have sacrificed the good of which they have been in assured possession, in favour of wild and irrational expectations.

# O MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED ROSE A FAVOURITE SCOTCH AIR,

SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR,

Arranger by John Baby.





## THE RETURN.

## BY MRS. HEMANS.

- "Ant thou come with the art of thy childhood back, The free, the pure, the kind?" So murmured the trees in my homeward track, As they play'd to the mountain wind.
- "Hast thou been true to thine early love?"
  Whisper'd my native streams.
- "Doth the spirit, rear'd amidst hill and grove, Still severe its first high dreams?"
- " Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer Of the child in his parent halls?" Thus breath'd a voice on the thrilling air From the old ancestral walls:
- "Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead Whose place of rest is nigh? With the father's blessing o'er thee shed? With the mother's trusting eye?"
- Then my tears gush'd forth in sudden rain, As I answer'd—" O, ye shades! I bring not my childhood's heart again To the freedom of your glades!
- "I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
  O, bright rejoicing streams!
- Light after light in my soul hath died, The early glorious dreams!
- "And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd.
  The prayer at my mother's knee—
  Darken'd and troubled, I come at last,
  Thou home of my boyish glee!
- " But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears, To soften and atone; And, O ye scenes of those blessed years! They shall make me again your own."

## THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

## BY MRG. HEMANG.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night O'er each fair sleeping brow; She had each folded flower in sight— Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forests of the West, By a dark stream is laid— The Indian knows his place of rest, Far in the Cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one, He lies where pearl lie deep— He was the loved of all, yet none O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast,

He wrapt his colours round his breast, On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers In leaves, by soft winds fann'd; She faded 'midst Italian flowers, The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd Beneath the same green tree; Whose voices mingled as they pray'd Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall.

And cheer'd with songs the hearth—

Alss! for love, if thes wert all,

And naught beyond, Oh earth!

## A TRAGICAL STORY.

CHABLES had been absent two days. Poor Julia had been wishing and wishing for him. His well known step sounded in the entry; the door opened, and she met him with a heightened colour in her cheek, and her blue eyes flashing from beneath their long lashes with sparkles of unwonted pleasure. Shall I mention particulars? It is scarcely necessary. He who cannot imagine how a warm hearted young wife, in the honey moon, would meet her idol, after an absence of two whole days, is no reader for me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, after the first transport had a little subsided, "I am glad you have returned, dear, dear Charles! I was afraid you might not come—that you were sick, or some accident had occurred. But here you are. And now have you had a pleasant time? and how do they all do? and whom did you see? and—"

Charles stopped her mouth.

"Yes, here I am, safe and sound, and full of news; but you huddle question upon question with such volubility that I shall never get a chance to answer them, and your mouth here wide open to ask I don't know how many more."

"Well, then," answered she, flinging herself into an attitude of attention, and folding her arms like a judge upon a bench—"there—I am dumb, and ready to listen to the news; I won't speak another word till you have done."

And, with considerable apparent difficulty, she closed her lips.

"Now then," said Charles, "mark me."

" I will," said Julia.

"Well, then," continued her husband, laughing, "in the first place, they are all well; in the next, I have had a very pleasant time; and, lastly, I have seen old Mr. Peterson, and aunt Sarah, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderdyke, and little Bob, Henry, and Maria.

"And this," inquired Julia, "is the news that you are to tell? and these are all you saw?"

"Oh, no!" replied Charles, mysteriously; "far from it, Julia. I have met one more—one most beautiful, bewitching, being more—the very counterpart of Venus. Such complexion—such ringlets, long and glossy—and cheeks—roses and lilies are nothing to them! There is nothing in all nature sweeter than her lips, and her eyes are bright dangers no man should rashly encounter. They were soft, melting, liquid, heavenly blue—full of the light of intellect, and tremulous every beam of them with a tenderness that makes the heart ache."

"You are only jesting with me," said Julia, endeavouring, but in vain, to check the change that came over her face, as the shadow of the cloud flits across a stream. "This is some stupid Dutch beauty, and you can scarcely describe her without laughing. Come, now, tell the truth."

"You may believe it or not, just as you please," said Charles; "but I assure you the whole account is as true, as the enjoyment of it was en-rapturing, and the memory is delicious."

Julia was sensitive and artless. She loved her husband with that deep tenderness which knew all the thrills of love's hopes and fears. Her heart was like a goblet filled to the brim, whose contents tremble and overflow, when shaken ever scalightly. There was, therefore, in these enthusiastic praises of another, something strange and even cruel. Still she could not believe that he was serious; and forcing a smile, and struggling to keep down her rising emotion, she listened to him in silence as he rattled on.

"Our meeting was marked with uncommon interest. Old Mr. Peterson introduced me to her, after having previously hinted that, before I was married, she had regarded me with more than common complacency."

" Charles !---"

"Well, we met. I addressed her by name; she said nothing—but oh! those eyes of hers were fixed on me with a gaze that reached into the innermost recesses of my heart, and seemed to touch all those chords of feeling which nature had strung for joy. Wherever I went, I found her eyes still turned towards me, and an arch smile just played around her saucy lips, and spoke all the fine fancies and half hidden meanings that woman will often look, but not always trust to the clumsy vehicle of words. I could restrain myself no longer—but, forgetting all but those heavenly lips, I approached and—"

Poor Julia—she thought she heard the knell of her young dreams. The hue of her cheek, and the sparkle of her azure eye, were gone, long before; and as he painted, in such glowing colours, the picture of his feelings, her lip quivered, and tears swelled up and dimmed the blue light of eyes beautiful as day.

"I will never speak to you again, Charles," sobbed she, "if this be true."

"It is true," he exclaimed, "only not half like the reality. It was your own PICTURE, my sweet girl, that I kissed again and again."

She looked at him a moment, and buried her wet eyes in his bosom. As she lifted her head, and, shaking back the clustering ringlets that fell around her brow, displayed her face smiling through tears, his arm softly found its way around her waist, and—but I am at the end of my sheet.

## INDIA RUBBER.

This valuable product, first made known by La Condamine, in 1736, is the juice of several species of trees growing in South America. It flows that the trees as a milky fluid, which soon har to the property of the air. Various attemps have been made to transport it to Europe in its fluid state, without success. Its application to the arts is various, but, until recently, no advantage has been taken of one of its most remarkable properties, its elasticity. Two ingenious chemists of Paris, Messrs. Ratteir and Guibal, by an entirely new solvent and a very delicate process, have succeeded in spinning it into threads of various sizes. This is subsequently woven into suspenders, garters, surgical bandages, for ruptures, fractured or dislocated limbs. &c.



## INSCRIPTION FOR A WOOD.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

STRANGER, if thou hast learnt a truth which near No school of long experience, that the world Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares, To tire thee of it-enter this wild wood And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze That makes the green leaves dance, shall wast a baim To thy sick heart. Thou will find nothing here Of all that pained thee in the hannts of men, And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth, But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence, these shades Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof Of green and stirring branches is alive And musical with birds, that sing and sport In wantonness of spirit; while below The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect, Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam That waked them into life. Even the green trees, Factake the deep contentment; as they bend the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky ooks in and sheds a blessing on the scene. Carce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy Existence, than the winged plunderer That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude. Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark rooks, With all their earth upon them, twisting high, Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed Of pebly sands, or leaping down the rocks, Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice In its own being. Softly tread the marge, Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren That dips her bill in water. The cool wind, That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee, Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass, , Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

#### · STANZAS.

WE parted—when the western breeze
Blew freshly o'er the main,
But thes I thought those quiet seas
Would bring thee back again—
That hope, to each affection warm
Was, like the rainbow on the storm,
A sacred promise giver—
That when the gathered clouds that cast
A shadow o'er my fate had pass'd,
All would be bright at even.

But the lone evening hour has come—
Its shadows round me press—
And ah! my still sequestered home
Thes comest not to bless—
Often I bend a listening ear
The voice of singing girls to hear—
But thine is never there—
And mingling in the giddy maze,
On light seraphic forms I gaze,
Yet none with thine compare.

They say that in a distant clime,
Beyond the mountain wave,
In youth and beauty's glorious prime
They laid thee in the grave—
That strangers heard thy latest sigh—
That strangers closed thy dying eye—
Received thy last request—
That thy bright spirit, o'er the storm
Of trial soared—and thy loved form
Went peacefully to rest.

Well, my light bark is on the stream—And I will wend alone; Cling only to the one dear dream Of her—now broken—gone—And when the still moon rides on high, To memory's ever watchful eye Shall come—a vision bright, And bid me not her love forget—And tell me, can she love me yet, In yonder werld of light?

## THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered triffes."
SHAMSPEARE.

Ir may be noted that the enthusiasts of learning and revery have, at one time or another in their lives, been, of all the tribes of men, the most keenly susceptible to love; their solitude feeds their passion; when love is once admitted to their hearts, there is no countercheck to its emotions, and no escape from its excitation.

In life, every individual may find happiness in three different ways; the happiness of religion, of wisdom, and of virtue.

"Former," "latter," and "namely," are three verbal dowdies—the anti-graces of diction, who still, by prescriptive right, are sometimes found in good society.

In Camden's account of Cornwall, the chough

is thus described—"In the rocks underneath, all along this coast, breeds the pyrrochorax, a crow with a red bill and red feet, not peculiar to the Alps, as Pliny imagined. This bird is found by the inhabitants to be an incendiary, and very thieving, for it often sets houses on fire privately, steals pieces of money, and then hides them."

An elegant writer observes: "the coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed in what we ought to be."

The first degree of proficiency is, in painting, what grammar is in literature, a general preparation for whatever species of the art the student

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may afterwards choose for his more particular application. The power of drawing, modelling, and using colours, is very properly called the language of the art.

Reason is a lamp that sheddeth afar a glorious and general light, but leaveth all that is around it in darkness and gloom.

There is a labour of the mind as well as of the body, and some employ themselves very usefully to society, who do but little with their hands. But the labour of the body, if not excessive, strengthens the mind, and those who do not labour from necessity, should labour for health.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

Than in England, there is no where more true zeal in the many forms of devotion, and yet no where more knavery under the show and pretences: there are no where so many disputers upon religion, so many reasoners upon government, so many refiners in politics, so many curious inquisitives, so many pretenders to business and state employments, greater porers upon books, nor plodders after wealth; and yet no where more abandoned libertines, more refined luxurists, extravagant debauchees, conceited gallants, more dabblers in poetry as well as politics, in philosophy, and in chemistry.

The soul is like a boisterous working sea,
Swelling in billows for disdain of wrongs,
And tumbling up and down from bay to bay,
Proves great with I firth of indignations;
Yet with revenge is brought to calm allay,
Disburden'd of the pain thereto belongs;
Her bowers are turn'd to bright faced sunshine braves,
And fair content plays gently on her waves.

Of all our infirmities, vanity is the dearest to us; a man will starve his other vices to keep that alive.

Weigh not so much what men may say, as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not invective to apparel her comeliness.

You cannot spend money in luxury without doing good to the poor. Nay, you do more good to them by spending it in luxury—you make them exert industry, whereas, by giving it, you keep them idle.

Public men cannot always go direct to their object, as the crow flies. It is but fair to make allowances for the thick medium in which they act, and the courtly windings they are often compelled to follow.

To satisfy the sentence of labour, which God wrote with his finger on the brow of Man, sureties can be found; the houses of the rich are filled with offices and servants, who take pains in their fields, prune their vines, carry corn to the mill, go to the ocean to fish for habits and attires for them; and many times live within four fingers of death to give them means to flow in delicacies.

Only Death it is, that takes no surety. For which cause, man dies in his own person, and labours by deputy. If death would give a little way, no great man would die but by Attorney.

#### TIGER ISLAND.

[A spirited Engraving of which, executed on Steel, embellishes this Number.]

SHOULD there chance to be among the readers of this work, any one who has ever visited the Celestial Empire, he may remember to have passed, near the mouth of the river of Canton, an island whose steep cliffs, and the rounded tops of whose mountains rise high against the horizon. The waves of the ocean, when roused by the fierce gales that often spring up in those tropical regions, dash with tremendous fury against the coast; and the frail barks and vessels of the na tives may be seen, at such periods, shunning with every effort the dangerous shore. When, however, the long calms, which often prevail, remove every sense of danger, or when gentler breezes do not excite the fears of the native mariners, who are expert though their craft is rude, they are found lying, many at a time, under the shadows of the mountains of Tiger Island.

It is a spot rendered sacred by a celebrated temple dedicated to Confucius, where the sayings of that great sage are emblazoned in singular characters and with great pomp along the walls; but where, perhaps, they are not more zealously regarded, than are the words of other law-givers and holy men in other countries. Nor is this. the only circumstance which makes the island a place of frequent resort. It is a custom of the Chinese, not without its utility as well as its intrinsic moral beauty, to devote uncommon care to the sepulchres of their ancestors. They select for them always some lovely spot, not the crowded and confined space which an obscure corner of a populous city affords, but where nature has been lavish of her charms. The round summits of verdant hills, the deep bosoms of fertile and secluded valleys, the shores of the blue ocean fanned by gentle gales, are adorned with monuments, seen from afar, where lie in peace for ages the remains of ancestors, who are remembered and loved by their posterity. To such spots the descendants repair once a year, and they delight to celebrate, as their gayest and most splendid festival, the period at which they thus assemble to honour the virtues of those from whom they are sprung.

We are little inclined to admire, much less to follow, the customs of nations remote from ourselves; and we are happy in that vanity, common to our race, which denounces, as inferior to ourselves, most people who vary from us in the habits of life. Yet few, perhaps none, who have witnessed the tombs scattered through the remoter kingdoms of Eastern Asia; few who have witnessed the annual pilgrimages of their people to the sepulchres of their forefathers; have failed to regret or to denounce that system, which heaps indiscriminately together, in the midst of the busiest haunts, the remains of human beings.

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# THE DADY'S BOOK.

# DECEMBER, 1882.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

#### ANNA SEWARD.

Anna Seward, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, was born in 1747, at Eyam, in Derbyshire. Very early in life she manifested a talent for poetry, which her father vainly endeavoured to discourage. Her first productions were contributions to Lady Miller's Vase at Bath, Easton; her first separate work, an Elegy on Captain Cook, appeared in 1780. From that period she came frequently before the public as a poet, and acquired considerable reputation. She died in 1809. Her poems have been collected in three volumes. She also wrote a Life of Dr. Darwin; and Letters.

#### LADY JANE GREY.

LADY JANE GREY, a female, whose accomplishments and whose fate have rendered her an object of universal admiration and pity, was the daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, and was born, about 1537, at Bradgate Hall, in Leicestershire. Her talents, which were of a superior order, were early developed, and by the time that she was fourteen she had mastered Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, and French and Italian. Aylmer, who was afterwards bishop of London, was her tutor. In 1553, she was united to Lord Guildford Dudley; and, shortly afterwards, reluctantly accepted the Diadem which the intrigues of her father and father-in-law had induced Edward VI. to settle upon her. Her brief reign of nine days ended by her being committed to the Tower with her husband, and in February, 1554, they were brought to the scaffold by the relentless Mary. She refused to apostatize from the protestant faith, and died with the utmost firmness. Her remains were published after her death, and some of her letters and devotional pieces are preserved in Fox's Martyrology.

#### ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Anna Letitia Barbauld, was born at Kilworth in Leicestershire, in 1743, and received an excellent education from her father, the Rev. Dr. Aikin. In 1772, she published a volume of poems, which gave her a high place among her poetical contemporaries; and, in the following year, she joined her brother in giving to the press a volume of miscellanies. Her marriage took place in 1774. For the last forty years of her life, she resided in the vicinity of the metropolis; first at Hampstead, and next at Stoke Newington, at which latter place she died, on the 9th of

merous. Among the most prominent of them may be named, Early Lessons and Hymns, in prose; a Poetical Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce; Eighteen Hundred and Eleven, a poem; and Biographical and Critical Essays, prefixed to a selection from the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, to Richardson's Correspondence, and to an edition of the best English novels.

Many of Mrs. Barbauld's compositions are distinguished by an elevated spirit of piety, a pure and fervent morality—a manifest anxiety to improve and refine the judgment, and at the same time, to soften the heart, and expand the gentler affections; and, in all her writings, she displayed a cultivated intellect; vigorous imagination; great power of language, and a refined taste.

## MRS. HANNAH MORE.

MRS. HANNAH MORE was born in 1745. She was the daughter of a clergyman whose residence was at Hanham, near Bristol. Her love of knowledge early displayed itself, and induced her, after exhausting the slender domestic library, to have recourse to borrowing from her village friends. She removed in the year 1765, with her four sisters, to Bristol, where they jointly conducted a boarding school for young ladies, with great and deserved celebrity.

In various works of charity, particularly in the establishment of schools for the poor, these excellent sisters co-operated, bringing to the relief of ignorance and penury, the unwearied energy of congenial spirits. In this hallowed seclusion, the three elder inmates paid the debt of nature, in the order of their birth, each having attained her 75th year; and in the autumn of 1819, the youngest was taken at the age of 67, leaving the beloved survivor to pursue a solitary pilgrimage.

Mrs. More was rather short, but otherwise of an usual size, with a face that never could have been handsome, and never other than agreeable. She had a remarkably bright and intellectual eye; it was as clear, and seemed as fully awake with mind and soul, as if it had but lately opened on a world full of novelty. The whole of her face was strongly characterized by cheerfulness.

In tracing the literary course of this distinguished personage, from her first production, the "Search after happiness," to her last, the "Spirit of Prayer," embracing a period of nearly half a century, it is impossible not to be impressed with that spirit of benevolence which pervades the

Original.

## THE PATRIOT MARTYR.

A TALE OF 1776.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land. Scott.

"Why Mellicent! sweet sister Mellicent, are you dreaming that you stand so motionless, gazing at the heavens? or are you summoning spirits from the vasty deep of the bright waters?"

The maiden started from her reverie-

"I was indeed dreaming, Marmaduke, and the vision was so glorious that I would you had not awakened me: see!" she continued with much energy, as she drew him forward to the bank where she was standing—"I looked forth upon this splendid picture, and dreamed that America might yet be free!"

The scene, to which she enthusiastically pointed, was magnificent indeed; the declining rays of an autumnal sun, had lit up the golden bowers of the west with gorgeous beauty, and the bright waters beneath glittered like an oriental maid when decked in her bridal robes of glory. The boundless woods, which lined the river's side, were coloured with every variety of shade, and their proud summits caught a radiance from the glowing heavens, like the jewelled trees of a fairy dream. Range upon range of the distant mountains reared their Titan heads to the sky, while a silvery mist, which hung gracefully about them, seemed to veil from earth the insupportable lustre of the Eternal's throne. All was hushed into Sabbath stillness, save the occasional rusthing of the leaves, when the wind spirit swept them with his fragrant wing.

"Is this," said the maiden, with a brightened cheek and flashing eye, "is this a land for slaves? Shall we, who draw our breath amidst this proud creation, stoop our necks to the oppressor's chain? Oh! shall we not rather water the ground with the best blood of her children's veins!"

"Why you audacious little rebel, what will a certain person say to this unfilial disaffection to the mother land!"

"And why should Algernon Leslie think otherwise; he has indeed been educated in England, but America is still his country—the land of his birth and his affections? Besides, I am well assured, that all the generous and truly noble among the British, would rejoice to see America awake from her long trance of submission; and willingly hail us as brethren, did we assert our right to be called so by the free!"

"But should it be otherwise with this same ami unconnec," continued her brother, who appeared to delight in bringing the bright blush into his sister's cheek—" should he be so staunch

a royalist, that he would rather fight for King George than against him; what then, dear Mellicent?"

The girl paused a minute before she answered him, there was an apparent struggle in her feelings, but it past, and an expression of deep devotion sat on her young brow, as she replied—

"Marmaduke—it is true that my heart turns warmly to my cousin, though we can hardly be said to know each other—the wishes of his noble father—the last commands of my sainted mother—my own remembrance of happy childhood, all conspire to endear him to me; but if I know myself, I dare to say, that were the warmest and dearest affections, the brightest prospects, the most cherished hopes put into competition with my country's love, or opposed to her interests, I would trample them beneath my feet, though every fibre of my heart bled as I rent them away."

"Take care, take care," exclaimed Marmaduke, laughing; "that your eloquence does not raise some British official to arrest you for high treason! and see, here certainly comes some one—now all good angels guard your neck, sister—for it is in jeopardy!"

As he spoke, a figure emerged from behind a cluster of chesnuts, and came hesitatingly forward. He had the appearance of an Englishman (then more distinguishable than now,) was tall and finely formed, and wore his own bright brown helf uniformed with powder or queue. Marked the regarded him for a moment, then and the raised a ghost, I think—this must be either Algernon Leslie or his spectre! Speak!" he said, springing gaily forward—"I'll call thee friend! cousin! noble Leslie! so thou'lt but answer me!"

"I will not give you so much trouble," replied the stranger, advancing, "I am too happy not to answer to that name, the very first time of asking!"

"And is it you, indeed!" said Marmaduke, clasping his cousin's hand; "when did you land? what ship did you come by? what news do you bring?"

"Before I answer these many enquiries," replied the other, whose eyes had already wandered to the graceful figure of Mallicent Glanville—"Reply to one of mine. Is not this?"—

"To be sure it is—why, man, I knew what you were going to say. Yes, this is light Milly, your wife, as you used to call her, fifteen years ago!"

Mellieunt came forward as he spoke; his words had called a brilliant blush over the composed paleness which was the general hue of her features! and as Leslie gazed on the pure beauty of those features, and met the soul fraught intelligence of her dark eye, and heard the sweet music of her voice, speaking his welcome home, he might be forgiven for the hacknied simile " of an Angel" which rose in his mind-or even for doubting, that Heaven held any thing half so desirable and lovely. The father of Algernon Leslie, and the mother of Mellicent Glanville, had been left orphans while very young, and their desolate condition had bound them to each other with a lasting affection, that neither absence or other ties had power to break. No sooner was Mellicent born, than the parents projected her future union with Algernon's only child; a noble boy of five years old; and though his affairs afterwards carried him to England, where he died, the last wish he exprest, was for his son's re-union with the family of his beloved sister. Eighteen years had past since then, but the link seemed unbroken betwixt the cousins, for every letter brought affectionate remembrances to his little wife, and warm assurances of his unchanging regard to America and home. And now he was returned, to find her all that the warmest fancy could believe of heaven or know of earth: and so fixed was his admiring gaze, so warm his claimed salute, that Mellicent felt embarrassed. and proposed that they should seek her father in

"But," said Marmaduke, who had been talking all the time, unheard and unattended to by either—"but you have not answered one of my questions. Do you indeed like England so much better than America?"

"Yes—yes—much better," vacantly replied Leslie.

"And you really think there is nothing here worth looking at."

" No-nothing at all"-

"Why you must devoutly wish yourself back then?"

"Exactly—precisely so"—

A loud laugh from the mischievous young man roused Leslie to consciousness. He looked up and beheld the arch look of Mellicent, and apologised with a smile for his inattention.

"You must forgive me, Marmaduke, for my excuse is a fair one. Now, what was it that you said?"

"Why you spoke in your last letter of a British officer, Lord Frederick Montague, who was to accompany you over, has he arrived?"

The absence of Leslie seemed to return at this question, for he spoke not for several minutes, and then said with some confusion—

"No—yes—that is, he sailed certainly; but he has not arrived, for he died upon the voyage."

"I wonder (thought Marmaduke to himself,) if my cousin is a born natural? He could not have a better reason," continued he aloud, " but considering he was your intimate friend, you do not seem overburdened with sorrow for his loss."

"No," answered Lealie, thoughtfully. "I have all his clothes and effects."

A broad stare from his cousin, and a slight start from Mellicent, made him continue more sadly—

"No doubt I regretted him deeply as my friend, but his sentiments as a man were so much opposed to my own, that it barred the attachment which would otherwise have subsisted between us."

"A thundering royalist, I suppose.—Well I am glad you are not one also: what did you want good friend?" said he to a man in livery, who approached them.

"To speak with my master, sir!" said the groom touching his hat—" will you give me an order to get out the luggage, my lord?"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Leslie, hastily—" pray drop that ridiculous appellation. This man was servant to poor Lord Frederic, and forgets that he now serves only simple Algernon Lealie!" continued he to Marmaduke.

"Indeed," replied he: "well, give him the . order, and let us adjourn to the house."

Leslie took out his pocket-book and tore a leaf from it, but stopt short when about to write, and wrung his right hand with an expression of pain.

"I twisted my hand while on board," he said to Marmaduke, who was looking over his shoulder, "and cannot write a letter since. Do scrawl that fellow an order to the captain, while I and Miss Glanville walk forward to the bouse."

"Nonchalent enough, at all events," thought Marmaduke, as with the polished ease of high breeding, Leslie drew Mellicent's hand within his arm, and walked away.—"And so, friend, your old master died on board."

"Lord Frederick Monk—Monkton—what call you him?"

" Montague, sir."

"Aye, Montague—I say, what like was he? a cursed ugly fellow—wasn't he?"

"Much such another as yourself, sia"

"Humph! Nay, then, the devil take him who asks you any more questions;" muttered Marmaduke, as with imperturbable gravity and politeness, the English servant bowed himself away. "One may dig gold from the ocean, before one gets any thing out of those liveried lacquies twell, I will follow my newly imported relative and Milly; they, I suppose, are travelling at the rate of ten miles a minute, on the road of love to the temple of marriage."

It was night; the moon had risen high in the azure vault of heaven, and poured a shower of silver light on the bright water, which mirrored back her beauty, and here and there a few solitary stars had kindled their pale lamps, and harmoniously sang together their eternal hallelujahs of praise and love. The night blowing flowers were unfolding their crystal bells to the silent night, like holy vestals whose charms are veiled from earthly gaze, while their perfumed oblation of sweets, hung on the wings of the whispering zephyr, and were waited up to His throne, who bath made all things to paint the same waited.

in their beauty-clumps of the cedars and locusts spread their graceful foliage over the lawn, through which the moonlight shone on the turf like mosaic pavement, while the fire-flies flashed through the air, bright as human hope, alas! as The stillness and holy calm of transient too. nature seemed to reprove the maddening passions of man, and speak to the troubled breast of a better, happier home—of a home the fountain of eternal light, where the flowers ever blossom and the streams of living water flow unalterably pure where the rejoicing footfall never wearies, and the incense of melody is ever breathing-where sin hath not darkened the beauty of holiness, nor sorrow dimmed the bright eye of faith with a tear-where the wicked may not trample on the bruised heart-where the weary and heavy laden may be at rest.

Beneath the clematis bower sat Leslie and his cousin Mellicent, and both were silent; yet far different feelings filled their hearts. She was sitting with her hands placidly folded on her bosom, her features composed into tranquil love, and holy gratitude, while her upraised eyes seemed to hold communion with the stars, which were not purer than her spirit. He was standing beside her, but the beauty of earth was unseen by him, on her alone he gazed with passionate emotion, and his flushed cheek and burning eye offered a strange contrast to the heavenly sereaity of her aspect.

"Mellicent!" said he softly.

She turned, and as his flashing glance met her's, a troubled blush of earthly feeling tainted the saintly purity of her cheek.

"Let us return to the house!" she said, "for my brother appears to have forgotten us, and

my father will wonder at our stay."

"And does the time seem long to you, Mellicent? To me it passes rapidly as a dream of enchanted land—nay, do not rise," he continued, gently replacing her; you may not pass from this fairy bower, until you have paid its monarch tribute!"

"And I do," she answered with bashful confusion, "I pay a tribute of unfeigned admiration and love to the power of beauty before me."

"But is your love for nature alone! May no earthly being ask a share," asked Leslie.

" Let us return"—

"No, Mellicent, the hour is come when from your own lips I must know my fate. Oh! surely words cannot be wanting to tell you how I love you; my thoughts by day, my dreams by night, are filled with you alone, you are become the essence of my being, the pervading power of my spirit, without you, earth is joyless and heaven would be none were you away."

From the moment when he began to speak, Mellicent had ceased to turn from him; there was not in her noble nature one particle of coquetry, and she scorned that refusal which is given, that it may be won over by entreaty. But her air was sad, as she listened to his impassioned words, and the tears started unbidden from her clear dark eyes. He took her hand.

"Speak to me, sweet Mellicent. Alas! I am most unworthy of your love, yet cannot live without it. Oh! speak to me, for never Indian worshipped the sun of his idolatry, as I do you, who are alone the light in which I live."

"Oh! hush, Leslie hush! These words are wild, and ill befit a very weak and faulty girl. Leslie, you are my cousin, and our parents' last wishes were for our union—you are my countryman, and feel, like me, the deepest interest in our bleeding land!"

Leslie impatiently interrupted her.

"And are these the only claims I have on your heart, Mellicent? Is a cold duty to the dead and a colder tie of birth-place, all you return for my engrossing love, for my idolatry of heart?"

The maiden blushed, but instantly answered-"No. Leslie-I cannot affect a coldness which I do not feel, you are individually dearer to me than any of these bonds could make you: vet. alas! what avails our affection? Can we wrap ourselves in selfish gladness, while all around us is desolate and sad? Nay, be patient and hear me; the first feelings of my heart, the first devotion of my spirit, was to my country; enslaved and oppressed as she was, I loved her; were she a thousand times more so, I should continue to do the same, as long as I drew the breath of life: but the hour of her emancipation is at hand; the long, long dream of subjection is passing from the souls of our brave countrymen, and America will dash off her chains with a vigour that will break them for ever!!"

"Sweet enthusiast!—that hour lives alone in your warm fancy."

"I believe it not. The flame of Liberty is already kindled, and God grant that it may never be extinguished, until it lights the bonfire of Freedom!"

"It will sooner light the funeral pyre of all who have followed its devious raw."

"Leslie!" said Mellicent sadly, "is it meet for you, around whose neck is the usurper's chain, to damp those hopes which are the only sunbeams that pierce our darkness? But you have seen so much of English pride and English glory, that you believe them invincible."

"Not so, dearest! But what have these wars and tumults to do with my cherished hopes; you will not turn soldier, will you, my beloved, and strike yourself, for America and Freedom!"

"And if I could," she replied, with a kindling eye, "think you that I would grudge the life's blood of my heart? Think you that I would shrink, though torture and death lay in my path? But these are idle words. I am a weak woman, and can only love the land I live in; but while her fate is thus uncertain, her glory so darkened, I will not bind a bridal wreath around my mourning brow, nor rejoice while she is weeping. Go, Leslie, the time is near, when the blow will be struck, strike with it. America needs every arm, every heart of her children. I will lend her yours, as I have already devoted my own. And should the God of battles aid our faithful

cause, we shall pledge our hands in joy, at the free altar of a freed land."

"Mellicent," interrupted Leslie, impatiently, this is a mere mockery and madness. You have received a visionary phantom into your imagination, and to it you mercilessly sacrifice my hopes and happiness."

"Leslie, if you loved your country, as it deserves to be beloved, all selfish interests would be

as naught."

"I do not pretend to your seraphic purity, sweet love. I do love this country because you hahabit it. I wish her glory, for you wish it—nay, spare that reproving look—you may make me as ardent a patriot as yourself—give me your hand—join her interests and yours together—send me forth as your champion, and St. George himself shall not be a more puissant one. You shall not say me nay. Behold, I beseech you in behalf of the land you love!"—He bent his knee, and gently took the hand of Mellicent—it laid trembling but unrelentant within his own. He started from his posture and folded her passionately to his breast—a merry laugh near, broke the agitated silence of his rapture.

"Too warm by half, man," said Marmaduke, who advanced with Mr. Glanville, "remember

the market is to last for life."

"Hush, boy!" said his father, as they entered the arbour, "and you my beloved child, turn not thus bashfully away, but reply to my questions as you have ever done with sincerity and truth.

"Algernon Leslie, you are the only child of my sainted wife's only brother. You are dear to me as a relation, nor have I seen in you aught that disgraces the name you bear. But you have been long away, and it is not a small thing you ask of me, in the hand of my blessed child. Algernon, when I lost the wife of my bosom, this child, in her baby loveliness, was all that stood between me and my despair-she has grown up to be the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart -her love and duty to her widowed parent has been passing the love of children, and I fondly hope, that when the Almighty shall call me to join the holy dead, that her hand shall close my dying eyes, her voice speak the last fond farewell, her affection brighten the dark shadows of death. Algernon Leslie, if you should neglect this modest flower, and leave her to wither in unkindness, the curse of a bereaved father would be on your head. Should you tear her from her native land, and sever her from those who love her better than life, you would bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the dust, and she would fade and die, and go down mourning to the grave, for the old man who died forsaken and alone."

There was a deep pause. Mellicent lay sobbing on her father's breast, and Leslie listened in uncontrollable emotion; even Marmaduke was awed and silent.

"Look up, my own, my blessed child," continued the old man, solemnly—"duteous and good have you ever been, and He who was himself obedient to his earthly parents, shall bless and reward you. God shall bless my child, and

give her children that may be to her as she has been to her parent in his age. Look up, my Mellicent, and faithfully, openly, solemnly, as if before the judgment seat of Christ, answer me. Do you love this man?"

Mellicent checked her tears, and looked up with sacred awe and love. Her voice, as she answered, was low, but assured and firm.

"I do!-so may God add His blessing unto

yours, my father!"

"It is answered worthy of your innocence and truth. Algernon Leslie, you have heard the frank avowal of this pure hearted maiden. Will you in the face of that God, whose eye is now upon us, swear to love and cherish her, not only while the bloom is on her cheek, but in sickness or in sorrow? Will you call on His eternal name to witness for you that there is no guile nor deception in your bosom. Will you answer to an aged parent, whose hope, and pride, and joy, she is, that you love her, not with the passing passion of a moment, but with stedfast, true, and unalterable faith?"

A glow of passion flashed for a mement across the brow of the young man, then left it pale as death. Twice he essayed to speak, in vain—his voice died in a convulsed murmur—the eyes of all were anxiously bent on his pale and agitated features, nor was there a sound to break that deathlike pause. At last, with a dreadful effort, he conquered himself, and spoke in tones, hoarse with suppressed agony.

"You have asked me if I love your daughter!—Let this anguish which chills my blood and palsies my frame, speak for me how I love her!—Could the thrones and sceptres of a world be offered me in exchange for her hand, I would spurn them as nothing worth. Could the possession of her heart be obtained by years of toil, imprisonment and torture, I would welcome them with joy as the path to heaven; but I cannot deceive a father standing before his God—a daughter laying on that father's bosom—I am not Algernon Leslie!"

"Eternal God!—Man of mystery and pride, who then are you?"

From the moment he had spoken the last words he had covered his face as if afraid to look upon the mute agony of Mellicent; but the first effort had exhausted the violence of his despair, and he continued more calmly.

"My name is Frederic Montague. I was Leslie's intimate friend and companion, and had agreed to accompany him to America. It is far from my wish to accuse him in order to vindicate myself; but it is necessary to the explanation, to say, that owing to a dissipated quarrel in which he became involved at Liverpool, we changed names, that he should not be recognised, as his own was unknown to the injured party. This accounts for the captain and crew's belief, that I was indeed Algernon Leslie. His health was injured greatly by his dissipated life, and he died while on board, still bearing my name and title."

He died !!!!

"He died, and with his last breath, impor-

tuned me to acquaint his friends myself of the melancholy event, which could be thus more gently done, than by rectifying the names, and allowing the newspapers to inform you that he died on board the Algonquin."

"Proceed, in mercy end this dreadful suspense."

" Alas! how shall I excuse my subsequent conduct. I had often heard Leslie speak of his cousin, and when I first came through these gardens, and beheld a lady in conversation with her brother, I at once imagined it to be herself; as I approached I heard her words, and struck as I immediately was by her beauty and grace, who shall wonder that I was unwilling to present myself as one of those, whom her vehement language censured as tyrants; as, moreover, a bearer of that intelligence, which the blushes that arose at his name showed, would be most deeply felt. It avails not to dwell upon what I felt; what I did, was to own to the name by which Marmaduke, induced by my appearance, hailed me; the consequences of that deceit are here, here in my aching heart and maddened brain!"

"And shall be felt still deeper, base hypocrite that you are," exclaimed Marmaduke, rushing passionately foward—" by heavens you shall account to me for this!"

"Peace, vain boy," said Montague, proudly, " it is not to beardless striplings that a British officer draws his sword. Old man, my tale is nearly ended; I saw, I loved your daughter; I had come here in the silly belief that no American could possess feeling or refinement, and at first I courted her as one who must be honoured by my notice; since I have beheld her formed of purity, honour, and truth; since I have witnessed the refined superiority of her mind, and seen heaven itself shine in her spotless soul. I have learned to love her beauty less than her worth, and at this moment would give up rank, fortune, and friends, nay, would forfeit my country and my home, to win her love, and be deemed worthy of her hand."

A dreary silence followed his words, broken only by the laboured breathing of the poor girl, who stood more like a marble monument of the dead, than a living thing of earth. Mr. Glanville spoke first."

"Lord Frederic Montague, if that be your name, I have no desire to upbraid you; that you have not dared to perfect your wickedness, is a proof that your conscience is not all dead within you, and its stings will be sufficient, without my words. It is not to me that your crime has been heaviest, though you have eaten of my bread while deceiving me. It is this unhappy one, whom you have most deeply wronged, and to her I refer you for your answer! Speak, Mellicent, my child, make answer to this man!"

"Answer him as is worthy of sourself, your friends and your country, my sister," said her brother; "send back this lordling to his own land, with a lesson, that an American girl despises his pretensions as she scorns his mean deception!"

"I bid you peace, Marmaduke," replied his father, "passion and strife ill befit this hour.— Answer him, my daughter, as your heart, your principles, and your duty incline you, and I will abide by the decree."

" Mellicent!" said Montague, approaching ber with humility and sorrow, " pause, yet a moment, before you decide on the happiness or misery of my life. I have sinned, but it was through love to you—I have suffered—oh! more than the bitterness of death, in relinquishing my claim; be merciful, and accept my misery as an atonement. Give me but your love, and bind me by what laws you please; your home shall be my home; your country my country; your God my God!—Should dissention arise between our lands -I cannot indeed raise my arm against my own -but I will throw up my commission, and swear never to fight against yours; give me but your love, and I will vie with you in affection to your father; give me but your love, and I will strive to become a wiser and a better man; give me but your love, and it will gild my life on earth, and lead my soul to heaven."

The fearful agitation with which Mellicent heard their several appeals, proved how well she comprehended them; otherwise her livid colour, dilated eye, and motionless attitude, might have imprest the beholder with a belief that she was a standing corpse—upheld by some unseen means but destitute of life or sense. But her resolution was unconquered, the strength of her mind yielded not with that of its frail casket, and she replied within a minute—

"As sincerely as I forgive you, may I be forgiven of my God; but we part here, and for ever. Between us there is no tie in common; your bonour to your country, your duty to your friends, demand of you to return; mine forbids my ever beholding you more. To the land of my birth, the country of my love, were my earliest affections devoted—I may not for any selfish feelings now forget her claims, or forsake her interests. They are opposed to your hopes and wishes there can be nothing in common between us."

"Mellicent! Mellicent! can you thus calmly fling away my love and trample on my heart? Cruel, hard-hearted girl, you have never loved aught save the Moloch phantom of freedom, at whose altar you ruthlessly sacrifice me!"—

One look of speechless, heartbroken sorrow, she gave to heaven—one word she spoke in tones so woe begone, that they chilled the hearers' heart—it was—

"Farewell!"—then she dropped to the ground like an overthrown statue, for sense and life had reeled beneath her agony. Montague would have rushed forward to raise her, but Mr. Glanville put him back."

"I forbid you to touch her!" he said—" begone, thou worse than assassin—stay not to look upon the ruin thou hast wrought—there are no words of power enough to vindicate thee, for there is thy answer. Behold that falles flower—behold that victim whose heart the islamy hath crushed, and stay not to reason with a father's

misery!—Oh! my child! my child! would to God I had died for thee, my hapless daughter!"

The blow for freedom had been stricken—the long smouldering fire had burst forth, and sent a blaze to heaven that drew the world's attention, on those who had so bravely kindled it. The skirmish at Lexington was the signal for an universal flying to arms: and though reform was at present the only declared motive of their rising, there were not wanting many, whose breasts already beat high with the ultimate hope of national independence. Blood had flowed on either side, the dogs of war were slipt, and an unnatural contest between men of the same descendants, began to desolate the beautiful creation of God, with carnage, fire, and rapine; and who was to blame?—at whose hands should be required the blood spilt—the treasure wasted in this most ill-advised and unjustly grounded war? -A rash and weak ministry, who, contrary to the general wish, or feelings of the mother land, first heaped oppression and insult on people as brave as themselves, and then strove to quench the indignation excited by this conduct, in the best blood of both nations.

It was in the autumn'of the year 1775, a few months after the memorable battle of Bunker's Hill, that a lady sat alone in a shaded bower, near to the river's edge, which swept gracefully by, within a few miles of the town of Concord. The wind came off the water in gusts, and as it strewed the withering leaves around, it moaned mournfully through the almost naked branches, as it were bewailing the desolation itself had made. That sad sound reminded the lady of human passion—alike the destroyer and mourner over those it loves—heavy masses of clouds were fast gathering over the azure dome of the sky, like the wings of the storm spirit when he arouses from his sleep-and such, thought the lady, is human life, when hope is brightest and joy shines fairest, even then is desolation at hand, and the hour of mourning near; but that sun will burst through the veil which obscures his brightness, and so when this transitory life shall pass away, the soul shall ascend to its God-and sin and sorrow molest no more!-A low sound-it might be a falling leaf-it might be the murmuring wind, interrupted the maiden's musings, and brought a deep flush over her fair brow-a figure much muffled, emerged from the wood, and in another moment was prostrated at her feet.-She did not scream, nor fly-her lips, though mute, moved in fervent prayer for strengththere needed no words to tell Mellicent Glanville that Frederic Montague knelt at her feetand they had met again on the same spot where they had parted. A few months, a very few had past, yet all was changed. He was now in arms against the country of her love, and leagued against the liberty which she idolized, and she ch! it. was a sad sight to behold the ravages which the incurable leprosy of the heart had worked angel features—but their expreswas the same—dignity of mind, purity of soul were enthroned on that pale brow, in sort row, in disease, in agonizing tuspense, in fatigue, in silent, but hopeless woe—that stamp of an Almighty hand remained unchanged. Death itself could hardly quench a light which emanated from the pure fountain of heavenly truth. And now the one who divided her heart with her nation's love—the one who had wrought for her so much of woe, yet whom she loved as devotedly as ever—the, one whose generous arm had saved her only brother's life, when they had met in the ensanguined battle-field, the one, whom to serve, she would have gladly died-he, that loved, yet dreaded one, now knelt before her, and with what language could Mellicent reply to his broken words and impassioned sighs?-" Oh! answer me one word, my life—my soul—say but that you have forgiven—that you have not forgotten me!"

She started from her motionless silence—"In the name of heaven, why are you here, and how?"

"Mellicent, can you ask me why? I have not lived since parted from you—existence is joyless—hopeless—aimless all without you; fortune, honour, and glory are as nothing without your love; tanger, or death, is an easy price for the rapture of beholding you again!"

"Colonel Montague," replied Mellicent, hurriedly, "I cannot hear these words, you are my country's foe, and therefore mine. Away—your life is here in danger—oh! begone!"

"Never, Mellicent, never—by the help of this disguise and heavy bribes, I have passed your sentinels—I will repass them again with you, or I will stay here and die. Nay, answer not, but hear me-your countrymen have bravely proved themselves of British blood and courage; an express has been forwarded to England, whose just and reasonable demands will surely be complied with, henceforth will Englishmen and Americans be as friends and brothers—united in the same interests and wishes, acknowledging the same king-respecting each other as brave men should, who are equally honourable and free-this unnatural war will close, and peace and plenty smile gloriously over the clasped hands, which now are raised against each other. To me, America is dearer than Britain, for is it not your home?—here, then, will I make mine also. I will devote my life to make your happiness—I will imitate your virtue to be less unworthy of

meet you there!"
"Oh! my God, have mercy on me!" lowly murmured the maiden.

your love-I will strive to win heaven that I may

"Now behold the other side—if you will indeed sacrifice yourself and me at the bloody altar of your fancied liberty, if you will ruthlessly cast both our hearts beneath the wheels of this Juggernaut's car, your work shall be complete, for here will I stay and die. Choose, then, will you trample on the heart that adores you—will you shed the blood that was freely poured to save your brother's life?"

A death-like hue came over the features of

Mellicent, her voice sounded supprest and hollow -but the spirit swerved not, the anchor of her soul was sure.

"Montague, I do not ask you to spare me-if it gives you comfort to torture me thus. I can bear it willingly—there is not that wish, hope, or joy of my own, I would not eacrifice to your desire; if the blood of my life could serve you, it would flow spontaneously; if to link my fate with yours in poverty, imprisonment, torture or death, were mine to choose, I would embrace it as joyfully as the captive hails his freedom; but I will not desert the standard I have chosen, nor cast away my country's cause, because it is opposed to my selfish hopes. It is useless to urge me," she continued more wildly, and with an involuntary scream, as she saw him about to speak, "you may slay me at your feet with this agony-you may drive me mad by this horrible struggle—but while I have life or reason, I will never forsake my bleeding country-never-never!"

"My Mellicent, be calm!" he said, much alarmed at the wild anguish of her manner, " you are now excited and view things falsely-you will not forsake your country, but rather advance her interests by gaining another warm heart and arm to her cause."

"Oh! peace, peace! I am calm now, and again beseech you to leave me-on earth we are for ever divided, but there is a better and a brighter land, where we may meet when the dark sea of life has rolled into eternity. Farewell! I love you deeply, devotedly-I will never love nor wed another-your image is graven on my heart, your name will be breathed in stillness and prayer, by my lips until I die-but a daughter of America shall never join her country's foes, nor desert that country while gloriously struggling to be free! Farewell!"

He drew himself proudly up, and folded his arms across his breast-" Enough-your choice is made, and so is mine-yonder come some of your boasted sons of Freedom, let them behold

bow an Englishman dare die!"

As he spoke, several American officers appeared in the distance. Mellicent gasped for breath-" Away, away-oh! for the love of God -for my sake, who would die for you, begone! -Montague, for mercy, fly!-let them not find you here.—Oh! God, you have no pity—must l see you taken to die before my eyes-if you would not kill me, begone-oh, begone! before they see you!-

"You urge me in vain—I will not fly without

"Then all is over-God! for thy mercy! they are bere"-

Marmaduke Glanville, (who, though young, had so much distinguished himself already, that his imprudent courage had carried him, at Bunker lill, into danger, that nothing but Montague's presence could have said him from) was amongst the group of officers who entered the arbour, and when his eye fell on the noble form of Montague, proudly standing with head uncovered and folded arms, he could not suppress the exclamation of surprised consternation. which burst from his lips, and was instantly repeated by the others.

Who is he?—what is he?—je he a spy?—is he an Englishman?"-were questions poured upon

Marmaduke.

"I-I don't know-yes-no-that is he is -nothing."

The commanding officer, General Lee, looked at him with infinite surprise; then, after a moment's pause, said-

"Miss Glanville, this person is in your company, and I will take your word for what he is; it would be all but blasphemy to suspect you of favouring a foe to America."

All eyes were turned on Mellicent. Marmaduke looked earnestly at her, and suggested her answer, by saying, "I think this is Jerry Walton from Baltimore, you expected him to-day, sister."

"This is Colonel Lord Frederick Montague, aid de camp to General Burgoyne," answered Mellicent, firmly, "he has past our lines with a false pass, but not as a spy."

"Colonel Montague?" echoed all voices.

"Even so, gentlemen," said Montague, advancing; "think not I have kept silence hitherto from unwillingness to declare my name, or dread of the consequences. I but awaited this lady's answer, that she might do herself the justice of displaying her patriotism, as it is. I am what she has said, and passed your lines by bribery. I know the consequences, and am ready to meet them; there is my sword."

"I take your sword, sir!" answered General Lee, "with deep regret, but it is my duty to order you under arrest until General Washington's pleasure be known. Captain Glanville,

please to order a guard here?"

"Excuse me, sir; this gentleman bravely saved my life at the risk of his own. My sister may murder him if she pleases, I will not."

"I can sacrifice myself, but not my country," murmured she. "And you have done well, my best beloved," said Montague, " I would not have had it otherwise; farewell, best and dearest of God's creatures; farewell for ever!" He knelt and prest the hem of her robe to his lips for a moment; then rising, firmly followed the great.

" Mellicent, God forgive you for this; but how can you forgive yourself," exclaimed Marma-

duke, as he rushed away.

"Miss Glanville," said General Lee, "vou have nobly done. Let England's ministers hear what an American girl can do for her country, and despair of victory."

There was no answer to his words, and he turned back to look at her; she was standing with her eyes fixed in the direction where her lover had gone; sense and life seemed gone. Suddenly she gave a piercing cry, and fell to the ground covered with blood; a vein had burst, and the bright, pure stream of life flowed fast from her livid lips. Resolution had lasted till all was done; then nature prevailed, and sunk beneath the agony; they carried her insensible to the house, and those that heard her mournful story,

almost prayed that consciousness might never return, to madden her with the memory of that hour.

And death itself had been welcome, even in the tortures of the rack, to the despair of Montague, as he paced the room of his confinement; to be held a descrier and renegado to his countrymen; to be thought a spy by the other side, and to die the ignominious death of one; even these things were light to the loss of Mellicent; to the thought that she could have saved him, and would not. At night his solitude was broken by a footstep; he started up, while his heart bounded with the hope that the devoted breast of woman had relented; but no—it was Marmaduke Glanville, and not his sister, who had entered. His appearance betokened hurry and agitation, his eye was troubled and his voice sad.

"Colonel Montague," he said, "you are free! Here is a passport for the outer lines—Fight for Freedom is the watchword with the guard; go at once, and may God bless you."

"Who has done this?" eagerly asked he; "is it—can it be"—

"Alas! no," interrupted Marmaduke, "you are free by the permission of Washington himself. I hastened to him, I told the dreadful story of poor Mellicent's love and duty; I told him that you had interposed your own breast between me and death; I convinced him you were no spy; his angel soul melted at the recital; Washington accepts no triumph over a defenceless foe; Washington can weep for the sorrow of an enemy; Washington gives you your life and bids you go free!"

"I thank you, Captain Glanville, but your generosity is vain. I will not escape. I do not desire to live away from Mellicent."

"Be not so rash—be not so cruel—the agony of my poor sister has already stretched her on the couch of pain and danger—her life hangs on a single thread—that thread will be snapt by your refusal to save yourself."

"You have named a motive indeed for flight: never will I add more to her misery or care. To me all things are equally joyless; honour, fame, country, have no longer a charm to my heart. I will never strike another blow against a country that contains a woman such as Mellicent-a man like Washington. Henceforth the love of woman is as a forgotten dream: the ties of home as the sound of far off music. Say to her, that as in life I have loved but her-so in death her name shall be last on my lips. Ask her to forgive the sorrow I have caused her-bid her forget the hopeless wretch who has blighted her young bloom, and heaped desolation on her heart. Tell her that many may love with better hopes, but none with deeper truth or more devoted passion. Farewell, my friend!"

Who amongst us has not at some time been doomed to watch the awful footsteps of deathers the person of some dear friend—some beloved welative whom we would have gladly shielded with our heart of hearts—whom to save we would

have shed our blood by drops? Who has not known the flattering hope—the sickening dread, the hurried unwillingness to think, which fluctuate through the breast when bending over the suffering bed—the ghastly effort to smile that we may deceive others—the vain sentiatry with which we striveto deceive ourselves—the lingering hope against hope—the impassive stundard horror of the final conviction that hope is gotter.

Such were the various feelings that agitated the hearts of a little group who were assembled in the sunny porch of a house in Chesnut street, on the 4th of July, 1776; an easy chair, propped by pillows, supported the shadowy form of a dying girl. Disease had not robbed that pale face of beauty, for her's was the beauty of soul, the spiritual loveliness, which age cannot steal, nor decay wither. Resignation and love were graven on those wasted features—purity and holy pride still beamed from those bright but sunken eyesher transparent hands were crost over her faded bosom, and the words of gratitude and praise breathed from those pale, parted lips.-Mellicent Glanville was dying, and she welcomed her doom with joy unspeakable. She never thought of sighing over her wasted bloom, or her early grave. By her stood her anxious father and brother—they had spoken of hope, but the words died on their lips-for they saw that she heeded There was a holy rapture in her amile, as she looked out upon the bright sky that plainly spoke her desire to be there. Death was very near, but it had no sting-the grave was open, but there was no victory.

"Oh! my father—my brother—how beautiful is this. I feel the warm sun upon my breast, and it seems the kiss of my God, imparting peace and love I feel the soft breeze playing on my brow, and it whispers me of sins forgiver -of sorrows forgotten—of joy that passe understanding. How full of mercy and goodness is He who created this world of beauty. I shall, die in the blessed hope of my country's happiness -l shall be buried where its beloved sun will shine upon my grave!-Oh! America-land of my love and pride-object of my earliest and latest prayer-my first lisping accents blest thee -in the dark hour of bondage and oppression, my heart still poured its blessing on thy nameand now my failing breath blesses thee.-Oh! my country-my beautiful-my beloved-my father land!"-

" My child—my child!"

Digitized by 1

"Weep not dearest—most honoured father—but rejoice that I go to my quiet rest. Rejoice that my head will repose on free ground—that the song of Liberty will be swept by the breeze over my grave.—Oh! may those who have bled for America be bleat in themselves—be blest in their children, until time shall be no more. May the love of a rejoicing nation brighten their lives, and the tears of gratitude hallow their graves!"

"And you too, my Mellicent, have contended for the rightcous cause—have sacrificed for it ' life and love."

He had touched a chord that ever vibrated to

agony. A bright hectic flushed over her cheek, and a tear started at his words. It was the last blush of human feeling, that stained its purity or dimmed the heavenly lustre of her eye. At the moment, a long, loud shout was heard in the streets; it was caught up and echoed in every direction; it ascended to Heaven, and the blue vault on high rang with the joyous peal. The echoes reverberated back the sound, and Heaven and earth seemed joined in one loud Hallelujah!

Mellicent laid her hand on her father's arm; she could not speak, for emotion shook her wasted form almost to dissolution. A friend of Mr. Glanville's rushed into their presence, exclaiming—" The Declaration of Independence has been read in the State House!"

"Glory be to God in the highest!" exclaimed Mellicent, starting up as with tenfold health and strength—"my country is free!—Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"

She fell back as the words past her lips—her father caught her fragile form, but the spirit was fled for ever. The sudden joy had snapt the last cord which bound it to earth, and released the immortal soul from its bondage of clay. She had died in the moment so long, so fervently prayed for—in the full fruition of joy—in the perfection of her treasured hopes—and she had died most happy. She was not doomed to suffer the long suspense—the alternate of hope and despair which followed. She went from a world too cold and cruel, to contain a being so pure, so heavenly—and rejoicing angels bore the emancipated spirit to it native skies.

They made her grave in the spot she loved, where the flowers bloom fairest and the sun shines brightest; and they laid her there in her young loveliness, beneath a sky which was not brighter nor purer than herself. They planted the hallowed turf with blossoms, beautiful as the one who sleeps beneath, and the night breeze wafts the incense of their perfume to the sky.

To that holy spot, for many a year, would the maidens of America come, and invoke the blest spirit of the beautiful blessed one who rests beneath; and there, traditions say, has her hallowed form been seen to glide, blessing again the land she loved so well, and hailing with holy joy, the liberty and peace for which she gladly sacrificed Berself, and died—a Patriot Martyr.

## THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

The human soul is as clearly distinguished from all animal mind, notwithstanding the partial resemblances that exist, as the bee is from the sponge, or the elephant from the oyster. Independent of all metaphysical discrimination, the literature, the history, the arts, the mechanisms, and the manufactures of mankind—all that cannobles, enriches, and delights a cultivated nation, show at once, with an irresistible certainty, the immense superiority of the human soul. It has discovered and acquired the sciences, composed the works, displayed the feelings, performed the actions, and created the buildings.

the ships, the paintings, the statues, the music, and all the other wonders of civilized society. These are sufficient facts to separate the human spirit from the animal mind. That never improves; that, in no age or country, has effected any progression; though it sees, hears, and feels as we do, and thinks and reasons, wills and judges on its perceptions, so far as its appetites are concerned, much as we do on ours. But there is its limit. Beyond that small, though useful circle, it never advances. In our appetites, in the mental agency which they stimulate and acquire, we have a kinship and a similitude, but no further. When our moral principles begin -- when our improvabilities developewhen we rise beyond our animal wants and desires-when we study nature-when we cultivate literature-when we seek after knowledgewhen the reason and the sympathies ascend to their Creator-we distinguish our spirit from the animal mind for ever. To none of these things can that attain. It is incapable either of receiving or of comprehending them; and these ennobling powers and their phenomena express and illustrate the amazing difference which parts us from our fellow brutes, more impressively than any verbal definitions or descriptive particularity. Their faculties, instincts, and powers are admirable for their class of being, and enlarge our notions of the benevolence as well as of the almightiness of our Common Maker; but they bear no comparison with the transcending capacity, qualities, and achievements of their human masters .- Turner's Sacred History.

### COQUETRY.

"Pray, Mamma, explain to me what is coqueterie? I feel as if I did, and did not understand the meaning of the word."-" Before I give you the desired explanation," replied Lady de Clifford, smiling, " I think I ought first to ascertain what your motives are in asking the question, as the character of coquette would not, I should hope, be approved of by my Rosa. Coqueterie is a vice-for I must call it suchthat is supposed to belong exclusively to our sex; though, if they choose to acknowledge it, I believe it equally appertains to the other, and consists in the desire of attracting the attentions of men. Surrounded by their flattery and homage, the coquette seeks to draw all mankind around her, and all who approach her magic sphere appear to find, however they may despise the object, an indescribable charm which attracts them; for a coquette generally possesses the talent of making every one pleased with himself. Her sole aim in life is to excite admiration; and not confined to one alone, she seeks and courts it from all.—But when the object is sined, the desire of pleasing generally ceases. Adams de Genlis says of coquetterie, and the femant is most just—" C'est ce que les hommes meprisent, et ce qui les attire."-La Coquet-



THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHORESS

COLO

AT HOME—IN HER BOUDOIR.

Original.

#### FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

To \_\_\_\_

No, then wert not my first love, I had loved before we met, I had learned to shed the bitter tears of anguish and regret, I had trusted long and valuly, to a false and cruel heart, And seen the hopes I cherished most, like summer leaves depart.

It was a fearful struggle, to rend those bonds in twain, And rise above their broken links, triumphantly again; To wear a glance of sunlight, when the haward ray was gone,

And smile upon the many, when I only dreamed of one.

There was so much of beauty, in that being young and proud,

He paced the hall—he traced the ball—a god amongst the crowd:

That form of noble bearing, those limbs of chiseled mould, Seemed like the pictured image of the Antinous of old.

There was so much of beauty, in that proud and perfect face,

The faultless outline such as fain, the sculptor's hand would trace;

The dark hair wild and waving, that clustered o'er his brow,

The curi upon the wreathed lip, the clear cheek's haughty glow.

And oh! the fascination, that strangely round him clung, The winning words of gentleness, that dwelt upon his tongue.

The wild, commanding gentus, that ever rose above All others thoughts, or words, or deeds—such was my early

He told me that he loved me—and 1 believed the while, I lived but in the meteor ray of his bewitching smite; I dwelt on each expression that past his glowing lip, And hoarded them, and thought on them, within my very sleep.

I loved him deeply, fondly, for I was half a child And his spirit held a mastery, mysterious and wild; I saw him as a being unrivalled on this earth, And I thought not in those earlier days, of deeper truth or worth.

'Twere worse than visin to linger, on every deed and word, That first within my trusting heart, the flood of anguish poured;

With treachery and falsehood, he burst Love's golden chain, The spell was flown, the dream was done, we never met again!

Oh! fearful was the agony, the maddening woe that past Across my heart and mind like the withering Simoom blast, I lived all dark and rayless, like morumental stone, I only knew, I only felt, my star of light was gone!

I conquered that stern anguish, I would not weep for one
Who had basely trampled o'er the heart, that beat for him
alone:

I bound those wild affections, as with a mighty chain— But I deemed in that first, lonely hour, I could never love again.

Time past, that first impression, wore gradually away; We met, I heard thy gentle voice, and felt thy spirit's sway; You won my full esteem, another band was wove, I dem me'er forget that faithless one—but I have ceased to love.

I have told thee how I loved him—think not I love thee less, Oh ho! thou knowest well the strength of my deep tenderI am changed, and changing strangely, I have learned to prize the heart,

To feel all mind, all power, all worth comprised where'er thou art.

He was the rapid torrent, loud thundering in its might,
And thou the deep but alleat stream, soft, peaceable and
bright;

He was the flashing meteor, passing in gloom away, And thou the calmly shining star, of pure, undying say.

Who would not choose between them ?—the lasting and the light—

Nor hold thy course, the nobler one, so changeloss and so bright;

Who would not choose between them? the gambs and the proud—

Nor prize thy generous love beyond, all he, that false one, wowed.

They say that woman's first love, must ever be his last, I have poured forth my whole, fond heart, in its present and its past;

I have told thee all its struggles, and all it rose above; And I know thou wilt believe my true, my last, and desirest love:

#### THE DIRGE.

But there was weeping far away, And gentle eyes, for him, With watching many an anxious day Were sorrowful and dim.

BRYANT.

Tunoven the dim forest, where of greenest leaves,
The god of spring his fairy chaplet weaves,
A voice shall go;

Solemn and sad, like spirit notes at even, When from the portals of the sunset heaven They sweetly flow.

And it shall breathe of highest hopes decayed, And a fresh grave by weeping brethren made, By the lone sea;

Of a bright eye, where death has set his seel, And a warm heart, that never more shall feel Love's costacy.

For oh! thy youthful burial place hath been In a far clime of wild and rugged men;

Where a clear stream

Doth murmur gently by its banks of flowers,

And Indian girls have reared their fragram bowers,
'Neath the warm beam.

And in thy childhood's home there dwelleth one
Who oft will wander forth to gaze upon
The Evening Star;

And watch, through the long seasons of the night, In the blue depths of heaven, its scraph light Trembling afar;

And vainly deem that thou, 'neath alien skies,
On that bright star at eve doth fix thy eyes,
And fondly dwell,

On all the witcheries of live and youth;

And breathe again the vows that clothed with truth

Thy last farewell.

And there thy mother, as she kneels, doth send
A prayer to her God, in which still blend

Fond thoughts of thee;
And loved companions gather on the shore
To watch, in vain, thy blest return once more
O'er the blue ass.

Ket rest thee where thy youthful brow is lain, All lowly with the exiled and the slain;

On foreign strand;

Digitized by

Though faithful hearts are breaking at thy fate,
And thy bright home is lone and desolate,
In thine own land.

# THE COQUETTE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE ball was truly splendid: so was the supper. Three new beauties "came out" that night; fourteen gentlemen, distinguished in the fashionable world, for various causes, fell in love with these "blossoms of the London spring," as the newspapers call them; and Bessie Ashton's marriage with Lord Glenallan was formally declared by her aunt, Lady Ashton, as fixed for the ensuing evening. One by one the lingering guests departed; the chandeliers gave a fainter light as the gradual day-dawn overpowered them; and the tired servants seemed only waiting finally to extinguish the lamps, till the departure of two figures should leave the rooms silent and deserted. They waited, however, in vain. Mute and motionless as a statue, Bessie Ashton remained gazing from the open window, on the empty park, and ever and anon the cool breeze of the morning lifted her glossy black hair from a cheek, whose haggard weariness and unsmiling expression, ill assorted with the situation of Glenallan's envied bride. Opposite, leaning against a marble table which supported one of the magnificent mirrors in the apartment, and gazing stedfastly on her averted figure, stood a young man of about six and twenty. His mouth was coarsehis eye harsh-yet his countenance was handsome. Miss Ashton turned from the window with a slight shudder, as if the wind had chilled her; "Well, George?" said she listlessly .- "Well, Bessie. And so you have sold yourself for a coronet!"-" Ah! George, do not begin in that harsh way; you know I cannot bear it.—It is so long since I spoke familiarly with any one, and I was so glad to see you back again." As she spoke the last words she clasped his hand in one of hers, and laying the other lightly and tremblingly on his shoulder, looked up in his face with a nervous and painful smile. Her companion did not shake her off, but he shrunk from that caressing hand, and ceased to lean against the marble slab. " I do not wish to speak harshly to you, Bessie; on the contrary, I believe you will find me more kindly disposed to you, than many who are smoother spoken: but I cannot, and will not, conceal from you, that your conduct towards my friend, Claude Forester, has forever destroyed my esteem for your character. It is impossible I should not feel this—and particularly at a time when I know him to be ill and heart-broken."-" I did not forsake him—he chose to distrust—to forget me," said Bessie, while she struggled in vain to choke back the tears that rose to her eyes. "And why? why did he distrust and fortake you? because that spirit of coquetry, which is the curse of your existence, prompted you to encourage every one round you-to traffic for compliments; to barter looks for words, and words for feelings—and to make him miserable for the gratification of your vanity. Yet you might,

if you had tried, have won him back again: you might even now."-" Win him back again!" exclaimed Miss Ashton passionately, "I have no need to make so vast a struggle to be loved; there are many, who are thought Claude Forester's superiors, who like me in spite of those faults you and your friend are so quick in observing; and pray on what occasions have I played the coquette, my wise cousin?"-" Bessie, Bessie, you need not be bitter with me; for the time is gone by when you could provoke or sadden me. Have you forgotten young Mildmay, to whom you were forced to apologise for having led him to believe you would accept him? Have you forgotten Lawrence Gordon and his laboured gifts, which you returned when weary of the giver? Have you forgotten Lord Courtown and his flowers? Mr. Montague and his blood-hound, which you caressed for the sake of making a tableau? Have you forgotten that at one time you even thought it worth your while ---- " a peculiar and confused expression passed over his countenance;—he stammered and paused. Miss Ashton raised her eyes, and a short quick smile of triumph lit every feature of her expressive face, as she gazed on his. "I do believe you are jealous," exclaimed she, "it is ill receiving advice from a lover, Mr. Ashton."-" I am not your lover, Bessie, God forbid that my happiness should depend on you-and if I were your admiration, which results solely from the power of personal attraction-without esteem, without respect-is it indeed worth that smile? Your beauty no one can be insensible to; but your heart! oh, very cold and selfish must that heart be, which could prize any triumph at a moment like this, when you have made the misery of one man, and are about, in all human probability, to destroy the happiness of another. Beware, Bessie, beware! the day shall come when the triumph of coquetry shall have no power to comfort your agony. Good night." He turned and left the room. Mechanically, Miss Ashton followed; and mechanically she sought her own room and flung herself into a chair. George Ashton's words rung in her ear; her heart beat violently; the choking which precedes weeping rose in her throat. Grief, pride, resentment, and mortification, strove for mastery in her mind, and the triumphant beauty gave way to an hysterical burst of tears. Her passionate sobbing awoke the weary attendant, who had been sitting up for her. "Dear Miss," said she, "don't fret so; we must all leave our homes some time or another, and I am sure Lord Glenallan-"-" Don't talk to me, Benson-1 have no home-I have no one to grieve for. Home! is it like home-friends to give a ball on my departure, as if it were a thing to rejoice at? Where is the quiet evening my mother used to describe long ago, which was to

precede my wedding-day—where the sweet counsel from her lips which was to make the memory of that evening holy for evermore—where the quiet and the peace which should bless my heart? They have made me what I am—they have made me what I am—they have made me what I am."—"La, Miss," said the astonished maid, "I am sure you ought to be happy; and as to your poor mamma, it is in nature that parents should die before their children, and she was a very delicate lady always. So do, Miss," continued she, "dry your beautiful eyes, or they'll be as red as ferrets, and your voice is quite hoarse with crying; you will not be fit to be seen to-morrow."

Nothing calms one like the consciousness of not being sympathised with: Bessie Ashton ceased to weep, and began to undress, after which she dismissed her maid, and burying her head in her hands, forgot all but the irrevocable past.

"Past four! a fine morning." Bessie started, and raised her heavy eyes to the window—the monotonous words were repeated. She looked wistfully at the bed; but no-she felt she could not sleep. Her head sank again on her hand; vague feelings of wretchedness and self-reproach. weighed on her soul, and too weary even to weep. she remained listlessly dreaming, till a sudden beam of the morning sunshine lit on the ornaments she had worn the night before, and startled her into consciousness. Her clasped hands dropped on her knee as she gazed on the sweet sky which heralded in her wedding-day. The sun rose higher and brighter—the heavens grew bluer—the indistinct and rarely heard chirping of the earlier birds changed to a confused twittering, varied by loud cheerful notes, and the -clear carol of the blackbird and thrush; the fresh wind blew on her weary aching brow, as if seeking to soothe her misery; and Bessie Ashton sank on her knees and stretching out her arms to Heaven, murmured some passionate invocation, of which the only audible words were "Claude, dear Claude -Oh, God forgive me and help me! that love is sinful now."

Few would have recognised the pale and weeping form which knelt in earnest agony then, in the bride of the evening. Wedded by special license to an Earl: covered with pearls and blonde: flushed with triumph and excitement: the Countess of Glenallan bent, and imprinted a light cold kiss on the forehead of each of her beautiful bridesmaids; bowed and smiled to the congratulating beings who pressed round her; received the stiff and self-complacent speech of her aunt, Lady Ashton; and descended the magnificent staircase with her happy bridegroom. One adieu alone disturbed her. George Ashton stood at the hall-door, and as she passed, he took her hand and murmure God bless you, Bcssie!" Involuntarily she wrung the hand he held; involuntarily she returned the blessing; old memories crowded to her heart:—tears gathered in her eyes:-with a burst of weeping she sank back in the carriage, and when Lord Glenallan whispered caressingly, "Surely, my own, you

have left nothing there for which my love cannot repay you"—she drew her hand from his with a cold shudder; and a confused wish that she had never been born, or never lived to be married, (especially to the man to whom she had just sworm love and duty,) was the uppermost feeling in Bessie's heart, as the horses whirled her away to her new home.

Time past; Bessie Ashton again appeared on the theatre of the gay world, as an admired bride. The restless love of conquest which embittered her girlhood, still remained—or rather, (inasmuch as our feelings do not become more simple as we mix with society,) increased and grew upon her day by day.

The positive necessity of sometimes concealing what we do feel; the policy of affecting what we do not; the defiance produced by the consciousness of being disliked without a cause, and abused as a topic for conversation; the contempt excited by the cringing servility of those who flatter for services to be performed, and follow for notice to be obtained; the repeated wreck of hopes that seemed reasonable; the betrayal of confidence which appeared natural; the rivalry, disappointment, mortification, and feverish struggling, which beset us in the whirlpool of life, and carry us round whether we will or not-these are causes which the noblest and the purest natures have difficulty in resisting, and which had their full effect on a mind like Bessie's, naturally vain and eager, and warped by circumstances to something worse.

From her mother's home, where poverty and a broken heart had followed an imprudent marriage, Miss Ashton had been transported to add; by her transcendent beauty, one other feature of attraction to the gayest house in London.

"Not quite a woman, yet but half a child," she was at that age when impressions are casiest made—and, when made, most durable. Among her rich relations the lessons taught by the pale lips of her departed parent were forgotten; the weeds which that parent would have rooted from her mind, grew up and choked her better feelings; and Bessie, the once simple and contented Bessie, who had been taught to thank God for the blessing of a humble home, and the common comforts of life, struggled for wealth and rank that should place her on a par with her new associates, and shrank from the idea of bestowing her hand on any man who could not give her in return—diamonds and an Opera-box.

During the seclusion of an English honey-moon, Bessie had believed that (Claude Forester apart) she could love Glenallan better than any one. He was intelligent, kind, graceful, and noble. He was an Earl, he was popular with women, and respected by men. He had made two very creditable speeches in the House, and might make more. He rode inimitably well. He had shown more taste in laying out the grounds about Glenallan, than Nash did in the Regent's Park. In short, there was no reason she should not love Glenallan;—except that it would be so exceedingly ridiculous to fall in love

mitta conce husband; it would look as if nobody chought it worth his while to pay her any Mention; Glenzllan himself would think it so sidiculous, for Glenalian had none of Claude Forester's romance, and was quite accustomed to the ways of fashionable couples, and contented to pureme the same path.—Then Lady Ashtonhow Lady Ashton would laugh! and it really would be laughable, after all. So Lady Glenallan's first coup d'essai, after her marriage, was to encourage the violent admiration evinced for her by her Lord's cousin, Fitzroy Glenallan, who was twice as intelligent, twenty times as graceful, won all the plates at Ascot, Epsom, and Doncaster; was the idol of the women-and as to the men-pshaw! the men were jealous of

Now it so happened, that one of the inimitable Fitzroy's peculiarities was, that he never could be in love with the same woman for more than three months at a time. Upon this failing, therefore, the young Countess undertook to lecture him, and succeeded so well, that he suddenly told her sne morning, when she was gathering a geranium in her beautiful conservatory in Park Lane, that if there ever existed a being he could worship for ever, it was herself. Lady Glenalian det fall the dower she had gathered. She blushed a deep crimson. She felt—that she was a married woman, and ought to be excessively shocked she thought of forbidding him the house, but then it would be so awkward to make a quarrel between Glenallan and his cousin; so she only forbid him ever to mention the subject again: and to prove that she was in earnest in her wish to discourage his attentions, she gave two hours every morning, and a perpetual ticket to her opera-box, to young Lord Linton, who knew nobody in town, poor fellow, was only just twoand-twenty, and most touchingly attached to a pale pretty little sister of his, with whom he rode, walked, and talked unceasingly, and who, he assumed Lady Glenallan, was the last of seven; that eating worm, consumption, being the inheritance of his family.

Fitzroy Glenallan was not, however, a man to be slighted with impunity—he ceased to be Lady Glenallan's lover, but oh! how infinitely more irksome and troublesome did he contrive to make the attentions of Lady Glenallan's friend. What unasked-for advice did he not pour into her ear! -what gentle hints and laughing allusions did he not bestow on her husband! what an unwearied watch did he not keep over the very curl of her lip, and the lifting of her eye-lash, when her smiles or her glance were directed to her new favourite.—A thousand times in a fit of irritation did she determine on freeing herself from the tyranny of this self-elected monitor; and a thousand times did she shrink from the attempt under the bitter consciousness that her own folly had in some measure placed her in his power. He might incense Lord Glenallan, who was gradually becoming, not openly jealous-no, he was too fashionable a husband for that—but coldly displeased, and distant at times, and sneeringly

reproachful at others. He might ridicule her to his companions; he might-in short she felt, without exactly knowing why, that it would be better to keep well with the person whose admiration had once been so grateful to her. Meanwhile young Linton gradually became absorbed by his passion for his beautiful protectress:that a being so gifted, so worshipped, so divine, should devote her time, her talents, her affection, to one as unknown and insignificant as himself, was as extraordinary as it was intoxicating. His mornings were spent in her boudoir-his afternoons in riding by her side—his evenings in wandering through the crowded assembly, restless, severed, and dissatisfied, till her arm was linked in his, and then—all beyond was a blank -a void—a nullity that could scarce be deemed existence. His little fair consumptive sister was almost forgotten; or, when remembered, the sudden pang of having neglected her would strike him, and he would hurry her here and there and everywhere, in search of amusement, and load her table with new books, and hot-house flowers; and kiss away the tears that trembled in her eyes; and murmur, between those light kisses, how willingly he would lay down his life to save her one hour's vexation; and wonder she still looked fatigued and still seemed unhappy. But by degrees these fits of kindness grew more rare -the delirium which steeped his senses shut out all objects but one. Day after day—day after day-Lucy Linton sat alone in the dark, hot drawing-room, in South Audley-street, and with a weakness, which was more of the body than the mind, wepf and prophesied to herself that the should die very soon; while her brother persuaded himself that she was too ill-too tired to go outtoo anything-rather than she should be in the way.

It is true, Lady Glenallan could not be aware of all these solitary musings; but it is equally true that she was jealous of Linton's love, even for his sister; and in the early days of their acquaintance, when Lucy used sometimes to accompany them to the opera, exacted the most undivided attention to her fair self. Occasionally, indeed, when some charitable dowager had taken Lucy to a ball or party, and that little pale wistful face passed Lady Glenallan in the crowd, and gave one lingering look of fondness at the brother who was her natural protector, the heart of the admired Countess would smite her, and her arm would shrink from her companion, as she reflected that she did not even return the love she had taken so much pains to secure to herself; but for the most part she forgot all but her own interests or amusements.

At length a new actor appeared in the scenes we have described. Claude Forester returned to England! Fitzing Glenallan's eye rested on Bessieg face, when some careless tengue communicated the news to her. For one moment he looked round, as if to assure himself there was no other obvious cause for the emotion which crimsoned the brow, check, and bosom, of the being before him. Lady Glenallan lifted her conscious

eyes to his, and turned deadly pale—he looked at her a moment more—bit his lip till the blood started, and moved away. A moment's hesitation, and she followed with a light quick step into the adjoining room. "Fitzroy," gasped she, as she laid her hand on his arm, "you know I knew him before I was married."-" I did not know it," replied he, coldly, " neither I believe does Glenallan." For a moment Bessie shrank angrily from the insinuation, which the tone, rather than the words implied. She dreaded she scarcely knew what, from the manner of her companion; and the consciousness that even that rapid moment, which had scarce allowed time for the crimson blood to rise and subside in her cheek, had sufficed to flash the thought through her mind of how and where and when Claude would meet her; and what would be the result of such a meeting, bewildered her and increased her agitation, as, with a nervous laugh, she said, "You will not jest before him about it-will you?" It was the first time she had so directly appealed to him-so directly endeavoured to propitiate him. A conscious and bitter smile of triumph played on his lip and lurked in his eye. "You may depend on my never mentioning the past," said he; "but tell me -" what he desired to know was left unasked, for at that moment Claude Forester himself walked through the room. He saw Lady Glenallan-paused-hesitated for a few seconds-crossed the room and stood beside her. A few words he spoke, but what they were Bessie did not hear, though they were spoken in a clear firm tone. To her imagination it seemed as if there was contempt and reproof even in the sound of his voice—she murmured something inarticulate in return, and when she ventured to lift her eyes, Fitzroy Glenallan alone stood before her. Oppressed with the suddenness of the interview-overcome by previous agitation—and stung to the heart, Bessie Glenallan burst into tears. Fitzroy had er hand, and was endeavouring to soothe her, when Lord Glenallan and George Ashton entered at the same moment. "Shall I call the carriage, Lady Glenallan? Are you ill?" asked the former, as he glanced with a surprised and discontented air from one to the other. "If you please," murmured Bessie, and he went, followed by his cousin. Not a word was spoken by the pair who remained; but once, when Lady Glenallan looked up, she caught George Ashton's eyes fixed on her with earnest pity: how different from Fitzroy's smile! thought she, and, as she stepped into the carriage, she asked him to call the next day and see her.

The morrow came, and with it came George Ashton. Dispirited and weary, Lady Glenallan complained of Claude Forester's coldness—of Fitzeg Challan's friendship—of Lord Linton's attention—of her husband's inattention—of Lucy Litton's health—of the world's ill-nature—of every thing and everybody, including the person she addressed, and, having exhausted herself with passionate complaining, sank back to wait his answer. "Bessie," said he at length, "1

have known you from childhood, and (I may say so now that all is over,) I have loved you as well or better than any of your admirers; it is not, therefore, a barsh view of your character that prompts me to give the warning I beseech of you to hear patiently. You are listless and weary of the life you are leading, and mortified at Claude Forester's neglect: but, gracious heaven, what is it you wish? or when will the struggle for pernicious excitement cease in your mind and leave you free to exert your reason? Suppose Claude Forester to have returned with the same deep devoted love for you which filled his heart when he left England, and fled from a fascination which he was unable to resist. Suppose him to have urged that passion with all the vehemence of which his nature is capable would you, indeed, as Lord Glenallan's wife, listen to the man for whom you would not sacrifice your vanity when both were free—or is there so much of the heartlessness of coquetry about you, that you would rather he were miserable than that you should not appear irresistible.-Do you, Bessie, wish Claude were again your lover?"-" No," sobbed Lady Glenallan, " but I wish him not to think ill of me."-" And if you could prove that you had no fault towards him; would it not seem hard that he had ever left you? would not explanations lead to regrets, and regrets to ---. Bessie, struggle against this strange infatuation -this envious thirst for power over the hearts of men. Already you are entangled-already you shrink from the tyranny of Fitzroy Glenallan, and dread the approaches of the cruelly deceived Linton-already you have begun to alienate the affections of a kind and generous heart for the miserable shadows of worldly admiration. Oh! where is the pleasure -where the triumph—of conquests such as yours? What avails it to your comfort at home, or your respectability abroad, that you are satisfied to believe yourself virtuous, because you disappoint even the fools whose notice you attract? Is it indeed so gratifying to see Fitzroy bow to his thousand previous deities and coldly pass them to place himself by you? Is it, indeed, so gratifying to see that little pale deserted girl struggling for a smile, while you parade her infatuated brother through the rooms at Ashton-house? or to sit in an attitude in your opera-box as a point towards which all the glasses in the pit should turn? Warning is given you—retreat in timehave courage to do right. Think of your home, your husband-and leave Claude Forester to his destiny."

"Dear me, Lady Glenallan," exclaimed a female friend, who entered half an hour afterwards, "I can't conceive what you can find to fret about?"—" Can't you," responded the young Countess, dipping her handkerchief in some Eau de Cologne, and applying it to her forehead. "No, indeed, I can't—all the men run after you—all the women are jealous of you—you've no children—no lapdogs—no sisters-in-law—none of the torments of married life. You are as rich as Cresus, and — "Bessie Glenallan looked

from the window, and sighed, "Yes, it's a very empty park—very dull—been so wet all the morning—but I should think you would be at no loss for amusements—got your harp and all the new books, I see. Are you going to Lady Maskingham's to-night?"—"Yes—no—why?" "Why? really, my dear Lady Glenallan, something must have happened; you're quite absent; you know every one will be there."—"True—yes—oh I shall go certainly."—He shall not fancy that I am sad for his sake, thought Bessie, and she sighed again.

Full of excellent resolutions, Lady Glenallan ordered her carriage-bathed her eyes-and drove to South Audley-street. She found Lucy alone, and proposed to her to drive out, which was gladly assented to. As they returned, Bessie said to her little companion, "I shall call in the evening to see if you will go to the ball-do go; I never saw you look better. And then," thought she, as the carriage drove off, "I will have a few words of explanation with poor dear Linton, and after that I will play the coquette no more, for it is all very true —." And again Lady Glenallan sighed. Lady Glenallan and Lucy were late at the ball, owing to the difficulty the former had found in persuading Miss Linton to go at all. But Bessie, like most selfish people trying to do a good-natured thing, would take no denial, and though Lucy persisted that she was more weak and weary than usual-her chaperone waited till she was dressed, and carried her off in triumph. The ball-room opened on an illuminated garden, and Lady Glenallan was standing on the stone steps which led to the principal walks, when Lord Linton hastily addressed her, "Let me speak three words to you-pray, pray hear me, dearest." Startled and confounded, Lady Glenallan neither spoke nor moved, while, in a rapid and confused manner, he explained that he had heard a story of her attachment to Claude Forester, of their parting, of her agitation at seeing him the night before; and he conjured her by all that was holy, not to trifle with him, but at once to confess, either her love for Claude, or her willingness to fly with himself to the uttermost parts of the earth. "May I dance? Do you think it will be safe for me to dance, Linton?" asked the gentle voice of his sister. "Yes, yes, love; no, I mean-yes, dance by all means; dance."-" I have really your leave?" she continued, with a smile; "I believe you scarcely heard my question."-"Yes, yes, my dear Lucy; you wish to dance-go now-go-I am quite willing you should dance to-night.-Oh! Lady Glenallan-Oh! Bessie! answer me, speak to me!" But another voice was in Bessie's ear. As they stood in the shadow of the portico, unseen by those who were walking in the garden, Claude Forester and a young lady passed close to them. "Do not deceive me," said Claude, "I have been deceived once, and I tell you fairly, that my contempt and disgust for the most wretched profligate of her sex, is weak to what I feel towards the coquette, who, with no temptation but vanity, trifles with-" the words were lost in the

distance. Yet, as the speaker returned, Bessie thought she distinguished her own name in the murmuring protestations of Claude's companion. "He scorns me-he holds me up as a warning, as an example, he-Claude-the only being whom I ever really loved!" and Lady Glenallan herself leaned her head against the portico, too faint even for tears. "Speak to me-speak to me-answer me, beloved Bessie!"-She had forgotten him. Shuddering, she attempted to withdraw her hand from the death-like clasp of his, while she exclaimed in agony, "Oh! well might he scorn me! Let me go, infatuated boy! you know not what you love-Oh! let me depart and die, I am sick, sick at heart! I have not heard you-I know not what you have said, or what I have answered-I am a fool-a miserable, vain, accursed fool. I am-Oh! God forgive me!"-"Lord Linton! Lord Linton! Lord Linton!" cried several voices, in a tone of alarm and horror. "Lord Linton! your sister!" said Lord Glenallan, as he made his way through the crowd, and seized the arm of the unhappy young man .-Instantly he darted forward-and Bessie followed; drawn by the fearful impulse which prompts us to leap the precipice we shudder to gaze from. A silent circle was formed where the dance had been; the music had only ceased that momentthere was but one sound through the wide room where hundreds were collected: and that sound was the gasping breath of him who knelt with the slight form of Lucy Linton supported in his arms. All that yet deceitfully told of life, was the shivering communicated by his trembling grasp. He laid her down, and felt that he gazed on a corpse. Peals of laughter, and merry voices, came faintly from the garden, where the event was yet unknown. "Oh, stop them! stop them!" exclaimed Lord Linton, as he gazed towards the portico. "Oh! madman! fool! to let her dance!" And as he uttered these words in a tone of agony, his eye fell on Lady Glenallan, with an expression which froze her very so terrible dream seemed to haunt her; a dream from which she could not wake. Slowly and with effort she withdrew her eyes, and gazed round the circle-all, all were gazing spellbound and horror-struck, on that awful sight: all but one. Claude Forester supported the girl with whom he had been walking, and whose gaze was rivetted on that mournful group of the young brother and his dead sister. His eye alone sought another face-Bessie Glenallan met itand fainted. Many years have passed since that night of sudden horror. They have danced in that same ball-room, to the self-same tunes: and the name of Lucy Linton is a sound forgotten even by those who knew her best. But Lady Glenallan yet remembers in her prayers that fearful evening, and smiles tearfully in her husband's face, as, for the thousandth time, he repeats to comfort her, the certainty that poor Lucy would have died in a few days at all events; and pressing his little daughter's silken curls against her mother's cheek, bids her guide and guard her well, lest she too should be a coquette.

## EXPECTATION.

BY ANNA MARIA WOOD.

When at the midnight hour I speak
Thy welcome house, with playful smile,
If bloom be brightening o'er my cheek,
And gladness light mine eyes the while—
Thou'rt pleased, nor dost thou seek to know
If feetive hours with others spent,
Have kindled on my cheek the glow,
And leastre to mine eyes have lest.

But when my vigil lone I keep,
And, through the hours that linger drear,
While reigns around me tranquit sleep,
Intensely watch thy steps to hear,
Till wayward doubt and wildering fear
A veil of gloom have o'er me wove,
Then dost thou chide the falling tear,
And say that sadness is not love.

Yet ethers may have lit the bloom,
And waked the smile, thou'rt pleased to see:
But thou alone can'st spread the gloom,
And falls each anxious tear for Thee.
Unkind! thy steps no more delay,
But quiet to my breast restore:
Think, if I love thee much when gay,
When I am sad, I love thee more.

# THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL

How many summers, love, Have I been thine? How many days, thou dove, Hast thou been mine? Time, like the winged wind When 't bends the flowers, Hath left no mark behind, To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loth On thee he leaves; Some lines of care round both, Perhaps he weaves: Some tears—a soft regret For joys scarce known; Sweet looks we half forget; All else is flows!

Ah! with what thankless heart I mourn and sing. Look where your children start Like sudden spring: With tengues all sweet and low, Like a pleasant thyme; They tell how much I owe, To thee and thine!

## THE VENDEAN'S SON.

Or all the towns of Lower Normandy, Granville is, perhaps, the least interesting. From whatever side it is reached, indeed, whether from Contanies and its magnificent cathedral to the north, from that lovely little paradise, Mortain, inland and east of it, or from Avranches, the traveller is generally disappointed. Not always however-a gay dance of sailor lads and Norman lasses on the barren heights above the town, together with tents and colours, music, gingerbread, and other appendages of a fete, gave to the bleak coast of Granville a charm, that might well supply the picturesque. Nor was this, after all, wanting. There was the wide ocean, lit by a gay summer even, the sullen hills of Brittanny bounding it on one side, whilst on the other the gilded line of the horizon was broken by the island of Jersey, from whence some tiny volumes of smoke were seen to rise in graceful curls, giving that pleasing effect of motion in extreme and placid distance. This proceeded, we were told, from weeds burning. Chaussee, an islet belonging to France, formed also an interesting speck on the sea's surface. Immediately beneath, the port of Granville was unusually crowded with masts of boats, nay even ships, with a variety of tiny flage flying. From the dark town were issuing crowds to the fete, whilst a bedusted carriage diagorged its freight of travellers, who, however wearied, could not but pause to mingle in the scene of mirth. It was one of those fatiguerepaying moments of depaid, when the eye is en-chanted, and the imagination gets upon a tip-toe for an adventure.

No need of describing the peasant beauty of the Normans, though here certainly less marked than in the more northern parts of the relation. There was a little group of Jarsey women with middless rank dressed in white, with fair English complexions, and English cottage bonnets too, which curiously contrasted with the head dressed of their French neighbours, and excited much the attention and astonishment of the latter.

"What fele or holiday is this?" asked a stranger. "In honour of what Saint may these rejoicings be?"

"Saint!" exclaimed the questioned person with a grin; "none that I know of, except codfish. You may call it the fete de la morue.

He afterwards explained the droll expression and idea by telling us that on the morrow all the grand batiments, in other words, the great ships and brigs of Granville were setting forth on their annual cod-fishing expedition, to some marine region in the neighbourhood of Newfoundland. This at once accounted for the merry-making, for the attentions which the sailor lads paid to the lasses, from whom they were about to part, and for the interest excited in the fluttering breasts and features of the latter, for youths about to enter upon a voyage of distance, if not peril. There was, indeed, a world of wooing, nor did I ever see the verb love conjugated at once through so many of its moods and tenses. Some were sad and Werther-like, others with spirits sky-high, with heart and heels ever on the rebound.

All suffrages united in awarding the palm of beauty to one girl, the queen of the fele, and the

daughter of one of the ship-owners of the morrow's expedition. This sturdy mariner had made a brief appearance on the hill, but had departed to attend to some operation or steerage on board his vessel. His daughter, Louise, remained the cynosure of every eye. She was a dark, delicate proud maiden, not loth to enjoy a triumph; and in this she was fully gratified, not only by the universal regard, but by the close attentions of more than one anxious suitor. The frank seaman, her sire, had declared, that he should consider the most active, expert, and steady fisher of his crew as best entitled to his daughter and her dower, a promise, considered not so disinterested as it may at first seem, Mance it ensured a choice band of sailors, and with such a bait an overteeming hold of stock-fish.

Anon, the equanimity of the fete was disturbed by a quarrel amongst the pretenders to Mademoiselle Louise. Pique was taken and high words arose. One youth called another " a lubber, born to hold the tail of a plough not the helm of a vessel." And the gentleman thus vituperated, retorted on his insulter as "a cursed Vendean and a Marquis." Now, whoever knows aught of French, must know that the most dire term of reproach in the land's vocabulary is the word Marquis-strange as this may seem to our aristocratic ears. Beyond it there remains nought, save an appeal to the sword. This was not wanting in the present case, but the fete and the crowd, and the morrow's departure, prevented such an extreme mode of settling the strife, which evaporated, much against the will of the rivals, in bloodless frowns and words.

Who was he accused of being a Marquis, and who had so resented the appellation? A handsome youth, named Pierre Paul, the favoured lover of Louise. No finer, nor gayer aspect shone at the fete under a sailor's glazed hat, nor was there either in Granville, or on board the brig of Louise's sire, a more clever hooker, emboweller, or salter of stock-fish. But how a Marquis?

It was in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-somewhat, that the insurrectionary army of Vendeans were moved by fatuity to quit their own close and covered country of the Bocage. They crossed the Loire, advanced into an unknown and open province, in order to make themselves masters of a sea-port opposite to the English shores and convenient for receiving succours thence. Granville struck them as the most desirable place of the kind. They marched towards it, and attacked it with all their wonted valour. The Vendeans, however, like the Goths of old, were formidable indeed in the field, but powerless against stone walls and fortifications; and, in consequence, they were repulsed from even the insignificant town of Granville to the reat disappointment of Lord Moira, who was in the neighbouring seas with an auxiliary force. Their repulse at Granville proved fatal to the Vendeans; they from thence retreated homewards; few re-crossed the Loire; and the royalist insurrection expired. The wives and families of the Vendeans followed their armies, the camp being their only safe refuge. Hence the hurried retreat from Granville proved most disastrous to the wives and infants of the Vendeans, the more. helpless portion of their families. These were found on the roads and in the ditches dead with famine and fatigue. On the road betwixt Granville and Avranche was on that occasion found an ass with a pair of panniers, in one of which was stowed an infant. This infant was the present Pierre Paul. As a lost orphan from the ranks of the royalists and aristocrats, he was stigmatized, by those who had occasion to hate, or wish to vex him, as a Marquis. The name became first affixed to him at school, and it was the cause of much mortification, buffetting, and blood from the nose. The stigma added to his hardihood and superiority, by calling forth all his pride and pugnacity. But it had with him the singular effect of reversing all received ideas of rank and worth. Thus noble or gentle birth-and such, from the contents of the pannier, most probably were his-which all mankind and all romancewriters so justly and prodigiously esteem, came to appear to the eye of Pierre Paul, as the most signal disgrace that could befall him. This may seem impossible in any other country; but in France it not only may be true, but is very general. Nothing so common there, as to glory in being pieceian; and why should not pride grow cheap, as well as other virtues and commodities?

On the morrow after the fete above described. took place a solemnity, or scene, still more interesting; indeed, if circumstances favour it, as interesting as may well be witnessed. The ships had all put out, or were putting to sea; their sails extended, and the shouts of the sailors seemed to court and to invoke the breeze. The morn was lovely as the previous eve. Jersey and the Breton mountains shone in the sea; yet, despite the fair promise of the heavens, those left on shore showed their mistrast the form more showed their mistrast the form more for months, so many husbands, lovers, the form of Granville, when young, were fed around a large crucial espected on the some imploring, some weeping, whilst others, with fixed regards, watched the retreating vessels. Kerchiefs were waving; and the hair of maidens, loosened by the wind, formed a still more touching token of adieu. All this affection, evinced at the foot of the same placing itself, its ties, and fortunes, make the protection of that sacred symbol, presented a sweet and solemn spectacle, that had the effect of hallowing Granville in the recollection of at least one spec-THE PARTY

Louise was amidst the group. How unlike the gay, triumphant beauty of the preceding evening! Then, vanity mingled with the purest and tenderest sentiment, but slightly and not ungracefully perhaps alloying them. But now heart was all given to sorrow; a thousand anxieties preyed upon it. He might perish, or he might change; might be maladroit by misfortune,

and not attract her father's preference. In short, she ran round all the adverse points of fortune's compass, and, as usual, passed over the only one from which the unlucky wind was to blow.

Summer months rolled on; ships and crews had reached their far shore of destination, and were busily engaged in fulfilling the purpose of their voyage. Granville was tranquil, and many a little calendar told that half the time of absence had expired for the fishing expedition, when rumour came that some strange personages had taken up their abode at the chief hotel of the What was their errand? They were not mere travellers; such never stopped at Granville -nor were they going to Jersey-nor yet were they connois-royageurs. The said hotel is about the filthiest in the civilized world. What tempted, then, these strangers to tarry there?-Curiosity, and more than simple curiosity; for they brought out the elders of the place and questioned them touching the time of the Vendean attack and repulse, and respecting certain waifs, in valuables and children, left by the fugitives on that occasion. Whom could these inquiries affect, except Pierre Paul? Probably him, indeed. But the said inquiries were vague. They told noug 1, but of a child lost on the disastrous occasion of the rout. But as to the circumstances, the ass, the panniers, or what these might have contained, the curious knew nought, till they had been informed by the Granvillites. This, however, they accounted for by observing that the parents had perished, and they acted for merely distant relatives, who were not upon the scene of action, and were only acquainted with the mere circumstance of the loss.

Wonders and adventures carry conviction with them to a large class of mankind, whilst they are invariably denied by the minority of mooters, searce more wise. All Granville enlisted itself in the former category. The nickname of Pierre Paul was declared to be verified, and less than a veritable Marquis none would allow him to be. There was great joy at the discovery. It was considered to honour the town, and to prove its discrimination in saving a patrician jewel amongst so much plebeian rubbish. Pierre Paul might turn out a great man; and heaven knew what he might not do for Granville!—give it packets—make it a naval or military depot—at least, raise it to an equality with its rival, St. Maloes.

There was one, however, who did not share in this joy and congratulation—this was Louise. She was ruck with dismay at the splendid gleam of fortune thrown upon her humble lover, and trembled, with considerable reason, for its effect. How she regretted her caprices, her momentary pride, her coquetry. The record of her little follies rose up to upbraid her; and never was innocent put into a more cruel, or more salutary state of purgatory. The poor thing made a second vow to her saint—she had already made one for the safe return of her father's vessel, and of all whom it contained, and she now doubled the gift and enlarged the request. The Curate was the richer for this; for despite the indiffer-

ence of the land in religious matters, the piety of the fishing population has never been shaken. Fortunate is their pastor—he has tithe as well as pension—nor mackerel, nor stock-fish, are known to fail in his habitation.

Well, at length, to many an anxious eye, three six-a dozen sails appeared in the horizon. It was the fishing-fleet. There shone an universal face of joy. The heights were covered with lookers-out, and the port crowded with expectants-but poor Louise was with neither. She shrunk from meeting her lover, or receiving his joyous salutation, until he was informed of his probable good-fortune, until he had time to reflect upon it, and to consider how far it marred or squared with his previous vows and intentions. Full of these thoughts, Louise bent her steps from the town, alone, along the narrow beach. She watched the nearing vessels, but beckoned not to them. Of a sudden, boats were put out; the breeze was considered too sluggish for some of the impatient mariners, who proceeded to row to shore. This movement, too, Louise expired: nor was she herself, she thought, a stranger to the motive which inspired it. Those who had taken to the boats appeared, however, to be foiled in their aim. The tide was setting northwards, and the rowers, despite their exertions, were drifted with it and in vain endeavoured to make the port. What was Louise's dismay, and pleasure, and confusion, to observe, at length, the boats abandon their destination, and put straight for shore. Somewhat overcome by this contrariety, the maiden sate down upon tered by it from view. In the firef pushed ashore, she could plainly period only Pierre Paul, but his rival. They leaped out, and were followed by one or two others; these bore cutlasses, and the truth instantly flashed on the girl's mind. The quarrel on her account had, instead of dying away, been aggravated. On board, the old Captain's vigilance had forbidden and prevented a rencontre; and now the first opportunity was seized by them for indulging their mutual animosity, and deciding their inveterate quarrel.

"Let it be, first blood drawn ends the battle,"

exclaimed one of the friends.

"No, no! let him who would give over, cry 'Grace!' and let that mean, that he gives up all pretensions to Louise."

"It would be honester and wiser for you both to walk boldly into town, and ask the girl herself to choose betwixt you."

Pierre Paul seemed not unwilling to abide by such decision, but his antagonist preferred the arbitration of the sword. Each shook his weapon, but there was not time to cross them when the object of dispute appeared, as if by enchantment, and wearing such an air of indignant command, at that no fisherman, at least touched in heart, could disober.

"Holy thunder! if here be not the Louise de Paix herself!" exclaimed the pacifically-inclined tar, who acted as friend or second.

The weapons dropped, though with some re-

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luctance from the hand of the less-favoured combatant. Pierre Paul was at the feet of Louise in an instant, and would have claimed the privilege of a long absent lover, had not a frown of dark ill-humour from the girl dashed all his confidence.

"Come, Louise, at least you must decide betwixt us, once and for ever; and let the quarrel

after, be for spite, not love."

"My decision is quickly given, Messieurs," cried the fair arbiter; "and this it is—I will have neither of you for my bon ami. As to you, Sir, you are too blood-thirsty." This was addressed to the rival. "And Monsieur Pierre Paul, here——"

"A Monsieur to me, Louise!" interrupted he.
"Oh! Monseigneur then, if you please—you

"Too what?" exclaimed the impatient youth. But the word was lost, for Louise was in a flood of tears.

"There has been some one maligning me in my absence," cried Pierre Paul, savage with anger, as he pressed Louise with a volley of questions. But she had recovered herself, and relapsed into sullen pride; not contradicting his suspicion that some one had taken away his character in his absence. At length, after a scene that would have proved most amusing to any witness that happened to be in the secret, Pierre Paul sprung off for the town of Granville, followed more leisurely by his mistress and the rest of the party.

Let us accompany the hero of our brief tale. His speed soon enabled him to reach the town, which he no sooner entered, than he was recognized and saluted with the shrill children's cry of—

"Ha! here's the Marquis come back from the cod-fishing. He's a truer Marquis than ever."

With difficulty he refrained from seizing the urchins, and flinging them into the harbour. At largth some acquaintances unriddled the riddle to him as clearly as their information and his impatience would permit. And straight Pierre Paul flew to the auberge, where had re-arrived, expectant of the fishing squadron's return, the person charged to re-claim the lost boy. He imagined that he came upon a welcomed errand, and was greatly supprised to find in his leng-sought protege a rude young fellow, overflowing with a sense of insult and injury, and almost meaning instant vengeance with a drawn cutlass, unless what he considered the derogatory report was contradicted.

Despite his confusion and alarm, the avoue or man of business reasoned with the mad boy, and although he could not content nor pacify him, he at least talked down his threats of immediate vengeance, and brought him to listen to an account of his fortune, deem it good or bad, as he might. Poor Pierre Paul recturned home that night as addled in brain, as if he had fallen from the shrouds of a vessel. He attempted to cross the threshold of Louise, but the old Captain barred the entrance.

"No, boy-no ci-devants enter here. I am

glad of your fortune, but a fisherman's cabin is no place to show it in."

"You are wrong, mon Copilaine, I am still but Pierre Paul, the sailor, and never will be any thing else—may be richer.—"

"That's no harm," quoth the Captain.

"But the devil a nobler."

"You promise?" rejoined the old tar.

" I do."

The Captain was about to strike his hand into that of his young sailor, when he suddenly checked himself, and coolly observed:—" Let us see first. Good night!"

Pierre Paul heaved a sigh, as the door closed against him. His own abode was thronged with a levee of noisy congratulators, with whom he kept his temper for a certain time, when it altogether gave way, and the poor boy was soon set down by his rudely dismissed friends, as being alreafly "spoiled by fortune."

La nuit porte conseil—night brings counsel, saith the French proverb. On his pillow, Pierre Paul arranged his ideas, and proceeded the next day to develope them to his new friend of the inn. The young sailor wore a brighter face, and instantly began by observing that he had no objection to riches;—"If there were sufficient to buy him a lugger, he would be happy; but if a brig, a very prince."

The man of affairs hemmed twice or thrice in answer to this tar-like view of fortune, and proceeded with some preliminary circumlocution to give Pierre Paul a clear view of circumstances. Imprimia, he could be proved of gentle race, the son of Maurice de Feniss, a gallant officer, and though neither Marquis nor Baron, yet a Chevalier of St. Louis. Pierre Paul's countenance brightened at this excessively. Dugay Trouin, and other heroes of the French navy, had been Chevaliers, and Louise herself might have no objection to the title. The homme d'affaires explained, however, that it was not hereditary.

None of these things existed. They had gone with the goods of other rebels to the Revolution; been sold and lost. What brought the man of business with promises of fortune? Simply this, the latter was to be made by the Vendean's som making his appearance at court, having first undergone a preparatory polishing in some school of land language and polite manners. This conduct, the crafty man promised, would forthwith procure some comfortable little situation in the household, until the time, not long district, should arrive, when the properties of royalists and emigrants were to be restored. For the accomplishment of these schemes money was not wanting. The requisite advance would be made by him

"But the wealth, the coute, the chateau!"

mily.

The countenance of poor Pierre Paul was overthrown. He had counted upon wealth at least, as a compensation for the queer reports circulated of him. But here was the evil without aught to counterbalance it. He was to be

who employed the agent, an old friend and com-

rade of the unfortunate Vendean and his fa-

stigmatised as a ci-devant, yet left a beggar as before.

The commerce of Granville and other fishing towns in the north of France is carried on in this way. The ships proceed in the summer to the North Seas to fish. They return in autumn for a short time, but not to unload their cargo, with which, in a few days, they again set sail for some port in the south of Bourdeaux, or for Marseilles. There they dispose of their stock-fish to a right Catholic, Lent-keeping population, and return home once more, laden with the wines and oils and other luxuries of those regions. According to this routine, the brig of Louise's sire hoisted sail in about ten days; and Pierre Paul, flinging himself from the pier-head, swam aboard of her: -the Captain had previously refused to admit a Marquis as a sailor. But the latter thus compelled his admission, and proved himself determined to be a sailor and no courtier. Louise heard of the feat, and saw the resolve which dictated it. The good-humour and gaiety of the girl thereupon returned. The self-denial of the sailor was vaunted in Granville, even more than his previous fortune, and the original cause of reprobation became for him a source of universal esteem. On board, Pierre Paul won definitely the good graces of the Captain, and, on the second return of the brig, Louise met him, and suffered a lover's salute, which, in a few brief Sundays, was converted by the old Curate into a husband's.

Such is the story, which I heard at Granville, of the fortunes of my friend, Pierre Paul Feniss. He discarded the De. The first years of his married life were as humble and as hard-working as those of his bachelordom. His gleam of fortune seemed to have evaporated. What was the surprise of the writer then, in 1826, to find him in a slated two-storied house, surrounded with all the comforts of Dugay Trouin himself. Could all this have been acquired by stock-fish? No, verily. His friend, the homme d'affaires, had not all abandoned the Vendean's offspring, and Pierre Paul received one hundred thousand francs, as his share of the indemnity to emigrants. Part of the money was to build the slated house. and part to fit out the Louise of Granville, an inscription to be observed in golden letters on the helm of a goodly brig, on the deck of which, moreover, was oft to be seen a sturdy boy, a second Pierre Paul, in the capacity of mousse, mopping said deck, or mending the vessel's cordagc.

The prosperity of our tar was not, however, without alloy. Betimes, when he sat himself in the ever-memorable hotel, or auberge, to enjoy with a comrade a game of dominos and a choppine of Bordeaux, a wicked urchin would peep in at the door, and yell out the nickname of Marquis. The sensibility of Pierre Paul was never proof against the insult. But on the other hand, mighty was the esteem which Feniss enjoyed in the town and port. And by and by, when the honest codfisher shall be laid in his grave, his story will be told and magnified and adorned into a legend, far

surpassing the simple and true narrative, preserved in the New Monthly Magazine for October eighteen hundred and thirty-one.

# TERRESTRIAL CRANGE

THAT the face of the globe has succe undergone total changes, at different reals epochs, is now a fact beyond all impate; as, al that long anterior to the creation of man, thi world was inhabited by races of animals, to whichno parallels are now to be found; and that those animals themselves only made their appearance after the lapse of ages, during which no warmblooded creatures had an existence. It has been further remarked by zoologists, that the animals which first appeared in these latitudes were analogous to such as now inhabit tropical regions exclusively; and that it was only at a period immediately antecedent to the creation of the human race, that species, similar to those of the existing zera, began to appear in the northern latitudes. Similar peculiarities have been also found to mark the vegetation of corresponding periods. It would hardly be credited, by persons unacquainted with the evidence upon which such facts repose, that, in the most dreary and desolate northern regions of the present day, there once flourished groves of tropical plants, of Coniferse, like the Norfolk Island and Araucarian Pines, of Bananas, Treeferns, huge Cacti, and Palms: that the marshes were filled with rushlike plants, fifteen or twenty feet high, the coverts with ferns like the undergrowth of West Indian Island, and that this rest thus inconceivably rich and luxuris amidst an atmosphere that would have been fatal to the animal world. Yet, nothing can well be more certain than such a description is far from being overcharged. In the cold formation, which may be considered the earliest in which the remains of land plants have been discovered, the Flora of England consisted of ferns, in amazing abundance, of large Coniferous trees, of species resembling Lycopodiacece, but of most gigantic dimensions, of vast quantities of a tribe, apparently analogous to Cactæ or Euphorbiaceæ,\* (but, perhaps, not identical with them,) of Palms, and other Monoctyledones; and, finally, of numerous plants, the exact nature of which is extremely doubtful. Between two and the dred species have been detected in this tion, of which two-thirds are ferns .- The Fossil Flora.

Man does not consist "of two enemies who cannot part, and two friends who cannot agree:" he is not made up "of a god and beast tied together:" he is a whole—in the different parts of whose entire construction, similar difficulties exist. He is, as it were, one book—of which, if the grammar and the vulgarest portions astonish us by their perfections, it is no wonder that the higher and sublimer chapters are more than we can comprehend.

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# THE SYCOPHANT.

Bearfoot Hall, January 18 ---

My DEAR BROTHER.—You were certainly very considerate in offering to provide for one of my boys in your own line; you meant it kindly, I know, and I thank you. And yet I think I should hardly have intruded my second son, Winterton, on your protection, were it not that he has already manifested in so many various ways the disposition of a courtier, that, faith, I suspect he can never be an honest man.

You see, brother, I am unchanged; the worthy representative of those (with one exception) unbaroneted Bears, who, ever since the days of the fifth Henry, have been ready and willing to show and use their tusks. My other son is a chip of the old block; but Winterton resembles you in person as well as in mind: and I never witness the graceful bow which he makes when Lord C. pays us a visit, without thinking of the congee with which you never failed to salute the provost at Cambridge; while your artless elder brother paid his respects so awkwardly, that he excited the ridicule, and he used to fancy, the contempt of professors and students. Well! in this old weather-beaten hall, I will venture to assert, that I have been as happy as you, with the smiles of your king (God bless him) beaming on you, and the applause of a parcel of sycophants ringing in your ears.

When Winterton has been with you a few months, perhaps you will be able to write and tell me if he is likely to make a figure in your world. If he is to go to the devil, it is easier travelling a road embedded with golden sand, than one covered with paving stones; and I should like my boy to make the best of it, at all events. Perhaps you may be able to come down to us sometime during the shooting season; you will hardly know the girls, they are so much improved.

My dear Basil,

Your affectionate brother, HAROLD BEARFOOT.

To the Right Hon. Sir Basil Monkton Bearfoot.

The baronet to whom this note was addressed, received it about two o'clock on the afternoon of a winter's day, in his library—a small and silent room, where no light was admitted except through a painted oriel window, opening into St. James's park. A servant in a rich livery presented it to him, upon a chased gold salver, and then stood back, evidently waiting to deliver a message. Sir Basil, after casting his eye over the letter, looked up.

"The young gentleman who brought that letter, sir?"

"Let him be shown an apartment; he is my nephew."

"And the messenger from Whitehall, sir?"—
"Must wait"

"Mr. Granville is below, sir."

"Let him call to-morrow, at twelve."

"There is a person from the city—a clerk of—"

"I know; let him also call to-morrow, and tell every one that I am particularly engaged. I shall not want the carriage till four o'clock." The servant bowed and withdrew.

Sir Basil Monkton Bearfoot was a slight and worn-looking man, of it might be forty or even fifty, for care had suffered no traces but its own to remain on his aristocratic features; his mouth when in repose was firm and severe, but when he smiled, there was something so ineffably sweet in its character, that you forgot the statesman, and looked only upon a kind and benevolent friend. His forehead was high and expansive, and the eyes which sheltered beneath his very shaggy and rugged brows, were quick and even restless in action and expression. He read over his brother's letter without betraying any emotion, at least, none that would have excited the attention of an ordinary observer. Again he cast his eye upon the opening paragraph, and commented thus upon the epistle, leaning back in the chaise-longue, and placing his feet on a small ottoman that stood directly before the fire:

"Second son, Winterton." The eldest, I suppose, is to be initiated, like Dandie Dinmont's terriers, "wi rottens, wi stots, wi tods, and brocks, until he fears nothing that ever wore a hairy skin," and that for the purpose of keeping the animal with just the proportion of intellect that belonged to his ancestors!

"Unbaroneted bears." I do believe my worthy brother thinks my accepting a baronetcy as disgraceful as if I had been knighted on Lord Mayor's day.

"Manifested in many various ways the disposition of a courtier,"—ergo—"he can never be an honest man." Harold, Harold! An elder brother never forgives a younger one his prosperity; and to cut at my advancement you resort to the old adage of "rogues at court."

"Use their tusks." Aye, to gore their friends. "Graceful bow." You were, indeed, a bear, and, consequently, despised the case and grace which churlish nature had denied you from your birth; how easy it is to despise what we cannot possess. "Happy, happy," repeated the minister. "After all, we may balance accounts, perhaps, and place nothing to either debtor or creditor! Happiness!" he again ejaculated; and pressing his hand on his brow, repeated the wise observation of a wise man—"Alas! we are apt to call things by wrong names:—we will have prosperity to be happiness, and adversity to be misery, though that is truly the school of wisdom."

"If he is to go to the devil, it is easier travelling a road embedded with golden sand, than one covered with paving stones!" An expression of bitterness and scorn passed over the baronet's face, as he laid, down the letter, after repeating

the paragraph. "And this," he said, "is the moral philosophy of an English country gentleman, in the year of our Lord 18-! No attempt to withdraw his son from what he affects to consider the road to destruction; the youth has taken it into his head, I suppose, to fall down and worship the idol of the straining eyes and the beating heart—even ambition! and his father says, 'you'll be certainly damned for idolatry; but if you get well paid for it, why, you must e'en support the gilded curse as best you can!' What clods we are at best," he continued, after a moment's pause, "marry! this brother of mine cannot see the difference between a courtier and a sycophant-between a man who, inspired by the glorious rays of God's own luminary, soars upwards, and upwards, and upwards, until, with steady eye and well-poised wing, he looks on earth's greatest as the mere instruments of his AMBITION:he cannot see the difference between such a being as this, and the moping, mowing owl that feeds on mice, worships the moon, and pays homage to all that have better eyes than itself; both are rapacious, and so, according to his theory, both must be the same. I must see the youth, however, and shall soon see through him, I suspect, or dospite his likeness to his uncle, he is no son of my good brother of Bearfoot Hall."

Winterton Bearfoot bowed in so obsequious a manner on entering his uncle's presence, and inclined his body, which was long and lean, so completely after the fashion of a falling tower, that he had established himself for some moments on the corner of a high-backed chair, before Sir Basil could regard or observe the expression of his sharp, keen features. It was, in truth, one of those faces which, even in age, it is painful enough to look upon, because it tells of suspicion and mistrust: but in youth-when we love the open brow, the clear calm eye, that reflects the purity of heaven, and brightens with the beams of truth—it is sad, I say, to see the features in the spring of life, worn, and contracted, and gangreened with that loathsome suspicion which narrows the eye, furrows the cheek, and teaches the mouth to smile in such a sort, that you would rather it never smiled at all. Winterton Bearfoot was not yet twenty, but he had set his heart (without consulting his head) upon being a Metternich at the very least; and, as a preparation for the diplomatic situation he hoped to fill, commenced by practising the art of deception upon every biped and quadruped at the Hall. He was hardly thirteen, when his father's game-keeper detected him snaring hares, and bagging young partridges; and it was the universal opinion that he entertained no liking for any living creature except himself. As he grew older, he practised the art of betraying upon the other sex, and that with so much success, that all the old dames in the parish made bonfires in honour of his departure; nor was this much to be wondered at:-his father gave him "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," to form his manners, and of himself he adopted Rochfocault's Maxims" to form his mind. These precious monitors, acting upon a crafty

and ill-directed brain, aided his spurious ambition, and bid fair to make Winterton Bearfoot not a second Metternich, but a smooth, creeping scoundrel.

It requires much more talent than people are in general aware of, to form a respectable rascal.

It is true that the aspirant's smile was insidious, but not sufficiently so to deceive the initiated; and his eagerness to appear what he was not, led those versed in the world's ways to believe that he was even more weak than wicked. "We take cunning," says Bacon, in his admirable Essays—"we take cunning for a sinister and crooked wisdom," and certainly there is a great difference between a cunning man, and a wise man, not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability. True, and that was precisely the difference which existed between the minds of the uncle and nephew; and though the cunning may sometimes pass for the wise, a little time reads the difference clearly.

"I like our cousin so much," said the baronet's youngest daughter, (he unfortunately had no sons,) climbing on his knee, after Winterton had been domesticated about six weeks in the family; "he is so attentive to Emma, and has presented her such a sweet ring with a heart's-ease upon it, and a pretty motto." "Indeed," was papa's answer. And Sir Basil, whose observations had presented him no inclination to bestow his eldest daughter upon his second nephew, without farther comment, sat down, and wrote to a brother minister, requesting that he would provide for Winterton in the Colonial Office; quaintly adding, that he had no particular desire to settle him in "the home department," but would oblige his friend in return, when he had a relative to dispose of: -thus was his first promotion marred by his want of honest wisdom.

Cunning said, "flirt with and secure the daughter-the eldest daughter, while you flatter the father and mother."-" Do not flirt," quoth Wisdom, "steady your eye and nerve your hand to one great purpose, and suffer nothing to interfere with that."-" But if I marry the daughter," replied Cunning-" You will starve," said Wisdom. But Cunning laughed-not outwardly, but inwardly-and the tender token was bestowed; and the baronet, taking Wisdom for his monitor. got rid of his nephew in the course of the following week, considerately placing him in a boarding-house, to be near the situation he had procured. The head of the department where he was now drafted, was of a different character and bearing from Sir Basil; a man who, from the mere fact of being of low birth, looked coldly, though with a specious diffidence, upon well-born and highly distinguished persons; one who, like Sir Archy Macsycophant, was aye "booing, booing, booing," yet while he bowed, he sneered, and from a habit of suspecting all, had learned to think that he was himself suspected. In the mere act of bowing he was likely to be out-done by Winterton, whom he immediately regarded with jealousy, because, in the first place, he was of an old family, and secondly, because it was in

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compliance with a request, which, from the quarter it came, might almost be considered a command, that he was now under his protection; and his mean small mind imagined that there must be some peculiar reason for Sir Basil's request. "Why not provide for him in his own department?" said he to his wife, "there must be a motive for it; doubtless he wishes to gain more intimate information as to my proceedings."

"Very likely," replied the lady; " or, perhaps, Lady Monkton Bearfoot, thinks by this means to make herself acquainted with my principles of

economy."

"Psha!" retorted the husband, "your ideas revolve round one subject, and one only!" forgetting that his own were precisely of the same nature. How often in domestic life, does the husband reproach the wife for the very errors which he implanted, without reflecting what the fruits would be.

Winterton Bearfoot, had he possessed a little more wisdom, might have overcome much prejudice, but as it was, he appeared (at least so his superior thought) intent on foiling him with his own weapons. Did a great man enter the office, Winterton out-Heroded Herod in his attentions. Who was ever half so obsequious? Who ever listened to the worse than nothings which fell from titled lips, with so inclined a body—so intent an ear, so homage-like a carriage? Who laughed and continually applauded the stale jests and antiquated "Joes," of an expectant governor, with a tenth of the zeal and earnestness of Winterton Bearfoot!

"The fellow leaves me nothing to do in the way of compliment," said his uncle's friend (I suppose I may use the cant term for the occasion) to his listening mate, one night after the departure of a dinner party, in which the young official was of necessity included; "did you not notice the compliment he paid Lord Eatemup? who is not only a gourme, but a gourmand: he was helped twice-yes, twice to soup, and the second time that he called for turbot, asked particularly for the fins. Winterton was so extraordinarily attentive to his wants, that at last his lordship said, 'Sir, you make no dinner.'- Your pardon, my lord,' returned the popinjay, 'I leave that for my superiors—but too happy to be enabled to wait on those whose rank and talent command so much respect."

" And how did it take?" inquired his lady.

"Faith, not at all—Eatemup's a fool—yet the bait was too large for even him to swallow—he never, during the whole dinner, asked him to take wine!"

"He made himself quite ridiculous by his sweet attentions to the ladies Lycett," proceeded his wife; "he praised the beauty of Lady Jane's mahogany complexion, and eulogized Lady Emily's figure, which every body knows is padped."

"I wish the devil had him," exclaimed the bushand.

"The creature is perfectly harmless;" opined the son, who had a greater portion of sense than either parent, however strongly it might be en veloped in the bandages of affectation, which so closely entwine our modern youths. "Perfectly harmless—upon my honour!" and he yawned, naturally too, as, drawing his fingers through his fair and perfumed curls, he leaned his elbow on the chimney-piece—to the let, hindrance and molestation, of the thousand and one knicknackeries which crowded its polished surface.

"I do not think so," responded his father, in that decided tone, which papas resort to when children presume to differ from them in a favourite opinion. "I do not think so—but upon what do you ground your assertion?"

"He is too mean, too anxious to produce an effect, without knowing how to set about it—in short, he is nothing but a sycophant."

"Humph! he must go elsewhere for all that," persisted the father; "a little situation in the colonies."

"Which I do not think his uncle would object to—upon my honour," drawled forth the son, closing the drawing-room door and his observation at one and the same moment.

And "the little situation in the colonies" was procured; and the youth shipped off, to the secret gratification of both parties concerned in his departure. His uncle addressed the following epistle to his brother, when Winterton went down, previous to his departure, to take leave of his family:

"My dear Brother—Winterton has now been not only with me, but in the Colonial Office, as you are aware, some months, and it is with regret I assure you, he is unfit for our courtier-like existence—will you believe it, brother Harold—he bows too much! However, the situation to which he is appointed is in every way advantageous, and as he will of course explain all matters connected with it to you, I will say no more on the subject. He is likely to make more gold in India than in England—and as that was one of the principal, if I remember rightly of your desires for him, I am glad there is a prospect of its fulfillment.

"Your's, my dear brother, as ever,
"B. M. B.

"To Harold Bearfoot, Esq.,
"Bearfoot Hall."

"Bows too much," repeated Harold Bearfoot, of Bearfoot Hall, ten times at the very least, and with every intonation of voice that it is possible to imagine. "How the devil can that be—these courtiers grow more incomprehensible than ever. India! I should like him to return governor-general at the very least—if it were only to spite his uncle. The case is clear—clear at noon-day—he was jealous of the boy—that is the simple fact—Oh! it is clear—quite. Well—an open field and fair play, and my life on't he'll be a——" but before the old gentleman could exactly determine what he should be—he was sound asleep (it was after dinner) in his comfortably cushioned chair.

There are many persons, and many occurrences in the world, which tempt us to put much

faith in Lord Bolingbroke's assertion, that "as proud as we are of human reason, nothing can be more absurd than the general system of human life and human knowledge." This is certainly true, and the theories of various speculators, or philosophers, as I believe it is the fashion to call any set of men who start a particularly new or peculiar doctrine, are no less singular than amusing, and more extraordinary than the absurdity Lord Bolingbroke complains of. Mahomet, for instance, who understood human nature as well, if not better, than any uninspired person, gravely declared that women had no souls. And Monboddo, who says he knew the world, contends that men are only monkies who have rubbed away their tails!! A grave Spanish writer I have heard of, makes this theory more probable, by actually proving that the Jews had once tails? There is no assertion, however absurd, that will not be believed by some simplehearted, unsophisticated people, who think their system as they speak their language, and dislike the trouble of translating either the one or the other. It was precisely so at all events with Harold Bearfoot, who having taken it into his head that his brother was afraid of his nephewslept upon the idea, and could have sworn with a clear conscience to its truth when he awoke.

Winterton's sisters were soon busied in the clipping and cutting of linen, calico, muslin, and the necessary equipments for India; his kind, good-natured mother, the very personification of Lady Bountiful, stowed chests of conserves, and hordes of tongues, hams and pickles, away for his use, enough to stock an Indiaman; while his father rang a succession of changes on Sir Basil's jealousy, the governor-generalship of India, and the respectability (for that was his favourite phrase) of the Bearfoots.

"God bless you, my dear boy! do not forget to wear your flannels on board ship," sobbed the tender and kind mother. The sisters went also: not that Winterton was beloved by any of them. for sycophants, at home, are always selfish, making up for their out-of-door suavity, by in-door austerity. But the idea of parting, even with the dog that worries, excites, for the moment, something approaching to regret. Besides, it was right to be sorrowful, and their tears were mixed with certain tender memoranda, as they pressed cheek to cheek in the great hall. "Winterton, you will not surely forget the cornelian." "Winterton, the carved fan." "Oh, brother! you surely will remember the ivory work-box." "Winterton," sobbed forth Julia, the youngest, and consequently the most natural of the family, as she climbed up his knees, and circled her little arms round his neck-"dear Winterton, come back soon, and bring me my parrot." His father had made his adieus in what was calledcertainly without any reason—the library; but, as his instructions were perfectly disregarded by his son, and not likely to be of much use to any one, there is no necessity, that I know of, for repeating them here. One thing is certain-that when Mrs. Bearfoot entered the room, more

than an hour after her son's departure, she saw that her husband's forehead still leaned against the window, and that his eye was fixed upon the long, unbroken line of avenue, which the shadows of evening were rendering every instant more indistinct. "What does it signify, after all, Bess?" he murmured, drawing his hand with no gentle motion across his eyes; "there is no doubt of his returning governor-general, at the very least!"

Years passed on; Sir Basil Monkton Bearfoot had paid the debt of nature, after suffering (like most public men who deserve well of their country) much unmerited calumny and reproach: and his brother, also, slept the everlasting sleep in the tomb of his fathers; the elder girls were either married, or old maids; and, if Julia had not received her parrot, she made up the loss, by becoming, like most other women, a parrot herself. The eldest son of the Bearfoots bade fair to perpetuate the lack-wit of his father, and was, to speak in homely phrase, a dosing, smoking club-going, English 'squire, with less money, and more necessities, than had ever fallen to the share of his progenitors.

It was on a fine and cheerful day, that a group of military-looking men were assembled under the piazzas of the United Service Club, discussing the most current topics of conversation, and passing jests and remarks on the pedestrians who sauntered up and down Pall Mall, or loitered to gaze on the engraved glories which grace the windows of "Moon, Boys, and Graves." "Surely I know that face, said Major Matton to his friend, Colonel Guildford; "I cannot be deceived; and yet, if so, he is strangely altered."

The gentleman who elicited this observation, seeing that he had caught the eye of two of the party, stopped, looked up with a smile, any thing but pleasing, and bowed twice, in so lowly a manner, that even in these days of nods and abruptness his salutation attracted the attention of several of the ordinary passengers; the greeting was acknowledged with so marked a coldness, that the person went on his way, not, however, without repeating the bow, as if it had met with the warmest reception.

"If a masked and draped figure were to rise out of the waves, and salute me after that fashion. I could swear to it."

"And so could I," replied his friend; nothing can change that man. One would have thought that his Indian experience would have gone some way towards breaking the neck of his lies and flatteries; they were too gross even for the East."

"Pardon me," replied the other, "poor Bearfoot had never tact enough to discover that; it was not given him to see more than one side of any question. You were at Madras, I believe, when he arrived?"

"I was, and he was a standing jest among us for some time, though we discovered at last, that he was malignant and treacherous as a tiger. We had a good deal of leisure, and some five or six used to enter into a combination, to make the creature contradict himself twenty times a day. Lord Goydon, poor fellow! would meet him with-Good morrow, Bearfoot; I think we shall have rain to-day.'-- Your lordship is always correct; and, with all due deference, I had just formed the same opinion. I hope your lordship will avoid cold.' At the next turn the colonel would exclaim-' Ah, Bearfoot! another of our scorching days; we shall be cinders soon.' 'Calcined, colonel, calcined; I never saw such indications of heat; my dear sir, you ought not to venture out without an umbrella.'

"'Bearfoot!' Collingwood would exclaim, with a grave countenance, 'I fear we shall have a change of administration—they are not content in Old England with the way affairs are managed, nor, to tell you the truth, am I over well satisfied.

"'Who has so much penetration as you, my dear sir?—(for Collingwood was high in office) I only wish that there were such men-(with emphasis)—as I could name, near the throne, and then, indeed, we should be once more a great nation."

"Ah, Winterton, is that you?' Sir Thomas Grenville would say, slapping him on the shoulder, with a vigour which would throw the generality of men into undisguised passion at such a familiarity, ' have you heard the news, my boyour friends in the administration, over the water, are firm-firm in their seats; besides, all rumour of change has passed, and I am sure you are delighted at it.'

"'Undoubtedly, my dear Sir Thomas—I am delighted—perfectly so. Ah! you always said how it would be-from first to last! What would I not give for your powers of discernment!'

"We had often," continued Colonel Guildford, "jested, as I have said, on the mean, sycophantish habits of this youth; but on the night of the day when the above conversations took place, (Bearfoot joined our party,) we were, as gentlemen generally are, after dinner, more merry than wise-and at supper managed to recapitulate our morning dialogues.

"'Come,' said Collingwood, laughing, 'you and I, Bearfoot, will take a glass of this fine claret together, to the change we talked of this

Winterton bit his lip, and coloured; but, anxious to avoid the subject, filled a bumper immediately.

" 'What change is that?' inquired Sir Thomas, who, of course, was in the secret, 'change of love-has Winterton been again fickle?"

"'No, no, no!' vociferated Collingwood-it is the change, the happy change, that either is to, or has taken place, in our English administration.

" 'Winterton Bearfoot will never lift glass in such a cause,' replied the other; he is a good man and true-true lipped and true hearted. Why, it was only this morning that he assured the was perfectly delighted at the stability of thirs, and congratulated me on my powers **entr**e dicine so i

" 'l'll not believe it,' retorted Collingwood, 'it was my penetration he complimented, and who can compliment so well.'

"The jest was carried on good-humouredly and gloriously, as we called it, and the sycophant was, even in our estimation, sufficiently mortified. The next morning his smiles, to our astonishment, were as bland as ever; but in the course of a month or so, Collingwood was very coolly received at the government house. For this there was no apparent way of accounting, and we attributed it to the caprices of the great, the intermitting fever of inconsistency. The same change, however, was perceptible towards Sir Thomas Grenville, and all of our party, on that evening, with the exception of Bearfoot, who had certainly bowed himself into the good graces of the governor's lady, at last. Many other circumstances roused our suspicions, and at last we received information that the villain had absolutely forged some letters, written others, (anonymously, of course,) and moved heaven and earth, to be revenged for our jest. He had blackened us in a most horrid degree, and when it was all discovered, his excellency's coldness was fully explained. Bearfoot's scheme was more characterized by cunning than wisdom; but, as we were talking of our meditated punishment for his transgressions, and of their probable result, the news burst upon us like a thunder cloud, that Winterton, the lying, sycophantish Winterton Bearfoot, had absolutely stolen a march upon the governor, and claudestinely married the youngest and most lovely of his daughters; we pitied the girl, and we sympathised most truly with her parents, and well we might, for it nearly broke the old man's heart. He saw the perfect and utter unworthiness of the man she was united to; as an officer and a gentleman he could not acknowledge a branded liar, and his feelings as a father had been most deeply outraged by the duplicity she had been induced to practise. They were obliged to leave the country without money and without pardon; but we heard that the governor procured him some small situation in the West India Islands. I have known nothing of him since; but his salatation tells me he is unreformed."

I must now pass over a few additional months. and then introduce my readers to a very miserable room, in the neighbourhood of Kenningtona little attic of one of those new paper-like houses, where the wind displaces the cement intended to unite the mixture of coarse clay denominated, in builder's terms, "close burnt brick." A man in soiled and worn out garments was arranging the remains of what had been fine and abundant hair, at a three-cornered bit of lookingglass, which rested against the creaking windowframe, his features were ghastly and attenuated, and a low, wheezing cough, interpreted, in a most painful manner, the dialogue he was carry-Thg on, with a slight and elegantly formed woman, whose beauty had been evidently destroyed both by want and sorrow; but little fire trouched amid

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NOVELS.

the three rusty bars which served as a grate, yet a girl of about thirteen was endeavouring to heat an iron over its embers, with the evident intention of ironing a yellowish shirt-collar, and still more yellow neckcloth, on one end of a napless blanket, which had been half drawn off the wretched bed for the purpose; a boy, of perhaps five, with the restlessness of childhood, was endeavouring to catch those cold, blue-looking flies, that buzz so incessantly in deserted windows, robbing even the ambushed spiders of their prey.

"How can I get it out, love?" said the woman, in a gentle, expostulating tone; "it was my last resource, God knows to pledge it, and I would not have taken it but to procure them food."

"It must be had, for all that—it is the only thing I can wear—it hides all defects; and, indeed, I have every reason to believe that I shall be able to obtain this situation at last."

The woman shook her head.

"Between both our connections—they do not know the absolute state of starvation we are in —but I must have the cloak."

"Winterton," replied she, solemnly, "even my ring—my wedding ring, is gone—of all my jewels not a stone, not a pearl remains. We have hardly wherewith to cover our worn limbs—and the chain—"

"Ay, woman-like, mourn over your baubles," he replied, unfeelingly. "Then why not leave us to starve, and go at once home to your lady mother."

The patient wife looked at her daughter, whose tears were fast cooling the iron she had heated, and, snatching her boy to her bosom, replied only with a burst of tears to her husband's brutal taunt.

Somewhat softened, he continued—"Forgive me, Anna—but there is your father's picture—the miniature—I am sure neither of us have any reason to cherish that. You could pledge it, and redeem my cloak. Something tells me that my appeal of to-day will be successful."

After a moment's pause she arose, and unfastening an old red leather case, placed the little picture in her husband's hand.

"You surely do not expect me to go to a pawnbroker's?" he exclaimed, his habitual selfishness returning immediately.

"Winterton, I cannot take this there."

"Then she can," he said.

"What! send my child to such a place?"

"You are much more careful of her than of me," was the sneering reply.

She again took up the miniature, and with the manner of one who has nothing more dear to part with, descended the creaking stairs.

Winterton Bearfoot is already recognized, and it only remains to accompany him, enveloped in his cloak, to the dwelling of the great man, from whom he expected, perhaps, because of his importunity, as much as anything else, some situation.

After many hours waiting, he was more bitterly disappointed than ever, and his hurried step and

hectic cheek evinced the contending feelings of his mean, but yet human bosom. His family had long cast him off as unworthy to bear his namefriends!-the sycophant, the slanderer, had none even she, who, "in evil report and good report," had followed—and watched—and waited she, the high-born and the beautiful, who in the fulness of her unworldly feelings had bestowed her pure, her young affections, on one so unworthy the treasure—she, he felt—he knew it—she, could not but scorn him; his children—his own flesh and blood—they loathed—despised him their father! They clung to their mother with even more than the sweet confidence of childhood, for they knew that if she would abandon him, her mother would receive her to her bosom, and she would be rich-beloved as ever.

Some—many, perhaps, of the good feelings which are always inherent with the bad in every bosom, however their cultivation may be neglected, struggled within him, and he leant for a moment against a tree in St. James's Park, perhaps from a wish to arrange his ideas. As he pressed his forehead against the rugged bark, two persons passing, stopped, and exclaimed, at the same moment, "Winterton Bearfoot!" These persons were Collingwood and Colonel Guildford.

He looked at them, and the expression and brightness of his eyes, blazing like torches in a charnel-house, rivetted both gentlemen to the spot. At first he attempted to salute them, but the effort was made in vain.

"Ah!—you witnessed my diagrace, and the devil sent you here to see my misery. Disappointed—loathed—starving—wife—children—all starving. Well—let it be so."

A horrid change passed over his countenance, and as his hand, which was before extended towards them, fell helplessly towards the earth, he added, in a low and faltering voice, "and as you called me the sycophant, why, you may call that the sycophant's grave."

They were his last words—he would have fallen on the earth, but Collingwood caught him in his arms—a quantity of blood rushed from his mouth—his face for a moment was crimson as the gore itself, and then it faded, almost as quickly, into the cold and pallid hue of death.

### ANCIENT AND MODERN NOVELS.

THE flimsy, dull novel, full of fashion, etiquette, and politics, is superseding the fine old legend devoted to disclosing the heart and painting mind and manners. I like to have the light of faney let in upon me through the stained glass of a gothic window, with its deep tints, its rich and mingled hues, instead of catching it through plate glass and paltry frames. I like to see beauty in "purple and pall," with her high and proud consciousness of her own power, rather than your questionable dames flirting in tinsal and gossamer gauze, as light and as specious as their own character. Woman's Love.

#### THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

#### BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

And now came on temptation's demon hour To crush the Saviour !- By the Holy Chost Compelled, within a desert's trackless wild Alone He wandered, unperceived by eyes Of mortal: there to fathom time and fate. Redemption, and the vast design of love. A poontide o'er his contemplation sped Away, and still the awful Thinker roved With foot unwearied: sunset, fierce and red. Succeeded:-never hung a savage glare Upon the wilderness, like that which tinged This fated hour :- the trees and herbless rock Wore angry lustre, and the dying sun Sank downward, like a deity of wrath; Behind him leaving clouds of burning wrack! And then rose twilight; not with tender hues, Or choral breezes, but with shade as dim And cold, as death on youthful spirit throws: Bad grew the air, and soon th' affrighted leaves And branches from the crouching forest sent, A wizard moaning, till the wild-bird shricked, Or fluttered, and in dens of deepest gloom The lion shook, and dreadful monsters glared!

Tremendous are ye, ever-potent storms, In wild magnificence of sound and scene! Watched on the mountains, in convulsive play, Or from the ocean margin, when the sea With her Creator wreatles! and we hear The fancled wings of everlasting power, In wrath and gloom fly sweeping o'er the world! But when hath tempest, since a deluge roared, The pale earth shaken, like that stormy rage That tore the desert, while Messiah mused ? Then God to hands infernal seemed to trust The helm of nature, while a chaos drove The elements to combat !- night and storm, And rain and whirlwind, in their frenzied wrath Triumphant, while aloft unnatural clouds Hung o'er the sky the imag'ry of Hell! Not hence alone tempestuous horror sprung: To aid the Tempter, shades of ghastly light, With phantoms, grim beyond a maniac's dream, To thunder, darkness, and dread midnight gave A power unearthly:--round thy aleepless head, Adored Redeemer ! did the volces chaunt, Or wildly mutter their unhallowed spell: Yet all serene Thy godlike virtue stood-Unshaken, though the universe might fall!

Thus forty days of dire temptation leagued Their might hell-born, with hunger, thirst and pain. Meanwhile, in thankless calm the world reposed, Life went her rounds, and busy hearts maintained Their wonted purpose: still uprose the parent orb, And all the dewy ravishment of flowers Enkindled: day and ocean mingled smiles, And then, blue night with starred enchantment rose, While moonlight wandered o'er the palmy hills Of green-haired Palestine, and thus unmarked By aught portentous, save demonian wiles, Messiah braved. At length, by hunger racked, And drooping, deadened by the scorching thirst Of deep exhaustion—round him nothing stood But rocky bleakness, mountains dusk and huge Or riven crags, that seemed the wreck of worlds! And there, amid a vale's profoundest calm, Where hang no leaf, nor lived one cheering tone Of waters, with an unappalled soul The Saviour paused, while arid stillness reigned. And the dead air-how dismally intense It hung and thickened o'er the lifeless dale ! When lo! from out the earth's unfathomed deep. The semblance of a mighty cloud arose; From whence a shape of awful stature moved, A vast, a dim, a melancholy form !

Upon his brow the gloom of thunder sat, And in the darkness of his dreadful eye Lay the sheathed lightnings of immortal ire!—As king of dark eternity, he faced The Godhead! cent'ring in that one still glance The bate 'f l'eaven and agony of Hell, Defiance and despair!

#### DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HARP of the North! the mighty hand
That swept thy chords with matchless skill
Is powerless now—the enchanter's wand
Is broken—and his heart is still.
Thy minstrel sings in realms above
The triumphs of redeeming love.

Land of the mountain and the flood— Land of his sires he loved so well, From lordly hall to cottage rude, Ah! who will now thy glories tell, Or cast a wizard's spell o'er thee, O'er hill and lake—o'er tower and tree?

His fame requires no sculptured stone, No "storied urn" to tell his glory; His monument is "Marmion"— His name's enshrined in deathless story: Heroes and kings may be forgot, But no'er the mighty name of Scott!

The cold earth claims the mouldcring clay;
But mortal fetters cannot bind,
Nor give to dust and dull decay
The triumphs of the immortal mind;
And while we mourn for him that's gone,
His better part is still our own.

His spirit breathes o'er flood and fell, By mountain, valley, wood, and stream, And hallows many a Highland dell Where lingering fancy loves to dream, And listen to the melting strain That flows from white-haired Alian-Bane.

His was the high creative power—
That secret charm which Shakspeare knew;
Nature's best gift and richest dower,
By many sought, but found by few—
Revealing in his pictured page
The manners of a former age.

The belted knight on war-steed bounding,
With nodding plume and kindling glance,
And banners waving—trumpets sounding—
The pomp and pride of old romance—
Start into life beneath his pen
In all their glowing tints again.

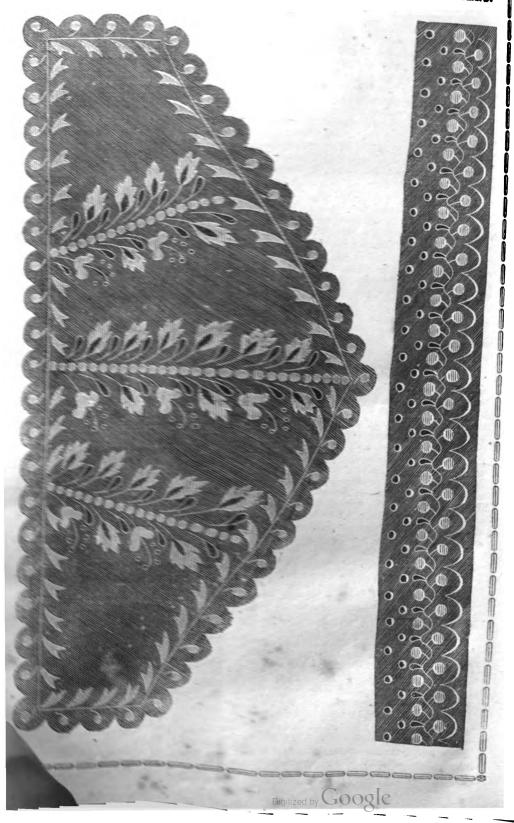
Of lady-love and father land
His high toned harp would deeply thrill;
The generous heart—the open hand—
He sung with all the poet's skill,
Who felt their force and best could tell
Emotions that he knew so well.

To Abbotsford, his much-loved home, He came from foreign lands to die; In his own Scotland sought a tomb, And heaved at home his latest sigh. The peasant points his sacred mound, And treads on consecrated ground!

Harp of the North, thy tones are mute!

The mountain breeze is o'er thee sighing,
Like the low murmuring of a lute
That sorrows for the dead or dying!
The hand that waked thy noblest strain
Will never rouse these strings again.

PASHIOZABER GROWS AND SIDE PARIERS



# THE MAN OF LETTERS.

Ir there is one thing in the world that I love more than another, it is quiet. My father, never once thinking of consulting my disposition, put me, at thirteen years old, into the Honourable East India Company's service, as a middy. The very first night I spent on board I nearly died of the noise; and though I afterwards "followed the sea," as the saying is, for more than twenty years, I never was able to reconcile myself to the intolerable clatter that seemed to be the eternal destiny of a seaman's life. After I had duly waded through all the various subaltern ranks. I at length arrived at that of captain: but even that scarcely afforded any better refuge from noise and flurry. It was true that I could keep the men at a distance from my cabin, and that, under one excuse or another, I could pretty well avoid giving audiences to the officers; but still there was the general turmoil of the ship for ever howling in my ears:—the rude dashing of the waves against the side of the vessel, and the loud sulky whistling of the wind, with its orchestral accompaniment of creaking timbers, whizzing cordage, and quivering sails, were endless to my unfortunate aural nervousness, and as intolerable as endless.

Just as I was about to commence my second voyage as captain, my father died, and, as I was his only son, I found myself placed by that circumstance in a situation of considerable affluence. My resolution was soon taken: I sent in my resignation to the Company, and determined that nothing should ever again inflict on me the unbearable hubbub of a life upon the sea. The only portion of this transaction that gave me any pain was the taking leave of my officers and crew; I believe I may say, without vanity, that I had always been a prodigious favourite with all, whether as their messmate or their superior; and for such a quiet man as myself, it required no little struggle to muster sufficient resolution to bid them an eternal farewell. But if this was my feeling in general, it was still more strongly particularized in the instance of my old shipmate, Jack Howden. Jack and I had begun our seafaring life together, within half-a-dozen days of each other, and though I had reached the rank of captain, while he was only second mate, I sincerely felt that it was no superior merit on my part that had so elevated me above him, but merely a more than usual share of that worldly influence which my father, from his long connection with the Company, possessed. Jack and I, therefore, though our march of rank had gone on, haud passibus æquis, had always been sworn friends. Gallant, bustling, and jolly, he was, in his outward bearing, a strange contrast to my subdued manner; but still there was something congenial in the condition of our minds which always kept us together, though I had now and then to complain that he was somewhat too noisy for my taste. The sincerity of our sorrew at

parting was honest and real, such as a sailor's ought to be; and I could not tear myself away from him till I had made him promise, over and over again, to pay me a visit at my country-house—one which, conjointly with a pretty estate, my father had some years before purchased in the immediate neighbourhood of the little borough of Eye, in Suffolk.

At length, then, I was quit of the noisiness of a sailor's life, and at liberty to direct my steps which way I would. For a while I tried London, being chiefly tempted thereto by the persuasions of my only sister, who had been left a widow with two daughters, very shortly after her marriage, and who had made it a point, even against the solicitations of her father, to continue in the metropolis for the purpose of furthering the education of her girls.

At first, glad to escape the watery tumult that had beset me all my life, I almost persuaded myself that London was a quiet place; and with the idea of settling in it, I enlisted myself in a clubgot myself made a fellow of the Royal Societyand bought a renter's share of Drury-Lane, for the purpose of securing a free admission to the theatre. But I very soon began to make the discovery that, after all, London was only quiet as compared with the uproar of an Indiaman, and that per se there fell to its lot a pretty considerable quantity of disturbance. As soon as I had fully made up my mind to this conclusion, I determined to try my country seat at Eye; and then again there was another leave-taking to go through, and, as may well be supposed, a much more noisy one than the first, as in this case I had to deal with my sister and two nieces, instead of a set of heroes, who had been too much tossed and tumbled about the world to allow their eyes to twinkle, however much their hearts might quiver. At length, however, after two or three floods of tears, I was allowed to tear myself away, and to proceed on my solitary journey to Eve, with a promise that as soon as the summer came round I should be joined there by my weeping relations. That promise, alas, was never performed in full. My poor sister, a month or two after I quitted London, died suddenly, and bequeathed her two daughters to my care. The girls, who felt their mother's death most severely, were glad enough to get away from the metropolis, and take refuge in my quiet country seat, where, after a while, they became so domesticated, that it seemed as if London was equally forgotten by us all, and as if I had grafted upon their feminine spirits that same love of peace and tranquillity, with which I myself was so deeply imbued.

Thus, for a year or two we lived in that happy serenity which constitutes the great charm of a country life, and thus might we for ever have continued, but for a little incident, which, though I hope it has blown over without any detriment, threatened at one time to disturb my peace and repose in the most unceremonious manner, and which, as a lover of my species, I think it right to relate, that I may, if possible, warn others of the rock a-head, on which my little vessel of quiet was very nearly lost.

In all respectable peaceable country dwellings, (and I state this for the benefit of my town readers,) and especially in those where a superior love of good order prevails, the inhabitants make it a rule of being in bed by ten o'clock. After this, I need not add that the established law of our domicile at Eye is in favour of the same hour for retiring to rest. Thus much premised, I may go on with my story.

It was about twelve o'clock one night, after having retired to bed at my usual hour, that I was roused from my first slumber, by a pretty smart knocking at the door. Sailor-like, my sleep was never much sounder than a cat's, but still, though I heard the first appeal to the knocker, I could hardly believe my senses, that any body should be beating at the gate at such an hour, and I therefore laid still in my bed, awaiting a confirmation of the circumstance; it soon came-double-distilled, as they say of lavender water-and I then, with some hurried thoughts about fire, thieves, and I knew not what, started up with the intention of reaching the window, to ascertain what it was all about; but even before I could go so far on my voyage of discovery, the third summons resounded in my cars, and I responded thereto, by giving a fillip to my alarumbell, which laid at hand, and which presently made the whole household as wakeful as myself.

"For heaven's sake, Susy," cried I to the maid, as I heard her clattering along the stairs, "what is the matter? Is there any danger?"

"Danger, Sir!" quoth the wench, "it is quite certain!—he's come, and says that he must see you immediately."

" Who is come?"

"That is just what he will not tell. I asked him to send up his name, but all he would say in answer was—'Go and tell Captain Burton that I am here; and he'll know who you mean.'"

Now this was prodigiously puzzling to a man who had not been expecting a living soul at the hall for many a-day; and I was no more able to guess who this well-known person could be, than the reason that had induced him, in violation of all the rules of quiet and tranquillity, to make his appearance at so unconscionable an hour. However, with some curiosity to prompt me, and with still more discontent at the ill-omened commencement of the adventure, I proceeded down stairs, to ascertain who the unceremonious visitor might be; while Susy, in her zeal for her master, marched behind me, with a rushlight in one band, and a sword in the other, pretty nearly as long as a serjeant's pike-staff.

When I arrived in the library, I found a man standing near the table, muffled up in a dark cloak of awful dimensions, while one solitary kitchen candle gave a sort of darkness visible to his extensive figure, still more extended by the huge mantle that fell over his shoulders and enveloped his person. There was really something quite Abruzzi-ish in the whole affair, and I think I never made any one so grave a bow, as that with which I marked his presence on my entering the room.

"Whom may I have the honour of addressing?" quoth I, a little stiffly.

No immediate answer was afforded; but the new-comer prepared himself for one, by striding up to the spot where I was standing, while Susy, who began to think in right-earnest, that a battle was on the eve of commencing, stole up on the other side, and gave my morning gown, which I had hastily thrown on, a vigorous tug, either as a notice to be on my guard, or as a warning to retreat in time. Before, however, I had an opportunity for either the one or the other, he whom I had questioned, placed his mouth close to my ear, and whispered in a well-remembered voice: "Jack Howden!—send young sauce-box away—and mum!"

Half the mystery was thus in a moment explained, though as to the other half, I could not for the life of me conceive what had brought my old ship-mate to the hall at so uncouth an hour. However, after thrusting my hand into the hard paw extended by my friend, and giving it a hearty though silent shake, I obeyed his instructions, and dismissed Susy, as much for my own sake as his, for I was not a little anxious to have the matter elucidated.

"My dear Jack," cried I, as soon as she was gone—"welcome, welcome, ten thousand times. I suppose you knew the pleasure this visit would give me, and determined to heighten it by taking me by surprise; if so, you have succeeded to a miracle."

"Captain Tom Burton," cried my friend, "I see by your manner that I have been a little out of order; and egad, now I think of it, order and quiet are every thing with you! But let this satisfy you, Tom: I knew, that come what hour I might, I should be welcome!"

Another hearty and reciprocal shake of the hand between us proved that though we had been separated for two or three years, the cordiality of our friendship had lost nothing by absence.

But though the mystery of Jack's arrival at past twelve o'clock was at the time beyond my calculation, it admitted of an easy, though not very agreeable solution. From his account it appeared, that just before he had started on his last voyage for China he had been pressed by an old acquaintance of his, to be a guarantee for him to a considerable amount to another person, who was a sort of mutual friend, and who, as he then believed, would never press him to an inconvenience, even though the guarantee should be unable to meet the demand against him. Jack, however, had reckoned without his host, and scarcely had he returned, when he was informed by his creditor, that the guaranteed had disappeared, shortly after his departure for the east, without leaving any assets, and that the guarantee was consequently counted on. Jack made not a few wry faces at this announcement, but after venting his choler, he actually paid the sum of 15001. on his bond of indemnity, congratulating himself, that, although it was almost a larger sum than he could well muster with all the earnings of his long sea-faring life, it was a comfortable thing, after all, to be free from debts, and that it might so happen, that his friend would some day or other return and repay the amount. But Jack was again without his host; no sooner had he paid the 1500% on the bond of indemnity, than his creditor acquainted him, that there was likewise an I. O. U. which he held of his, for 10001. additional, and on which it was his intention to proceed, if not immediately settled. It was in vain, that Jack reminded Mr. Nathaniel Gorgle, that that I. O. U. had only been given on a contingency that had not yet happened, and that the very fact of its being merely an I.O.U., instead of a strict legal document, proved the doubtful grounds on which it had been given. Gorgle was inexorable, and gave my friend notice, that if the amount was not paid within three days, he must put the business into his lawyer's hands. Jack, though he hated the name of a lawyer worse than six-yearsold junk, made up his mind not to pay the demand, for two reasons: first, because it was not justly due under any pretence; and secondly, because he had not the means wherewith to pay it. The word "lawyer," however, had shaken his nerves, which against a cannon-ball would have been immoveable; and not knowing what might be the consequence, if he should be arrested, he determined to run for it, and play at hide and seek, till his ship should again be ready to sail. But where was he to conceal himself? He had left himself well nigh pennyless by paying 1500l., of the value of which he had never received one farthing; and by his creditor having previously been to a certain extent an associate of his, he was unfortunately acquainted with most of Jack's haunts, so as to know where to look for him, when the alarm of his retreat should be given. Under these circumstances, Jack remembered the invitation that I had given him to pay a visit to the hall, at Eye; and though he could not absolutely promise himself that Mr. Nathaniel Gorgle, the inexorable, should not trace him thither, still it appeared to be the best chance of escape that presented itself to his observation.

"Besides," cried he, after having narrated allthese circumstances, "I have another scheme for misleading him; and that, to tell you the truth, was why I would not trust your servant with my name. I have been thinking that you can pass me off here by some fictitious cognomen, and put me into another line of life into the bargain; so that, should inquiry be made in this quarter, it may be blunted by hearing that you have neither a Howden nor a sailor with you."

"Admirably thought of," cried I, "and the name, at all events, may be managed easily enough. Suppose we christen you after our old shipmate, Holland; I am sure that, if he were there, he would lend you his name, and much more, with all his soul. But how about your new vocation?"

"Why, that is rather a puzzle. In the first place, it must not be any thing mechanical, for I don't know Scotch granite from Bath stone—a turning lathe from a steam engine-or a loom from a shuttle; so that if any one asked me a question on one of these subjects, I should be posed in a twinkling."

"But do you fancy you would be any better off with one of the learned professions at your back?"

"Worse, Tom, worse," cried the newly-christened Mr. Holland, " if any one was to call me a lawyer, I should be ready to knock him down: and, as to a physician, I don't even know where the pulse lies."

"What do you say to being a doctor of divinity?"

"Lord bless you," cried Jack, "a 'damme' would slip out in the first half hour, and ruin the whole. The only thing that I can think of is, that you should pass me off as a man of letters."

"A what!" cried I, astounded; "why I don't think that you ever read three books in your life."

"There is some truth in that; but then it opens a wider field for originality. Besides, you cannot forget, that I always had the reputation of keeping the best log in the whole ship. Let me tell you, that can't be done without some knowledge of letters. I like the man of letters, too, because it is more general than any thing else. Do you stand up stoutly for my reputation, and then, if I should prove ignorant here or there, it will only be thought that my vein has not yet been discovered, and that I am like a mine that has not yet been successfully worked."

Though I could not belp laughing mightily at my friend's notion of passing himself off as a litetary man, I promised to give him my best support; and, that point settled, Susy was again summoned to get ready the spare bed-room. which being prepared, we bade each other farewell for the night.

As I again laid myself down on my pillow, I could not help sighing at the recollection of the unceremonious manner in which my peace had that night been disturbed. Jack Howden was a good fellow-an admirable fellow-a kind-hearted fellow; but, alas, he was also a noisy fellow. His burly sailor voice was still ringing in my ears, and I went to sleep with sad foreboding that the knell of the tranquillity of the hall had been sounded in that ominous rap, that at past twelve o'clock had roused me from my repose.

The melancholy foretelling of my spirit was but too true. The next day the hall wore quite a different aspect. Half an hour served to introduce the frank-hearted sailor to my nieces, Fanny and Kate. Young girls have light hearts; and, in another half hour, there was more giggling, laughing, smiling, and romping, than the old hall had witnessed during the whole of the previous time that I had occupied it. Still I contrived to bear up against my misfortune

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pretty well. Jack was an old friend, and I was willing to suffer a little for his sake. But when he got to his practical jests, my patience was put to a severe trial :- a pound's worth of crockery was nothing in his eyes compared to a hearty laugh; and the fracture of one of my best mahogany chairs seemed with him to be justified, if it was but accompanied with the cracking of one of his superlative jokes.

But "bad begins, and worse remains behind." If there is any point on which I am peculiarly sensitive, it is that of keeping up a right understanding with my neighbours. This is sufficiently necessary in London; but in the country, where every body knows every body, it is absolutely indispensable; and the thing, of all others, that has always most flattered me, when it reached my ears, was-" Well, I must say, Captain Burton, of the hall, is a man that every body must

How it got about I can't imagine; but, nevertheless, there is no denying that, before Jack had been with me a week, every one in Eye was aware that there was a most eminent man of letters sojourning at the hall. I did all in my power to keep the lion to myself, and for a while I succeeded; but at last the fatal moment of trial came, for to resist such a note as this was impossible, especially as it was from a lady, who, by dint of wealth, scandal, and bluishness, had contrived to be sovereign queen of Eye for the last twenty years.

" Mrs. Bluebusk presents her compliments to Captain Burton, and requests the favour of his and his nieces' company to a soiree, on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Bluebusk, being told that a gentleman very high in the literary world is on a visit at the hall, hopes that the captain will so far overlook ceremony, as to bring him with him, as the pleasure of half an hour's conversation with a man of letters is the richest pleasure that Mrs.

Bluebusk knows."

From this there was no retreat. The girls were delighted at the thought of hearing their literary friend extinguish Mrs. Bluebusk, who in her time had extinguished so many smaller with, and thus collecting for himself honours everlasting, on the principle on which Harry Monmouth, according to Shakspeare, proposed to appropriate to himself the accumulated laurels of Hotspur; and though the literary gentleman himself did not much relish the invitation, I could devise no mode of escape, unless he was willing altogether to resign his Eye retreat.

"Well, Tom," said he, "if it must be, it must; but, for Heaven's sake, stand by me in the attack, for I never was superlatively given to reading."

"Don't trust to your reading," cried I.

"I don't intend," said he.

"Psha! I mean-instead of trusting to your reading, draw liberally on your invention; and keep up your brow, as if you meant something."

"Well, we shall see," quoth Jack, in a somewhat melancholy tone; "but I should not wonder if the old lady sank me."

Wednesday night came, and we proceeded in

a body to the abode of Mrs. Bluebusk. There we found assembled some score of the elite of the place and neighbourhood, for our hostess had gone beyond herself in inviting all she knew, that they might be witnesses of her "half an hour's conversation with a man of letters, which was the richest pleasure that Mrs. Bluebusk knew."

Scarcely was the first introduction over, ere the lady commenced her attack upon poor Jack . or, as I had been obliged to introduce himupon Mr. Holland, the man of letters. I trembled every moment for my friend, and yet was delighted to see that he acquitted himself with much greater readiness than I had dared to hope. But still his peril seemed as if it never would end. Mrs. Bluebusk appeared to be a lineal descendant of Antæus of old; every time she was rebuffed, she returned with fresh vigour to the charge; and my poor friend looked round him in vain for an opportunity of escaping.

"Really," quoth Mrs. Bluebusk, "your sentiments as to Chaucer are very extraordinary, and I should like to have another opportunity of

talking the matter over with you."

"That is just my feeling, Ma'am," cried Jack; "I think we had better leave the subject alone for the present."

"Well, then, let us choose another topic."

"With all my soul, ma'am."

"What say you to the Milton tribe?" asked the lady.

"Lord love you," cried Jack, quite briskly, "they are not to be compared to the natives!"

"Jack!" whispered I, in a tone of remonstrance, wondering where the deuce he had got to. But I had no time.

"Natives!" cried our hostess-" was not Milton a native?"

"Ma'am," exclaimed Jack, suspicious of a blunder, "I thought native oysters came from Colchester, and that the Miltons were a distinct breed. But, probably, you know more than I do about oyster-beds.

"Sir!" quoth Mrs. Bluebusk, with a sort of petrifying accent, "I was speaking of the poet."

"Oh-ah-the poet!-and a very poor poet, too, ma'am, in my opinion."

"Jack!" again whispered my warning voice -but in vain.

"Milton a poor poet, sir!" exclaimed the Blue; "he is the 'god of my idolatry.' Pray, what part of him do you object to?"

"What part of him?" muttered Jack to himself-" why, now she must be gone back to the oysters again;" and, having thus re-assured himself, he exclaimed-" The beard, ma'am."

"My dear sir," quoth his hostess, "what has that to do with Milton's poetry? though, perhaps, you may he thinking of Samson Agonistes, and object to the lines-

'Then turned me out, ridiculous, despoiled, Shaven, and disarmed among my enemies.'

"Very true, ma'am," cried Jack, catching at every straw; " it is his ridiculous poetry to which I object. Perhaps Milton borrowed his idea from

'This is the priest all shaven and shorn."

I think the passage is to be found in 'The House that Jack built.'"

"You are building a pretty house, Master Jack," whispered I, in a thousand trepidations. But this time luck was on our side.

"I am afraid, Mr. Holland," cried la Bluebusk, "you are willing to raise a laugh against my enthusiasm in behalf of Milton. Perhaps some day you will run through his poems with me, and point out his failings. But, pray, if you set your face against Milton, what poet do you recommend for sublimity?"

"Shakspeare, Jack," whispered I; but I was too late.

"Why, Falconer, to be sure, ma'am," cried he in a moment;—"did you never read his 'Shipwreck?"

" Certainly, Mr. Holland."

"Hip—hip—hurrah!" roared Jack, with a smile on his face for the first time:—"so have I; and now we can talk together a bit. Do you remember his whistling wind, and creaking cordage—his mast overboard, and his haul on the jib? That's something like poetry!"

"Really, Captain Burton," said Mrs. Bluebusk, "your friend has a most extraordinary taste; I am afraid that you must have bitten him with your sea-knowledge. I always understood that Falconer ranked as a fifth rate writer."

"Fifth rate!" quoth Jack, indignantly—" no such thing; he is a right-down first-rate man-of-war, stem and stern, with sails full set, and three tiers of guns in his broadside."

"Well, on your recommendation, I will read him again," cried Mrs. Bluebusk, half persuaded. "In the mean time, let us pass on to Shakspeare."

"Souttled again!" murmured Jack; while I did this time find an opportunity of whispering in his ear, "You must praise Shakspeare, blow high, blow low." Jack gave me a nod and a wink, in friendly intimation of having heard and appreciated my advice.

"Well, Mr. Holland, what do you say to Shakspeare?" demanded our pertinacious host-

"Say, ma'am!—why I say, as you said of the native Miltons: he's the god of my—of my—he's the god of my high-holiday."

"Good heavens! Mr. Holland, you surely can't defend his absurdities!"

Jack gave me a piteous look, as much as to say, "What ship a-hoy!" and then, with a desperate plunge, he exclaimed—"Yes damme, ma'am, absurdities and all. I don't know but what his absurdities are the best part of him."

"What, sir, his witches?"

"Who calls witches absurdities?" quoth my friend, a little warmly. "To be sure they aren't flesh and blood; but they are very honest folks in their way, and God forbid that I should say a word against them!"

"Lord, Mr. Holland," cried our hostess's toady, "do you believe in witches?"

"What do you mean by 'believe?" replied Jack: "I mean to say I've seen 'em—sometimes

in the main shrouds—sometimes between the upper sheets."

"Witches in shrouds are certainly in character," remarked Mrs. Bluebusk; but how they get between the sheets is a little incomprehensible."

"Well, then, damme, ma'am," cried Jack, somewhat nettled at her want of faith, "it is still more incomprehensible how you are to get at the upper sheets without the shrouds."

"Why, I protest, Mr. Holland, you are quite a Johnsonian," answered the lady; you not only believe in witches, but use all his hard worded incongruities, to puzzle your adversaries. Pray; are you ready to go the length of his sesquipedalian lucubrations?"

"Whew!" whistled the astounded Jack: "I'll go the length of my own tether, ma'am, with any body; but as to Sess's-queer-puddling, I leave that to my betters."

Mrs. Bluebusk stared; but nothing could make her resign. "At all events," cried she, "you can have no objection to defend your favourite Shakspeare by explaining one of his witch scenes, which, to my poor ability, I must confess is absolute nonsense.—Miss Stibbs, my dear, have the kindness to fetch Macbeth."

Away toddled toady; while Jack employed the interval in wiping the thick-set perspiration from his forehead, and muttering to himself something, the only words of which that I could hear, were "she-shark!—Shakspeare—Macbeth!—who are they?"

"Now let us take this scene, Mr. Holland," cried his persecutrix, armed with the sixth volume of Shakspeare. "Here, sir, this.—Pray don't turn away!—The third scene of the first act.—If you will but explain the first ten lines, I shall be satisfied."

Jack, who had well nigh made up his mind to have a run for it, when Shakspeare was produced, thought that, for the sake of his reputation, ten lines might be ventured on; and he therefore, took the book from her.

"Where am I to begin, ma'am?"

"There, if you please sir—'Enter the three Witches.'"

"Yes, ma'am: but, upon my word, you seem to read as well as I do. If you don't understand it now, I really doubt whether you will a bit the more, though I should read all night."

"Ah! Mr. Holland, that is your modesty!— Now, pray begin."

Jack gave me a horrible look, as if he was just entering into the last agonies; and then in a sepulchral tone proceeded.—"'1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?"—Come, that is pretty clear, however. Now you see, ma'am, supposing I was an old woman, and was to say to you—'where hast thou been, sister?"—do you mean to say you would not understand me?"

Mrs. Bluebusk, who was at that doubtful age which the owner calls young, and the rest of the world calls old, bridled up at the illustration, as she exclaimed, "Oh! I understand that, sir, of course."

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"To be sure—I knew you must," cried Jack, triumphantly.—"'2 Witch. Killing swine."

"Ah, what does that mean?" interrupted the

"Why, this is clearer than t'other. It comes from the Chinese. When I was at Canton, there was a grand dispute about the way in which pigs ought to be killed. Some were for sticking—others for hanging—and a third party for the knock-me-down bullock fashion. Now I take it, this witch is a disputaceous lady—these thundering old women often are—and she starts the subject 'killing swine,' for the purpose of chopping a bit of logic with her sisters."

"Well, I protest that never struck me before," exclaimed Mrs. Bluebusk.—"What comes next?"

"'3 Witch. Sister, where thou?'—Now, you see, this third witch is a quiet, peaceable soul; and, instead of accepting the challenge, she tries to turn the conversation another way. Suppose we do the same, ma'am."

"No, really," cried the lady; "I cannot consent; your observations are so truly original!—
What comes next?"

"'1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap.'"

"Why 'chesnuts,' Mr. Holland?"

"Clear again, ma'am. The author's object is to take us back to primitive society. Acorns first, and then chesnuts! You observe how ingeniously he has managed it.—I admit, however, that it would have been more natural, if he had added in a note, 'Let me advise my readers never to eat the husks.'

' A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap, And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht.'

Now that is full of nature again. He means to signify that the good wife had lost her teeth; and how expressive is 'mouncht' of the way in which old, toothless dames get through their victuals! Perhaps you will ring the bell, ma'am, and let us see you eat a crust. Of all things in the world, I like practical illustrations."

"That you do, Jack," cried I, with a sigh; while a fleeting vision of crockery and broken

furniture swam before my eyes.

"'Give me, quoth I,'" continued Jack, reading.—"No one, I presume, will dispute the nature of that.—'Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.'"

"Ah! now, that is what I want to know.

What is the meaning of 'aroint?"

"Lord, ma'am, can you doubt that for a moment," answered Jack; "just look back to the line before—'and mouncht, and mouncht.' There, you see: she does not mounch once, or twice, but three times. Why, then, of course, she must have her mouth pretty tolerably full; and, being in a hurry to answer the applicant, how beautifully expressive of an indistinct palate pronunciation is the word 'aroint.' We really must have the slice of bread up to illustrate all this: and see how the picture is carried on—'the rump-fed ronyon cries.' That shows her good living, and accounts for her being always mounching: she had just dined off rump-steak

pudding, and was making her dessert on chesnuts. 'Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of the Tyger,'—Now, this you see——''

"Oh, come, Mr. Holland, I fancy that I need not trouble you to explain that. Here is my nephew, who has been two years midshipman in a king's ship, and I presume he must know a little more about sea matters than you."

Jack, with high indignation in his look, surveyed the young whipper-snapper, who had been thus unceremoniously put over his old sea-faring head, and vehemently exclaimed, "Phoo! phoo!" which was about as much contempt as he though it became him to condescend to express; and, having thus vented his spleen, he continued—

"' But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.'

'And like a rat without a tail,'—that line's fine, ma'am, very fine."

"Yes, Sir, but what may it mean?"

"Mean!" echoed Jack: "now that is as cruel a question as I ever heard. I point out to you a fine line, and then you ask me what it means; just as if you can expect a thing to be fine, and have meaning too!"

"And what say you to the last line you have

read?"

"' I'll do, I'll do, I'll do!' why, ma'am, I say this—upon my soul I can't do any more," and, without further ceremony he bounced out of the room, whispering me as he passed, "I'll tell you what, Captain Tom, the old lady has run me regularly dry, so I'm off to the Bee, to get a double allowance of grog."

Mrs. Bluebusk looked after him as he sailed along, and then, turning to me, cried, "Upon my word your friend is a very extraordinary gentleman; but it is easy to perceive that his genius is of the first-rate order, and that entitles

him, of course, to be eccentric.'

I signified my assent to the proposition by a silent bow, at the same time inwardly congratulating myself that matters had passed off so well. After this, the conversation gradually extended into general subjects, when it was suddenly interrupted by a loud bustle on the stairs, which attracted every body's attention; and a minute after, two brawny, top-booted fellows strode into the apartment.

"What may you be pleased to want here?" demanded Mrs. Bluebusk at the top of her voice.

"Oh, Ma'am, no offence to you," replied one of the fellows, "but there is a gentleman here whom we want. We are London bailiffs, backed with the Suffolk sheriff's writ to arrest one Mr. John Howden, alias Holland, (as we hear he is called in these parts,) for 1000l., at the suit of Nicholas Gorgle."

Mrs. Bluebusk looked at me, with a thousand thunders in her eye. As for me, I was all trepidation. Farewell all peace—farewell all tranquillity, after Mrs. Bluebusk's sanctum had been violated by bailiffs in search of a person whom I had introduced.

At length the storm burst forth-" Captain

Burton," exclaimed she, "I am astonished at your placing me in such a situation. I have every respect for literary men, and as such feel towards Mr. Howden."

"Lord love you, ma'am," cried the London bailiff, "what do you mean by a literary man? Mr. Howden is none of that sort, and I ought to know, for I have had most of the literary men in England in my custody at one time or another. This here defendant is an old East Indian sailor, and, I'll be sworn, never read a book in his life, unless, perhaps, it was his own log, or Falconer's Shipwreck."

"Falconer's Shipwreck!" screamed the toady.
"Falconer's Shipwreck!" screamed Mrs.
Bluebusk:—"that accounts for it, then! Captain Burton, how dare you tell me that your friend was a man of letters?"

At that moment the servant entered, and put a note into my hand. I saw in an instant that it was written by Jack. I opened it—glanced at its contents—while Mrs. Bluebusk exclaimed, Don't read that impostor's scrawl; but tell me, Sir, how you dared to pass him off to me as a man of letters?"

"A man of letters, ma'am," cried I, "listen to this note, and then tell me if he is not a man of letters."

" To A. T. B., Esq., F. R. S. &c.

"Bee, Eye, Sept. 2-10, p. m., A. D. 1831.

"Dear T.—Tell Mrs. B., though I've drunk her tea, and our thoughts so gee, I cannot come back p. p. c., because D. I. O. with the scent of a bailiff at my heels. This is a word in the Q. E. D. That rascal N. G., who holds my I. O. U. has traced me to Eye with a ca. sc.

Your's most literally, J. W. H."

"P. S.—Remember me to F. and K., and beg them not to put an R. after my name, though for the present I am Q in the corner."

The bailiffs, when they heard it, were off like a shot. Mrs. Bluebusk, when she heard it, thought that a better case had been made out than could have been expected; upon which, Miss Tibbs thought so too. My nieces, Fanny and Kate, when they heard it, shed a tear a-piece for honest Jack's misfortune; and, lest my readfor honest Jack's misfortune; and, lest my readjust received news that the friend whom he guaranteed has just returned nummi plenus, and released from all his pecuniary difficulties this newly-dubbed "man of letters."

#### WOMAN.

THE Countess of Blessington, in her Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron, has the following remarks:—

"How few men understand the feelings of women! Sensitive, and easily wounded as we are, obliged to call up pride to support us in trials that always leave fearful marks behind, how often are we compelled to assume the semblance of coldness and indifference, when the heart inly bleeds; and the decent composure, put on with our visiting garments to appear in public, and, like them, worn for a few hours, are with them laid aside; and all the dreariness, the heart consuming cares, that woman alone can know, return to make us feel, that, though we may disguise our sufferings from others, and deck our countenance with smiles, we cannot deceive ourselves, and are but the more miserable from the constraint we submit to. A woman only can understand a woman's heart—we cannot, dare not complain-sympathy is denied us, because we must not lay open the wounds that excite it, and even the most legitimate feelings are too sacred in female estimation to be exposed—and, while we nurse the grief 'that lies too deep for tears,' and consumes alike health and peace, a man may, with impunity, express all, nay, more than he feels-court and meet sympathy-while his leisure hours are cheered by occupations and pleasures, the latter too often such as ought to prove how little he stood in need of compassion, except for his vices."

#### INVOLUNTARY DANCING.

On arriving at Tulli, I was surprised to observe, as I looked down upon the village from a hill above it, that all the people who had assembled to gaze upon us, were jumping and skipping with the greatest activity and in the most grotesque manner, striking their bodies on several parts, and performing such strange antics, that I conjectured it was a national dance got up in celebration of our arrival, not supposing it likely that a stray sect of jumping dervishes could have established themselves in so out-of-the-way a spot.

As I approached the village, however, I found that not only my servants, but my brother and myself, in spite of our fatigues, were unconsciously joining the dance, and striking ourselves in good earnest. I thought of the electric eels in some river in Africa, and fancied a similar phenomenon hung over Tulli. The mystery was too soon cleared up; we had entered the precinct of the most venomous little insect I had ever met with: it is a miniature wasp, scarcely larger than a sand-fly, with a green body, and a pair of forceps that inflict its wounds unmercifully. We have lost all chance of rest, and it is ludicrous in the highest degree to observe the effects of the bite upon the people. Theý break suddenly off, in whatever occupation they may be engaged, and, after jumping and beating themselves for a few moments, resume their work, in which, however, they are soon interrupted for more exercise. They are covered over with black spots, in which I am bidding fair to rival them-for these little insects never fail to leave their marks. We are situate on the slope of a hill, surrounded on all sides with pine-trees, and I imagine that circumstance may be the cause of so many insects, for the heat is not particularly great; the thermometer stands at 74 .- Skinner's Excursions in India.

# THE MOONLIT CHURCHYARD.

THERE is no cloud to mar the depth of blue,
Through which the silent, silver moon careers,
Bave in the west some streaks of hazy hue,
Through which pale Vesper, twinking, re-appears;
The sacred harmony which rules the spheres
Descends on lower regions, and the mind,
Stript of the vain solicitudes and fears,
Which seem the heritage of human kind,
Commingles with the scene, and leaves its cares behind.

To gaze upon the studded arch above,
And on thy placid beauty, mystic moon,
Shedding abroad the mysteries of love,
And rendering night more exquisite than uoon,
Expands the slisking spirit; while as soon
As from terrestrial frailties we retire,
And to thy hallowed mood our hearts attuae,
To those benignant feelings we aspire,
Which makes the spirit glow with purified desire.

'Tis sweet, thus resting on this grassy mound,
To look upon the vales that stretch below,
On the old woods, that throw their shadows round,
And en the silver streams of ceaseless flow,
Murmuring and making music as they go;
And on the hamlets, where a little star,
Beaming within the lattlice, makes to glow
The homeward travellers heart, as, from afar,
He hails a shelter from the world's contentious jar.

The scattered wrecks of generations past,
Slumbering around me are the village dead;
O'er them no sculptured stones their shadows cast,
To keep the moonshine from their verdant bed.
Here oft my steps hath contemplation led,
And here, alone, in solemn reverle,
Under this hoary elm, with litchens red.
I've thought how years and generations fice,
And of the things which were, and never more shall be:

Nor is the day far distant, nor the hour,
Deep in the bosom of Futurity,
When all that revel now in pride and power,
Commingling dust with dust as low shall lie;
Yes! all that live and move beneath the sky
An equal doom awaits; our sires have passed—
Alike the mightiest and the meanest die;
And, slowly come the doom, or come it fast,
The inexorable grave awaits us all at last.

But man was made for bustle and for strife;
Though sometimes, like the sun on summer days,
The bosom is unruffled, yet his life
Consists in agitation, and his ways
Are through the battling storm-blasts; to crase
Some fancied wrong, to gain some promised joy,
To gather earthly good, or merit praise,
Are—and will be—the objects that employ
His thoughts, and lead him on to dazzle or destroy.

Yet lost to all that dignifies our kind,
Cold were the heart, and bigoted indeed,
Which, by its selfish principles made blind,
Could destine all that differed from its creed
To utterless perdition; who can feed
A doctrine so debasing in the breast?
We who are dust and ashes, who have need
Of mercy, not of judgment; and, at best,
Are vanity to Him, with whom our fate must rest?

Since thus so feeble, happy 'tis for us,
That the All-Seeing is our judge alone!
We walk in darkness—but not always thus;
The veil shall be withdrawn, and man be shown
Mystarious laws of nature, now unknown;
Yes; what is shrouded from our feeble sight,
Or now seems but a chose overgrown
With marvels, blidden in the womb of night.
Shall burst upon our view, clear, beautiful and bright-

Oh! who that gazes on the lights of life,
Man in his might, and woman in her bloom,
Would think, that after some brief years of strife,
Both must be tenants of the silent tomb!
Naught can revoke the irrevocable doom—
Childhood's despair, man's prayer or woman's tear!
The soul must journey through the vale of gloom:
And ere it enters on a new career,
Burn in the light of hope, or strink with conscious feas.

Then, in resigned submission, let us bow
Before the Providence that cares for all;
'Tis thinc, O God, to take or to bestow,
To raise the meek, or bid the mighty fall;
Shall low-born doubts, shall earthly fears inthral
The deathless soul which emanates from thee?
Forbid the degradation! No—it shall
Burst from earth's bonds, like day-star from the sea,
When from the rising sun the shades of darkness fiee!

# THE OUDALISKI'S SONG.

BY THE MON. MRS. HORTON.

Than said that I was fair and bright, And bore me far away— Within the Sultan's halls of light, A glittering wretch to stay; They bore me o'er the dreary sea, Where the dark wild billows foam— Nor heard the sighs I heaved for thee, My own—my childhood's home!

They deck my arms with jewels rare
That glitter in the sun,
And braid with pearls my long black hair—
I wept when all is done!
I'd give them all, for one bright hour
Free and unwatched to roam,
I'd give them all, for one sweet flower
From thee—my calldhood's home.

They bring my low-toned harp, and bid My voice the notes prolong—
And oft my soul is harshly chid
When tears succeed to song:
Alas! my lips can sing no more,
When o'er my spirit come
The strains I heard in thee of yore,
My own—my childhood's home:

For them, the long lost visions rise
Of happy sinless years—
I dare not hide my streaming eyes,
Yet cannot cease from tears:
I see the porch where wearily
My mother sits and weeps—
I see the couch where rosily
My little brother sleeps.

I see the flowers I loved to tend, Lie tangled on the earth; I hear the merry voices blend— Mine old companion's mirth! Oh! what to me are gilded halls, Rich vestmenta, jewels rare? I'd rather live in cavern walls And breathe the mountain air.

Here the hot heavy winds are still.
The hours unwearied pass,
Oh for the sunshine on the hill—
The dew upon the grass!
Oh! for the cool resounding shore,
The dark blue river's foam;
Shall my sick heart no'er see them mote-?
Wo! for my childhood's home!

Original.

#### THE MONK.

A TALE, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE POLITICAL STATE OF FRANCE IM 1798,

Mr escape from France in the year 1793, has about it an appearance of romance, which may serve to illustrate the state of the times at that eventful period.

I am a Benedictine Monk, and a native of Languedoc; one of the finest provinces in France. For many years I was a professor in a seminary near Toulouse, and rose to be the second in authority in a community of more than thirty friars, who were attached to that institution. The founder of our order, Saint Benedict, prescribed as a rule, so far back as the fifth century, that his monks should superintend the instruction of youth; a duty which they have faithfully executed at all times; but more especially since the dispersion of the Jesuits.

The college to which I belonged, was well endowed, and well supplied with able professors and teachers. It was situated in a beautiful champaign country, cultivated like a garden. It was indeed a fine district, richly furnished with every necessary of life, and at the cheapest prices. These advantages naturally drew to us numerous scholars. They sometimes exceeded four hundred, who were accommodated in noble buildings, surrounded by a spacious park, and scenery gay and varied, particularly on the southern border of the valley, where the Pyrenees rose in majestic grandeur. The climate too, how fine! bland in summer, and temperate in winter; a mild college discipline; liberal, friendly and gentlemanly conduct on the part of my religious brothers; all combined to give health to the body, and to the heart contentment.

As sub-director of this great establishment, I possessed a considerable share of influence. which I endeavoured to use honestly. I may have sometimes misapplied it; intentionally I mever went wrong; but who is perfect? Among our scholars there were 40 or 50, who were paid for by the king, being the sons of poor officers. After staying with us three or four years, they received commissions in the army, provided their conduct at college had been correct, if not, they lost all chance of royal patronage. We had likewise placed under our care, some students of the highest rank in Europe; among these, I will only refer to an Italian prince, very nearly allied to the Sardinian throne, and who assumed the incognito of De Barge. He was consigned to my special superintendance—the reigning king of Sardinia is his son—he was a youth of gentle manners, and perfectly disposed to live on a footing of equality with the other boys. I mention him here, because he is spoken of in the subsequent part of my narrative; and I have likewise brought into notice the king's pensioners, in order to vindicate the severe punishment that I was officially called upon to inflict on one

of them named Nebon. That young man had given offence to one of the religious, who was his teacher; and when the lad obstinately refused to obey that gentleman, or apologize for his behaviour, the affair was referred to me. On a calm investigation of the matter, it appeared that the discipline of the college could not be well sustained, under all the circumstances of the case, without an example being made of the case, without an example being made of the consequences to the poor youth, we thought it better that ene should suffer, than that the police of the school should be jeoparded, and so we passed upon him a decree of expulsion.

He was sent heme, and Nebon carried with him the strongest prejudices against me. I, who was neither accuser nor witness, but simply the judge of the matter!—and even then not in the last resort; for my opinion could have been nullified by the superior of the college; yet he always considered me as the main cause of his disgrace. This happened in the year 1787, when he was about 18 years old.

It was an unpleasant occurrence; and very few like it took place, while I had any share in the administration; on the contrary, things went on in harmony, and the institution was at the height of prosperity, when the political troubles, which preceded the great revolution, broke out. We felt their effects immediately; and in four or five years the collegial establishment crumbled to pieces. Scholars went one way, the monks another; and nothing was thought of, at least among us persecuted priests, but to hide ourselves from the public eye. Our religious order was suppressed by law. Altars were dishonoured or abandoned, vows of celibacy abolished and ridiculed; churches shut up, and the holy sabbath stricken from the calendar. One of the poets of the day thus describes this last event:

"Les fetes, alors, n'offroient plus
D'utilite ni d'avantage;
Comme de bien d'autres abus,
L'on en abolit l'usage.
On fit, aussi, un autre changement,
Qui meme causa bien plus de pedes;
C'est que sans nui menagement,
L'on vota d'alonger la semaine:
L'assemblee fut asses hardie
D'ordonner qu'on en retranche,
Kon pas mardi, ni mercredi,
Mais justement dimanche!"

This political hallucination, very soon drove the wise and virtuous from public affairs, and put the helm of state, under the guidance of men, instigated by the demon of destruction. The reign of terror triumphed every where;—the profligate alone ruled the land. Those priests and monks who did not choose to marry, or worship the Goddess of Reason, became particularly obnoxious to persecution. I perceived this, more and more, every day, even in the sequestered spot to which I had retired; for I had taken shelter under my paternal roof, with my aged father, who resided several miles from the high way, on a farm, so remote from the bustle of the world, that I flattered myself, I might live there unnoticed.-On the 21st of January 1793, our virtuous and beloved king, Louis the Sixteenth, was That bold and bloody execution beheaded. frightened us all. No man's life was safe after the royal decapitation; besides, as a non-conforming priest, I was an outlaw, and the pursuit after us, became daily more and more active, and made it necessary for me to fly from France. But how was I to get away? and what asylum should I seek abroad? In considering the subject, I thought of my young pupil, the Italian prince, and immediately set about planning my escape.

An old schoolmate of mine lived in the neighbourhood, who carried on a small trade between Cette and Genoa. He was at his house at this period, and I paid him a visit. Alarmed himself, he willingly entered into my project, which was for me to accompany him to Celle, (with some goods he had lately purchased at the fair of Beaucaire,) in the capacity of a servant, and endeavour to bribe the skipper of the coasting bark, in which they were to be shipped, to connive at my embarkation with him for Italy. Our scheme was put into execution immediately. Surrounded as I was by friends, in my father's house, I found no difficulty in procuring a peasant's dress, which I put on even to the sabots, or wooden shoes. I changed my name too, from that of my family, Andras, to Peter Assiot; and having when a boy learned the patois, or provincial dialect, spoken throughout the south of France, by the peasantry, I was able to converse on the road with people of the rank I had assumed. Thus equipt, I started with my friend, whose name was Bonet, for Beaucaire, and thence rode in a hired wagon, which contained part of his merchandise, to the port of Cette.

Nothing occurred by the way to disturb us. We arrived safe, at the principal inn; Bonet, found a coaster nearly ready to depart, and shipped his goods. "Now," saft he, "I will sound the captain about you; as the vessel is to sail this evening, arrangements must be made immediately; wait here, while I send the wagon back, and go to the wharf to speak to the master of the boat. In half an hour I will return."

As soon as he went away, I retired to the corner of a garret, where supposing myself to be alone, I fell on my knees, and repeated the morning office from my prayer-book, and ended by an invocation to our merciful father, asking fer protection of his ruined church, and the retoration of his ruined church, and the ruined church his ruined c

of luce apartment he

by it I could not then comprehend; but the moment I entered the bar-room, to which he followed me, I was accused by him of being a counter-revolutionist. Bonet had come back, and held a public journal in his hand, which he had been reading—he seemed in low spirits, and was hardly roused from his state of dejection by the harsh voice of my accuser. But when he threatened to take me before some committee of vigilance that he named, my friend started from his seat, and asked what he meant?

"Why," said he, "I caught this man, who I take to be a spy from Conde's army, in the very act of praying, which alone is proof of aristocracy. Who prays now but royalists? Have we not shut up all our churches, and written 'everlasting sleep over our grave-yards?'"

While he was speaking, I calmly surveyed his savage face—it was covered with bushy whiskers and mustaches, and his whole costume was that of personal filthiness; and in this he was in perfect keeping with the earages of that day. A man who was met in a cleanly garb, was called in their slang, a muscadin—an anti-republican. To stand the test of patriotism with those polluted Jacobins, the pre-requisite was a slovenly dress.

"Comrade," said Bonet, in a soothing voice, "what can such a poor man as that have in common with the aristocracy or Conde? He follows me on my lawful business as a servant, and has nothing to do with politics—be seated then, and let us drink a cup a wine to Robespierre's health." But the fellow was in too fierce a humour to be coaxed. "I am," said he, "well known at the Jacobin club, and have sworn to be vigilant. Moreover, news has arrived from Paris, which you may see in the Journal, now in your hand, warning us to be on the look out for emigrating nobles and priests, and vowing vengeance on any captain, who shall take them away; so, do you see, citizen, I will not meddle with you, because I know you; but it's all a sham about this man being a servant; no servant speaks French as I heard him in his prayers just now, and I mean to have him up before the committee."

"And pray," said Bonet, "what authority have you to meddle with travellers? Are not you the brother of the innkeeper, and barber of the house?"

"I am all that," cried he, "and what is more, I am a member of the affiliated club of Jacobins, as I have already told you, and that shall be my warrant for examining this man."

We had the room to ourselves, fortunately. The variet approached, and had the audacity to lay violent hands on me. My friend, a warmhearted little Languedocian, sprang forward in my defence, and pulled him off, while I, seeing plainly that it was a matter of life or death, looked round for some weapon of defence, when fortunately recollecting the use that angry peasants make of their wooden shoes in battle, I seized one of mine, and applied it with such hearty good will against the hideous hairy mouth of the barber that he fell prostrate at my feet.

No one was a witness of our assault, nor were we slow in making our retreat—the field of battle was left to the bleeding foe—Bonet led the way to the wharf. As we hurried along, he told me that an accusation by such a miscreant as that Jacobin was a sentence of death; and then added that the orders from Paris contained in the journal that he had just been reading, were of so peremptory a character that the skipper positively refused to receive on board any one who had not a regular passport; and you have nothing left for it, my good father, but to make your way to Italy by land."

When we came to the sea side, Bonet despatched the man who had charge of a boat belonging to the coaster, and bade him tell the master, to proceed immediately on his voyage, and stop for him off the little town of Frontigmac; then taking the oars he rowed across the bay. As soon as we had reached a mile or two on the smooth bosom of the Mediterranean, we considered ourselves safe, and in talking over ear adventure, could scarcely refrain from laughing. "This," said 1, "is my coup d'essai; it is the first hard blow I ever gave a human being; but the caitiff seemed to thirst for my blood."

"And should he seen recover from his trance," said my friend, "he will have it yet. But I think we have sufficiently the start of him to put you in safety. You must get to Italy by the way of Switzerland or Savoy. My wagon waits in you hamlet, by my orders, to take a few boxes of Frontignac to Montpelier, and in it you may go to that city. The wine is to be delivered to my brother-in-law, a medical gentleman, to whom I will give you a line; for the rest you must trust to his friendship and your own prudence—he is worthy of all confidence, and will assist you willingly."

As he spoke, we approached the shore, at a distance of five miles from Cette. In a few moments, Bonet had written with a pencil to his relation; my adieus, amid tears of gratitude, were made, and I was seated once more in the wagon. The ride to Montpelier was accomplished in a couple of hours, and I found myself a welcome guest in the good doctor's house.

I spent three days in a retired part of it, secure against every thing, except a domiciliary visit. There was not a single servant under his roof. The army had drawn off many of the men, and the disordered state of every profession did not afford the expense of a female. The wife and daughters executed all the domestic duties of the family; so that no fear was entertained of the malice or imprudence of hirelings-yet I began to feel the necessity of moving. My affair with the barber at Cette had occasioned some talk, and I did not like to loiter within the sphere of that Jacobin's influence. Besides, if he should discover me, he might injure my worthy host; I, therefore, put in execution on the fourth day, a plan which he had suggested when I first arrived.

The doctor was a director of a public botanical institution, or garden of plants, and he proposed

to obtain for me a commission to visit the mountains in the capacity of herbarist, by which means I might travel upmolested, he hoped, even into Savoy. I relished the scheme much, and having put on suitable clothes, and obtained an elementary book on botany, in order to recover what I had learned of that science at college, I retained my borrowed name of *Peter Assist*, and started on my new vocation.

My friend accompanied me in the evening to the garden, where I was introduced to the superintendant, who gave me written instructions. Four days had I spent in the conversation and society of this worthy friend—it was an acquaintance of no long standing certainly, yet our attachment was mutual and sincere—it had its source in the sympathy and high-wrought sensibility which the dreadful condition of the community engendered. We embraced each other on the public road and amid darkness—our adieus were pronounced with a faultering tongue, for the sword of Damocles hung over our heads, and over that of every honest man in France.

We parted. I took a cross road that led far away from the great thoroughfares, intending to pass the Rhone at the *Pont Saint Esprit*, or bridge of the Holy Ghost; and the event for several days did not disappoint the hope I entertained, that amongst the rustics of the villages, and magistrates of the small towns, I should get along unmolested.

The country people, however, on the 8th day after I left Montpelier, appeared to be less tranquil; there were in all the hamlets indications of insubordination and idleness. 1 asked no questions. My business was to get on towards the frontiers, unnoticed if possible, and without unnecessary intercourse with any one. I therefore traversed the villages, in perfect silence; wondering, nevertheless, what could draw the whole population of the district into groups of men and women, and produce the uneasiness which every where met my eye. This induced me to sequester myself from the observation of the common people, and seek a night's lodging in the barn of some gentleman's estate. With this view, about five o'clock in the afternoon of a sultry day, overcome with fatigue and anxiety, I turned from the road into an avenue that led to a pretty looking chateau. A chateau must not be mistaken for a fortified castle-it is well known that gentlemen's country scats are so styled. Any capacious villa, constructed with white free stone, and having the exterior of a genteel modern house, is called a castle now a-days.

I sauntered up the long straight avenue, until I approached the house; then desirous to see the gardener or one of the servants, I took a right hand gravel walk, which led to an unenclosed shrubbery—there, stopping to look round, I heard footsteps, and in a few moments two ladies appeared—they seemed alarmed at the sight of a stranger. I took off my hat, and in manner and language the most respectful, explained the

cause of my intrusion. This satisfied them; and after putting many questions about the temper of the people, they called the butler and gave me in charge to him. No sooner had he conducted me to the servant's room, than the same questions were asked by him, which being frankly answered to the best of my knowledge, we gradually became sociable and communicative; so that in the course of an hour or two he had left nothing untold that I wished to hear.

"You are," said the old man, "in the house of the ci-devant Count de Saintonge, who emigrated a year ago, and is now living abroad in very re-

duced circumstances."

Here I interrupted him to enquire whether M. de Saintonge had not been ambassador to Spain? And receiving an affirmative answer, I told him that I knew him personally; for I had seen him at our college about six years before, in company with Monsieur de Brienne the Archbishood Toulouse. He was then, as I remember, going to the springs of Barege, on his way to Madrid.

"I have served in his family twenty years," resumed the butler; "the elder lady of the two you saw, is a native of Spain, and wife to my absent master; the other is her daughter, born here, and now eighteen years of age. As you know the Count, you may recollect his handsome person; he is as good too in heart as in looks. These ladies thinking that our countrymen-Frenchmen-would never molest females, and apprehending the possibility of a confiscation, should the estate be forsaken by the whole family, have had the courage to stay here and brave the storm. There was another cause that kept them:--the young lady is engaged to the son of one of the generals of the Republic: very fine men, both father and son; for you know that the army has many true patriots in it, who fight for their country disinterestedly, and have no share in the wicked doings of the government."

"No doubt at all of it," said I, " but go on." "Well, this son, who is himself a captain of cavalry, is passionately fond of my young mistress; and we owe to his watchfulness and his father's protection, all the quiet that we have hitherto enjoyed. We expect the lover here to-night, for his regiment is at no great distance, and he often galdops fifty miles a-day, backwards and forwards, to see that all is right at the chateau. We look with impatience for him just now, and the reason is, that there arrived a few days ago, at Sisteron, a small town a few miles off, a new and furious commissioner from Paris, charged with the sacred duty, as he calls it, of raising this district to the condition of thoroughgoing republicanism; and this he declares he will do immediately, by bringing every patrician house to a level with those of the peasants—who, he says, are the true sovereign people.' He does not understand that kind of equality which lodges one family in a fine stone edifice while thousands of others dwell in mud huts. So, to cut the matter short, be has proclaimed to us all, that he means to give up the residences of the aristocracy to the

flames; and this it is that has thrown the whole district into confusion, the signs of which you saw yourself all along the road. But what has encreased our alarm to-day is, that the good miller, who lives near the stream at the foot of the hill, and who is an old and faithful tenant, gave us notice a few hours ago, that from what he could learn, the threatened conflagration would begin to-night. He came up to warn the ladies, and invite them down to his house; ' for,' said he, 'you need not attempt to defend yourselves; the commissioner has bribed too many of the disaffected peasantry, by the promise of pillage. It would only cause a useless waste of blood. But my mistress, who is a brave Castilian, and likes to see danger, before she flies from it, chooses to postpone her retreat until the enemy shall show himself. Besides, we have sometime ago, removed to a place of security, all our plate and other valuable property, and so reformed our once splendid establishment, that we have no body here now, except the cook, a waiting boy, who takes care of one horse, which is all we keep, and the daughter of a neighbour, who attends the two ladies, and milks a cow. What a falling off is all this," concluded the old butler-Ah! believe me, sir, we shall never see things put to rights, until we get a king on the throne.

To this I responded most heartily; and then asked if he did not think the Countess would allow me a short interview. Her situation appeared to be critical, and I felt strongly inclined to advise and aid her; so I sent the butler into the parlour, with the respects of an humble acquaintance of the Count's, who requested permission to see her. He brought me word that I might go in. On entering, I bowed to the two ladies, and told them that the character and rank of the Count were well known to me, and that my regard for him, had inspired me with the hope that I should make my services acceptable to his family, at a juncture so fraught with dan-

ger as the present.

"Stranger," the Countess answered, "we may thank you, even if we should not trust you. This new commissioner has, indeed, alarmed us; yet the times cannot be so out of joint, as to authorise the fulfilment of his threats. How! license a mob to pillage and burn the dwellings of unoffending people! An act so cruel and useless will never be perpetrated by a public functionary. The nation is strangely deluded it is true, and fearful acts of atrocity have been committed. But, who are you, pray, who claim acquaintance with my husband?"-" This paper, madam, will show my present occupation.—(I gave her the letter of instructions from the garden of plants.)-It is an employment that may carry me beyond the frontiers; perhaps among the Alps. If in my travels I can convey news from you to the Count, I will do it with pleasure. Your situation, just now, is full of difficulty and danger. I offer to watch the threatened proceedings of this night."

"That is very good in you," said Madame de Saintonge, "and as we are but feebly protected, I accept your offer. Should we be assailed and

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driven hence, our retreat will be down to the house of a faithful dependant. Yet our fears may deceive us. What motive for such excesses! Transgressions must have their limits; and, in this instance, no advantage can be gained of a political character."

"Ah, Madam! what may not a people do, who have ignominiously executed the eldest son of our holy church; a people unrestrained even by the sacredness of kingly majesty! If our august monarch was denied justice or mercy, what barrier can his humble subjects oppose? No, ladies, believe me, an infuriate and rebellious populace, led on by this new man from Paris, will spare nothing; and I should be glad to see you even now, before it be too late, withdraw to the miller's house, which the butler tells me is open to vou."

They declined going, however, and after thanking me, in a tone of friendly confidence, they pointed to a small door, through which they could pass unobserved, in case of alarm, to a terrace that overhung the garden, down which lay the shortest road to the miller's.

I returned to the butler's room, where, amid sad forebodings, I waited until nine o'clock, at which time I left the house, intending to take my station in the barn, where I thought I could be most useful, particularly in giving timely alarm; and if no disturbance took place, I could repose very comfortably on the hay. It was a dark night. The old servant accompanied me with a lantern. We ascended a ladder to the hav-loft. where he pointed to a clean corner. "There is a snug place," said be, "for you to sleep on; and if any one comes, please to take notice of this door; it leads into a back passage, as you may see, from the end of which are steps to the harness room, whence you can escape to the back of the barn; and should you have occasion for an offensive weapon, here is a rustic's pike, that may, peradventure, serve you a good turn."

As he spoke, he took from a corner, a large pitchfork, which he placed in my hand. "It is very well to possess it," said-I; "a strong case may occur to justify the use of it. And now good night, old man; depend upon my watchfulness and friendship."

The butler withdrew, and I sat down on the hay. There I listened to every noise, with an attentive ear, for more than an hour, when the sound of voices came suddenly upon me, and close to the door. I started on my feet, and moved to the back gallery. Two men stept on to the floor, just beneath me. They spoke patois, a provincial dialect with which I was well acquainted. "The commissioner from Paris," said one, "will look after this chateau himself, it seems, because it belongs to a great aristocrat, who has run away. He is just behind us, and we must make haste and saddle the horse, which is to be seized for the army. he says."-" That's as it may be," replied the other, holding up his lantern to the peg where the saddle and bridle hung. The horse was soon equipt and taken

out; and immediately after they returned with a third person, who announced himself as chief of the party, by the authoritative tone of his voice. I stood motionless, with the pitchfork in my hand, watching the trio, who stopt near the hav mow. "Give me the candle," cried the commission; "do you hesitate? I myself, then, will kindle the republican bonfire;" and so saying, he applied the light to the hay, and in a moment all was in a blaze. "Now," added he, "I shall be able to see without you. Make haste and help your companions, who are demolishing the oppressor's castle."

The raging flames were not more fierce than the feeling of indignation that possessed me. retreated through the harness room, ran round the barn, with my pitchfork well poised for battle, and met the commission face to face. He was just stepping from the stable door to mount his horse. At sight of me, the incendiary started aside, and drew his sword. "Who art thou?" cried he.-" Wretch," said I, "I am, I hope, the vengeful instrument of high heaven, to punish the author of this desolation." He shrunk before my voice and upraised arm; for cruel men are commonly cowards. I advanced upon him, and with one vigorous thrust, put the double pronged weapon into his body; then, nerved by the vehemence of my wrath, with strength almost supernatural, I took the bleeding corse, and

flung it into the fire.

"Thou devil," I exclaimed, thy carcass shall feed the flames, which thine own guilty hands have kindled." The wretch's sword lay at my feet-I snatched it up and mounted the horse. A noon-day's sun could not have cast a stronger flood of light on every object around, than did the crackling blaze from the barn. I traversed the park at full speed, and dismounted at a balustrade near the terrace. Throwing the rems over a post, I approached the door, indicated by the ladies: it was shut. The house resounded with riotous voices, in the din of which I heard the cries of women. I returned to the court-vard and entered the great door, which had been forced open; and rushing up stairs, sword in hand, reached the room from which the distressing screams issued. The house was already on fire: large mirrors and other fragile furniture lay in shattered ruins under my feet: the glare of the stables shone in dazzling lustre upon this demolished splendour: every thing I met was suited to sustain the rage by which I was animated. I entered the room undaunted; nor was this courage misplaced even in the bosom of an ecclesiastic, when exercised for the protection of innocent and helpless females. Madame de Saintonge stood before me, threatened by a ruffian, who held a knife to her heart, swearing that if she did not divulge the secret deposite of her plate and money, he would take her life. Irritated by her firm refusal, the deed was about being perpetrated, when my avenging arm cut him down. The brave Spanish woman recognised me immediately, and cried out, "Stranger, generous stranger, I thank you; but fly to the

rescue of my child beset by a villain in the alcove." I turned to obey, but I was not destined to achieve the victory single-handed. A young man entered the room at that very moment, and attracted by the imploring cries of the daughter, outstript me in speed, discharged his pistol and slew the licentious boor, with whom This new ally was Jules, she was struggling. the accepted lover of the young lady. The sudden appearance, however, of her best friend and protector, the horrible situation from which she was rescued, the sight of the blood around, threw her into a state of insensibility. I approached, and saw at once that it was nothing more than a fainting fit, which the fresh air and cool water would soon cure, and directed in a voice of command rather than entreaty, the young gentleman to assist me to take her to the fountain in the garden. The flames were moving rapidly towards us; our bloody tragedy had left no enemy alive to testify against us, and we had nothing to do, but to get out of the house as quick as possible. Transported to the basin of the jette d'eas at the foot of the terrace, the young lady soon revived. On our way down the back stairs, we stopt a moment to contemplate with deep sorrow, the body of the faithful butler, who was early sacrificed in defending his mistress and her daughter, against the two assailants who perished in the manner I have just related.

Before we left the fountain, the miller came to us, in an agony of grief; he could do nothing but wring his hands and look on. We ourselves had paused a moment to contemplate the dreadful scene. Above, the people seemed drunk with joy, singing revolutionary gongs and dancing the Carmagnole, while loud explosions of gunpowder rent asunder the layer pieces of furniture. From the roof the figure, rose high in the air, scattering fragments with far around; in the distance, the fiber has four thouses burnt with fury; and still further, then the horizon, were to be seen the incendiary works of the same demon of destruction, who had caused the ruin over which we stood musing in silent grief.

"Let us turn from this sight," said the Coun-

tess, "and go down to our kind neighbours."
"You will hid in the word," said I to the mil-Jules directed min to tring his horse likewise to the mill, as he had left him near mine.

An escape with life from such a calamity, was suited to diminish the regret produced by the conflagration, and to fill the heart with gratitude; no sooner, therefore, had we reached the little sitting room in the miller's house, than yielding to my invitation, we fell on our knees, while I sent forth a short ejaculation of thanks for our preservation. Refreshed by this holy communion with high beaven, we related to each other the events that had brought about a result so Fomantic.

On my way to visit you," said Jules, " I stopt Sisteron, to dine with my mother; and there, receiving a hint of the intentions of the commissioner, I bastened to your succour."-" And for

my part," said I to the ladies and the young officer, to whom I had been introduced as the humble friend of the Countess, "I scarcely know myself, when I stop to consider the part I have enacted in this sanguinary conflict. Which of us can explain in the philosophy of life, how it has happened that I, accustomed to none other than the quietest paths of our terrestrial pilgrimage, inculcating by precept-by exampleand, my friends, let me add, by profession, the christian doctrine 'to bear and forbear,' appearing on all occasions, unto this day, save one, a peaceable and inoffensive man, should so suddenly have been fortified with the heart of a lion, and with the arm of a practised warrior, and have slain within an hour two human beings.'

"Two!" exclaimed the Countess. "Ah, the dreadful necessity! But what other, master Peter, beside my assailant?"

I looked round to be certain that we were alone, and then I said in a suppressed voice-"that other was Robespierre's commissioner

bimself!-the author of all this ruin." "How!" they all exclaimed, "the commissioner?"

"Yes," said I, "and you shall hear the manner in which I gave him exact retributive justicefire for fire!" Thereupon I related briefly, my adventure at the barn and the capture of the horse.

"This is truly amazing," said the Countess; "but you have done too much good to be safe here, and we must hide ourselves in some other corner, until the storm blows over." calling the miller in, who had just arrived with the horses, asked if he could take her and Miss Saintonge a few miles in the market cart? to which, giving an affirmative answer:-" Let us immediately depart then for Sisteron, and beg a temporary shelter of the mother of Jules. Our two friends will escort us on horseback." This arrangement was forthwith adopted, and we took the high road to Sisteron, a populous town, about a couple of leagues off, which we reached at early dawn, and stopt at the house of Jules' mother. I dismounted to hand the Countess from the cart, and in taking leave, told her that I should put up the horse, subject to her order, at the inn where I intended to breakfast, and then pursue my journey on foot

"On foot," said she, "that will never do. Take the horse with you, as a small notice of a debt which I can never acquit; no, my worthy friend, he will not pay you the hundredth part of what we owe you. He has been valiantly won by your own hand, and will, no doubt, contribute to your ease and comfort; then let me have the pleasure of presenting him to you. If I mistake not, sir, the accustomed indulgences of your real rank in life, so different from the station 1 see you in, will make him a welcome companion;" and she added, with much feeling, "should the misfortunes of our country ever have an end, I may give Peter, the sometime counterfeit herbarist, when he visits me again, a reception more in accordance with his true condition in society,

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and a heart-felt testimony, I hope, of the warmest esteem and friendship."

To all this, I made a suitable reply, and kissed the hand which the fair lady presented to me, as she turned to enter the house of her friend. Having saluted her young companions, I hastened to the tavern, whence, after breakfast, I turned the horse's head towards the frentier town of Emberun, which was not more than thirty miles from Sisteron.

Before dark I arrived at the gate of the last town, which lay between me and the land of safety. And here, on the eastern verge of the republic, I expected, of course, to meet with greater vigilance than I had yet observed. My read was through a fortified city, which, to use a military phrase, was not to be turned: the watchful garrison forbade all hope of that. Resolved, then, to follow the straight and legal way, and selicit of the constituted authority leave to pass on, for the purpose of continuing my botanic pursuits, beyond the limits of France, I boldly entered the town of Embrun.

The very worst principles of the revolution were in full activity in this town. Hypocrites and fanatics ruled there, and exercised their authority with despatch and cruelty. No quarter was given to the votary of religion, or even of the moral duties of life; and any one entertaining notions at all favourable to the ancient regime, or old order of things, either in reference to polities or religion, was immediately sacrificed as an enemy to the state. Accusation, trial, execution, all followed in quick succession; for the monsters, in their work of extirpation, called it republican mercy, to put a prisoner out of misery with despatch. The guillotine was kept in permanent action. Four distinguished disciples of the new school of liberty, regulated every thing under the name of Comite de Surete Publique, three of whom were truly ferocious. One, howeyer, who acted as president, possessed some redeeming qualifications, and now and then, helped to temper the sanguinary propensities of his colleagues, two of whom could neither read nor write, and were by profession low mechanics. Some of this I learned from the innkeeper, who showed me the town hall where these patent patriots, to whom I was obliged to apply for a pass, held their meetings.

In order to show their devotedness to liberty, they had discarded their French names, and assumed those of the great men of Greece and Rome. Thus the president styled himself Aristides, while the other three took the appellations of Brutus, Cato, and Torquatus. Aristides, the president, had been upon some civic mission to a body of troops that was stationed a few miles to the east, and happened to return to the board of the committee, the next morning after my arrival. I stood pear an open door in an adjoining room, when he took his seat at the opening of the business of the day, and was informed by his immaculate companions, that, during his absence, an aristocratic merchant had been sent to the guillotine, for hoarding assignats: "A practice."

said Brutus, "so contrary to our republican maxims, that we are determined to put an end to it; for money in the body politic, so often compared to blood in the human system, must circulate, or the corporation becomes languid and sickly—one nimble franc is worth more than two dead—acting upon this sound doctrine, we sent the miser to the national razor; and mean now, by thy good leave, dear Aristides the just, to divide the aleepy treasure among our noble selves; giving thee one fourth, as a matter of right."

"How much does it amount to?" asked the president.

"Sixteen thousand livres," was the answer.

"Give it to the army," said he, "I will have nothing to do with it. If the man, whom you have sacrificed, was guilty of incivien, take his money and put it into the military chest; our solders require it. I have been shocked at their destitute state, which I witnessed myself yesterday."

"The soldiers!" bawled out Torquatus: "what are they to us? If they want money, let them use their swords; a sabre briskly handled, will cut as well as a guillotine: and I say, brothers Brutus and Cato, make the division into three parts, if Aristides is squeamish."—"Undoubtedly," was their answer, and he forthwith began to count it over, for that purpose.

I remained transfixed with astonishment, not only at the rapacity of these men, but at the incautious way in which they exercised it. No one was in the apartment with me, it is true, except the official messenger, who said he could not introduce me before the bell of the committee should ring. It is possible that they thought themselves alone. At any rate, no notice was taken of their proceedings by my, companion, whose attendance seemed to be divided between this board and a court room, which was entered by a door from the chamber in which I sat. I had then nothing to do but to listen to the sequel of this curious dispute.

The president, who really appeared to be a sincere enthusiast, and well disposed man, showed strong signs of disgust. He had just returned, as I have said, from a visit to a military corps, in which he perceived a more moderate and much more honest display of patriotism. There he saw the soldiers faithful, although without pay and ragged and barefooted. What a contrast, with the selfishness, robbery and cruelty of the civil government. Struck with remorse, he determined, it would seem, to withdraw from this den of thieves. Indeed, I subsequently learnt, that he had resolved from that moment, to give his services to his country, as a volunteer in the army.

The person who made these reflections, was a young man of only 23 years of age; not possessed of any shining parts, but living, as he did, in a remote corner of the republic, and animated by an honest zeal for the good of the commonwealth, he had risen, even with moderate talents, to the head of the important committee, over which he

presided. One of our proverbs says: -Au Royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont Rois ;-In the kingdom of the blind, one-eyed persons are kings; and just so it was with Aristides. There were not many at any time well educated at Embrun, except the professionally learned, and they had long since been driven into exile. Few then were left, who could even read and write; and this was the cause of his sudden promotion.

When I stood listening in the anti-chamber, I, of course, was ignorant of some of these particulars, which circumstances revealed to me the next day, as the reader will see in due time.

Representations had been made to him by the officers of the corps he had just visited, on the neglected state of the troops, and pecuniary aid was earnestly solicited. Aristides promised to do his best; and very opportune, indeed, was the receipt of this money now in the hands of his colleagues. It was legally forfeited he hoped; at any rate the plundered onner was not there to claim it; and far better would it be to bestow it on the military, than on the rogues, who intended to pocket it, even to the exclusion of the president. On former occasions he had endeavoured to persuade them into the right path, but his remonstrances generally produced discontent, and sometimes rudeness; but no rupture had yet taken place; nor did he intend to foment one; for he did not think himself strong enough to He merely gave them denounce them openly. to understand by his irritated looks, and formal call for the business of the day (ringing his bell at the same time, to learn whether any one waited to be introduced) how much he disapproved of their conduct.

Brutus, at the sound of the bell, hastily replaced the money in his pocket, and catching at the same moment, a glance from the angry eye of the president, insolently exclaimed: "Hark ye, young man, let me give thee a piece of advice; dismiss that air of importance, and recollect that we are thy equals; that this is the peoples' committee, where discretion and secrecy is expected. We are friends, I hope; but should I be mistaken, I need not tell thee, how easily three can overcome one."

As he finished speaking, the messenger bade me follow him into the room.

"Who hast got there, thou son of Typhon?" enquired Bratus.

"He is a traveller, who wants a passport, and can tell his own story, I suppose."

The committee was immediately called to order, each member sitting with a red cap on his head, while the president held his pen ready to write down the proces verbal.

"Approach the table, citizen, and let us know

thy will," said he.

"I am," I said, "an itinerant herbarist, di commissioned to gather medicinal and other plants, for the botanic garden of Montpelier."

And what's thy name?" asked the president, evered me with a searching look.

I took from my pocket the order of the Montpelier gardener, and gave it to Torquatus, who happened to be nearest to me; but that representative of the peoples' lives and fortunes, not knowing how to read, handed it to Cato, who, for the same good reason, passed it on to the Presid nt.

"This paper," said he, after reading it, " is not a passport; have you nothing else to show?"

" No, citizen, and my business here, is to solicit a written order, with which I may continue my vocation, among the mountains of Savoy."

"But, Peter," cried the petulent and overbearing Brutus; "plain Peter! I say; (and it is lucky for thee that it is not Saint Peter, for thou knowest that all saints are banished from France;) tell us how it happens that thou art without a passport, and demandest to go beyond the frontier! Dost not know that he is reputed a suspected man who travels without a certificate of civism?"

To that question I made no answer; in truth, his arrogant manner took me by surprise, and for a moment I felt confounded and could not speak.

"How!" cried he, "tongue-tied! surreunded as we are by conspirators, the reign of terror must exercise all its might. Brother Cato scrutinize rigidly."

It occurred to me, that as I had no satisfactory document to show, in the form of a passport, that they might be soothed by gentle language, and I accordingly called upon the president, whom I addressed, and entreated to encourage the sciences, by assisting me in a study so useful and agreeable; contributing to the comfort of the sick and delight of the healthy. But while I was speaking, citizen Cato began his scrutiny. The first thing this Roman Senator did, was to thrust his hand into my pocket, under the pretence of finding traitorous papers, but with the hope of laying his hand on my pocket book, and transferring what assignats might be there into the common fund of plundered money. And it would perhaps, at that moment, have been as well for me, if a packet of paper assignats had met his rapacious grasp, instead of what he seized, if I may judge by the effect it had against me, in the eyes of those reprobates. Cato drew forth for the inspection of Brutus, my breviary; my well thumbed prayer-book. This was a precious discovery of itself; but how horror-stricken the rogues appeared, when on looking at the first leaf, they saw my real name and profession!-This was, indeed, a strange piece of forgetfulness on my part. The book had belonged to me many years, and the offices which I recited daily led me to the perusal, generally, of a certain number of pages, which opened habitually, as it were, of their own accord, while the blank sheet in front was wholly forgotten, because I never had occasion to refer to it.

"At, ah! exclaimed Brutus, joy glistening is his tre, Chou art then a priest, a refraction added he, with an air of irony and ext

"thou art a dead man! This book alone condemns thee!"

The book was put into the hands of Aristides, who saw plainly that I was a disguised religious. On such occasions, there was very little form or process; an order of arrest and accusation, was made out for the court, which sat in an adjoining room; the jail was in the yard opposite, and between the two buildings, stood the guillotine: so that a prisoner outlawed, as all non-conforming priests were, required only to be identified; that done, he was led to the scaffold.

I saw the extent of my danger, and waited with calmness and perfect presence of mind to be led forth to execution; the grave seemed open to receive me, and in the language of the malignant Brutus, I was a dead man! But the president, instead of dismissing me with harshness, complimented me on my composure, and in language respectful and consoling, told me that the committee would listen to any extenuating plea that I might be disposed to offer.

Whether this was meant as a mock display of fairness, or to give me a chance of defence, I did not know; but thinking it necessary to say something, and looking upon myself as a condemned man, I believed it to be a suitable opportunity to let them hear the whole truth, and thus addressed them:-" It would not become me, a minister of the high God, in which character I now stand before you, to prevaricate; and if ever death can be met with courage, it is when the victim dies by such evidence as you have brought against me. You adduce as sole cause of my condemnation, the holy book of your Master and of mine; a book more dear to me than a thousand lives. It has been my companion and comforter here on earth, and you now make it my passport to heaven. Truly, citizens, when I came here to ask leave to travel a short journey among men, I did not expect that you were preparing for me a certificate of such rare value, for a journey to that bourn from which no traveller returns.

"This then is a revolutionary committee! Father of mercy in what times do we live! fair land of beautiful France, with the millions of virtuous people, held in thraldom, and made to tremble before a few mistaken enthusiasts and designing chiefs. You said something about laws and outlawry. Where are your laws and who made them? Was it the handful of cannibals, who gorge on the blood and treasure of their countless victims? Wherever I cast my eye, I see slaughtered brothers, devastated fields and ruined towns. Your committee rooms are other caves of Cacus, whose avenues seem covered with human remains, while they themselves are filled with the vapour of guilt and the smell of the charnel house. I am ready and willing to quit this infected atmosphere; and in asking a blessing from heaven on my wretched country, I pray for the forgiveness and reformation of you, my murderers."

In the latter part of this short speech, I spoke with too much rapidity and animation to be interrupted. It was a sharp reproof, I own, and delivered in language rather more free, than was usually tolerated in that soi-disant hall of liberty, and it made their red caps shake with rage. Personal violence would have followed, had not Aristides restrained his companions. "Be calm," my dear colleagues," he cried, "the executioner will carry to this fanatic our vengeance and our answer. Take him to prison; let a file of soldiers be called; I will myself convey to the tribunal, our accusation and our proofs."

As he ceased speaking, I saw him put my breviary in his pocket; and the messenger who introduced me to the committee, having seized

me by the arm, led me to jail.

I may as well relate here, what took place among these gentlemen after I left them. As soon as the storm had subsided, and they had resumed their seats, they made themselves merry with my last solemn apostrophe. It was an occurrence well suited to cheer their tiger hearts. To cut off the head of an insolent and refractory priest! Nothing had happened for a long time so satisfactory and delightful.

Aristides took advantage of this change of temper, gave his hand to Brutus in token of reconciliation, and begged to be indulged with the fraternal hug; a favour which was forthwith granted, when they sprung into each other's arms and kissed cheeks. The president dissembled; but if ever hypocrisy was excusable it was on this occasion; for his object was to obtain as much of the treasure, pocketed by Brutus, as he could, in order to take it immediately to the army. Being good friends again, he proposed to him to reserve for his two colleagues and himself six thousand livres, and let him have ten thousand for the suffering soldiers. "It will be a patriotic gift," said he, coaxingly, " worthy of such good citizens as you are! and you may pay your own admirable civic services with two thousand livres a-piece—what say you, my valued associates, Torquatus and Cato?"

They yielded with reluctance, counted out the

money, and adjourned the meeting.

I was locked up in a dismal hole, where amid profound silence, and solitude, not the smallest ray of light penetrated, so that nothing could be seen to withdraw my mind, " purged of fear and terror," from the all absorbing thoughts of approaching death. I spent the day in prayer and preparation for that awful change. It seemed inevitable, and I felt resigned. At the tenth hour, as nearly as I could judge, I threw myself on a heap of loose straw that lay in the corner, somewhat surprised at the long reprieve; for I expected the usual despatch would have been exercised towards me. Calm and submissive, I slept soundly for four hours, when about two in the morning, I was wakened by the unlocking of the door, and on opening my eyes, saw a man standing near me with a lamp in his hand. He spoke, and I recognised the voice of Aristides. I rose refreshed and told him I was ready.

"Be silent," said he, "while I impart to you the cause of my visit, I am just going to set off

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for the camp in this neighbourhood, and mean to remain with the army as a volunteer; for I am sick of the disorder that prevails here: more especially am I horrified and disgusted at the innocent blood, which these monsters shed daily; and am determined, reverend father, not to have your death on my heart. You have not yet been called to the tribunal; no accusation or proof exists there against you; and I now restore to you the book which alone could condemn you. The jailor is a creature of mine, and partakes of my aversion at what is passing. He has three persons in prison, including you, who are to be arraigned for trial to-morrow; I have myself written the word two instead of three on his register; and he knows that I have power to open this prison to whom I please. Follow me then: your horse and baggage are on the outside of the eastern gate, and the officer of the night stationed there is my friend."

What an unexpected deliverance! Nor was I slow or tame in uttering my acknowledgments. Aristides listened to them in silence a few moments, and then resumed thus:—

"In protecting you, Reverend Dom Andras, I am doing this night a truly christian act; for I am not only forgiving an enemy, but saving his life."

"An enemy!" exclaimed I.

"Yes," one whose early hopes were blasted by your agency; one from whom his very parents turned in scorn and reprobation, and whose fortune seemed wrecked forever; I am the expelled Nebon, the charity scholar of the king, driven from college by your decree; and driven thence, innocent of the offence of which I was accused. Think not that I would take all this risk and trouble for a stranger; no, my father, it, would be adventuring myself gratuitously; but when I recognised in you an ancient professor, the relic, as it were, of a magnificent institution, overthrown by the vehemence and zeal of ignorant reformers, I felt disposed to forgive the injury I had received, and to protect you if I could. I knew you the moment you appeared before me, and immediately resolved in my heart to aid you. Since your confinement here, I have prepared my plan, which is unknown to every person except one, and he is an officer of our garrison, who was a scholar, cotemporary with me, and under your care. He entertains none but the kindest recollection of you, and contributed long since to weaken my resentment, by placing my case before me, as one of strong presumptive guilt. This young officer is Lacastre, who has procured the appointment of chief of the guard for this night, at the Savoy gate, and waits for us there; please then, follow me, in order that I may introduce him to you." As he ceased to speak, he gave me a passport, in case I should meet a detachment of troops that had taken possession of Savoy.

With augmented surprise at this discovery, I embraced the worthy Nebon, and left the prison. Darkness favoured our passage through the great street that leads to the eastern gate. All

the town slumbered in profound silence. Nebon, perfectly well acquainted with the mud holes and other impediments, so common in the streets of our cities, gave me his arm, and conducted me in safety to his companion, Captain Lacastre, who accompanied us through the gate, and threw himself into my arms, with every expression of a most affectionate recognition. A short time was allowed me to thank him for this good action, and to bestow upon him a paternal benediction. Nebon's horse waited by the side of mine. We mounted and galloped off on a good road for four miles without speaking a word, when my friend stopt to tell me that the little town of Barcellonette, the first in Piedmont, lay on my left hand, not more than two leagues distant, and that I could easily get there by day light, when all danger would be over; adding that his road was on the straight course south. He then took me respectfully by the hand, raised his hat, and left me.

This generous, this magnanimous proceeding, drew a flood of tears from my eyes; I wept like a child, and for a long while was so overcome, as scarcely to mind the gait of my horse. Day was breaking, and the possibility of some new obstacle falling in my way, roused me; I quickened his pace, and a little after sunrise entered the land of safety, and prosecuted my journey industriously, until I arrived at Turin, where I met with a most hearty welcome from the Prince. As to Nebon, I add here with much pleasure, that he soon obtained a commission, and gradually rose to the command of a regiment, and performed ever after the part of a good soldier and a good Frenchman.

### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

I saw a mouraer standing at eventide over the grave of one dearest to him on earth. The memory of joys that were past came crowding on his soul. "And is this," said he, "all that remains of one so loved and so lovely? I call, but no voice answers. Oh! my loved one will not hear! O death! inexorable death! what hast thou done? Let me be down and forget my sorrows in the slumber of the grave?"

While he thought thus in agony, the gentle form of Christianity came by. She bade him look upward, and to the eye of faith the heavens were disclosed. He heard the song and transport of the great multitude which no man can number around the throne. There were the spirits of the just made perfect—there, the spirit of her he mourned! Their happiness was pure, permanent, perfect. The mourner then wiped the tears from his eyes, took courage and thanked God:—"All the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait till my change come;" and he returned to the duties of life no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent, who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

#### DRYBURGH ARREY.

#### BY C. SWAIN.

"Twee morn—but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among, When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and cong; "Twee morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely vale, And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the gale.

For he whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life— That o'we the waste and barres earth spread flowers and fruitage rife— Whose genties, like the sun, littuned the mighty realms of mind— Had fied he ever from the fame, love, friendship of maskind!

To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit swept afar, Beyond the soarfing wing of thought, the light of moon or star; To driak memorial waters, free from every taint of earth— To breaths before the strine of life, the source whose works had birth!

There was walling on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky, Whas, with suble plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train swept by i Methoughé—2b. Mary shield us wall—that other forms moved there, Than these of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young, and that

Was it a dream!—how oft in alsop, we sak, "Can this be true?"
Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels to our view;—
Rarth's glowy seems a tarnish'd crown to that which we behold,
When dreams exchant our sight with things whom meanest garb is gold!

Was it a dramal—methought the "daunties Harold" passed me by— The prood "Fito-James," with martial step, and dark, intropid ope; That "Maranish" haught; creat win then, a mourner for his cake; And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet "Lady of the Laks,"

The "Minstrel," whose lest lay was o'w, whose broken harp lay low, And with him glorious "Waverley," with glance and step of wos; And "Start's" voice rose there, as when, 'midst fabr'd disartrow war, He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave "Ich las Yokr,"

Next, marveiling at his sable enit, the "Dominie" stalk'd past,
With "Bertram," "Julia" by his side, whose tears were flowing fast;
"Gay Mannering," too, moved there, o'expower'd by that afflicting sight;
And "Marrillies," as when she wept on Eliangowanh height.

Solomn and grave, "Monkhane" approached, amidst that burial line; 'And "Ochiltree" leant o'er his staff, and mourad's for "Auld lang syms!" Slow march'd the gallant "McIntyre," whitst "Lovel" mused alone; For once "Miss Wardourt's image left that bosonsy faithful throast

With coronach, and some reversed, forth came "Bine Gregor's" clan— Red "Dougal's" cry peal'd shrill and wild—"Reb Roy's" bold heaw looked wan; The fair "Diana" kiesed her cross, and blees'd in minted ray; And "Was is may" the "Rallie" sighed, "that I should see this day?"

Next rode in metancholy guise, with sombre vest and scart, Sir Edward, Laird of Elliestaw, the fur-renewaed "Black Dwarth" Upon his left, in bounct blue, and white locks flowing free— The pions exclptor of the grave—stood "Old Mortality!"

"Balfour of Burley," "Claverhouse," the "Lord of Evandale," And stably "Lady Margaret," whose woe might nought avail! Flerce "Bothwall" on his charger black, as from the conflict woo; And pale "Habakhuk Mocklewrath," who cred "God's will be done!

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms mid wildest scenes. Passed she—the modest, eloquest, and virtuous "Jeanie Denne;" And "Dunbeddikes," that silest haird, with love too deep to swile, and "Effic," with her noble friend, the good "Duke of Argyle."

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark "Ravenswood" advanced, Who on the false "Lord Kesper">" miss with eye indigmant glanced;— Whilst graceful as a lonely fluva, 'neath covert close and war, Approached the beauty of all hearts—the "Bride of Lammermoor"

Then "Annot Lyle," the fairy queen of light and cong, stepped near,
The "Knight of Ardenvohr," and As, the gifted Hichard Seer;
"Dalgatty," "Dusman," "Lord Monteith," and "Ronald" met my view.—
The hapless "Children of the Mist," and bold "Mitch-Connel-Dhul"

On swept "Bois Guilbert"—"Front de Boud"—"De Bracy's" plusée of woe; And "Cour de Lion's' creat shose near the valient "Ivanhoe;" While soft as glides a summer cloud "Rowwan" closer draw, With besuitful "Robecca"—pouries daughter of the Jaw!

Still enward, like the gathering night, advanced that funeral train— Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy main;— Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were seen Dark plume, and glittering mail and creat, and woman's beautous missis

A sound thrilled through that lengthening host methought the vanit was closed, Where in his glory and renown thir Scotia's hard repossal— A sound thrilled through that length host and forth my vision field— length that committed dream proved true—the immortal Scoti was deadly

#### THE DEATH-FEAST.

This birth-day or the wedding-day, Let happier mourners keep; To death my festal vows I pay, And try in vain to weep.

Some griefs the strongest soul might shake, And I such grief have had; My brain is hot—but they mistake, Who deem that I am mad.

My father died, my mother died, Four orphans poor were we; My brother John worked hard, and tried To smile on Jane and me.

But work grew scarce, while bread grew dear, And wages lessened too, For Irish hordes were bidders here Our half-pald work to do.

Yet still he strove, with failing breath, And sinking cheek, to save Consumptive Jane from early death— Then joined her in the grave.

His watery hand in mine I took, And kissed him while he alept; O, stilt I see his dying look! He tried to smile, and wept!

I bought his coffee with my bed, My gown bought earth and prayer; I pawned my mother's ring for bread, I pawned my father's chair.

My Bible yet remains to sell,
And yet unsold shall be;
But language fails my woes to tell—
Even crumbs were scarce with me.

I sold poor Jane's gray linnet then, It cost a groat a-year; I sold John's hen, and missed the hen When eggs were selling dear;

For autumn nights seemed wintry cold, While seldom blassed my fire, And eight times eight no more I sold When eggs were getting higher.

But still I glean the moor and heath;
I wash, they say, with skill;
And workhouse-bread ne'er exceed my teeth—
I trust it never will.

But when the day on which John died Returns with all its gloom, I seek kind friends, and beg, with pride, A banquet for the tomb.

One friend, my brother James, at least Comes then with me to dine; Let others keep the Marriage-feast, The Funeral-feast is mine.

For then on him I fondly call, And then he lives again! To-morrow is our festival Of death, and John, and Jane.

Even now, behold! they look on me, Exulting from the skies, While angels round them weep to see The tears gush from their eyes!

I cannot weep—why can I sot?
My tears refuse to flow;
My feet are cold, my brain is hot—
Is fever madness?—No.

Thou smilest, and in scorn—but thou, Couldst thou forget the dead? No common beggar curtaics now, And begs for burial bread.

# THE LAST WISH,

A BALLAD.

The Words by Mrs. Memans—the Music by her Sister.





And oh! if thou would'st ask,
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamtet vale to trace,
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone may be,
The spirit bound to each familiar place.
I bid mine image dwell,
(Oh! break thou not the spell!)
In the deep wood, and by the fountain's side,
Thou must not, my Belov'd,
Reve where we two have rov'd,
Forgetting her that in her spring time died.

### THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

Nothing is more imperious than weakness, when it fancies itself upheld by strength: some weak people, on the contrary, are sensible of their weakness, and are able to make a good use of t.

On a reverse of fortune, we always respect those who have respected themselves in prosperity.

When one of our most popular moralists observed, "that he never knew a man of sense a general favourite," he uttered a sentiment peculiarly adapted to charm the English. In France every man of sense would have aspired to be a general favourite, and every man of literary distinction might have won easily enough to that ambition. But here, intellect alone does not produce fashion, and the author, failing to attain it, affects the privilege of railing, and the right to be disappointed.

Art is nobility's true register,
Nobility Art's champion still is said;
Learning is Fortitude's right calendar,
And Fortitude is Learning's saint and aid.
Thus, if the balance between both be weigh'd,
Homor shields Learning from all injury,
And Learning Honor from black infamy.

That would be a most singular book, in which no falsehood could be detected.

Forgive not the man who gives you bad wine more than once. It is more than an injury. Cut the acquaintance, as you value your life.

The fruit which comes from the many days of recreation and vanity is very little; and although we scatter much, yet we gather little profit; but from the few hours we spend in prayer and the exercises of a pious life, the return is great and profitable; and what we sow in the minutes and spare portions of a few years, grow up to crowns and sceptres in a happy and glorious eternity.

Every thing is easy, if you follow the current of opinion: a shallow bark neither wants canvas nor ears to glide down the stream.

One of the Hydrangea tribe perspires so freely that the leaves wither and become crisp in a very short space of time, if the plant be not amply supplied with water; it has 160,000 apertures on every inch square of surface on the under disk of the leaf.

To be a great man requires only courage enough to support adversity.

A French author, M. Grand, states a fact in relation to the finny tribe, not heretofore, we believe, noticed by naturalists. It is, that the Aborescent trilinica enjoys the power of song. The music it makes, when placed in a vase containing a small quantity of water, may be heard

at the distance of twelve or fifteen feet. M. Grand supposes that these sounds serve as means of communication from one of these animals to another.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

The feign'd that Jupiter two vessel's placed,
The one with honey fill'd, the other gall,
At the entry of Olympus; Destiny,
There brewing these together, suffers not
One man to pass, before he driaks this mixture.
Hence it is we have not an hour of life
In which our pleasures relish not some pain,
Our sours some sweetness.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

Frue friendship, as Tully observes, proceeds from a reciprocal esteem and a virtuous resemblance of manners. When such is the basis, the variety in certain tenets and opinions is of no ill consequence to the union, and will scarcely ever unloose the social ties of love, veneration and esteem.

People are scandalized if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think what a bustle there is about my head.

#### RECIPES.

FOR DYEING STRAW AND CHIP BONNETS. Chip hats being composed of the shavings of wood, are stained black in various ways. First by being boiled in strong logwood liquor three or four hours; they must be often taken out to cool in the air, and now and then a small quantity of green copperas must be added to the liquor, and this continued for several hours. The saucepan or kettle that they are dyed in may remain with the bonnets in it all night; the next morning they must be taken out and dried in the air, and brushed with a soft brush. Lastly a sponge is dipped in oil, and squeezed almost to dryness; with this the bonnets are rubbed all over, both inside and out, and then sent to the blockers to be blocked.

Others boil them in logwood; and, instead of green copperas, use steel filings steeped in vinegar; after which they are finished as above.

FOR DYEING STRAW BONNETS BROWN.

Take a sufficient quantity of Brazil wood, sumach, bark, madder, and copperas, and sadden according to the shade required.

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first at her and then at him, and catching the expression on his face, she turned deadly pale. Bending over her work to hide her feelings, she remained silent and almost unconscious of what was going on, until Harcourt rose to take his leave.

"You have been quite still to-night, Edith," he said, "but I attribute it all to that beautiful pair of slippers you are working. I never knew before you loved embroidery."

Edith blushed, and without raising her eyes, replied quietly,

"They are not for myself."

Harcourt colored, and it was evident from his manner hat what he heard was, from some cause, disagreeable to him. He looked enquiringly at Clara, and then answered.

"Whoever the person is, Miss Edith, he has great reason to be proud, and would be even more so if he knew how devoted you have been to your work," and without waiting for a reply, he bowed to both ladies and left the room, without noticing the flash of triumph in Clara's eyes. The instant the door closed on him Edith sprung from her seat, and left the parlor by the opposite entrance, while Clara flung herself again on the sofa, and following her cousin with her looks, burst, when she had departed, into a clear, ringing exulting laugh. Edith, the instant she left the parlor, burst into tears, and hurrying up stairs locked herself in her room. Then flinging herself passionately on her bed, she wept as if her heart would break.

"Oh! cruel, cruel," she sobbed, "to tell me I am working the slippers for another, when only he is in my heart. He little knows that I am embroidering them to raise a few dollars to assist nurse in her poverty. And Clara! heartless Clara! to talk about her sympathy for the destitute when she will do nothing for our almost second mother, who is now sick and in poverty. Could Charles only know the truth!" and she wept afresh.

Edith, unlike her cousin, was not an heiress, for the little pittance left by her deceased parent barely sufficed for her most necessary wants; and had not her uncle offered her a home, her scanty annuity would have been insufficient even for these. Thus, though her heart was open as day to charity, she had no means of relieving the necessitous, unless by the manufacture and sale of such articles as the embroidered slippers, on which she had been working that evening. These were intended, as her words implied, to relieve the wants of a sick, and perhaps dying old servant, who had formerly been a nurse in her father's family, and who was now in the lowest depth of poverty.

Our readers have already suspected the state of Edith's heart. Her love for Harcourt had grown up insensibly to herself. He had long been in the habit of visiting at her uncle's, and for awhile his attentions had bee

equally divided between Clara and her cousin. And his warm heart, high intellect and extensive acquirements rendered him just the person to win the heart of such a girl as Edith. She would sit whole evenings listening to his eloquent conversation, never speaking unless spoken to, but busily plying her needle. Nor did she become aware of the nature of her feelings for Harcourt until the increased particularity of his attentions to Clara, awakened her to the fact that she loved him. Then she strove against her passion; but alas! it had become so interwoven with her gentle heart that only death could remove it.

Clara had long desired to become the wife of Charles Harcourt, for his standing in society was high, and his fortune almost that of a millionaire. She had early seen that he wavered between her cousin and herself, and all her arts had been exerted to win the prize. She, therefore, assumed feelings she did not entertain, as in the conversation we have just recorded; and, at length, by such duplicity, united to her extraordinary and striking beauty, she succeeded so far as to regard her ultimate triumph certain. The consciousness of this caused the exulting laugh with which she saw Edith depart from the parlor.

The next day Charles Harcourt called, and invited the cousins to go with him to a beneficial concert that evening. Edith would have declined, but had no sufficient plea, besides, her uncle, who was present, insisted on it. After the concert there was an address for the poor, to be followed by a collection. The speaker was one of the most eloquent men in the city, and on this occasion he surpassed himself. The enthusiasm he awoke was perceptible when the plates were passed through the assembly. Many who had left their purses at home, took off their rings and threw them down for alms. Among these persons was Clara, who drew a valuable diamond from her finger, and thus gave it away. Harcourt saw the action and mentally resolved to wait on the committee in the morning and redeem the ring, and with this determination glanced at Edith to see what would be her offering. Ignorant of her pecuniary situation he saw with disgust that she merely bowed and suffered the plate to pass on, though a deep blush mantled her cheek.

"How mean!" was the inward ejaculation of Harcourt, "well have I chosen between the two. But, selfish as she is, she has yet the feeling of shame." Edith caught his look and understood it; and when she returned home she spent the night in tears.

The next morning Edith entered the parlor with a note in her hand.

"It is from nurse," she said, "she has got the poor woman who waits on her to write it. She is failing fast, and wishes, dear Clara, to see you; for, she says, she has not forgotten when we both were in her arms together." "I cannot go," said Clara peevishly, "the carriage is in use this morning, and the snow is a foot deep on the ground. I wouldn't walk out in the suburbs, to the dirty den where she lives, for any thing. Besides, how unreasonable she is! Did I not send her five dollars when she was first taken sick?"

"But that was a month ago."

"And what if it was?" said Clara sharply, "one isn't made of money."

"But for our old nurse."

"For our old nurse," said she, minicking Edith, "why I can't see what peculiar claims she has on one. I shan't go to see her, that's certain; and as for giving her any more money, I can't afford it. I gave away a ring last night worth a hundred dollars, and shan't give a cent again for years. The county takes care of the poor, and we all pay taxes for them. Let aunt Betty go to the poor-house."

Edith sighed, but said nothing. She took up, from the table, the embroidered slippers, and, wrapping them in paper, was about to leave the room. But, with her hand on the door, she turned and said hesitatingly,

"Aunt Betty doesn't ask you, dear Clara, for money—she only asks to see you; it would be such a comfort to her, she says, before she dies."

Clara turned around, for she was looking at the fire, and with an angry tone answered,

"Do shut the door—the chill air of the entry makes me shiver. If you are fool enough to go out on such a bitter day as this, go—but assuredly I shan't go with you."

With a sad heart Edith departed, and arraying herself warmly, and in a partial disguise, left the house. She first went to the rooms of a society which purchased fancy articles from indigent females, and resold them to those wealthy persons who preferred patronizing a benevolent institution to buying elsewhere. This society was the one whose concert she and Clara had attended the night before, and when she entered the sale room, Harcourt was, by chance, in an inner apartment, where he had been shewn while the ring which he came to buy had been sent out to be valued by a jeweller. He was listlessly reading a newspaper, when his attention was arrested by a voice in the outer shop.

"Can you buy these slippers?" said the voice to the shopwoman. A pause ensued as if the woman was examining them, and then came the reply.

"Why, Miss, they are not finished."

"I know that, I know that," quickly said the other, in emotion, "but I am in want of the money for purposes of charity. The comfort, perhaps the life of an aged person, is at stake. If you will advance me the money now, I will finish the slippers."

"This is a strange request," said the matron, "but, as you seem honest, and wish the money for charity, I

will accede to your terms if you give me your name and residence"

There was a pause, as if a struggle was going on in the other's breast: then she asked for a piece of paper to write her address.

"Miss Edith Melville," said the matron, in some surprise, "I have often heard of her, though I do not know her personally. Surely, Miss, there is some mistake here. That lady is, if I mistake not, the niece of Mr. Townley."

But Harcourt had risen from his seat, for now recognizing the voice of Edith, he was about to enter the shop. He checked himself, however; but the matron, hearing him rise, fortunately left the shop to see if he wished her. In a few hurried words he told her to buy the slippers, placing his purse in her hand. He then waited until Edith had left the shop, when he followed her at a safe distance, until she entered a narrow lane, and passed into a dirty, ricketty house. He could not resist going in after her, and cautiously opening the door, saw her approach the bedside of an invalid old woman.

"God bless you, dear Miss Edith," she fondly said, "your visits are the only comfort I now have. But where is Miss Clara? won't she come once to see her old nurse?—I thought I heard a second step on the stairs."

"No, it was only the echo of mine. Clara can't come to-day, but I have brought you my little purse to buy a few comforts for you. You know it is a scanty one, but all I have you are welcome to."

"I know it, I know it. God bless you, for an angel as you are. And so Clara is not well, else surely she would have come to see me, after my dying request."

Edith avoided an answer, which Harcourt noticed, though the invalid did not. He had seen enough, and gently withdrawing from the door, was soon in the street.

"How have I misjudged this angel! And Clara, oh! how I loathe her hypocrisy. I cannot believe she is sick, but I will go at once and see."

Harcourt found Clara at home, and to an enquiry about her health, she declared she had never been better in her life. Convinced of her duplicity he departed, grateful for his escape, and resolving to give his hand and fortune to Edith, if she would accept them. What her answer was our readers, who know her feelings, can imagine.

"How I wronged you, dearest," said Harcourt to his young bride, a day or two after their marriage, "at that concert, when you gave nothing, while Clara threw in her ring. I little thought what sacrifices you were making at that very moment."

"Poor Clara!" said Edith, looking fondly up to her husband.

## DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.\*

We have more than once in our pages propounded the question "what is poetry?" and have satisfied ourselves at least, if not our readers, with the answer. Our attention has been recalled to the subject by a very elegant volume of the poems of Mr. Street; and, as these poems are chiefly of a descriptive character, we shall seize the opportunity to discuss, in connexion with them, the two great classes into which poetry divides itself, and to point out the difference between the mere copyist of nature, who appeals only to our admiration, and the truer, because more ideal poet, who elevates the mind with images superne, warms the heart with noble sentiments, and, like the prophet of old, makes us forget himself in the glorious truths he utters. And first for the poems.

The longest poem in this volume is a story of Indian warfare engrafted on a series of exquisite descriptions of natural scenery. The tale is of the simplest kind. After a panygeric upon America, the author introduces two lovers walking together on an August afternoon. They meet a stranger and proceed to the village, then a frontier settlement guarded by a block house. By a single leap we are now carried to the dead of winter, and a fine picture of a snow-storm and of our winter scenery ensues. We are then introduced to the revelry of a guard-room, whose soldiers are celebrating the bridal of the lovers. Suddenly an attack is made on the party by a band of hostile Indians, who have, when the feasters were rejoicing in fancied security, found a way into the fort. A combat ensues, the village is fired, and scenes of personal as well as general strife are recorded. The retreat and rejoicings of the victorious savages, and the pursuit by the colonists follow. The poem concludes with an elegant description of the graves of the lovers, who, we should have mentioned, fall in the attack. This tale reminds us of Brougham's description of the statesmanship of Sheridan. It is neither a bad story, nor a good story, nor an indifferent story—the fact is, it is no story at all. Of this, however, the author is aware, and has modestly admitted, in the preface, that his "slight thread of narrative" "does not aim at the continuous interest of a tale." The incidents are thrown in merely to connect the descriptions together, and fill the same position in the poem, as the thread does in a string of beads. We shall dismiss the incidents and characters without further remark.

Many of the descriptions, however, are eminently beautiful. The author has a keen eye for the characteristics of visible nature, and paints with elaborate nicety. The most ordinary person will perceive, in the

following picture, the minute skill of a finished artist, as well as the close observation of the man of genius.

"An August day-a dreamy haze Films air, and mingles with the skies, Sweetly the rich dark sunshine plays, Bronzing each object where it lies, "Till stream and tree and rocky pyre Seem lit with streaks of dusky fire. Outlines are melted in the gauze
That Nature veils: the fitful breeze. From the thick pine low murmuring, draws; And that light Comus of the trees The aspen, as the balmy rover Creeps by, with mirth is quivering over; The bee is slumbering in the thistle, And, now and then, a broken whistle A tread-a hum-a tap-is heard Through the dry leaves, in grass and tree, As insect, animal and bird Rouse, briefly from their lethargy: Then, e en these pleasant sounds would cease, And a dead stillness all things lock, The aspen seems like sculptured rock, And not a tassel thread be shaken The parent-pine's deep trance to waken, And Nature settles prone in drowsy peace.

And again, when he describes a stream winding through the woods.

"There the thick alder-branches weave
A verdant net beside, across,
So dense and dark as scarce to leave
Glimpse of the water's sliding gloss.
Along, are scattered willow-groups,
Their yellow sprays the surface tipping;
And, roots half loose, half clinging, stoops,
The elm, its slant boughs deeply dipping,
Making the stream with bubbles wroth
That, wheeling into coverts deep,
Mingle to clumps of snowy froth,
Whence, flakes detached, slow melting, creep;
The forest, in tall column'd ranks,
Forming mass'd backgrounds to the banks."

Equal in graphic force of language is the picture of twilight drawing on.

"With wide expanded feet, like wings,
The flying squirrel shoots his way;
And, grating on its tiny strings,
The cricket shrills its evening lay;
The cowbell tolls its curfew near,
Tinkling, like silver, sweet and clear,
The other air-boats, moor'd in nest,
Mutter and chirp themselves to rest."

His descriptions of winter scenery are no less forcible. Witness the following:—

> "Now clothed in one wide sheet of snow, Showing a pale and ghastly scene, Save where pines lift their spires of green, And surly hemlocks, pointing high, Braid network masses on the sky."

"The stooping sun has found a shroud Within a thick gray rising cloud: A damp and chilling wind is fluttering Through the slight softening air, and muttering In low sounds, down a wild ravine Whose sides jut out in rocky ledges; On either hand, huge pine trees lean, Grasping, with snake-like roots, the edges, Shaping a bristling bower o'erhead, Scarce pervious to the winter snow, Where frozen moss, and pine-fringe, spread Carpets, of brown and green, below:"

<sup>\*</sup>The Burning of Schenectady, and other poems. By Alfred B. Street. 1 vol. Albany, W. C. Little, 1842.

"The hounds are crouching by the blaze, Slow winking in their dozing gaze, Hearing the drops of sap exude In shrill hiss, from the steaming wood."

These quotations will give our readers a better idea of the elaborate touches by which Mr. Street brings out his pictures, than any thing we could say. Now and then a single word flashes a whole scene upon us, but more usually a succession of minute strokes produces the effect. We do not think, however, that the author has shewn his judgment in the measure chosen for this poem. We confess our predilection for the blank verse in which the masters of our tongue have ever clothed their thoughts. And we think we can convince even Mr. Street of his error by referring to the two poems, "The Forsaken Road," and "The Old Bridge," both in this volume, where the required effect is produced in half the number of lines that would be allotted to the same purpose in the octo-syllabic measure. If any thing more is wanting to ensure his conversion, let us call his attention to his description of a snow-storm, and compare it with the blank verse of Thomson and Cowper, on the same event. The following is from the poem of Mr. Street:-

> "the dull thick cloud has spread Its dusky blotting haze o'erhead, Close narrowing the horizon's bound; While a few snow-flakes, swerving, sail, Like blossoms, that the breath of May Shakes from the white garb'd cherry-spray, Then, thickening to a light, loose veil Woven of spangles, fluttering round: Wilder the flakes chaotic teem Until the gauzy atoms stream In slant lines downward steadily On mountain, valley, roof and tree, Save when the wind, now rising fast To the full fury of a blast, Fitfully sweeps the gray streak'd haze Into a dim and whirling maze. The village dwellings scarcely show Their outlines in the mist of snow : Round the church belfry, whirls and floats A quivering swarm of silvery motes, And a white net-like curtain falls Across the fort's large looming walls. No colors tell the daylight's pass, But darkness thickens to a mass. Through the black gloom, hurl'd clouds of snow Spinning aloft and dashing low, Shoot in an instant flash of white, Athwart the gazer's dizzy sight.'

Apart from the excessive and often criminal elaboration here perceptible, which destroys the clearness of the passage by the multitude of objects presented to the eye, we can see how the poet is trammelled by the fetters of rhyme, forcing him to dilute into two verses what ought to be confined to one. Place, in contrast to the quotation, the blank verse of Thomson and Cowper, and the superior strength of the latter will at once be evident. We quote now from the Seasons.

"The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun From all the livid east, or piercing north, Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congeal d.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of forest white.
'T is brightness all; save where the new snow melta
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer ox
Stands covered o'er with snow —.'

And how, by a few dashing strokes, Cowper brings out the scene.

"Fast falls a fleecy shower; the downy flakea Descending, and with never ceasing lapse, Softly alighting upon all below, Assimilate all objects."

But we will not argue so plain a case. Mr. Street himself has given testimony, as we have before said, to the superior efficacy of blank verse by numerous poems of that description. The finest one in the volume is "The Forsaken Road," which we quote. It is distinguished chiefly for the accurate observation of the author, and for the graphic, though minute skill of his descriptions. The verse is sometimes rugged, and indeed none of our poet's measures are remarkable for melody.

#### THE FORSAKEN ROAD.

In the deep shadows of the wilderness, Arbor'd by branches a forsaken road Winds on in two faint wheel-marks: striping now The soft black mould, now hidden by the leaves Dropp'd at the breath of Autumn, seaming here The hollow wet with oozing springs, and there Traced lightly on the firm and level glade. Now it is lost within a sward of grass Spread pleasantly, with scatter d groups of trees, A place to lie in, when the summer sun A place to he in, when the summer sun Throws broken gold; thence winds it through the shade, With time-stain'd blazes on the thronging trunks Sliced either hand. Within the densest spot, A pine has stretch'd its giant barricade, Bulging with knots and fork'd with splinter'd twigs, The shroud-like moss o'ermantling; as it lies So motionless, so powerless in decay, I start to think its shatter'd summit once Flaunted its daring challenge to the storm And told its fall in thunder. Still the wreck Hath pleasant uses; its high twining roots Are chambers for the squirrel, and its frame Keeps bare a stripe of mossy nut-strew'd earth From the white drift that blocks the opposite side, So that the tenants of the base might steal In the brief glimpses of the winter sun To find the scatter'd treasures.

Onward still
I trace the road; tall saplings in the midst,
Then tawny grain-crack'd fragments, crumbling fine
As my foot sinks within them, then a mound
Of the sweet low-stemm'd wintergreen, a bridge
Of logs then lying crosswise o'er a stream,
Gaping with chasms and tottering dank with age

A frail support; until the stone piled wall Cuts sharp across, and smiling farm-fields hide All traces of the pathway.

As I tread
The lonely road, now scaring with my steps
The whizzing partridge, hushing with my form
The thresher's song, and baring with my knife
The darken'd back o'erlaid with bark and rings
That years have circled, I give rein to thought,
And images throng round me. First the deer
Seeking the lick, leaves prints: the midnight wolf
Scenting his prey, tramps o'er: the red man fierce,
Treads in the faint but noted marks, lest moss
And mould should show his trail. In after years
His compass the surveyor stakes, and carves
Rude letters on the trees that, gifted thus
With language, tell the windings of the way.
And then the emigrant's huge wagon-tent
Gleams white between the trunks, with household goods,
Piled in and dangling round, and midst them group'd
Childhood and matron age, the flock and herd
Straggling behind, the patriarch and his sons
Loitering before with axes, hewing wide
The underbush, and bridging o'er the streams,
And kindling in the dell, when frowns the night,
Their bivouac for slumber.

Then with toil The settler trudges o'er, his shoulders bent Beneath his burthen from the distant mill,
To feed his famishing children. And as Time
Smooths the rough clearing to the smiling field, The heavy wagon jolts across the roots To the far market, and the tardy wheel Therefrom bears loads of rustic merchandize. And then as scatter'd walls of logs are merged Into thick village roofs, the forest road Is left, for the smooth spacious thoroughfare Is left, for the smooth spacious thoroughtare Linking the hamlet to the river-side.

How like this lonely road, the track of life!
Our infant steps are Fear's. Dark Cruelty
And fierce Revenge then tread upon their way;
Till later Reason's compass points our course,
Marking the path with prudence. Daring Hope
The Pience it become featherd deep The Pioneer, its bosom freighted deep With all our feelings, follows; hewing down The barriers with the edge of energy, Bridging o'er Fortune's many adverse streams, And lighting sorrow's frequent night with flame
Of solace till the morrow. Trials come— Of solace till the morrow. Trials come— Endurance hath succeeded Hope, and still We tread beneath the burthens of our care, For those we love are cherish'd. Then as home Brightens to comfort; in our daily path We reap reward of hardship; and as joys Cluster around us, the smooth easy path Of peaceful being leads us to the grave; And the rough early road is shunn'd, for Time To shroud its varied surface from our thoughts; With proud Ambition lying prone across, A dead and shatter'd wreck; yet sheltering close (Its fragments turn'd by dire experience To holier use than when it stood erect,) By stern remembrance of its miseries, Its wrestling warfare and its rending fall, Home feelings, and the gentle ties of love From perishing in the snow drift of the world.

Of the other poems in the volume all have been published in a fugitive form, except "The Old Bridge," "Moonlight," and one entitled "Seek and ye shall find." The poems in the Iambic measure are chiefly on sporting subjects; but we may remark in passing, that this verse, in the hands of Mr. Street, possesses unusual force. Those of our readers, who have seen "The

Grey Forest Eagle," will assent to the justice of this remark. But we will now dismiss the volume, and having accorded Mr. Street our praise for his poems, proceed to enquire into the rank which he holds in the great empire of mind.

Mr. Street is essentially a descriptive poet. In that term is embodied all his merits and defects. He paints visible nature with a fidelity that is wonderful, bringing up to the mind's retina, by a succession of minute touches, the picture he wishes to present. The most ordinary mind recognizes in his verse familiar objects, and can appreciate the skill with which they are drawn. The tree that overhangs the stream, the mossy mill that whirrs in the glen, the old hunting trail in the forest, the bridge whereon in childhood we sat to angle, the church spire in the valley, the mist upon the mountain, the whirling river, the spinning snow, the hiss of the angry freshet, the desolate block house, the haunt of the wild deer, the trout pound and the bivouac, all these are pictured in his rhyme with an accuracy that bewitches us. But he never, or rarely rises into the ideal world. With the spirits that hold dominion in the higher walks of mind he has no communion. To him the loftier inspirations of the muse are wanting. He sees common objects in common lights; but he sees nothing more. Around his landscapes may shine the brightest of earthly sunsets, but it is never given him to behold the golden twilight of the eternal city. What Teniers was among painters he is among poets. What the Old Mortality is to the Apollo a descriptive poem is to an ideal one.

We make no claim here which cannot be substantiated. It is the testimony of all ages that the mere observer is of a lower grade of intellect than he who both observes and combines. And this is true in every department of the human mind. A thousand men, before Newton, had seen an apple fall, without thinking of the cause. Mariners had often heard of the strange canes and human bodies floated to the Azores, but only Columbus saw in them the evidence of land to the west. The battles of Napoleon were won by availing himself of incidents which other generals would have thought useless; and Watt by a chain of splendid combinations gave to the world the steam engine. The sculptor who cut the Venus, and the artist who raised the Parthenon merely combined the forms of beauty which they had observed separate in nature. We question whether in the ideal world the same process is not going on. We are inclined to think that the results produced by the highest imaginative genius, and which flash across the mind as if from inspiration, come from a series of combinations carried on with a velocity which deceives us as to their origin. But this divine faculty is given only to the loftiest order of minds. Mere talent sees objects in nature, and truthfully depicts them, but genius conceives visions of supernal beauty, by combining the elements of beauty which exist around us. Teniers saw in the Flemish peasants only the country servant and the boor. But Raphael beheld other things beside those of earth. In his wild longings for immortal beauty, his imagination learned to glorify and exalt every thing on which he looked, until prophets, saints and apostles, seraphim and cherubim crowded on his mental retina. He had visions of angles with harps of gold, of martyrs who had passed to Paradise from fire and rack, of the immaculate Virgin herself, and of that ONE, holier than all, the infant Saviour. And ever on his ear, sleeping or waking, fell hymns of heavenly melody. All these, as if inspired from on high, he made immortal on his canvass. And here we arrive at another characteristic of the superiority of the ideal over the common mind. We may gaze on the smokers of Ostend forever, and never think but of the artist's skill; but no man can look on the pictures of Raphael without feeling purer emotions gushing up within him. Visions of eternal beauty, strains of silent but celestial music, foreshadowings of the holy and the infinite break on us as we gaze: the mind expands; the bosom glows; and we long to soar upward to a brighter world, and hold communion with the beatified in heaven. So in poetry, the great masters not only evince this power of combination, but the emotions of beauty they kindle in us purify and exalt the soul. The grand old fathers of English verse seem especially to do this. Amid the tedious allegories of Spenser walks heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb, like an angel sent on earth to win us to heaven by her smiles. There is scarcely a female character in Shakspeare whose contemplation does not make us better men. No one can read the epic of Milton without catching a spark of his celestial fire, and seeming to hear the songs of angels, and the chaunts of the redeemed. To come down to our own time: even in Byron there are glimpses of supernal beauty, breaking through his stormy verse like a summer sunset through a thunder cloud. We have no doubt that poetry is destined to perform a high part in the amelioration of our race. We never knew a man who could truly admire our ideal poets, who was not, so far forth, a better man; and who, if he fell at last, fell because there were other tendencies more powerful in his mind to drag him down. And it is no answer to our position to ask us to shew the reformation that poesy has worked. She moves on the hearts of men like the face of Jehovah on the waters at Creation. We have all felt her power when lending to her a willing ear. There is, in the Pilgrim's Progress, a picture of a man raking among dust and ashes for dross, while an angel floats above his head, offering a golden crown: but he will not look up. So, the angel Poesy soars overhead, but few listen to her words; yet those who do, win immortal wealth, and catch glimpses of Paradise from her serene face.

In mere descriptive poetry there is little of this divine power. But it must not be forgot that we speak now of merely descriptive poets. There are many who combine the qualities of both schools to which we have adverted, in their highest degree; and indeed the best ideal poets are usually the best descriptive ones. But the rule does not apply when the order is inverted. And that writer is a descriptive, in contradistinction to an ideal poet, whose fidelity to nature is his chief characteristic, even though glimmerings of imagination may now and then break through his verse. In this order we class Mr. Street.

But in so doing let us do him full justice. Though not of the highest order of genius, he claims precedence in the rank to which he belongs. He may not be a purely ideal poet, but he is the first of our descriptive ones.

### LOVE.

#### BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Long I wandered in the night,
To the pelting tempest bared,
Hideous shapes upon my sight
Through the ghastly darkness glared.

Voices wailed within the gloom, Hollow echoes moaned around, And I heard the traveller's doom In the unseen river's sound.

Not a star was on my way,

Doubt and death my soul opprest,

And I sat me down to pray

While the rain froze on my breast.

Lo! a vision in the air
Fainter than dim altar spark,
And a voice of sweetness rare
Melted through the icy dark.

With a halo round her head
Then outshone a virgin tall,
Rosy clouds beneath her tread
Moved in circles musical.

Down she stepped, and kneeling, bound Ointments on my bleeding feet, Wrapped me in her garments round, Cheering me with whispers sweet.

Then she sat her down by me,
Stayed my head upon her breast,
And with songs melodiously
Soothed me weary into rest.

Doubt and fear and pain were spent,
Love thereafter was my stay,
And rejoicing forth we went
Hand in hand upon our way.

### THE DROWNING SKAITER.

BY J. H. DANA.

COME let us go out into the woods! The bracing air of morning invites us to the walk, and the low, plaintive wind, sighing among the leafless branches, is in strange harmony with our feelings. Yesterday was one of those warm, close days which sometimes appear in the very heart of winter; but, as night set in, a storm of rain and hail began, clothing fields, woods, and forest in a glittering panoply of sleet. Before midnight the wind changed to the north-west-for we heard its shrill whistle ere our second sleep-and now the trees are sheeted with frozen ice, glittering, like the armor of a god, in the winter sunbeams; while from every branch, and beneath the eves of the barns and houses, myriads of icicles hang, diamond-like, quivering with the prismatic colors of the rainbow. How magnificent the prospect! Never was the mantle of the Cæsars jewelled thus. And hark! here and there, along the sunny side of the woods, or in exposed places, these icy pendants break from their hold, tinkling on the frozen crust with a sharp, silvery sound, like the ringing of a fountain on marble in the moonlight.

Here we are at the brow of the hill-wrap your furs closer around you-and lo! the splendor of the scene beneath. The landscape far and near is covered with a mantle of snow whiter and purer than an angel's wing. Everywhere the fences and other landmarks have disappeared, leaving a vast monotony unbroken save by a farm-house here and there, with its white smoke curling lazily up into the sky, and the old household trees shivering as they stretch their protecting arms over it. The streams are no longer to be seen, though their courses can still be traced along the lowlands, by the blue lines that wind in and out among the hills. And the forests !- are they not brighter and more glorious than ever? each lordly tree sparkling with its coronet of gems, and a halo of refulgent light coruscating around its time-defying brow. A few light feathery clouds skirt the horizon; but the blue of the zenith is undimmed; and so quiet is every thing around that it seems as if we might hear a whistle for miles across the hills. Come, then, let us on!

How the frozen surface of the crust crackles under our tread, with a sound like the snapping of dry twigs in a summer's drought. Step brisker, for the air up here is sharp, and when we reach the wood we shall be protected in a measure from this cutting north-wester. See yonder hoary oak, on whose front the records of centuries have been written—does not the melancholy wail, with which he heavily sways his branches to and fro, seem like a lamentation for the past? Not a bit does the tall fir there care for the tempest which only

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ruffles his feathery foliage. In that black and gloomy swamp stands a mighty cedar, such as grew on Lebanon of old, its dark, funereal plumes nodding high over its compeers, as the banner of death waves over the sculptured knights in a cathedral. And now the wind rises far off in the forest—at first like the low sighing of a flute, but gradually increasing until it breathes out with the deep voice of a minster organ, and swelling higher and higher as it approaches, bursts on the ear as if the angelic choir was sounding its hallelujahs from the skies. And now it is gone

"through the dim woods dying With a moan."

But hark! a rabbit pattering across the snows, for an instant seen, and then shooting out of sight, a vision of a dream. See him peering from behind the root of yonder oak—how timidly he steals across the open space—and now he is peeping at us from the rotting trunk that lies along the walk. Ah! there he goes—you can hear him rustling through the dry wood—and no doubt ere this he is snugly ensconced in his quiet burrow, rehearsing to his dame the perils of his morning walk, and delighting himself with thoughts of the cozy dinner that awaits him by and bye.

We are out on the glade, and here is a quiet country sleigh coming leisurely down the hill-why! you might almost believe the driver to be asleep, so motionless he stands, muffled up to the chin in his great coat and kerchief over-all. Jog, jog go the two fat horses, and tinkle, tinkle goes the solitary bell-it makes one drowsy to listen to the sound. But this fellow, rushing like a whirlwind down the hill, is a lad of another mettle. Make way, for his blooded coursers are in a foam-and lo! with buffalo robe streaming in the wind, and scores of bells ringing merrily on the sharp air, he has shot by -and now you can hear his clear hallo in the valley beyond. There, he mounts the opposite hill-how gallantly his four bays stretch up the ascent-and, for an instant cutting the horizon with his outline, he whirls over the brow, and has passed away as an arrow from the bow, or a wild pigeon on the wing.

There must be a skaiting ground hereabouts, for the shouts of the revellers have been growing louder and merrier since we left the high road, and as soon as we get out of this second piece of woodland we'll catch a sight of the sport—ah! here the curlers are, for the high bluff overlooks the lake, and if you'll hold fast by this sapling, you can gaze down on the players almost immediately under us. See them flitting to and fro, like swallows on the wing, now intermingling as in the mazes of a dance, and now separating and flying hither and thither with the suddenness of thought. Hark! the ball rattling along the ice—and now a dozen start in pursuit—they have it—no! a second blow has sent it crackling far away, and onward they skim after it with

the swiftness of the wind, their sharp heels ringing as they go, and the hollow ice moaning under the pressure of the flying crowd. Yonder-by our lady !- is a fairy sledge, and in it one of the loveliest of her sex, her cheeks ruddy with the breeze, and her dark eyes sparkling from excitement, as she is whirled along by the skaiter who has harnessed himself-fit courser-to her chariot. Why, even here, we can catch the silvery laugh of the maiden in ecstacies at her ride. Away, away they go, and now he wheels suddenly and stops, the runners whirling around, and whirring gratingly on the ice as they turn. What merry shouting from the other maiden's welcomes the fair one as she descends from her car to make room for another !- and now a second gallant has seized the sledge, and away fly the new couple, skimming the icy surface as a cut-water flies along the deep. Here, under the bluff, in this quiet cove, is a solitary skaiter-but how graceful his every movement. He has chosen this spot, away from the rest, because he likes not the noise and bustle of the crowd. Lo! graceful as the swan that soars in the still night far up in the silent ether, he winds his airy evolutions, anon moving in slow and stately curves-anon poising, as it were, upon the wing-and anon proudly sailing onward in many a wavy line. Often, in the still moonlight have I sought some secluded nook like this, and, with my arms folded on my breast, slowly pursued my pastime, or watched the shadowy skaiters afar off gliding to and fro like spirits in the mystic twilight. Ah! few things were more fascinating to me when young than this delicious pastime, and for it I passed through the valley of the shadow of death, tasting of all the bitterness of the parting of the soul from the body, and becoming, as it were, THE DEAD ALIVE. But you have never heard the tale, so, as we walk, I will tell it.

It was on a clear, frosty morning in early winter, when I was about nineteen, that I laced on my skaites to try my favorite pastime for the first time that year. The ice had been making for several days, but had not yet attained much strength, so I proceeded for a while with caution; but finding the river safe, I gradually grew bolder; until finally I forgot altogether my original precautions. I had been idly manœuvring for an hour or more, when the thought struck me to visit an old schoolmate, whose father's mansion was situated on the river about a dozen miles higher up. I will not deny that the vision of a dark-eyed sister, whose smile haunted my boyish memory with strange tenacity, was uppermost in my mind when the idea of the visit occurred to me, and accrdingly thinking little of the distance and nothing of the danger, I started. The morning was without a cloud, the scenery wild and beautiful, and the air just bracing enough for the rapidity with which I moved. Mile after mile was soon left behind, and ere an hour the white mansion of my schoolmate rose to sight a short league ahead. Thinking of the glad surprise with which I should be welcomed, of the smoking viands which would greet me, and for which exercise had given me a keen appetite, but, most of all, of the stolen kisses I would snatch from my old playfellow, now grown into a blushing girl, I sped on, whistling merrily, until the woods, which here crowned either bank, echoed to my gladness. Suddenly I heard a sharp, splitting sound, like the cracking of glass, shooting along after me, and looking downward, I saw with a start, a fissure in the ice following my rapid footsteps-the velocity of my progress alone preserving me from sinking into the current below. I struck out, at the sight, with desperate strength, hoping soon to pass the perilous point, but at every stroke that same splitting sound smote anew on my ear, piercing to my nerves as if they had been laid bare and pricked with a bodkin. Faster and faster I flew along, but more acute grew that sound, and now it was changed into a noise resembling that of rolling thunder at a distance. Lateral fissures soon began to shoot out from the main one, that by this time extended a furlong behind me, and the quick cracking of the ice, on every hand, forewarned me of increasing and imminent peril. I was fully conscious of my situation, though calm and collected, for-thank God!-such a thing as want of self-possession at times of hazard, I have never experienced. Hastily casting my eyes before and behind me, as well as along either bank of the river, I saw that no one was in sight, and then, with a loud crack, I felt the ice giving way beneath me, and I sank into the river.

My sensations at that moment are indelibly impressed on my mind. My first consideration was that no one had seen me fall, and that I must depend solely on my own exertions to escape-my second thought was that the river grew unusually narrow at this point, and that consequently the tide running with increased velocity, I would probably, if not certainly, be swept some distance, before rising to the surface. All the various hazards that surrounded me, and the most practicable means of avoiding them flashed at once on my mind, and before I ceased descending, I had carried on several consecutive trains of thought, which singly, in ordinary circumstances, would have occupied many minutes. As soon as I felt myself rising, I gave a spring to increase my speed, eager to reach the surface quickly, and avoid the danger which I most feared. All at once my head struck violently against something overhead, and putting my hands up, I became conscious that a thick plate of ice intervened between me and the upper air. Oh! God I cannot even now recur to my situation then without shuddering. Shut hopelessly in this living grave, with all my faculties in full vigor, I was destined to feel the slow approaches of death, until seconds should seem as hours, and the torture of minutes appear that of a life-time. To add to the horror of this dissolution would be the consciousness that only an inch or two of ice lay between me and life. Agonized with these thoughts I struck fiercely against the frozen roof overhead in vain attempts to break it. I might as well have directed my impotent blows against the armor of Achilles. To increase my despair I felt myself dragged by the tide along the under side of the ice, against which I rubbed again and again; while, through the transparent roof I was mocked with the sight of the blue sky far overhead, and the shadows which the giant trees flung fitfully across the surface. Oh! what would I have given to have had but one breath of the free air that stirred those branches, to have heard once more even the sullen creaking of the boughs, instead of the dull, roaring sound that now filled my ears. Once more I essayed to break the ice above me, but my strength was in vain, and now I felt myself again sinking. All this had not occupied more than a very few seconds.

Think not that my calmness deserted me, though despair was fast gathering around my heart. It is strange how coolly I reviewed my situation. I recollected that drowning persons were said to sink and rise three times ere they died, and I thought, with some elation, that this was only my second descent. I speculated also on the question whether this number was not merely arbitrary-in other words, whether the frantic struggles of the person might not be the real cause of so speedy a death, and whether, if the self-collectedness of the party was preserved, so that he should inhale little or no water, the struggle might not be protracted to an infinite number of times. I resolved to test the experiment. But suddenly I remembered that I had breathed no air on my ascent, a fact of which the rapidly increasing oppression on my lungs warned me. This sensation soon came to be one of indescribable agony. It seemed to me as if a mountain of lead was heaved on my breast, while every muscle within was simultaneously strained to cracking. The ringing sound in my ears became deafening, a dimness rose before my eyes, and I felt an almost irresistable propensity to gasp for breath, yet-will you believe me ?-even then, av ! in that fearful agony, I had the calmness to reflect that, by opening my mouth I would inhale water, and thus hasten my death. I shut my teeth like a vice, but I felt the icy liquid shooting into my nostrils as if driven by a force pump. The awful sensation of suffocation increased, a thousand wild, whizzing sounds were in my brain-and I knew that my senses were reeling and growing confused. I strove to rally them, and even then could not help speculating on my situation. Can this be death !-- I thought. My senses had now become

dulled to outward objects, but a crowd of thoughts and memories rose up to my inward soul. The home where I was born, and where I had spent my hitherto happy life-the old mill whose whirring wheel I loved to sit and listen to through the long, summer afternoons--the brothers and sisters with whom I played-the mother who cherished me in infancy, nurtured me in sickness, and smiled through her tears at my bovish triumphs at school--all these came up before my memory with startling vividness. To part from them-oh! that was the bitterness of death. But most of all I thought of my poor, poor mother, and of her agony when night should come without my return. How eagerly she would listen for every footstep, hoping it might be mine -how often would she go to the door and look out into the darkness for her absent boy :- and as hour after hour should pass on, with what a sinking of the heart would she count the strokes of the clock, praying the Almighty with tears to restore her child, her fears for my safety deepening each moment, until at length she would know, by my continued absence, that I was indeed dead. And then how, on the morrow, the whole neighborhood would be raised in search of me, though perhaps my body would never be found, nor any one know the manner of my death. This, this was the bitterest thought of all. I could have borne to die, to perish alone, but that my mother should never see her boy's face, even in death, was too much for me. I groaned in utter agony. The cup of my despair was

But, in a moment, the struggle was past. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and, when human nature can no longer endure the strain of the rack, he mercifully consigns us to insensibility. Gradually-I know not how-a dreamy ecstacy, such as falls upon us when, fatigued with incessant mental labor, we sink into a pleasant slumber over our books, stole over me, and I lost all sensation, save that of this delicious langour. I have experienced that feeling once since, during a severe fever, after all had given me over for lost. How long I continued in this condition I cannot tell-but when I recovered my sensations, after a long and painful inhalation, I found myself floating on the surface of the stream, amid fragments of broken ice. My first instinct-for thought I will not call it-was to strike out for my life. Shaking the water from my eyes I looked around and found that I had risen to the surface, at an air hole, about fifty yards from the spot where I had broken in. I could not, therefore, have been more than a very short space of time insensible, for scarcely two minutes had elapsed since my first immersion. And yet what an age to me! What a world of thoughts and feelings had passed through my mind in that short interval!

I now addressed myself to my new situation. The

difficulty was to climb safely out of the air hole; for the rapid whirl of the tide, acting with the force of a lever on the lower part of my body, sucked me in as into a mael-strom, and it was with incredible pains that I could prevent myself being again carried under. Turning my head against the current, however, I struggled to the upper end of the air hole, and placing my arms on the ice, endeavored to scramble out; but the frail support gave way beneath my weight, and I fell into the stream amid new fragments of broken ice, and was swept down with the tide, almost stifled with water. Death seemed now inevitable. Had I been preserved thus far only to perish at last? The thought strung my sinews with supernatural power, and, striking out, I struggled to regain my lost ground and prevent myself being again carried under the ice. At length, though weakened and panting, I reached the goal, only, however, to be again precipitated into the tide. But my energies rose with disappointment. Five times was I thus cast back into the icy current-and five times did I return to the conflict, battling my way back inch by inch. When I reached the goal for the sixth time I was as weak as a child, and had to rest awhile, clinging to the ice, before I dared to attempt climbing out. I was not without hope, however, for I noticed that the ice, naturally thinner on the edge of the air hole, grew thicker as I broke my way along, so that now it was fully two inches through perpendicularly. I proceeded cautiously. Raising my chest softly to a level with the ice, I drew it carefully forward, scarcely daring to breathe lest my support should again give way. How my heart thrilled when I lay at length flat on the frozen surface of the river! In a few minutes I had gained the shore, and falling on my knees I returned thanks to God for my preservation. But when this had been done, when the excitement of my spirits had subsided, and when I had leisure fully to contemplate the peril I had escaped, a nervous sickness seized every joint in my frame, my knees sank beneath me, my brain grew dizzy, and I swooned.

How shall I recount the joy with which, after the fresh air had revived me, I hurried to my destination, and, sitting beside the crackling fire, narrated, with an overflowing heart, the particulars of my escape, while my old playfellow listened with her eyes dim with tears, and her silver-haired father, placing his hand on my head, said God had doubtless preserved me for some peculiar duty? How shall I picture the sleigh-ride home, or the eestacy with which I clasped my mother o my breast, or the tears that rained from my eyes that night-when, at the household altar, thanksgivings were returned for my safe delivery from peril? Words cannot paint my emotions—let them rest in holy silence!

Ah! it is almost noon, but I might have known it,

without looking at my watch, by the perpendicular shadows which the sun casts from the trees around us. The skaiters are leaving the lake; and the gay party of maidens has long since departed. And so we too will take our farewell.

# OH, WRONG NOT THE DEPARTED.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

On! wrong not the departed!
But let their memories be
As pleasant as the tuneful songs
Of wild birds from the tree;
And let their kind words visit us,
As do our nightly dreams,
Fraught with all holiest images,
Like sunlight on the streams.

And well do kindly words beseem
Eack treasured one that's gone;
An echo from the trusting-heart
From which no dream has flown!
A sweet tone caught from memory's lyre,
That tells of other years,
And pours its sweetest melody
Upon the mourner's tears!

For what has envy's voice to do
With those who quiet sleep,
Under the shade of summer flowers,
Beneath the church-yard deep?
And what but hopes and tears have we
To lay, as offerings,
Upon the shrine of buried joys
To which our memory clings!

All have some in the spirit land,
The loved and lost of earth,
Who passed away as fresh and pure
As spring flowers at their birth.
Some one within whose priceless love
Our richest trust was urned,
A kindred spirit, 'mid the waste,
For which the lone heart yearned.

May not all cherish in the heart
Unseen to outward gaze,
The memory of some vanished one
The idol of his days?
A grief that has been hidden long.
Like water in the rock,
May flow in streams of agony
Beneath the slightest shock.

Then wrong not the departed!
But let their memories be
As sacred as the magic spell
Of saintly devotee:
And may a charm as pure as those
That circle 'round the blest,
Guard well the treasured memories
Of those who are at rest!

## THE MAID OF SCATACOOK.

BY D. M. ELWOOD.

Behold you hills in distance fade,
Where erst the red-browed hunter strayed,
And mark those streamlets sheen and blue,
Where gliding sped the slight cance,
While through the forests, swift as light,
The wild deer shunned the arrow's flight.
Mas. Sigourney.

#### CHAPTER I.

In the year 1728, at Scatacook, on the western bank of the Housatonic river, was built a solitary huntinghouse, by Mowehue, formerly a powerful sachem of New Milford. History assigns several reasons why he chose to separate himself from his tribe; but we have occasion to believe that the real cause can be found only in tradition. The truth of the matter was this. Mowehue had taken to himself a wife of the pale-faces; and it was her solicitation, added to his own love of solitude, that led him to exclude himself from the society of his kindred and friends. But his love of the river and the forest could not always keep entire control over his ambitious spirit, and he soon began to gather adherents from every side, and especially from Chekameka, in the province of New York. His wife, having become accustomed to the Indian mode of life, was as well pleased as he at the idea of power, so that in ten or twelve years (at the time when the present town of Kent was settled by Europeans) Mowehue could muster an hundred practised warriors, and the whole number of his tribe was not less than six hundred.

It is necessary to pass over eighteen years from the time of Mowehue's marriage and settlement at Scatacook. By the year 1746, the white population of Kent was quite numerous. Settlers from Colchester, Norwalk, and New Milford had removed thither in considerable numbers, and the town presented quite a thriving and healthy appearance. Early in the spring of the above named year, a young man from New York, accompanied by his sister, passed through the place, and being pleased with its quiet and beautiful situation, he immediately purchased a piece of ground, and in the course of the summer crected a small, but neat and comfortable cottage. This he furnished with almost every luxury which the country could boast. Nothing was known concerning his birth-place, or parentage, or even the place where he had formerly resided. He appeared to have no business beyond that of amusement, yet never seemed in want of money, as his table was spread with the richest viands which could be procured, and large sums were expended in furnishing his cottage and improving and ornamenting his grounds. Until this was completed his usual employment consisted in overseeing the work; afterward his time was

spent in angling in the river, or sporting in the forest, or rambling about with his sister, a fair, dark-eyed girl, a year or two younger than himself. When they wearied of this, the large and choice library with which he had already supplied his cottage, afforded them amusement as well as instruction, and when even this was found irksome, the sister's guitar sent forth its sweetest sounds, accompanied by the still sweeter tones of her voice. Elegant drawings, the work of her own hands, adorned the walls; while the chaste, yet splendid appearance of the cottage outside, and of the grounds around, gave evidence that the taste of the owners had been highly and successfully cultivated. Still, though they were affable to all the villagers whom they chanced to meet, nothing was known of them, save that their names were Edward and Susan Morley.

One afternoon, some time in the last days of summer, the two strangers were sitting upon a large mossy rock that jutted far out into the musical stream of the Housatonic. A tall and wide-spreading elm hung its graceful branches over their heads, and a soft breeze, laden with the perfume of the wild flowers that grew in rich profusion about, played through the leaves, giving them life and motion; while the birds who had not yet learned to fear their destroyer, man, warbled their sweetest songs, and flew about in sportive chase, their glowing plumage glistening in the clear light of a summer's sun. Edward was angling, and many a shining trout glanced out from beneath the dark shade of the rock to bite at the delusive fly, and to be drawn out struggling and panting, quickly to breathe away its existence. Susan held a book, but every few moments her attention was drawn from it that her eye might feast on the beauties of the scene around, all fresh and glowing as they came from the Creator's hand.

While the brother and sister were thus engaged, a canoe came gliding silently along, unobserved by them until it was nearly opposite. As Edward suddenly perceived it, a low exclamation of surprise burst from him.

"Heavens! Susan," said he, "saw you ever such beauty? Can that be a creature of the earth, earthy? Is it possible that mortal clay can be fashioned into a form of such loveliness? And the coloring! it must have been such a being that the poet saw in his vision when he said,

"T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

"She does indeed appear lovely," replied Susan, "but who can it be? Is she not an Indian girl?"

"It must be Mowehue's daughter by his English wife, of whom we have so often heard," answered Edward, his gaze still riveted on one of the occupants of the canoe.

There were two others besides the subject of the

above dialogue. One was our chief Mowehue, the other his wife, Alpoorah, (the name she bore among the Indians.) But were it possible for me to describe adequately the creature who had so excited young Morley's feelings, no one would wonder at the excess of his admiration. It was no other than Weenora, the halfblood daughter of the Scatacook sachem. Her complexion was like that of her mother in her fairer and younger days; while from her father she had inherited the dark eyes and hair, and the well-rounded, yet sprightly and agile form peculiar to the maidens of his race. She was dressed partly after the Indian, with somewhat of the English style, in precisely such a manner as to exhibit her elegant form to the best advantage. Her long hair was skilfully wreathed with wild flowers, while curling tresses hung down on either side, half concealing the tempting cheek, and contrasting finely with her snowy neck and bosom.

As they passed the rock on which sat Edward and his sister, the former, as it were, mechanically raised his hat and bowed. The salute was returned by both the females in the canoe with a grace and elegance which he thought he had never seen surpassed. Mowehue slightly inclined his head, and the canoe passed rapidly on, and was soon hidden from their view. Edward again threw out his bait, but not another trout did he catch that day. Not that there was any scarcity of fishes; on the contrary, they drew off his bait constantly, and that too while he was gazing directly at them, or at least had his eyes turned to the water, though I cannot positively affirm that he did not see the lovely Indian maid at the bottom. His shrewd sister watched him for a time, an arch smile playing about her pretty lips; till finding that his success for that day, at least, was over, she inquired of him if it was not time to return home. Edward wound up his lines, and unconsciously drawing a deep sigh, turned from the rock.

"Heigho," said Susan, "what shall I do, brother, when you get a new house-keeper? I suppose I shall be mistress of our little parlor no longer. Eh? brother!"

"And why not, my sweet sis?" said he, in some surprise; but noticing the mischievous smile that was glistening in her dark eyes, he colored instantly. "Well, Susan," continued he, "since you suspect me already, it is useless to deny the truth. Nature will have its way, oppose it as we will; and I confess that since I saw that girl I have experienced emotions new and strange. In short, I believe that—that—"

"That you love her!"

"That is it precisely, though it seemed so odd I could not say it."

"How many times have you told me, brother, that you could never love a woman who was not perfect in beauty, intellect, and accomplishments?"

"Have I though? Ah-well-I did not mean to say

that I really loved this beautiful creature, nor should I have said so if you had not helped me out; but that I could love her if she had enjoyed the same opportunities for improvement that you have, for I am certain she would not have enjoyed them in vain."

"But what will you do as she is?"

"I shall visit her and see if she is as barbarous as the rest of her people about here. But I know she is not. Did you mark with what grace she returned my salutation? It absolutely made me ashamed of my own manners. Perhaps her English mother is intelligent, and has educated her too. Ah—that must be the case. It could not be otherwise."

"Ah! Edward, and is it possible that you can think of disgracing your proud relatives, and your family, of such pure and ancient blood as it is, by marrying a child of the forest—an Indian?"

"What care I for relatives?" replied he, with vehemence. "Have we not left them and their land forever? Have they any claims, think you, on my affection and esteem? Pure and ancient blood! Do you forget so soon that our mother was low born, and did that cause us to love her the less? Was she not in every other respect superior to any daughter of any line in the kingdom? Do you forget—"

"I forget nothing, Edward. I was only trying to discover how deep a hold this 'new and strange emotion' of yours had taken upon you. I thought not that you would be so earnest in advocating the cause of my pretty sister that I am to have. But when do you intend to make your first visit?"

"This very evening, that is if I can manage to effect an acquaintance. I shall sleep none to-night unless I do."

"And I fear not very much if you do, brother. But see, we are home, and I will have tea despatched as soon as possible—for fear your impatience should become unbearable. And, besides, I confess myself almost as anxious to see the termination of this affair as you can possibly be," and so saying they entered the cottage. Here we leave them awhile to follow the course of Mowehue and his family down the river.

A short distance below the spot where they passed Edward and his sister, there is a rift or rapid—through which, in times of freshet, the water runs with great velocity. This rapid is nearly equally divided by a large rock, on either side of which is a foaming eddy, where the water sweeps round in a perpetual circle, and then bounds and rushes along, as if vexed at the momentary delay, toward the smooth, deep flood beyond. Neither of these passes was considered very dangerous by the Indians, but when the river was high, as was now the case, canoes were frequently upset, especially on the western side. Mowehue had so often passed through this place in safety, that he regarded it with

indifference, but at this time, as his wife and daughter were with him, he was directing the canoe toward the eastern pass, when Weenora exclaimed—

"Take the other pass, will you not father? I love to go through there—the water sweeps and dances beautifully through its narrow channels; and the rocks rise so steep and high, and hang so threateningly over us—oh! I love the excitement!"

With a stroke of the paddle the chief changed the direction of the canoe. They had already gone so far in the other current that the attempt to cross was somewhat hazardous-but Mowehue, willing to please his daughter, and confident in his own strength, urged on the slender bark, though it trembled through its whole frame. On the instant it reached the western eddy, it swept round the rock with such velocity that for a moment the chief lost the command over it, and they were consequently plunged headlong into the gulf. Weenora, when she came to the surface, found herself close to the bank-and grasping a small shrub that grew out of a crevice in the rocks, clung to it for support. Her father, at a glance perceiving she was in no immediate danger, swam after Alpoorah, who, with the canoe, was fast drifting down with the current. But the shrub to which Weenora clung was too weak to bear her weight, and being unable from the boldness of the rocks to obtain a foothold, she fell back into the stream, where she must inevitably have drowned, had it not been for a young Indian who at that moment plunged in from the opposite bank, and soon brought her breathless and exhausted to the shore. Mowehue succeeded in recovering his wife, together with the boat, and in a few moments Alpoorah and her daughter were safe in each other's arms. Mowehue joined them in their thanks to the brave young Indian, and observing that he was a stranger and not of their tribe, insisted that he should accompany them home.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Well, Edward, what reception did you meet with from your fair princess?" asked Susan Morley of her brother, as he returned rather late in the evening from the tent, or rather house of Mowehue; "did she entertain you in a manner corresponding to her rank?"

"Ay—that did she—in a style that would be creditable to any princess of the East. I found her, moreover, every thing I could hope for—beyond my wildest expectation of what I supposed her to be. You have witnessed her beauty—but that will bear no comparison with the richness of her soul—and as to knowledge, she actually put me to the blush more than once during the evening! She conversed with the greatest apparent ease, and on any subject—while her remarks were evidently the sentiments of her heart, and chaste and pure as the source from which they sprung."

"Well, brother, you astonish me. But yesterday you were speaking to me in hearty dispraise of all women, excepting indeed my own dear self; and declaring that, inasmuch as it was impossible to find one who even approached the standard of excellence you had created in your own mind—one who united beauty with virtue, and simplicity with intellect and knowledge—you were determined never to marry; to-day you are fairly enchanted with an Indian girl—beautiful enough I grant you—but whom you never saw but twice in your life, and know nothing at all about except from your brief conversation with her this evening. This speaks well for your consistency—ah, brother!"

"But you must consider the circumstances. Yesterday I had no hope ever to meet with one who would, in every particular, please me; to-day I have accidentally discovered such a one—my determination, therefore, stands for nothing."

"And did you commence wooing immediately?"

"Ah! there's the trouble! I found a young Indian there who saved Weenora's life down in the rift, where the canoe upset after they passed us this afternoon. He is a stranger, from some one of the hills about, and Mowehue, as I fancy, has taken a sudden liking to him; and although I was received as graciously as, considering the circumstances, could be expected, yet the thought that the old Chief might compel her to marry that young Otho, as they called him, made me the most uncomfortable being alive."

"What, jealous already, Ned? Indeed I almost begin to pity Weenora now, in case she should ever become your wife. But do you think her mother would consent to her marriage with an Indian?"

"And why not, pray? Is not Mowehue an Indian, and her husband too? This Otho may be brave, but I had much rather he had staid away from Scatacook for the present. Now if I had been there to have saved her life, it would have been a glorious beginning—whereas now——"

"You must storm the castle if you would win it."

"Precisely so, and storm it I will, for take it I must. I envy Otho—confound him—why did he happen to be there just then? But if he had not been there Weenora would have been drowned. What a fool I was for not being on the spot myself—a veritable simpleton! Did you know it, sister?"

"Why I do really begin to suspect you have lost your senses. But why did you not persuade Otho to come home with you? He might have fancied me instead of Weenora."

"I wish with all my heart he would!"

"Whether I wish or not. Remember he is an Indian."

"So am I-or would be if I could, if that would gain me Weenora's hand." "How did she appear toward her preserver?"

"Why, sufficiently indifferent I must confess, yet quite respectful. Otho scarcely spoke during the evening except to Mowehue in the Indian tongue, which, of course, I could not comprehend; and I suppose he was little wiser from my conversation; although several times when I looked toward him rather suddenly he seemed to be listening with much interest to what I was saying, as if he understood it all."

"Well, Edward, I would I could assist you in this matter. We will talk it over to-morrow; perhaps we can hit upon some expedient—good night."

A week passed on. Edward did not fail to carry into effect his resolution of besieging the citadel; and apparently with good success, for he had certainly become somewhat intimate with the maiden, notwithstanding the exceeding brevity of their acquaintanceship. But though he was overjoyed at this, there was still more gall in his cup, for the stranger was still there, and nearly as assiduous in his attentions as Edward himself. Weenora, moreover, intimated that Otho was a great favorite with her father, who naturally preferred one of his own race as a husband for his daughter. Still Edward would not give up the pursuit while there was a single chance of success.

One afternoon, as Morley and his sister were walking by the river side enjoying the fine air of that season, they met Otho and Weenora. This unexpected encounter was pleasurable to all parties, if indeed we except Edward, who was more than ever annoyed that he should find two beings, one of whom he loved most dearly, and the other hated most heartily, walking together. He stifled his feelings in a degree, however, while he introduced his sister to Weenora, but could not refrain from casting a glance at the Indian, that told more plainly than words how gladly he would have consigned him to the bottom of the rapid, which had so nearly engulphed the fair maiden, who was the unconscious cause of this most uncharitable desire. Susan, after conversing a moment or two with Weenora, addressed a question to her companion, and to her surprise was answered in as pure English as her own. Willing to give her brother a little time with Mowehue's daughter, she commenced a sprightly conversation with Otho -which was maintained on his part with perfect freedom, and without the least hesitancy. In short, after the party had separated, and they were returning home, Susan declared to her brother that she had not met with a more entertaining companion for many a day.

"How was that?" said Edward, "could he speak and understand our language?"

"Understand me! indeed could he, and answer me too as well as yourself, and perhaps much more to my satisfaction. I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses, but thought that either my eyes or ears were

deceiving me. Otho is as well informed, at least as your charmer, and but for his color I should take him for one of the higher class of our countrymen. Who knows but I may find a husband here after all!"

"What! a maiden of 'such pure and ancient blood' marry an Indian?"

"But you must consider the circumstances, my dear brother. Just to please you I have come here and secluded myself in this rude, out-of-the-world place, and most probably must take up with an Indian husband, or live single all my life, which you must acknowledge would be the severest affliction you could impose on me," she said laughing. "But how stand affairs at present between you and Weenora?"

"Well enough, I should hope, if that pest was out of the way. I made her acquainted with my sentiments toward her this afternoon, and met with sympathy at least in return. But when I offered her my hand, she referred me to her parents, at the same time expressing her fears that Mowehue would withhold his consent."

"Then there was no objection on her part !"

"Not the least as I could learn. But I am resolved to go to-morrow and learn the decision of her parents whatever it may be. Will you accompany me? You will find Alpoorah a very agreeable companion."

"With all my heart, Edward, I suppose Otho will be there!"

#### CHAPTER III.

On the rock where Edward Morley sat fishing when he first saw Weenora, reclined Otho, the Indian stranger. For a long time he sat in moody silence, apparently watching the eddies of the stream as it whirled through the rocks. But his thoughts were away, and, at last, as if impatient at being so long pent up within his bosom, unconsciously to himself, they found vent in words.

"What can this be that comes over me at times like some dream of my childhood? As I look on the scenes around this spot, a dim remembrance of them creeps through my brain, as if they were familiar to me years ago, and then had been forgotten. This rock, the spreading elm above me-this river with its tiry whirlpools, and its frothy crests-and the huge walls that form its banks below, all-all seem like some friends with whom I have of old been intimate. Even some of the faces that here meet my eye bring to mind an indistinct vision of things I have seen before; and when I first look on them memory can almost grasp the circumstances-but then with the very effort to recall them they fade away, and leave me dark and doubtful as before. I cannot but feel as if Mowehue and his wife are in some strange manner connected with the days of my infancy. A regard for Alpoorah, for which I cannot account, has grown up in my bosom. It seems not new, but like some feeling nearly forgotten and now brought

to fresh life. And Weenora, how my heart yearned toward her as I drew her from the rapids below. Had I not known it to be impossible I could have sworn she was my sister. Ah! sister! Have I sister?-brother -relatives? I have thus far lived alone, with no object on whom to place my affections, warm, gushing as they were, and longing to flow out in the smooth channel of a brother's love. I have lived an Indian till tired of forests, and of wild beasts their inhabitants, I have thrown off my disguise and sought the dwellings of the whites. There did I live a new life-I pursued knowledge, and made myself well versed as they in the lore of other days. I sought amongst them that which I found not-pleasure-happiness; for such was their devotion to man now, and to the shrine of fashion and pleasure, that they found no time to think; and, disgusted with their hollow heartedness and pride, I returned again to the life I had despised. But happy I could not be. I could not now love one of the dark maidens of my own village, for I had ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and felt myself immeasurably their superior. Again I set forth-my steps come hither. Am I at last to find one to love? Weenora? Ah! I feel it-she is my sister. But one day ago I asked her hand-will it be given-do I wish it? The fair girl I met yesterday-she is not my sister-but can she love me? Oh! this is intolerable-I must-I will unravel this mystery."

When Otho returned to Mowehuc's dwelling he found there the two Morley's. The house, which was semawhat large and commodious, and erected far more substantially, and with much more regard to neatness than Indian wigwams generally were, stood but a few rods from the river on the western bank, where the scenery is unusually striking and beautiful.

They had been seated but a short time before Alpoorah observing that "the day was too pleasant to be lost by keeping within doors," proposed a walk into the garden-" for," said she, "we have a garden, although we live in humble style." The spot to which she led them was not unworthy the name of garden. It was filled with thrifty vegetables and sweet flowers, many of them of a rare order, which had been procured from the coast by Mowehue as a present to his wife and daughter. And there were besides many wild flowers that gained new beauty by cultivation. In the centre was a large, but somewhat rude arbor, and covering it a most luxuriant vine, loaded with clusters of wild grapes. At one end of the garden was a grassy bank, shaded by several forest elms that had been spared by the axe, and at the foot, a small gurgling brook of the clearest water wound along, till it emptied itself in the Housatonic.

As Otho, for a time, monopolized the society of the younger ladies, Morley soon found an opportunity to converse with Alpoorah alone. He took advantage

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of this moment to ask her consent to his union with Weenera.

She seemed somewhat surprised at the question—but after a moment's hesitancy replied,

"I should be pleased with it, provided you gain her consent, but it was no longer ago than yesterday that Otho made the same request of Mowehue."

"Otho!"

"My husband referred him to me, but intimated his wish that they should be united. I have not yet spoken to Weenora on the subject, but she shall decide. I have an influence over Mowehue, and if she wishes, it shall be exercised in your favor."

"Thank you, thank you, you have made me happy," said Edward.

"Perhaps no time could be fitter than this for the decision," continued Alpoorah, "for it is better that you and Otho be both present."

They moved toward the bank whither the rest of the company had preceded them. Here she informed her daughter of the two proposals, and requested her to decide which of them, if either, she would accept.

"Oh! mother! mother!" cried Weenora, and hid her face in Alpoorah's bosom.

"Nay, my daughter, fear not to speak your preference. This is a matter of much moment, and you alone can decide it."

"How can I mother?" said the blushing girl, while the fond glance which for an instant she cast on Morley told more plainly than words the decision which her heart had already made. That glance was not lost on Otho, but his countenance, Indian-like, changed not.

"If you will listen to me awhile I will tell you briefly my history," said Alpoorah, "my life has been an eventful one, and the story might have some influence upon Weenora's decision. I have long waited for an opportunity to relate it to her, but never found one so favorable as this."

All united in a request to hear her story, and after reflecting a few moments, she thus began,

"I was born in England, of wealthy parents, and till my eighteenth year had every desire of my heart gratified. My mother died when I was a few months old, and I was left to the care of a sister of hers, who, from mistaken kindness, indulged me in every wish, while she neglected to instil into my mind those principles which alone can effectually exclude evil or useless inclinations. She took every pains with my mental, but entirely passed by my moral education. The result was I grew up perfect in those accomplishments which adorn society, and especially our sex, but without any fixed principle—haughty in spirit, considering my own will as law, and all about me of equal or of lower rank, only as subjects of my control. In my arrogance I looked around upon those who constituted the circle in

which I moved, and proudly congratulated myself that I was superior to them all. My father, engrossed with public as well as private cares, supplied me plentifully with gold; convinced doubtless that no farther trouble was necessary to fit me for the life of ease and splendor which I afterward learned he designed me to enjoy.

"When I was sixteen my father brought a young man into our family, who, though of noble parents, was a younger son, and without a patrimony. He was a very distant relative of my mother's, and it was designed that he should qualify himself for the profession of the law, with a view to engage in the affairs of State. the time he came to reside with us he was about four years older than myself, and being of a commanding and prepossessing appearance, and of refined and polished manners withal, I was accustomed to regard him as a sort of chaperon, and generally selected him as my gallant whenever I went abroad. I soon began to be proud of my very popular cousin, for so I usually called him, though the relationship was more distant-I received his attentions with much real satisfaction, but appeared to claim them as a matter of right. Thus we were in constant companionship, as all the time he could redeem from his studies was devoted to attending upon me.

"The necessary result of this was that we soon began to regard each other with a warmer feeling than that of mere friendship. At the commencement of our intercourse his manly and upright character had involuntarily commanded my respect; this quickly ripened into esteem-and ere many months had passed, his really noble and generous disposition had attached me so strongly to him that I found my very being was wrapped up in him. The praises-the flatteries of the world began to sound dull and dead to the ear, and the pleasures in which I daily engaged to pall upon the soul. One approving smile, one tender word from him was prized by me more highly than the costliest gem in my casket. My spirit, so proud, so cold and haughty to others, bent before his like the tender reed, and that consciousness of superiority which forever intruded itself upon me when I mingled with the world, was changed to humility when I conversed alone with him. And he -oh!-he was worthy of the deep devotion which my heart gave him. Ay-worthy the devotion of many hearts purer by far than mine, and which would have known better how to have prized the inestimable boon of his love. In the excess of my passion-of my devotion to him, I never found spot or blemish in his character; nor have I yet observed a stain, though years, many long, long years have passed since then, and relentless time has sobered the love that still is cherished in my bosom, and though memory has not failed to dwell by day upon his image, and to restore him to me in dreams by night.

"On the morning of my eighteenth birth-day-how

well I remember the time-it was as bright a day as was ever seen in a climate like ours, but it was not more joyous than my heart on that morning, or brighter than its hopes. But how soon was that joy dispelled. My father sent for me to visit him in his study. I know not why, but I shuddered as I started to obey the summons-it was so unusual a circumstance that I felt a presentiment of some evil creeping over me. But I found him sitting alone, apparently in excellent spirits, for he drew me toward him, and playfully kissed me, and complimented me on my beauty, saying that I reminded him of my mother when he married her. He then went on to say, in a serious tone, that he felt anxious to see me well settled in life, as years were growing on his head, and he might not long be spared to protect me. I sobbed on his bosom at the thought of his leaving me, for unkindly as I treated him, afterward he was very dear to me. He then informed me that he had made choice of one for my husband of whom I could not but approve-that the gentleman had applied for my hand, which was cordially acceded to on his part, and as he supposed his will was mine, he had, even before consulting me, ventured to promise as much for myself. The thought that he had selected another than the one who already possessed my love never once crossed my mind, for though my father had never spoken to me on the subject, I supposed he was well aware of our attachment. I therefore answered that to obey his will would be my highest pleasure. Judge then of my dismay when he informed me that Sir William Halbert wished to have the nuptials immediately solemnized.

"Had not my heart been pre-occupied by my affection for Henry Ethland, I should not, probably, have been disposed to reject a proposal at once so favorable and unexpected. Sir William was a gentleman some tenyears older than myself it is true, but his affable and polished character, added to his rank and fortune more than counterbalanced this objection. His large estate was contiguous to my father's, and he had for many years been a frequent and welcome visitor at our mansion. But become his wife I could not, for though no formal engagement had taken place between my cousin and myself, I felt that my faith was another's, and that it would be rank injustice both to Henry and to Sir William for me to wed the latter, while I could not have given him my heart. But I dreaded the consequences of a refusal on my part, as my father, with all his kindness and affection for me, was a stern man, and not accustomed to have his will disputed.

"I threw myself on my knees before him, and in the humblest accents besought him not to force me into a marriage which could not but end in misery and shame. I told him I had mistaken his meaning—I had never loved Sir William, had never been even intimate with him; but that there was one who already had a claim upon my heart, one to whom there could be no objection but his want of a fortune, and mine, as I was an only child, would be sufficient for both. My father regarded me at first with astonishment, then in anger and resentment. I left him to recover from his disappointment, and hurrying to my own chamber, gave free vent to my feelings, and sought relief in tears.

"But mine was not a spirit to be crushed at once. Ere I was aware I found myself devising methods of escaping from the terrible fate that awaited me. A life of poverty, of obscurity with the one who was all to me, nay, death itself seemed preferable to a union with a man I loved not. My heated fancy was fruitful in expedient, and ere long I had resolved on a plan, which, though it promised and afforded comparative happiness for a brief season, has since been 'a poisoned arrow' to my breast. After remaining a day or two in my room, on pretence of illness, I appeared before my father, and with much apparent humility implored pardon for my conduct, and promised cheerfully to acquiesce in his decision. Alas, nothing was farther from my intentions. He appeared overjoyed at the change in my feelings, and commended me for my obedience, which was the more grateful to him, he said, because he saw it had cost me a struggle, and could not but arise from the depth of my filial affection. Oh! how his words tortured me! My heart misgave me for a moment, and I inwardly shuddered at my wickedness in deceiving a parent who had ever, till this sad mistake, been all kindness and love.

"That very evening Henry returned home. He had been absent a few weeks on a journey, and of course was ignorant of all that had transpired since his departure. Then began the severest trial I had ever experienced. I was about to practice deception with him who I knew could read my very soul. I received him as if nothing unusual had occurred, and we met as lovers who have been separated should meet. My object was to strengthen, if possible, the influence which I already possessed over him. To lull suspicion, however, I took care that my father should see us together as little as possible, and in his presence threw off in a measure my softness of manner, treating Henry with coldness and respect.

"But time would not stay its progress, and the day was fast approaching when I had promised to become the bride of Sir William. At last, therefore, I was obliged to disclose to Henry the terrible circumstances. It was done in a few brief but dreadful words, for my heart was so full I could scarcely find utterance. Oh! how I trembled lest he should hate me, when he found I had actually consented to wed Sir William; but gazing at me a moment, with a look of mingled grief and astonishment, he clasped me sobbing and weeping to his bosom. Oh! the bliss, yet agony of that short embrace.

It was the first, it might, perchance, be the last. It was a moment of rapture, yet of fearful apprehension. By that act I knew he loved me with all that depth of affection which stern and lofty natures like his alone can feel, yet trembling lest that love should be lost to me forever.

"As I had expected, he did not speak of opposing my father's wishes. Knowing entreaty to be useless, he thought not of wronging my father—his benefactor—by urging me to a clandestine marriage. But I was debased enough to lead him insensibly into ingratitude. It was my love—my burning, indomitable love that urged me on—love, of which I robbed my Creator to bestow it on a creature, that would not let me rest till I had instilled poison into that noble spirit, and caused him who had given me being to be brought in anguish to the grave.

"But I must hasten on. From that time I let pass no opportunity of working upon the mind of Henry, in order to stifle his scruples, and to fret away his deep and honorable principles, till he should consent to an elopement and private marriage. Alas! too well I succeeded -but so gradually did my conversation tend to this point, that, absorbed in grief as he was, he had no suspicion of my object. His own uprightness of disposition was favorable to this, for had he discovered my purpose he would have hated and despised me. One day-the preceding one to that appointed for the nuptials-with my head resting on his bosom, I had been artfully contrasting the hopelessness of our situation with the happiness that was to be found in seclusion, away from all the cares and vexations of society, with none to claim our love and attention but the heart's idol. Suddenly he sprang up, joy beaming in his countenance, as if new light, the light of hope, had struck him. 'And why not,' said he, 'why may we not seek happiness away, far, far away from those who would forever mar it? Say, Mary, dearest, shall we not fly on the wings of love, or shall we remain here to reap but the bitterness of despair?' Oh! with what eagerness did my ear drink in those words. My frame trembled, the happiness was too great, and I sank down at his feet, unable longer to support myself. He gently raised me, and fondly kissing my forehead, continued,

"'Nay, love, pardon me. I see the thought was new to you. It never entered your pure heart, and I struck upon it so suddenly that it shocked you. But it only adds fuel to my love. And must I then see you another's wife?'

"'No, Henry-I am yours, yours forever.'

"We fled—were married—and, with what money I had about me, procured a passage for this land, wilderness as it then was. Arrived here our money was soon spent, and I parted with the few jewels of small value that I brought with me, to procure the necessary

sustenance-for so hurried had been our flight, that we had never once thought of the means of our subsistence, until at last the thought forced itself upon us. Weeks passed, and want began to stare us in the face; and my dear Henry's cheek grew pale, and his flesh wasted away; and as he came back night after night to our little room, from his vain search for employment, I observed that his eyes grew sunken, and at times flashed with a strange light; and a wasting cough seized hold on him, and I knew that care, care for me, who had beguiled him into this unnatural exile, was corroding his very heart. And day by day he grew weaker, and a hectic flush settled on his cheek, and at last he was too weak to rise from his bed, but tossed about in restless anguish; while at times he was delirious, and talked of the scenes we had left, and once, staring wildly at me as though he would pierce me through, he spoke the words-'your father.' Oh! how that word sounded in my ears !- and how I longed to die before Henry, lest in his last moments he should despise me for my ingratitude to my forsaken parent.

"He died; and for two long days and nights did I watch at his bedside, and bathe his cold face with my tears. But they buried him at last, and with the only ring that remained in my possession, one that had been my mother's, I defrayed the expenses of his funeral. And this then was the end of all our hopes and visions of happiness. This was my work, that I had so skilfully planned !- I could not return alone to the spot where he died-I wandered forth I knew not how long nor whither. A raging fever took hold on me, and my reason fled. I remember passing several nights without shelter, and at last nature was exhausted, and I laid me down, as I thought, to die. I called on Henry to come and bathe my burning temples, and reproached him for leaving me thus to suffer alone. Then all grew dark, and I heard strange voices about me, and I thought I was in the land of spirits.

"When my senses returned I was lying in an Indian's wigwam. Some one had discovered me in the forest, and generously borne me to his tent. Through the aid of herbs, in the use of which the Indians were skilled, I was restored at length to health, though it was weeks before my strength returned. My noble benefactors offered me an asylum till I could find some means of providing for myself. Some time afterward a son was born to me, and as he grew up I fancied him the exact image of his father. He had the same noble features, and dark full eye, and he began to be a solace and a comfort to me, and to relieve me of the terrible melancholy that had been wearing upon me since my husband's death. But alas!-he too was taken from me, It was on his fourth birth-day that I had taken him out into the fields to enjoy the pure air. As I sat weaving a little basket, a work which I had long before learned

to do, and while memory was leading me back over the sea to the home of my ancestors, I forgot for a few moments to watch my boy, and when I had finished my work he was nowhere to be seen. Thinking he must have returned to the tent, which was not far distant, I hastened thither; he was not there. I never saw my boy again. All search proved useless. He must have perished in the forest of hunger, or by wild beasts, or been carried away by some party, belonging to a tribe hostile to that to which I had become attached.

"A few months afterward I was married to my present husband, Mowehue. Once I had written to my father in terms of penitence and humility, but as I never received a reply I concluded I was forgotten and despised. It was Mowehue who had found me in the forest, and conceiving an affection for me, had never joined himself to one of his own people. At last I consented to become his wife; and I have never since regretted it. He has ever treated me with kindness and sympathy, and—were his blood pure as my own, and his complexion as fair—I could not have loved him more deeply. He was generous to me in my distress, and save the memory of my dear Henry, and the love I still cherish for him, he has the sole homage of my heart."

#### CHAPTER IV.

ALL sat a few moments in silence after Alpoorah had ceased speaking, pondering on the narrative they had just heard. Presently Otho sprang down the bank to the rivulet at its foot, and washing the paint from his face, turned toward the rest of the party with a complexion as fair almost as that of any one amongst them. Save his dress all traces of the Indian had vanished. In a moment he and Alpoorah were locked in each other's arms.

"Mother! mother!"

"My son-oh! my long lost boy."

It was indeed the self-same boy she had lost twenty years before, and for whom she had long since ceased to mourn as dead.

"Weenora, sister!" said he, and as they embraced, their hearts were filled with a new emotion, the pure and holy feeling of a brother's and a sister's love.

"And will you not call me brother?" said Edward, "Weenora, my own, will you not make us brothers?"

She frankly offered him her hand, which he took and drew her to his heart; and from that hour they were one forever.

"And now," said Edward, "comes our turn for explanation; for my sweet sister and myself are but strangers in this land. We too were born and educated in 'Merry England.' Our father died some two years since, and his relatives, through some quibble of the law, succeeded in wresting from us our paternal inheritance. Fortunately for us our mother, who had died a year

previously, though low born, was wealthy, and left us sufficient to live on in this land in luxury. Accident directed our steps to this sweet spot; and here we have found the quiet for which we longed. We live by ourselves, having thrown by all the usages of the society in which we were educated, and till I saw Weenora here there was nothing left for me to desire. We took our mother's name, for I resolved that if I could not possess my father's estates I would not bear his title. My father was Sir William Halbert."

"And are you then the son of him whom I so deeply wronged?" said Alpoorah, "alas! that we should meet thus—and yet methinks it is well. Take Weenora, and be my father's will in a measure obeyed, by the union of the children of those who should have been themselves united. But bear you any tidings from my father?"

"He died long since, with his last breath forgiving you. Your letter never could have reached him, for both he and Sir William, who still retained some affection for the first object of his love, instituted inquiries in the hope that you might be found, but, as you are aware, without success. The estate was divided among his relatives. I heard the circumstances from my father shortly before his death."

It was but a little time afterward that the minister of the parish was called on to perform the marriage ceremony at the house of Mowehue; and never was there a lovelier or more happy pair than were Edward Morley and Weenora, the Maid of Scatacook, on their bridal day.

Edward took his fair bride home to his cottage, but not many months had passed ere another was erected near it, and when it was finished the two were as like each other as two twins. The new one was occupied by the laughing Susan and her doting husband, Henry Ethland, though she seldom greeted him by any other name than Otho, that being the name she called him by when she first felt the breath of love playing about her heart.

Years afterward, Susan occasionally laughed at her brother, because some of his children gave signs in their dark, but not uncomely complexion, that "the pure and ancient blood" of his family had somewhat degenerated, but he always replied by declaring that some one of her own children would be a full-blooded son of the forest, after Otho, his father; which prediction never was verified, she being blessed with a very goodly number notwithstanding.

More than a century has passed since the events of our story transpired, but the memory of these events is still fresh among some of the older inhabitants of the vicinity; and though the changes of time have removed the descendants of Otho and Morley from their father's homes, their story is still told to listeners by the winter fireside.

### THE WIDOW'S HEART.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Away with tones of gladness now,
Bear hence the lyres you bring,
You cannot o'er her saddened brow
One gleam of sunshine fling;
One echo of your sweetest lay
To being may not start,
For music hath no power to sway
The widow's lonely heart.

Oh! mock not such wild grief as her's,
Bear back the minstrel tone,
That only pleasure's worshippers
In revel's hour might own;
Bear hence the lyre, for vain are all
The sweets its strings impart,
No spell hath music's soul to thrall
The widow's lonely heart.

In other spheres the tones awake
That once her spirit wooed—
Their murmurings will not now forsake
That bosom's solitude!—
Then, echoes of your sweetest lay
To being may not start,
Your music hath no power to sway
The widow's lonely heart.

#### MEMORY.

### BY JOHN S. JENKINS.

THERE is a sadness swells my heart,
Too deep for tears, for words too deep;
The quivering sigh and sudden start,
Speak of a wo which will not sleep—
Yet to the world I do not love,
I seem to wear the smile of youth,
That happy smile all price above,
Token of innocence and truth.

I mingle gaily in the crowd
Of pleasure's worshippers, and hear
The tones of music wild and loud,
And the free, merry laugh, so dear
To me, so fondly loved of yore;
But all my thoughts and hopes, are dreams,
Deceifful e'er as fairy shore,
Or Strankerl's lay by Suevia's streams.

One mem'ry hath the power to turn
My heart to wormwood even yet;
And, though I would, I cannot learn
That bitter lesson—to forget:
"Tis fruitless all—the task is vain;
Earth hath no farther joy for me;
The chord once broke cannot again
Be strung to love's pure melody.

# THE STRANDED SHIP.

BY HARRIET J. BOWLES.

"Will no one go off for her?—will no one go off for my child, my only child?" shrieked the miser, wringing his hands and running to and fro in the crowd. But all turned away. There was searcely a soul present who, at one time or another, had not suffered in the hands of the hard-hearted money lender.

"Oh! for the love of God—you who are fathers think of me. My daughter will perish—will you not go off for her, Townsend?—I'll give you any thing—any thing I mean in reason."

"Go off for her!—not I," said the man, with a mocking laugh, shaking off the old man, "all your gold would not tempt me out on that boiling sea. Besides ain't I a father, too, and think you I'll sacrifice my life for another? No, no, old hulks, you must take your gold to some other market."

"Oh! she will die, she will die—my child for whom I have saved all. Peter Jones you will go if I give you a thousand dollars."

"Not for ten thousand," gruffly said the person addressed, "a boat couldn't live in the breakers a minute."

"I will give ten thousand to any one," eagerly said the miser—"ten thousand dollars. I know you will go for ten thousand dollars, Simon," and he seized one of the spectators by the button of his shaggy jacket, "oh! go, and the blessings of a broken-hearted father will go with you."

"I can't think of it, for I'd never return to enjoy your money. No, old man," he said, in a more feeling tone than the others had used, "your daughter must die."

"Must die! Oh! no—she shan't die. Take all I am worth, good sirs," he said, lifting up his hands imploringly, "but restore me my daughter, only, only I hope you'll spare a little for us to live on, if it's no more than a beggar enjoys."

"It's no use, old man," said the last speaker, "the whole world would not tempt us to put out to sea in a storm like this. It's a hard lot you've got to bear, and I pity your daughter, for she was a sweet angel. But the packet will go to pieces in half an hour, and so you see there is no hope."

The father heard the speaker in stony silence. Then he turned and looked out at sea, where, a few minutes before, the outline of the stranded packet, might have been seen through the approaching twilight, almost buried in the whirling foam that howled over the bar on which she lay; but now the darkness had shut her in from view; and the only knowledge of her position was derived from the sound of her minute guns booming solemnly across the sea. The old man groaned, and sinking down on a bolder, buried his face in his hands

and rocked his body to and fro, occasionally pausing to listen to the guns or to gaze seaward, and then resuming his position, moaning continually. Five minutes might have thus passed when a young man burst through the crowd, and shaking the old man by the shoulder, said,

"Mr. Stelling, they say your daughter is on board the packet—is it so?"

"Yes, good youth, and you have come to rescue her," he exclaimed, starting up with eager joy; but when he recognized the speaker, he said in a tone of disappointment, "it's Harry Martin. Oh! surely, young man, you have not come here to triumph over my distress."

"God forbid," was the fervent reply, "I come to aid you, if indeed mortal man can render aid in an extremity like this. Let bygones be bygones. Only answer me one question, for no time is to be lost—will you give me your daughter if I succeed in rescuing her?"

There was a momentary pause, and the muscles of the old man's face worked convuisively. All pressed forward to hear his answer, for the fury with which the old miser had pursued his daughter's lover, and his declaration that he would sooner see her dead than married to the young man were known to every listener. At length he gasped,

"Yes, yes, but go at once. Only save her and she shall be yours."

The youth paused no longer, but dashed through the crowd. In a minute his boat was afloat, and accompanied by a solitary individual—for but one fisherman, and he under great obligations to the young man, could be persuaded to risk his life with the lover—he set forth. The boat rose gallantly on the waves, shaking like a duck the spray from her sides, and for a few minutes was seen momently cutting the outline of the gloomy sky as she attained the summit of the billow: then she gradually passed into the darkness and was seen no more.

For more than an hour the crowd remained on the beach, almost incredulous of the lover's success, and yet lingering in the faint hope that he might return with his precious freight. That he had the good wishes of all was evident from the eagerness with which they strained their eyes into the gloom to see if he was returning, and from the audible prayers for his success which were breathed by more than one of the women. Apart from the general crowd stood the fisherman whom the miser had last appealed to, surrounded by a few kindred spirits who were discussing with him the chances of the young man's return.

"It was madness to attempt it," said the fisherman, "but when I found he would go I insisted that he should make his conditions with the old man before he ventured, for, you see, if his daughter was once restored to the usurer's arms, mighty little gratitude would he have for her preserver, and Harry would stand as poor a chance

as ever. Between us, I believe she thought as much of the young man as he did of her, and if her father sent her away, and I more than suspect, to drive Harry Martin from her thoughts, her present danger looks something like the retribution of a higher power as a punishment for his conduct. But hark, was not that a hallo?"

Every eye was turned seaward, in which direction the fisherman had indicated that he heard the hail; but nothing could be seen except the white foam of the breakers in the foreground, and the lowering clouds behind forming a choatic mass of darkness. Nor was any sound save that of the roaring tempest borne to the ear.

"Hark!" at length said one, "there it is again."

Every one listened, and now a hallo was heard faintly from the thick gloom seaward. One of the fishermen shouted, and a reply was distinctly caught in the lull of the tempest. A few moments of breathless suspense followed, during which every eye was strained to the utmost.

"There it is—there it is," at length cried one, "seejust rising on yonder wave!"

"I see it," shouted one.

"Here they come, huzza!—a miracle, a miracle—ah! how gallantly she breasts the surge," were the exclamations that followed from the crowd.

All rushed to the edge of the surf. But now the fear arose that the boat would be swamped in the breakers, and many a heart trembled as she rose and fell frightfully on the surge, showers of spray flying over her, and the water continually pouring into her sides. The crowd watched her struggles with silent awe.

A few minutes removed all doubt, and saw the hardy crew and their lovely freight safely landed on the beach. The miser had started from his seat at the first intimation of the approaching boat, and stood tremblingly gazing at her as she buffetted the waves; and no sooner did she touch the ground than he rushed into the retiring surf, and clasping his daughter frantically, hung around her so that the fishermen were forced to carry both together to the dry land. There they would have separated the two for a moment, but when they spoke to the old man they found that he was lifeless. The emotion of the last two hours had been too much for his enfeebled frame, and he had died in the revulsion from despair to joy.

The good folks of that seaboard village can yet tell you how, after the accustomed period of mourning had passed, the miser's daughter gave her hand to Harry Martin, who received with her a fortune, whose extent even the most sanguine confessed to be beyond their expectations. But this was the least part of the treasure brought him by his wife; and in her virtues he had ample recompense for the long years of opposition on the part of her parent.

# HERBERT MOULTRIE.

BY JOHN TOMLIN.

In that part of Williamsburgh district which is washed by the waters of the Santee, there lived, toward the close of the last century, the last scion of an ancient family, of the name of Moultrie. At eighteen, having received an education suited to his high pretensions, he resolved to travel, and accordingly visited the courts of St. James and Versailles, where he learnt their vices, but caught none of their virtues. He associated with the gay and infidel Voltaire, and subsequently with D' Alembert and Robespierre, and at length returned home utterly depraved in principle, deceitful, revengeful, and with his natural savage cruelty sharpened by the massacres of the French Revolution.

Living in a district of country but sparsely settled, and most of whose inhabitants were poor, there existed little communication between him and his neighbors. If any accidental intercourse was brought about it was soon broken off in disgust at the disposition of the man. He seemed indeed to possess a heart callous to all human sympathy. In a year of scarcity, when the poor around were starving for bread, he mocked them by the sight of his closed granaries; and one poor woman, a widow with an only daughter, who had incurred his hatred by the indignation with which she repelled his advances to her child, having ventured on her knees to beg for a few days sustenance for herself and her famishing child, was spurned from his presence and fell a corpse at the threshold of the door over which her aged limbs were tottering. What wonder that Herbert Moultrie was shunned by the poor!

The only family in the neighborhood he stooped to associate with was that of Gideon Witherspoon, whose wealth and high descent made him the equal of Herbert Moultrie, even in the eyes of the haughty planter himself. Although the disposition of Mr. Witherspoon was the very reverse of that of Moultrie, an apparent good understanding existed between them. The former was a prominent member of church, and though he was ignorant of Moultrie's more flagrant wickedness, he knew the young man to be an infidel, and was anxious to convince him of his error. The visiter listened and argued, and finally pretended to be convinced. He even went so far as to consent to become a member of the visible church. But this sudden change did not pass unnoticed in his more immediate neighborhood, and more than one was found secretly to whisper that under it was concealed some fell design. The young convert now became a constant visiter at the house of Mr. Witherspoon, and perhaps the riddle was explained by the return, about this time, of the old man's daughter from boarding school.

Isabella Witherspoon had been, as she ever continued to be, the most virtuous of her sex. She was an only daughter. As the riches of her father were boundless, every desire of her heart had been freely gratified, yet without rendering her vain or selfish. Having lost her mother at an early period of her life, the first culture of her intellect necessarily devolved on a maiden aunt living in the city of Charleston. This good woman had not neglected her charge. She had early instilled into her mind the divine precepts of the gospel, and taught her those principles which should influence her after life. She was not virtuous from pride of character, or to keep the world from casting reproaches on her. She was virtuous only because the idol was beauteous and reverenced. Her literary education had not been neglected-for the various branches that were taught in the city she had thoroughly mastered. French, Spanish and Italian she read correctly and spoke fluently. In music she was a proficient.

After an absence of fifteen years she returned to the home of her childhood. It was a beautiful evening in autumn, ere the trees had shed their foliage, or the flowers had lost their perfume, that Isabella Witherspoon reached her home. It was a day of jubilee in "Isabella's Meadows," as the old gentleman had thought proper to name his home. Every body welcomed her back. The neighbors had severally experienced her mother's kindness-and the many little presents that Isabella had sent at various times to them, while she resided in the city, had transferred this love to the daughter. They expected to find in Isabella the kind benefactor they had ever known in the mother. Having found out from her father the day he expected his daughter home, the neighbors had collected to welcome her back. The negroes too had left their fields to see once more the offspring of their master. As soon therefore as Isabella's carriage had bounded into the avenue a shout of welcome rose up from the assembled servants. She arrived-gave to each a token of love-and was made sole mistress of the "Meadows."

Herbert Moultrie had also come to behold her return. He loved her from the first gaze, and jealousy took possession of his soul. Henry McCord, the young gentleman who had attended Isabella and her aunt from the city, appeared to be the individual of whom he was jealous. Nothing could give him more pain than the attentions which McCord was paying to Isabella, and the deep interest she took in his remarks. "This spell must be broken, otherwise Isabella is lost to me," he would often mutter to himself. Having a deep acquaintance with human nature, he was enabled to conceal his own thoughts while discovering the most hidden springs of action in others. Having associated with the master spirits of the age, he had learnt the diplomatique finesse of concealing the emotions of his own bosom, while

detecting those influencing others. In a little while he had won the confidence of both Henry McCord and Isabella. He then learned that they were betrothed, and deadly hatred of McCord from that moment took possession of him. He resolved yet to win Isabella, cost what it might. He formed his plan and long waited for an opportunity. At length one occurred.

About two months after she had returned home, Moultrie and herself were walking in the avenue, (for Henry McCord had returned to Charleston to make preparations for his approaching nuptials with Isabella,) when Moultrie proposed to lengthen their walk to the river, then round by his own home, and back again. The innocent Isabella acceded to the proposition, as it was a mild evening in the latter part of November. They wiled away the fleeting moments in desultory talk, until they had arrived in full view of Moultrie house. It was then his burning love overcame his prudence. Taking hold of her hand, while his own trembled with emotion, he poured forth his love in such fiery words that the maiden was startled; but recovering herself she mildly reminded him of what, she said, he could not but know already, that she was affianced to another.

"I have forborne long, but I can forbear no longer. Mine you must be," was his reply, "mine in despite of your betrothal."

"This is strange language," said Isabella, starting from him.

"But hear me," he said, following her, "and you will renounce all for my love," and he accompanied his words with a threatening look, which filled the maiden with fear. Yet she answered firmly,

"Never-never!"

"I have sworn," he replied, after a moment's pause, during which he gazed sternly on the trembling girl, "bitterly sworn that you shall never wed Henry McCord, and I never break my oath. Discard him then, or this is your last hour," and he seized her arm. She shrieked and struggled; but when he sternly demanded her answer, she replied firmly,

"May God protect me, but never will I be yours."

He paused no longer, but raising her light form in his arms, bore her rapidly to the banks of the neighboring Santee. In vain she struggled and shricked, there was neither escape nor succor. When they had gained the bank, and stood above the whirling waves, Moultrie paused and said in the deep tones of passion,

"Choose. Once more I give you a chance. Be mine ere you return home, or else you perish in this swelling tide. Choose."

Isabel lifted her eyes to Heaven and replied,

"Let the waters then be my grave."

"Your grave then be they," said Moultrie, hoarse with rage, swaying her form in the air. There was a sullen plunge into the river; but, almost immediately

the report of a pistol was heard, and a young man sprang into the stream, and rescued the sinking girl. In a few minutes Isabella recovered to recognize in her rescuer, Henry McCord. But Moultrie had disappeared.

It seems that Isabella's lover had soon tired of Charleston, and sighed for the solitude of the "Meadows." Arriving there a few moments after Isabella and Herbert Moultrie had left, and finding Mr. Witherspoon had gone into the fields, he followed on in the footsteps of Isabella. Not overtaking her at the river, he concluded that she and her companion had gone round by Moultrie's, where there was a fine view of the Santee. Owing to the windings of the road, he had discovered no glimpses of those he sought, until a sudden turn in the path brought him in full view of the river, where he beheld Isabella struggling in the arms of Herbert Moultrie. As he ran up he fired a pistol, without which he never travelled, at Moultrie. The ball struck home and the wounded man must have fallen into the river, for his corpse was found, some days after, miles below.

A few months afterward Isabella became the wife of her rescuer.

# WITHERED VIOLETS.

BY MRS. E. S. SWAIN.

PERISHED flowers! perished flowers! to me ye are more fair Than radiant gems of Indian mines, the richest or the rare; The sparkling diamond's glitt'ring sheen, the ruby's orient glow.

The amethyst that mocks the skies no memories bestow. But ye pale, scentless as ye lie, without one tint of bloom, Are sybil leaves whose magic power the future can illume; I gaze—the present it is not, the world with all its strife, The weariness, the vanities, the thousand ills of life,

What are they now to me? escaped like a long prisoned bird I wander in a Paradise, where Love alone is heard!

I look into those beaming eyes, words of impassioned tone

Are gushing from the ardent heart I feel is all my own;

These wild flowers gathered by his hand are twined within
my hair,

A coronal to deck the brow he thinks on earth most fair.

How green the wood, how bright the sky, and list you warbling bird,

He sings as if his little heart with our own bliss was stirr'd:
Blessing and blest, we ramble on like Eden's happy pair,
Youth, and first love's enchanted dream, what glorious
things ye are!

Years, many years have passed since then, in life we meet no more!

But what is life? Our being's span—death shall the lost restore;

Yes, by our spirit's mutual faith—the trust—the hope is given

Thro' the dark portals of the grave to meet again in Heaven!

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# AGNES; OR, THE PASTOR.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

#### CHAPTER I.

The sun was sinking behind the distant hills, shooting long lines of light across the landscape, and dying the western firmament with gold, crimson, purple and green, as a young girl of exquisite beauty sat by the window of a lordly mansion in one of the loveliest districts of western New York. The scene before her was unrivalled for pictorial beauty—hills, vales and glittering streamlets; woods and cultivated fields; villages and farm-houses were scattered over the prospect. Fascinated by the beauty of the landscape the young girl sat gazing on it until the sun had set, when she fell insensibly into a reverie, with her head supported by her fair small hand. She was aroused, long after twilight had gathered around, by a familiar touch on her shoulder.

"Agnes! and musing," said a woman's voice in some surprise, "Ah! I see it all—your heart, that has laughed at love hitherto, has been touched—you were thinking of Clarence."

The blood rushed to the temples of the musing girl, but when her companion ceased, every trace of her embarrassment had subsided, and she replied gaily—

"Of Clarence Morton indeed!" and a slight scorn curled her lip.

"Of Clarence Morton indeed!" retorted her companion in accents of still greater surprise, "why, Agnes, how long has it been since you have learned to speak of him with scorn? Half your friends believe you engaged, and the other half were certain that your accepting him for a partner at my wedding, foreshadowed your betrothal. The wedding is over—he has been more attentive than ever—and you, you yourself, you little hypocrite, have been all smiles;—yet now, when I name him as the cause of your reverie, you speak of him with scorn. Yet it is ever so with our sex. You love Clarence Morton."

The cheek of the fair girl crimsoned, but only faintly, and she shook her head. Her companion regarded her intensely for a moment, and musing for awhile, said—

"But to drop this subject, how did you like our young pastor? Did you mark how earnest was his manner during the ceremony? What fine eyes he has!"

Mrs. Westcott—for that was the name of Agnes Benson's friend—had kept her eye on the face of her companion, and saw that, at the first mention of the young pastor's name, the blood rushed in torrents again to the brow of Agnes.

"I am then right in my hasty guess," said Mrs. Westcott to herself, "nor do I wonder. Our young pastor is just such a one as Agnes' imagination could be fascinated with. Often, in our girlish dreams, have I heard her picture a character like his as one that she should seek for ere she surrendered her heart. Yet Agnes is proud and ambitious—she can gratify neither passion if she marries the humble village pastor. Clarence Morton is rich and distinguished. There will be a struggle yet for the mastery in my fair cousin's breast."

So mused Mrs. Westcott, during the short interval that elapsed before Agnes replied, and when the fair girl answered, the keen observation of her companion detected the effort to speak composedly.

"He certainly has fine eyes," said Agnes, "and made me feel more solemn than I have done for a long while, heigho! I suppose he is just in orders, and tries his best," and she laughed with a low, gay laugh, and rose from her seat. The reproving eyes of her companion again called the blush to her cheek.

"Agnes!" she said, "this is trifling with a solemn subject," and Agnes stood abashed. Her companion had read her heart and continued, "Mr. Newton is a truly pious man, and as incapable of acting a part, which your words imply, as you are, in your better mood, of ridiculing sacred things. But come," she said, as the tears gathered into the eyes of Agnes, "I see you are heartily sorry for what you have said, so let us descend into the parlor."

Agnes was a gay, self-willed, witty and beautiful creature, who would have been spoiled by flattery, had she not possessed a naturally good heart, and a more than usual amount of intellect. She was proud and ambitious, however, and had long trifled with a crowd of suitors. Among these Clarence Morton was the most conspicuous, both on account of his riches and birth. But he was not the one to captivate the imagination of a high-souled girl like Agnes, and so there had long been a struggle in her breast between the nobler and more earthly portions of it. Her love of power whispered to her to accept her wealthy suitor: her heart told her that she could not love, and therefore ought not to wed him. A decision had been postponed notwithstanding the anxiety of her lover to bring his fate to a crisis; and just at the time when her better nature was giving up the contest, and he began to hope, she had met Mr. Newton, the new pastor, whom she had seen for the first time, when he officiated at the wedding of her friend. This occurrence had taken place the day preceding that on which we introduced her to our readers. His calm, deep eyes-his broad, powerful brow-the unaffected sweetness and dignity of his manner had awakened an interest toward him in the bosom of Agnes at once strange and delightful. Ever since, with scarcely a moment's intermission, he had been present to her thoughts. And yet, when Mrs. Westcott discovered her in a reverie, she strove to conceal her feelings in the way we have shewn. Strange perversity!

CHAPTER II.

A PEW days after this the young pastor made a morning call at Mrs. Westcott's, and lingered alone in conversation with Agnes for more than an hour. His apparent interest in her made her heart thrill with indefinable emotions. He was still there when the carriage of Clarence Morton drove up to the door, and then Agnes remembered that she had made an engagement to accompany him in a drive, a fact she had hitherto forgotten in the charm of the young pastor's conversation. When seated in the vehicle, and the excitement of starting passed, she could not help contrasting her present with her late companion; and Clarence Morton sank immeasurably by the comparison. Instead of the genius which characterized the conversation of the minister, she found in Clarence Morton nothing but the dull common-places of an ordinary mind; and as Agnes felt little inclination to talk in such a strain they soon fell into a silence which continued until the drive was over, when Agnes retired to her room vexed that her morning tête-û-tête with the young pastor had been interrupted. Sitting down, with her bonnet still on, and her shawl only partially thrown off, she recalled all that he had said, and as she saw in memory his fine eyes again fixed enthusiastically on her, her bosom heaved, and she felt her cheek burn. Could there be any danger in the interest she felt in him? was the question she asked herself, and shrunk from answering, satisfied with the pleasure of dwelling on his image, without looking at the consequences.

The visits of the young paster to Mrs. Westcott's soon grew frequent, and began to be the talk of the parish. Many were the speculations hazarded as to the probability of his winning Agnes; and not a few who sneered most at her for countenancing a suitor, so poor in this world's goods, envied her the attentions of one so gifted in intellect, and so winning in manners. Clarence Morton, meantime, continued his visits, but to the eye of an acute observer he was manifestly losing ground. Indeed Agnes was on the point of giving herself up wholly to the seductive influence of the young pastor's society when an incident occurred which placed Clarence Morton again in the ascendant.

There was a large party, about this time, given in the neighborhood, and Agnes, flattered and admired by all, shone the star of the evening. To a mind like her's there was a fascination in this universal homage almost irresistable, and she yielded herself to the influence of the hour, forgetful of many a resolution which she had formed when in the presence of the young pastor. Her gay wit soon drew around her a crowd of admirers, among whom was one with whom she had been charged with flirting. He had been of late attentive to another, who, for more than one reason, was disliked by Agnes. Flushed with her triumphs, she resolved to detach him

from her rival. A few words, aptly introduced, fixed him in her train for the evening, and though, more than once, her conscience asked her if this was right, she hurried on regardless of aught but piquing her rival. She succeeded; but when, toward the latter end of the evening, having retired into a conservatory for a moment's rest, she overheard the following conversation, her feelings of insulted pride can be scarcely imagined. The voices were those of two persons outside screened from sight by the foliage.

"Did you see how Agnes Benson to-night was flirting with Mr. Hawke? It's a shame to trifle so with any one—I wonder what the young pastor would think of it if he knew it."

"You mean what would Clarence Morton think," said another voice, "for, let them say what they will, Miss Benson is only flirting with the minister, and Mr. Morton is the right one after all. Every body knows how proud she is, and do you think she would sacrifice an equipage and all that wealth can afford, to be the wife of a poor country minister? No—no, she is a coquette, and vain—she loves shew, and has always courted luxury—and she'll be Mrs. Clarence Morton yet."

The voices passed on, but Agnes was the prey to conflicting feelings. And was it indeed true that she was thought to be trifling with the young pastor? Oh! no, she repelled the thought. But could she submit to poverty, and the life of self-denial expected in a minister's wife—could she indeed give up luxury, and sink into comparative obscurity? Her decision was hastened by again overhearing the same voices, as the persons returned.

"No, I tell you it would be the greatest folly in the world," said one, as if continuing the conversation, "she will not entertain the idea. Think of Agnes Benson changed into a minister's wife, wearing the plainest of all plain bonnets, and marching into church at the head of the Sunday School. And she is to do this, you say, when she can become Mrs. Clarence Morton, and outshine every body in the splendor of her equipage, the costliness of her dress, and the variety of her entertainments."

"I confess," repeated the other voice, "I did not think of all this; and I agree with you that it would be madness for her to make such sacrifices."

"To be sure it would. She would well deserve the obscurity into which she would sink."

The voices again passed out of hearing, but the mind of Agnes was made up.

"They are right—I cannot become the wife of the young pastor. And after all," she continued, shaking off a sigh and affecting to laugh, "love is but a name, and Clarence Morton will make a very respectable husband."

Ah! Alice Benson.

#### CHAPTER III.

Tax gossips of the neighborhood were, before a fortnight, in possession of the intelligence that Agnes Benson had accepted Clarence Morton. Those who had predicted such a result praised her judgment, and felicitated themselves on their penetration, while others, who had said that she would yet marry the young pastor, shook their heads and remarked that no good would come of it. The young pastor himself was never known to allude to the subject, nor had any one perceived the least trace of emotion in him when the engagement happened to be mentioned in his presence; but his housekeeper told one of her friends confidentially, and so it spread throughout the village, that her master of late had spent the nights in walking the floor, and that his appetite had left him altogether.

Agnes, meanwhile, seemed to have banished every thought of him from her mind; and if conscience ever reproached her for her conduct toward him, she soon stifled its upbraidings. As the destined bride of Clarence Morton, she now received attentions from quarters even where it had been denied to her before; for there were a few in the neighborhood who rendered no homage to any thing but wealth. Her days were passed amid continual flattery, and she was already a far different creature from the Agnes whom Mrs. Westcott had conversed with in the beginning of our tale. That lady saw with regret the change, but was wisely silent.

The wedding day was rapidly approaching, and Agnes was already the envy of the neighborhood, when she suddenly fell ill, and, in a few days, it was rumored about that she had caught the small pox. She soon grew worse, so that her life was despaired of, and though finally she was declared to be convalescent, it was said that her beauty was gone. Many were the speculations now afloat respecting the effect this would have on Clarence Morton, for all knew that the beauty of Agnes had been one of his chief motives for seeking the union. He wished a handsome woman to exhibit as his wife, and therefore he had been persevering in his efforts to secure one so celebrated for her loveliness. But would he be faithful now when her personal charms were gone? In answer to this question it was said that his carriage had been seen at the door of the invalid daily; but, on closer inquiry, it appeared that this had been only during the first few days of her illness. When her disease was known certainly to be the small pox, he had, it was found, left the vicinity, and was now travelling. The suspicions growing out of this knowledge were soon reduced to certainty, by the intelligence that his engagement with Agnes was broken off. If any doubted, their doubts were put to rest, before two months, by the marriage of Clarence Morton to a celebrated belle of one of the northern cities.

A week after the receipt of this intelligence Agnes

appeared at church, so altered and seemingly broken down in spirits that, despite her folly, she elicited general pity in her behalf. But her voice was now heard in the responses for the first time, and it was said to be far sweeter, because more subdued, than when she was in the heyday of her beauty. She was seen to weep during the sermon, and at its close stole from the church as if anxious to escape notice. Every body said how changed she was.

And changed she was indeed, though in other things than was supposed. The first intimation of the nature of her disease was a stunning blow, and for days she tossed on her pillow the victim of rebuked vanity and ambition. The coldness of her lover, and his speedy desertion of her, woke her to a true sense of her own folly, and she thought with pain of the love of the young pastor which she had thrown away. The danger which soon threatened her life brought him to her bedside, but she dared not, at first, look on the face of him she had wronged. He never, however, by look or word reminded her of the injury she had done him. His ministrations recalled her to a sense of her condition, and she became truly penitent. Her vanity had been deeply humbled—the staff she leaned on was broken and now her better nature made itself heard. When she rose from that sick bed she was an altered being; and she heard without any feeling but that of forgiveness of the marriage of Clarence Morton.

Agnes was no more the flattered belle, for with her loss of beauty her admirers disappeared. She went little out into society; but those who still sought her acquaintance said that the sweetness of manner she now possessed made ample amends for her departed loveliness. The young pastor perhaps thought so too, for his visits became so frequent that they attracted attention, and again it was rumored that he and Agnes were engaged. But the matter went no further, and when a whole year passed, the gossips of the village were certain that they had been mistaken.

Even Agnes, at first, had begun to entertain hopes which she dared hardly whisper to herself; for now that she saw her late conduct in its true light, her old interest in the young pastor returned with tenfold force. And indeed there was at times in his look a something which reminded her of former days, and, in addressing her, his voice would often sink to a tone that made her heart beat quick with delicious emotion. But she, too, saw that she had been wrong, and with tears gave up this, her last hope. But she bowed meekly to her lot, for she felt that her punishment was deserved.

One day she was sitting alone when the young pastor entered. He took a seat beside her, and insensibly they glided into a conversation, which partook more of those of old than any they had held together since her illness. There was a feeling in the tone of her visiter that more

than once made Agnes look down. Perhaps he noticed it, for at length he took her hand. She trembled violently, while he said,

"Agnes—Miss Benson, your demeanor to-day inspires me with hope. I have long secretly loved you; for, from our first meeting, I saw that you had many of the noblest qualities of your sex. For awhile indeed I believed, and not without cause, that these traits were the victims of your vanity. But God ordered that you should awake to your folly, and a reformation began, whose progress I watched at first with trembling, but at length with joy. For nearly a year I have avoided you lest my feelings might bias my judgment; but I now am assured that you are a changed creature, and one in whom I can entrust my happiness, if indeed you will consent to be mine. I have spoken frankly, but I am a Christian minister, and I feel it is your due to know all."

Agnes had hid her face in her hands, and controlled her emotion until he ceased; but now she burst into tears and fell upon his shoulder. And when he imprinted his first kiss holily on her brow she felt what joy it would be to devote her life to him.

# THE WREATH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A LITTLE girl was gathering flowers
Along the colored meadow bright,
When came from out the green-wood shade
A lady like the light.

And smiling, near the girl she drew;
She wound a wreath around her hair;
It blooms not now, but it will bloom,
Oh! keep it ever there!"

And, as the little girl grew up,
Unfolding, like the loveliest rose,
And tender tears her cheeks bedewed,
Buds struggled to disclose.

And, when around her bridegroom's neck,
Her soft and lily arms were flung,
Oh! show of wonder and delight,
To perfect flowers they sprung!

Soon, cradled on the mother's heart,
A smiling little baby lay;
Then, golden fruit, along the wreath,
Shone with a dazzling ray.

And, when bowed down with load of years,
Alas! she felt life's lonely grief
Still waved around her whitened hair,
A yellow harvest leaf.

Borne to her final resting-place,
Even then her wondrous wreath she wore;
A miracle was then beheld;
Both fruit and flowers it bore.
ALGERNON.

### THE TRIFLER.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I HEARD yesterday that you were engaged to Eveline Valliere, and to-day I hear that you are to marry Sophy Greene. Which report is true?" said Edgar Thomas to his friend Harry Colbert, and taking his cigar from his mouth, he suffered the smoke to curl slowly to the ceiling, gazing meantime on the face of his friend.

"The fact is," said Harry, throwing himself back in his chair, "I am engaged to neither"—and then he paused.

"But you are very attentive to Sophy, and those who go in Miss Valliere's set say you are devoted to her," and again the speaker's eye was fixed inquiringly on Harry, who looked down momently disconcerted.

"Why the truth is," he said, looking up, "I am a little in love with both the ladies, and so can't make up my mind to marry either, lest I should lose the other. I wish the good qualities of both were combined in one: then I should soon decide. Miss Valliere is amiable, pretty and rich, and so far forth is just what I want; but she has no wit, and would never be a wife to make one proud of abroad. Sophy is poor, and without Eveline's fine figure, though, perhaps, with a prettier, certainly with a more intellectual looking face. Then she has a fine wit, and is decidedly a girl of talent. With a little tact she might be made a perfectly fascinating creature. I don't say which has the most womanly heart-I suppose either could love deeply enough," and here the speaker adjusted his collar. "When I am with Sophy I am in love with her, but when I see Miss Valliere, and think of her fortune, I cannot resist paying her attention. I had gone pretty far with Eveline, before I met Miss Greene; but since then I have been more careful, and, I confess, am often puzzled how to decide. If Eveline had Sophy's intellect, or Sophy had Eveline's fortune, I should propose to-morrow; but the fates have ordered it otherwise, and so-poor dog that I am-I must wait events, and trust, as Napoleon said, to my destiny."

"Did you ever commit yourself to Miss Valliere?"
said his companion, after a pause.

"Not exactly," answered Harry, slowly and doubtfully, "to be sure I did, at one time, pay her considerable attention, but then, you know, a pretty girl is used to such things, and, if she has sense, never thinks you serious unless you make love in words. Now I never did that exactly, and in that I'm lucky, though I do confess to sundry sentimental walks, and sly attentions when the old folks were away—you understand, just enough to keep her thinking of me sufficiently to ensure success if I should, at any time, make up my mind to marry her. I begin to think lately I ought to

back out, and I am not half so attentive as I once was; for, the fact is, since I met Sophy Greene I have felt that Miss Valliere is not exactly the girl to suit me as a wife. I wish something more spicy and intellectual, something not to be ashamed of in the society of people of talent. I wish the gods had given Sophy a fortune; for—confound it—I'm too poor, like most young physicians, to wed a portionless wife."

Harry Colbert had frankly explained the difficulty in which he had involved himself; but he had not told the whole truth; for his attentions to both girls had been assiduous and devoted, and of such a character as to leave no doubt on their minds of the serious nature of his attentions. Moving in different sets, in opposite sections of a large city, each was ignorant of his attentions to her rival; and thus, for several months, he had carried on his deception undetected. He had already wooed and won Eveline Valliere, though he had never told his love in words, before he met Sophy Greene: from that hour his heart had been divided, and the conflict in his breast had raged with increasing force Interest, and perhaps some little remaining conscience urged him to marry Eveline; while, if he had consulted only his feelings, he would have wedded Sophy.

"But," said his friend, after an embarrassing silence of some minutes, "do you not think sometimes that you may have won the affections of both?"

"I never proposed to either," replied Harry, staring at his companion.

"But does a lady never place her affections on a gentleman until he proposes in form? Is there no such thing as winning a lady by looks and tones, which, though not explicit in one sense, are susceptible of but a single definition?" asked his friend searchingly.

"Oh! perhaps sometimes girls do lose their hearts thus; but it's only when they know nothing of the world. Gentlemen will be attentive to the ladies, and so—and so—"

"And so sometimes a heart will be broken by the criminal coquetry of our sex," indignantly interrupted the other. There was a pause, during which Harry regarded his friend in surprise. At length he spoke.

"Why, really, you look at the subject too warmly; but calm your fears; neither Sophy nor Miss Valliere will break their hearts for me, thank heaven! If either is at all smitten," and he complacently puffed the smoke slowly from his mouth, "she would never be the worse of it, even if I shouldn't marry her—a mere preference, nothing more, believe me!"

"Well, I hope so," said his companion, and here the conversation ceased.

Days and weeks passed, and still Harry was torn by conflicting emotions, one while inclined toward the

heiress, and another while yielding to the fascinations of her rival. Often, during this period, his conscience reproached him for his conduct to Eveline, and he resolved to forget Sophy; but again he yielded to the temptation and neglected his first love. He could no longer conceal from himself that Miss Valliere loved him, since her every look and action when in his presence, and her despondency at his absence and neglect, revealed it. His heart smote him, when he thought this was his work; but, he asked himself, ought he to wed one whom he did not love? Should he sacrifice happiness with Sophy, who had an intellect to sympathize with him, for indifference with Eveline? He did not remember, when he thus reasoned with himself, that he had, at one time, thought Miss Valliere better fitted for a wife, by her gentleness and unreserved devotion, than one of a more brilliant but less amiable character. He forgot, too, that her affections had been yielded slowly, and only in return for the most ceaseless attentions. But, like too many of his sex, he tired of an object when won.

But the struggle at length was terminated, and, with the fickleness which characterized his conduct, terminated in favor of the newer object of his love. He resolved to cease visiting Eveline, and devote himself wholly to Miss Greene. His visits accordingly increased in frequency at her house; and he soon became satisfied that her attentions to him were more marked than those she bestowed on other young men. Thus encouraged he did not hesitate to declare himself one evening when a favorable opportunity presented.

Sophy listened to his ardent protestations with a burning cheek and a beating bosom; but, when he ceased, she slowly raised her eyes from the ground, and said,

"Before I can consent to become your wife, will you answer me one question?" and fixing her eyes searchingly on his face, though her cheek crimsoned deeper as she did it, she asked, "do you know Eveline Valliere?"

Had a spectre started up before him, Harry would not have looked more aghast. What could she mean? Had she heard of his attentions to and his desertion of Miss Valliere? Did she resent the latter?—or had she merely learned the former, and wished to solve her doubts before answering? This last idea was the most flattering, and therefore the one adopted. He smiled as he replied,

- "Yes! I once knew a lady of that name."
- "Once knew her," said Sophy, with marked emphasis, "and do you know her no longer?"
- "I can scarcely say I do," said Harry, his embarrassment returning at the decided manner of his questioner. "But she has long forgotten me, and I have ceased visiting there."

"There needed but this baseness," said Sophy, rising, with flashing eyes, the whole expression of her face changing to indignant scorn, "to make you as contemptible in my eyes, as you were before criminal. Know, false and fickle man, that I have heard the whole history of your acquaintance with Miss Valliere -how, by slow and winning attentions, you possessed yourself of her heart-how, when you met another who, for the time, pleased your selfish nature better, you became attentive to this new acquaintance-and how, notwithstanding you knew the love Miss Valliere bore for you, you at length left her to pine in despondency, until her life is now despaired of by her friends. And yet you come here and dare to insult me with an offer of your love," she spoke this word with bitter scorn-"you! the almost murderer of one woman, and the wronger thereby of our whole sex. Ay! more-you hesitated long because, forsooth, I was too poor, as if love, that holy sentiment, of which such wretches as you can know nothing, was to be profaned by base thoughts of lucre! I tell you, Harry Colbert, I have known all this for weeks, and have waited patiently for this hour, stooping to a deception which I despise, that I might revenge my sex at the last. You seek a woman's love! -why, you know no more of that pure sentiment than the meanest hind that crouches at his master's whip. A true woman scorns the hand of a man like you, who, for the gratification of a petty vanity, or of his own selfishness, would desert a heart that he had won. The time was when I might have loved you, but it was when I thought your heart noble. I now see its baseness, duplicity, and littleness, and, bad as you are, I cannot hate you from very scorn. Go! and go, knowing this, that a woman can avenge her sex even at the cost of so petty a lover as yourself."

The withering contempt with which these last words were spoken was the last drop in the cup of the lover's shame. While Sophy continued speaking he had stood abashed before her, not daring to lift his eyes but once to her face, and then the indignant flash of her eyes, and the bitter mockery on her lip were no tempation for him to repeat the experiment. And when she ceased, he rose and almost rushed from the room, too utterly confounded to reply, though boiling with rage and shame. He reached his room in a tempest of emotions indescribable. But his passion was too high to allow him to see the justice of his fate.

"Curse the girl!" was his first exclamation, "she raved like a Pythoness—but why did I not retort scorn for scorn? To refuse me, when she is not worth a cent, and all because of Eveline," and he breathed a malediction on her as the cause of his discomfiture, and with bitter exclamations strode to and fro his room.

Gradually, however, his passion calmed itself, and a desire for revenge possessed his mind. But how should he be revenged? Should he woo and win some other lady at once, or go back to Miss Valliere and secure her? After pondering long, he determined on the latter course.

"Yes!" he said, "if I marry Eveline, to whom it is known I have been attentive, this termagant will never dare to tell of my proposal, for we had no witnesses, and no one will believe her, if it should be announced soon, say to-morrow or next day at furthest, that I am engaged to the heiress. She loves me no doubt—there this vixen was right—and will be glad to accept me. I will despatch a note at once. A little dissimulation to conceal the cause of my late neglect, a little penitence adroitly thrown in, and a little ardor will win a favorable answer, or I know nothing of the trusting nature of Eveline Valliere."

The proposal was written and sent; but the next day, and the next, and a whole week passed without an answer. Harry began to repent of his precipitancy, and wish that he had never seen either Eveline or Sophy. But at length came the long looked for reply. He opened it with renewed hopes, which, however, were crushed on its perusal. The answer was short and cold, and contained a refusal couched in terms which forbade a second attempt. "Miss Valliere," the note ended with saying, "declined all further acquaintance with Mr. Colbert."

Stung to the quick, the rejected lover vented his rage on both the women he had abused, and determined yet to avenge himself by a speedy marriage. But he soon found that his conduct was known in society, though not from any thing which Eveline or Sophy had said, but from rumors originating probably with their relatives, and gaining strength from what had been observed in Harry's conduct. At length the tide of scorn and rebuke became so strong that he left the city and removed to another section of the country.

Harry never knew the struggle in Eveline's heart, nor the noble firmness with which she conquered it. His letter reached her on a sick bed, where she had been laid by his perfidy, but, though her weak heart pleaded for him, her convictions of what was right prevailed, and she rejected him, because she felt that she could never find happiness with one so base, fickle and selfish. Both she and Sophy Greene lived to love truly and worthily, and the friendship began by their mutual disappointment, was cemented by intimacy, and endured through long and happy lives.

As for Harry he carried with him his own punishment. Providence rarely interferes in the affairs of ordinary life, except by enslaving us with our evil habits, and thus making us work on ourselves our own retribution. These habits Harry carried with him, nor could he shake them off. His character soon became as well known in his new residence as in the city he

had left. At length, however, he married, but as he wedded without love he lived without happiness. Well were his victims avenged on The TRIFLER.

## THE EVENING LAND.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

On! come, gentle lady, come dwell with me,
In that isle of Eden afar,
Where our home shall be by the summer sea,
In the light of the Western Star.
As the night wind longs for the coming moon,
Which ascends from the eastern sea,
Or the Hart for the cooling streams of noon—
Does my soul in its love for thee!
Then follow Love's folding star,
Far, far to that sunnier strand,
Where Peace comes down from her light afar
On the EVENING LAND.

Oh! haste, for thy love will meet thee soon

As the pigeons fly from the frozen north

For the palms by the southern sea,

In the light of an April morn—
Be as calm, dear one! as the first new moon
From the old one lately born.
We are going now where the turtle doves
May be seen upon every tree—
Where the young fawns mate in the Indian groves,
As my spirit now mates with thee!
Then follow Love's folding star,
Far, far to that sunnier strand,
Where Peace comes down from her light afar
On the Evening Land.

So we go afar from our native earth
To dwell where the people are free.
As from cruel hawk flies the timid dove
So from tyrants we now must flee,
Where our souls may live ever free to love,
As the birds of that rich countree.
Then follow Love's folding star—
Far, far to that sunnier strand,
Where Peace comes down from her light afar
On the Evening Land.

#### EVENING.

#### BY BENJAMIN L. FRY.

THE sun's last smile of rosy light
Is bright'ning o'er the mountain height,
But soon that last enliv'ning ray
In darker shades shall melt away.
Hark! how fleetly—
List! how sweetly
The zephyr skims in gentle play;
As soft as spirits in the air
Treading to Paradise their way,
Tuning their harps to music there.

### THE PRAIRIES.

BY G. C. POSTER.

HE who has never stood in the midst of an apparently illimitable prairie-an ocean of verdure, extending on every side as far as the eye can reach, and undulating in the breeze, where the outline meets and mingles with the sky-can form no possible conception of the effect of such a situation upon the mind, when experienced for the first time. At sea, when the eye takes in the wildering waste of waters, there is a feeling of security and superiority mingled with the sense of the sublime. The spectator is not a part of the scene. He feels that the waves are beneath him-and even entertains a sort of pride in the consciousness that man can convert the mighty element to his purposes. On the prairies the sensation is entirely different. The traveller feels as if it were the whole earth which is spread out before him, and over which he can only crawl, like a worm as he is. There is no sense of pride or power. Separated entirely from the immensity of the scene, the mind sinks at once to the contemplation of its own littleness.

If it be true that climate and the face of nature exert an influence upon the literature of a country, it is fair to conclude that a new and startling school will arise among the sons of the prairies-a school possessing all their nobleness, independence and energy, softened by the plastic touch of refinement and imagination. In the same degree that American enterprize, liberty and happiness have exceeded even the dreams of the old philosophers and political economists, by the practical application of the abstract principles of right, so will her literature become superior to all that has gone before it. This may, perhaps, cause a smile; but when it is considered that the science of government was supposed to have been carried to its utmost perfection before the United States sprung into existence, and that in half a century so rapid has been the development of her energies that the creeds and systems which had stood for thousands of years, are now crumbling and disappearing, like the banks of our own Father of Waters, which fall unnoticed into the mighty current, and are swept noiselessly away, until the very face and aspect are changed without the notice of the passing generation -it may well be supposed that, when we have completed our grand political experiment, our minds, excited to full activity, and panting with success, will rush from the useful to the beautiful; and that here will be erected temples to science, literature and the arts, as far surpassing the monuments of the nations of the Old World, as our political institutions overtop theirs.

What will be the distinctive characteristics of the new literature? what is basis? its purpose?—its effect upon mankind? These are questions of the most

intense interest, and their consideration opens a wide field, broad and pathless as the prairies themselves, to the investigating mind. That they will be deeply imbued with the spirit of the age-utility and ME-LIGHATION-is not for a moment to be doubted. The impulse to the infinite improvement of our physical and intellectual condition has been given, and nothing can check its onward progress. In all probability, the abstract beauty and harmony of the Ideal will be so modified and adapted as to become conformable to the practical interests of mankind. In short, all men will become poets and artists-at least in feeling-and vice will be loathed as a disgusting deformity. Those vague and misty dreams of universal perfection which haunted the soul of Sognates and his followers-which dimly flash across the pages of KANT and JEREMY TAYLOR, BENTHAM and SHELLEY-will be fully developed and realized. Men will at length learn the great art of making their passions subservient to their emotions. That immortal aphorism of "the greatest good of the greatest number," will be the guide of men's actions; and the study of poetry and the fine arts will become their relaxation from necessary and healthful toil. Man, freed from the enervating influences of old superstitions, and the ridiculous formalities of a contracted education, will feel his soul expand with a more direct communion with NATURE. The electricity of an equal and pervading intelligence, which is the life-breath of the universe, will find a congenial fire within the bosoms of men, and human nature will become assimilated with the great moral phenomena of the material world, until the harmony of perfection pervades all animate and inanimate creation.

Thus I awake me from a half hour's dreaming on the prairies.

## THE TALISMAN.

INSCRIBED TO MISS W -

BY E. J. PORTER.

The leaflets, gentle one, thou 'st twined for me,
Embalmed in memory's treasure-urn, shall long
Preserve the lovely hues, that silently
Gleam o'er the spirit's depths, waking to song
The heart's lone chords; the breathings of their bloom
Shall scatter still sweet perfume wreaths as those
That lingered o'er them, ere an hour of gloom
Had bid their petals witheringly close;
For 'mong the leaves a talisman is shining,
That when the Autumn zephyrs softly weep
Their last of requiems o'er the leaves' declining,
Unblighted still their loveliness shall keep,

And waken passion-tones as soft as dear For thee, sweet one, whose mystic spells they wear.



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